

# The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME II.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1876.

NUMBER 17.

## CHARITY.

"Now abideth, these three, Faith, Hope, Charity; but the greatest of these is Charity."

If we knew the cares and crosses  
Crowding round our neighbor's way,  
If we knew the little losses,  
Sorely grievous day by day,  
'Would we then so often chide him  
For his lack of thrift and gain?  
Leaving on his heart a shadow—  
Leaving on our lives a stain.

If we knew the clouds above us  
Held but gentle blessing there,  
Would we turn away, all trembling  
In our blind and weak despair?  
Would we shrink from little shadows  
Flitting o'er the dewy grass,  
If we knew that birds of Eden  
Were in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story,  
Quivering thro' the heart of pain,  
Would we drive it with our coldness,  
Back to haunts of guilt again?  
Life hath many a tangled crossing,  
Joy hath many a break of woe;  
But the cheeks, tear-washed, are whiter,  
And kept in life and flowers by snow.

Let us reach into our bosoms  
For the key to other lives,  
And with love toward erring nature,  
Charish good that still survives,  
So that when our disrobed spirits  
Soar to realms of light above,  
We may say, "Dear father, love us,  
E'en as we have shown our love."

## EXPLODED ERRORS.

The ancients had curious notions about many natural objects. They seem to have believed many things just because they were so improbable or even absurd. One of their cherished beliefs was, that of the self-sacrificing character of the female pelican. It was supposed that this bird was in the habit of tearing open her breast and feeding her young with her own blood. It was, therefore, a favorite emblem among the early Christians, of Christ and His church.

The idea was, of course, a false one. It may have arisen from the fact that the pelican fills her pouch with fish, and to feed her young, disgorges these by pressing the pouch on her breast. Sometimes her feathers might thus become bloody, and thus, at least, give some color to the notion.

Sometimes this wondrous maternal devotion was ascribed to the vultures, which were also anciently supposed, without any reason, to be all females.

One of the oddest old beliefs was that of the vegetable lamb, of Siberia. It was thought that this plant bore an exact resemblance to a lamb, was preyed upon by wolves, and bled to death when bitten by them.

Jussieu describes the plant as *polypodium borometz*. Its stalk is about a foot long and inclines horizontally. It is supported on four or five roots, which raise it a little above the earth. It is covered with long, silken down, of a golden yellow color, and this bears some resemblance to the fleece of a Scythian lamb. The rest, like mint sauce to roast lamb, was added, to make the story more complete.

A very common belief formerly, was that in Java grew a tree so poisonous that a person approaching it, or entering its shadow was doomed to death. It was called the Upas, and is still used as an emblem of whatever exerts a blighting, deadly influence. No

such tree has, however, been discovered. There are many poisonous trees in the world, and under their shade other poisonous plants may be found, which will poison by contact; but there is no Upas that can kill you as you pass.

The modern Darwinian theory that one species of animals is developed from another, seems really to have been an old one, at least in one instance. The barnacle is small shell-fish which attaches itself to rocks, timber, and the bottoms of ships. It was formerly believed that the goose known as the barnacle goose took its origin from this little shell-fish. One writer declares that with his own eye he saw the shell open and the goose fly forth. Others held that the goose proceeded not from the shell, but from the wood on which it was fastened, and which was, therefore, called a goose tree. There is, of course, really no connection between the two except a name, and this only in appearance. The geese were originally called *hibernicula*, on the supposition that they came from Hibernia or Ireland, and this being shortened into *bernicula*, finally passed into the similar word *barnacle* or *bernicle*.

There used to be an absurd story that a ship in full sail could be stopped by a little fish, called *remora*, adhering to it. The palm tree was believed to put forth just twelve shoots in a year, one for each month. There was also a tree over which a cloud continually rested, and from which every evening trickled the dew which supplied the inhabitants of the Western isles with water. More probably it was the intellect of some persons which was thus beclouded. Albertus proposed a *collyrium* or eyewash, which would enable men to see in the dark. It consisted of the right eye of a hedgehog, boiled in oil, and preserved in a brazen vessel!

