

A STRANGE RULE OF LAW.

It has always been a mystery to us that it is by the laws of the land considered a crime to steal from a firm or corporation, and not a crime to steal from a widow or an orphan. If a man robs a railroad company, it is a crime; if he robs a family, a widow or an orphan, it is only a kind of misconduct, an impropriety, but not a crime. It would seem that it were the greater crime to rob the poor and the defenceless. They need the protection of the law more than the wealthy corporation, and yet they are left without protection, and to the mere honesty of those who handle their money. Men of pretended character and honor who are high in authority are to be found who are defaulters to thousands of dollars, borrowed from widows and orphan children, or who were entrusted with such estates by men who had confidence in their integrity. We consider it the basest of crimes to thus cheat and defraud the defenceless, and we cannot countenance such criminals. Our laws should make it a crime punishable with fine and imprisonment for life, thus to rob the poor and helpless.—*Biblical Recorder.*

Yes, we can give the names of influential men, of those who are accounted leaders in the churches which seem to belong to them, who have sent widows and orphans down to the bottom of the pit of poverty. A man may die rich; but his estate will generally be swallowed up by the expenses of administration, and by unexpected claims. So it happens that many orphans are cradled in luxury and left in penury. Then comes the proposition to "give them a home," equivalent to food and clothing till twenty-one years old for the privilege of living in abject slavery. The following letter illustrates our allusion! We substitute blanks for the names, because we have sent a private letter, hoping to secure the girl. Here is the letter received:

—April 9th, 1876.

MR. MILLS—Dear Sir:—I have just learned, to my great sorrow, that there is an orphan in ——— you should have. I heard that Mrs. ——— took her from some poor house, (and may heaven forgive her) to use as a slave, and truly she does use her badly, if all I can hear is true, and I guess it is. All this cold winter this poor little girl has been barefooted and half clothed. I am a mother, and oh! how my heart bleeds when I think of this poor little sufferer. I hear she is so cruel to her. This lady's children tell it on her, they being small do not know any better. May heaven move your heart to do something for this child! Can you not beg the lady to give her up? I can not give you the particulars, as I do not know them. Mrs. ——— is a stranger comparatively, and I fear to question her lest she suspect me of writing this letter, and it make her an enemy. I do pray that God will move your heart to pity her condition. Mrs. ——— came from ——— College. I guess she got the child thereabouts. Even the young gentlemen of this place are speaking of the poor child and pitying her. She never allows the child to go beyond the back yard. Mrs. ——— has little children of her own, and I fear God will punish her or them for this child's cruel treatment. My prayers shall go with this letter to you, that you may use every means to get the child. I never saw her, though I visit Mrs. ——— frequently. She never allows her to be seen in company. Her case, as I think, is worse than a negro's, and our white people ought not to allow it to be so. Please do all you can to get the child, and heaven will surely reward you.

I can not give you my name, but I am in sight of her house and I will watch for your coming. We would all be willing to help the poor child. I would take her myself, as large a family as I have, if I could get her on friendly terms; but know it would make enemies. I could get up enough for her to support the child—I know I could if I dared to. If you do not get her, I shall try some other means. I hope to hear from you some way or other, in the meantime I will learn all I can about the child, and write you again. In Faith, Hope, and Charity, I am,

Mr. J. M. Lovejoy, a teacher in Raleigh, is sixty-one years old, and has taught forty years without missing a day from school on account of sickness. He even declares he has never felt a pain, and is very grateful to the God who always answers prayer, for the mercies so long enjoyed.

HUMBLE APOLOGY.

Correspondents sometimes complain because I do not answer their letters promptly.

1. Sometimes they ask questions hard to answer, and I need a little time to consider.

2. My duties take me to so many places, that in many instances I do not see letters for many days after they are taken from the office. I am sorry for these delays; but do not know how to avoid them.

J. H. MILLS.

April the 1, 1876. Washington, N. C.
Mr. MILLS. Dear Sir I take my pen in hand to inform you of my Situation I Am A poor Orphan boy And want assistance My Father dead my Mother not able to assist me. I Am 18 years old. My health Not very good wont you take me in the Asylum. I am desirous of education Yours Truly,
EDWARD F. SINGLETON.

Better remain where you are.

Work hard, buy good books and read them. After a time, marry some smart girl, full of life and vigor, and let her improve your education. We can not take you here. You would be in a class with small boys and they would keep you foot. This would mortify you, and keep you in distress. Besides, you would fall in love with some of our girls. You could not help it. Love scrapes would never do here. Farewell.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April, 1876.

We have had several unpleasant cases of illness among the children lately, but all are now improving—only one confined to her room, and, with care, she will be out in a day or two. The weather has been very changeable—last week we had some quite warm days, on Sunday night we had a slight snow, and last night it snowed again, and to-day the mountain tops around have on their white caps, and a stiff northern breeze has made the day chilly and uncomfortable. Coughing and sniffles are the consequence.

Our list of contributions this week exhibits a plentiful lack of the "needful" coming in, consequently the pressure in that particular is a little heavy. We hope to experience an improvement in that line soon. The contributions "in kind" are more liberal, and we are feeling easy on the something-to-eat score for the next few days. Besides, I have two or three good routes for foraging planned out, that I think will prove successful in adding to the contents of the larder.

We have a good religious feeling in the school at present. One dear little girl has professed faith in the Redeemer, and will probably connect herself with a branch of the church next Sabbath. Others are serious. Ten of the thirty-eight orphans now here are members of the different churches, most of whom are exemplary in their lives.

