

attles from dif- world. Some and some very recian babies all cymbals, to strike to- ad little gold ng in a circle, hich to hold here was no ose days, but clay puppets, n beings and a small stones, a rattling noise. as a favorite e Greeks. They ner, large and ith air, stuffed wn or other soft pactly filled with ke them hard and were elaborately y devices. There t variety of games persons engaged. ad large rooms e sport, teachers to instruct play- were kept to wait

ian boys and girls her till they were d, and then they were out the Romans were ther. The girls were up very quietly at home eir mother. For the boy, anion was chosen from g the numerous slaves of ousehold, to accompany him nd from school, to carry his ks, and to watch over his vior. Boys were not permitted o rush pell mell through the streets in those days. They must go quietly, with the head modestly bent; they must be ready to stand aside to allow their elders to pass; and in every way they must show them great respect.

The books were not such as you have. Some were made of leaves or slabs of wood coated with wax, into which the letters were scratched by means of a pencil made of metal or ivory. One end of the pencil was flattened or bent so that in case of mistake the scratches could be erased. A larger tool or bur-nisher was used to smooth an entire tablet at once. Sometimes there were two and sometimes more of these tablets fastened together, and several of these were put in a sort of case.

After he got older I suppose he used books made out of papyrus, which you all know was the bark of a tree, or of parchment, which was made from the hides of sheep or goats. The ink was made of several kinds of coloring substances. These books were rolled on sticks, and were sometimes called scrolls. You know they were not printed, for printing had not been invented. They were written, and many slaves were employed as copyists, for books were very plenty; not, indeed, so common as now, but then we read of thousands of copies of one book, and learned men had large libraries. As I was not invited to visit any older people I did not see any of those libraries; but I have heard that men had them just for show, as some do now, without caring to read or study them.

The baby was a very funny-looking thing—not half so pretty and sweet as our babies, for theirs were all wrapped up in cloth in the oddest fashion. Only one long, narrow piece wound round and round, leaving nothing but the face uncovered, instead of the pretty dresses and skirts and sashes, with all their dainty trimmings which we see now. But then the mothers did not have so much sewing to do.

Then the cradles. They were very unlike the curtained bassinets or the carved rosewood cradles of now-a-days. One was like a large shoe, not to hold all the children of a family, like the old woman's you all know about, but just large enough for one little baby. Another was like a boat, or trough. Some had rockers and some handles through which ropes were passed, and thus the babies hung and were swung.

Noise is the first thing to attract a baby's attention; so all babies, I think, have had a rattle to play with. I should like to

are afraid to sit at the table when there are just thirteen, and who are afraid to see the new moon over the left shoulder, and have some other such foolish whims. They are just as silly as the Roman boy who put this amulet about his neck. And it is a shame for them not to be any wiser after all these years that Jesus has been teaching the world that no harm can come in any such chance way. Trust in God and love for Christ is a sure charm, and the only one, to keep us safe and happy, whether trouble comes or not.

There are other things which those ancient Grecians did which I am sorry to see boys and girls do in these days: they would tease and frighten one another. Perhaps they were not so much to blame in those days, for the older people used to do it also. Bugbears and hobgoblins, consisting of ugly-looking masks or distorted representations of human faces and horrible animals, were used to scare the poor children. Strange, is it not? that any one can get pleasure in giving another person pain.

The school was a very queer place. There were not so many studies nor so many interesting helps to study then as now. The Grecian boy's school tastes were grammar, music, and gymnastics, the latter being apparently considered the most important. The body was trained in every way for suppleness, quickness, and strength. The Romans had much the same kind of study. One thing I was glad to learn, and I want our boys to remember it, those old Romans, brave and strong as they were, did not think it silly nor "girlish" nor "baby-ish" to be careful about taking cold. After the boys got through their gymnastic practice they were wrapped up in a great blanket of coarse woollen cloth, and stood before the master to receive his approval or reproof.

The grown-up people were very fond of games, and you may be sure the younger ones knew plenty of them. Besides many kinds of sports in running, leaping, ball-playing, etc., they had a game with checkers very much such as we have now.

Whether the children in the garden were really at work or at play, I could not find out. I was told they were at work, but they looked so merry and so bright that I thought it might be a mistake and they might be only frolicking. But would it not be a good plan for us to do our work so cheerfully that people will see we are having a good time? And we really shall have a good time if we carry a happy heart into everything we do.—*The Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

"Will you please teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night?" said little Roger L—, as he opened the door and peeped cautiously into the chamber of his sick mother; "I am very sleepy; but no one has heard me say my prayers."

Mrs. L— was very ill; indeed, her attendants believed her to be dying. She sat propped up with pillows, and struggling for breath; her lips were white, her eyes were growing dull and glazed, and her purple blood was settling under the nails of the cold attenuated fingers. She was a widow, and little Roger was her only—her darling child. Every night he had been in the habit of

coming into her room, and sitting in her lap, or kneeling by her side, whilst she repeated passages from the sacred Scriptures, or related to him stories of the wise and good men spoken of in its pages. She had been in delicate health for many years, but never too ill to hear little Roger's verse and prayers.

"Hush! hush!" said the nurse: "your dear mamma is too ill to hear you to-night!" As she said this, she laid her hand gently upon his arm, as if she would lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his little heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers; indeed I cannot!"

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been nearly insensible to everything around her, the sobs of her darling roused her from her stupor; and turning to a friend, she desired her to bring her little son, and lay him in her bosom. Her request was granted, and the child's rosy cheek nestled beside the pale, cold face of his dying mother. Alas, poor little fellow! he knew not then the irreparable loss which he was so soon to sustain.

"Roger, my son, my darling child," said the dying mother, "repeat this verse after, me, and never, never forget it:—*When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.*" The child repeated it two or three times distinctly, said his little prayer, and then went quietly to bed. The next morning he sought, as usual, his mother, but he found her a corpse.

This was her last lesson.—*Ex.*

"How many bones have I in my whole body, mother?" asked Charlie one day.

Charlie was washing his hands at that moment, and as he washed them he kept opening and shutting them, and twisting them about in all sorts of ways; and as he did this he couldn't help seeing that the hand was not one single piece, but was made up of a good many pieces. And from that he began to feel his head and body, and to look at his feet and his legs, and he saw that he was all made up of little pieces. That was what led him to ask the question.

"You would be surprised if I should tell you," answered his mother; "will you try to remember?"

"Yes'm, indeed I will," said he. "Just let me see if I can guess—as many as fifty, I do believe."

"More than that, my son; two hundred and eight."

"Two hundred and eight! I can hardly believe it. There's one great round one for my head, and—"

"Stop my dear. Instead of that great round one, it takes thirty small bones to make a head. Then there are fifty-four in the body, thirty-two from the shoulder to the finger tips, and thirty from the thigh to the ends of the toes. The hand is a most wonderful little machine, and so is the foot. See how you can move them about. How many things they will do for you! I hope you will never let your hand or foot, or any other part of this body which God has so wonderfully and beautifully made, be used to commit sin."—*Child's Own.*

Swift's maxim in conversation was: Take as many half minutes as you can get, but never take more than half a minute without pausing, and giving others an opportunity to strike in.

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