## WHAT IT COSTS TO WRITE WELL.

Excellence is not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's 'Republic' it is said was found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer; frequently when nearly a whole impression of a Spectator was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition. Lamb's most sportive essays were the results of most intense brain work; he used to spend a week at the time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written 'Come into the Garden Maud,' more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and 'Locksley Hall,' the first draft of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, amassed his

materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterwards altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was re-written for the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer—two, three and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got, to send the perpetually re-written book to press at last, and so be done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work to write seventy lines of 'Lalla Rookh' in a week. Kinglake's 'Eothen,' we are told was, re-written five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the 'White Doe of Rylstone,' and kept, like that to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's 'Studies of Nature' cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. He composed in a singular manner, writing on large sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and primed it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within he finally wrote the results of his labor. But even after this, he would re-compose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to find a word with which to round off a period. John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's 'Traveller' and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrain says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crabb Robinson a note to his 'Italy,' which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines. —A. P. Russell.

## SELF-DENIAL.

To deny one's self is simply to put down a lower feeling, in order to give a higher feeling ascendancy. You have all opportunity for self-denial every time you see a man. If you see a man that you dislike, put down that hateful enmity of soul. That will be self-denial. Every time you see a person in misery, and you shrink from relieving him, then relieve him. That will be self-denial. Do not say, "I am so busy I cannot stop to see that little curmudgeon in the street," but stop. God says, "You are all brethren," and ragged and dirty as that child is, it is related to you in the larger relationship of the eternal world; and you must not be so busy as not to have time to care for him. If your

selfishness says, "I cannot stop: I do not want to be plagued with these little ruffians of the street," and a diviner element of the soul says, "Stop! neither business nor pleasure has any right here; religion, humanity and duty must rule here;" and if you obey the dictates of that divine element, then you deny yourself.

"In honor preferring one another." This injunction suggests an ample field for self-denial. You that invent sack-cloth and hair-mittens, to rub yourselves with, so as to get up self-denial and suffering; when you sit and hear your brother-in-law, in the office next to yours, praised, what is it that makes you hold your breath? "Oh!" you say, "that is envy. I ought not to feel so." There is a blessed struggle. What is born out of it? If you rise superior to that comparison between yourself and him, and say, "I thank God that he is esteemed more than I am; I love and honor him, and I am glad to see his name go up, and it does not hurt me to have his name go above," then there is a glorious self-denial. What are the elements of it? Why, putting down your own selfishness, and putting up the brotherhood feeling.

No man, then, need hunt among hair-shirts; no man need seek for blankets too short at the bottom and too short at the top; no man need resort to iron seats and cushionless chairs; no man shut himself up in grim cells; no man need stand on the top of towers of columns, in order to deny himself. There are abundant opportunities for self-denial. If a man is going to place the higher part of his nature uppermost, he will have business enough on hand.—Selected.

Somebody has brought out the following reminiscence: "When Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalot mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and, suddenly seizing him called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon of warm water down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch, and shook him, while the old man said: 'If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened, sure.' When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the article alluded to were oysters, his father fondled him for half an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Ever afterwards Franklin's language was marvelously simple and explicit."

## Effect of Light.

Doctor Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on the body and mind: "A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence,

in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many persons are incapable of articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are mis-shapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being considered, in which all the rooms are during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labors.

## WHAT IS LIFE!

What is life, but a little crib beside the bed; a little face beneath the spread; a little frock behind the door; a little shoe upon the floor; a little lad with dark-brown hair; a little blue-eyed face and fair; a little lane that leads to school; a little pencil, slate and rule; a little pence, winsome maid; a little hand within one laid; a little cottage, acres four; a little old-time fashioned store; a little family gathering round; a little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound; a little added to the soil; a little rest from hardest toil; a little silver in his hair; a little stool and easy chair; a little night and earthlit gloom; a little cortege to the tomb.

## The Jains.

Some of the queerest people that I ever saw live in India, and are called Jains. They build asylums for cows, horses, donkeys, cats and dogs, just as we build them for sick folks, for orphan children and for old people. If you ever visit Bombay you will find one of their establishments there, consisting of several acres of ground. At first sight you might think it was a cattle-show—the sheds being arranged like the cattle-pens, horse stalls and poultry-coops, at our State and county fairs.—Carleton.

A school boy being requested to write a composition on the subject of "pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact whole families." "How so," asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied: "Why, by not swallowing them." This matches the story of the other boy who defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

WEBSTER said:—"If we work upon marble it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble in dust; but if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow men—we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."