We are looking forward to the twelfth of May for a big time. That day has been appointed for a convention of delegates from all the Lodges west of the Blue Ridge, to consider the interests of the orphan work in this part of the State, and to take preliminary steps for erecting buildings on the land donated by Mr. Pease to the orphan work. We hope to have many Masons, as well as officers of the Grand Lodge, from east of the Ridge, with us on that occasion, and that many, not members of the order, will be present to give aid and encouragement to the movement.

On the 10th of May I expect to take a number of the children out to Pleasant Gap Church, in the

edge of Madison county, to participate in a Centennial celebration, gotten up by the good people of that section, at which the interest of the orphans will not be forgotten or overlooked. The dwellers along that section of Big Ivey are very good friends of the orphan work, of which they gave tangible proof to-day, in the shape of a wagon load of provisions.

I expect to furnish a synopsis of proceedings on these occasions, for the "FRIEND," at least so far as the interests of the orphan work may be connected with them.
JAMES H. MOORE,
Steward.

Stretch it a Little.

A little girl and her brother were on their way to their school one winter morning. The grass on the common was white with frost, and the wind was very damp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a kind of cloak over her, which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along she drew the boy closer to her, and said, "Come under my coat, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little."

And they were soon as close together and as warm as birds in the same nest.

Now why can't we all stretch our comforts a little? There are many shivering bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts beyond themselves.

Help Better than Pity.

There was a great rush to the trap, in which sat a disconsolate mouse looking in blank dismay at the company of cousins clamoring outside.

"How could you be so foolish?" squeaked one.

"It goes to my very heart to see you, dear," squeaked another; while cries of "I wonder you were not more careful!" "What a thousand pities you should have fallen a sacrifice to your taste for cheese!" "How glad I should be to see you out of your trouble!" etc., etc., rose in a chorus from the rest.

"There, if you can't do better than sit there squeaking, be so good as to go," cried the prisoner indignantly; "if you would set to work to gnaw the wire, so as to set me free, I would call you friends, and believe in your sympathy; but your 'noise and doing nothing' is worse than useless. Your wisdom, which is aggravating, comes too late, and your pity is as contemptible to me as it is cheap to you!"—*Mrs. Prosser.*

Hard Work.

"What is your secret of success?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will

not pay that price for distinction, had better dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will 'Is that necessary?' 'That shall be.' This is the only law of success."

"Have you ever entered a cottage, ever travelled in a coach, ever talked with a person in the field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," says Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of those men had a talent you had not, known something you knew not?"

The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, or counted the vermin on his rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. I am no believer in genius, but I believe that labor, judiciously and continuously applied, becomes genius.

Teaching.

The more we see of teaching, the less is our confidence in prescribed methods. The mind is not touched by the revolving cogs of a dead mechanism. A method must pulsate with a soul breathed into it. There must be the contact of mind with mind, and heart with heart. A method can never be more than a way, a channel; it must be filled by the teacher. Hence the barrenness of mere operative teaching—the turning of the crank of 'approved methods.' No true teacher can be an operative, a crank turner. He must be an artist, and a primary teacher should be the artist of artists. But teachers can only be liberated from the thralldom of mechanical methods by a comprehension of their principles—and here is the great work of normal and training-schools. We do not need more imitators, more pedagogues with their hand-organ methods, but we do need more teachers with a clear insight into the principles of their high art, and with sufficient ability and skill to invent, modify and vitalize their methods.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

A CAPITAL FABLE.—The hopelessness of any one's accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated in an old *Færis* fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from the fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear of huntsman, and the magician in disgust said: Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a noble animal! And the poor creature became a mouse again. It is the same way with the mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse, and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such persons: 'Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless trying to make a lion of you.'

The Stinging Tree.

One of the torments to which the traveler is subject in the North Australian scrubs is a stinging tree (*Utica gigas*), which is very abundant and ranges in size from a large shrub of thirty feet in height, to a small plant measuring only a few inches. Its leaf is large and peculiar, from being covered with a short, silvery hair, which, when shaken, emits a fine pungent dust most irritating to skin and nostrils. If touched it causes most acute pain which is felt for months afterwards—a dull, gnawing pain, accompanied by a burning sensation, particularly in the shoulders and under the arms, where small lumps often arise. Even when the sting has quite died away, the unwary bushman is forcibly reminded of his indiscretion each time that the affected part is brought in contact with water. The fruit is a pink, flesh color, hanging in clusters, so inviting that a stranger is irresistibly tempted to pluck it, but seldom more than once, for though the raspberry-like berries are harmless in themselves, some contact with the leaves is almost unavoidable. The blacks are said to eat the fruit, but for this I can not vouch, though I have tasted one or two at odd times, and found them very pleasant. The worst of this nettle is a tendency to shoot up wherever clearing has been effected. In passing through the dray tracks cut through the scrub, great caution was necessary to avoid the young plants that cropped up even in a few weeks. I have never known a case of it being fatal to human beings, but I have seen people subjected by it to great suffering, notably a scientific gentleman, who plucked off a branch and carried it some distance as curiosity, wondering the while what caused the pain numbness in the arm. Horses I have seen die in agony from the sting, the wounded parts becoming paralyzed; but strange to say, it does not seem to injure cattle who dash through the scrubs full of it without receiving any damage. This curious anomaly is well known to all bushmen.—*Cassell's Illustrated Travels.*

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to following subjects:

1. To hear as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being. I consider, too, that persons are cast into different moulds; and that to ask myself: What should I do in that person's situation? is not a just mode of judging. I must not expect a man that is naturally cold and reserved, to act as one that is naturally warm and affectionate; and I think it a great evil that people do not make more allowances for each other in this particular.