

The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME II.

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AS YE DID UNTO THESE,
YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME.

Through the bleak and dreary street,
Where the cold winds keenly blow,
See a child with bare, chill'd feet,
Wand'ring on 'mid ice and snow;
Houseless, homeless,—God's own word
Shall its precious comfort be,
"As ye did it unto these,
Ye have done it unto me."

In an attic, cold and bare,
'Mid the dropping of the rain,
See, a woman, gaunt and wan,
Stitch from morn till morn again,
Fainting, famished,—Christian man,
Does not God appeal to thee,
"As ye did it unto these,
Ye have done it unto me."

When you pass the orphan by,
With averted look of scorn;
While the lone one toils and sighs,
Faint and weak from morn to morn,
Think, there soon shall come a day,
When thy God shall say to thee,
"As ye did it unto these,
Ye have done it unto me."

From the Albemarle Times.

MISS MARY'S CONCERT FOR
THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"How much did you say, mamma, Miss Mary sent up to the orphans?"

"Forty dollars, I think, was the sum."

"O my! did we make that much for the poor little orphans? And then I did enjoy myself, mamma, so much besides! Wasn't it nice? And the people all seemed so much pleased too. I declare I wish we could get up another festival or something like that to help the Asylum."

"Well, Cora, I am glad that you enjoyed yourself so much in doing good. But now tell me, did you think more of your own appearance, and the pleasure it gave you to take part in Miss Mary's exhibition, or the little children you were trying to help?"

Cora held down her head and looked very serious. Directly she raised her radiant face, and, with her large beautiful eyes upturned to her mothers, said:
"I hardly know, mamma, how to answer your question. Sometimes I thought of my beautiful dress, and wondered how I looked with my angel-wings; and then I thought of the people—they seemed so well pleased; and every once in a while, I thought how pleased the orphans would be, if they could only see us trying to do something for them. Mamma, did you say forty dollars?"

Mrs. Amans smiled to see how adroitly her little daughter was managing to shift the turn of conversation, and replied:

"Yes, Cora, I think that was the amount, after paying for some few things she was obliged to purchase to prepare for the exhibition."

"Well, won't Mr. Mills be glad to get so much money; and won't the little orphans be glad to know that we have not forgotten their visit to us?"

"Yes, Mr. Mills will be pleased to know that the Asylum has

some friends down here, who are willing to help him take care of the dear little children. The sum of money is not so very large, but if every village, town and city, and neighborhood and church, would send him as much, apiece, it would help him to buy a great deal of what the orphans need—meat, bread, clothing, books, &c."

"That is just what I was saying to Essie the other day. You know she was not over here, though I wish she could have been here, she would have made a good-looking angel for our pyramid, and her alto voice would have sounded so sweet in, 'I want to be an angel.'"

"Well, what did you say to Essie?"

"Why, she asked me what good could we children do in sending up a few dollars to Mr. Mills, when she had often heard her papa say it took so many thousands to take care of the orphans, and that the rich people ought to send him all that he needs; and I told her that it was just like the river there, the Cashie; it was made up by the water running into it from the swamps and creeks, and if every school teacher would do like Miss Mary, our school teacher, why, when all of the small sums were put together, it would make up all that he wanted."

"And what did she say to that?"

"She said, Oh, yes! I know now, it is just like we read in the Geography. The little drops of water which come down from the clouds sink into the earth, then come out again from springs and then run in little brooks, then in creeks, then into rivers, then into larger rivers, and then into the ocean; so that the ocean is made up, after all, of little drops, as the song goes

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beautiful land."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Amans, "that Essie is such a sensible girl."

"Yes, mamma, I like her, because she always seems to be in a good humor, and is always talking about the little orphans so pitifully. The other time she was at our house, she said it always made her feel sad when she thought of her good mamma's and papa's dying maybe and leaving her here and the rest of them, by themselves. They would be orphans too, and perhaps no one would take care of them, but then it made her feel glad to think that she could find good people who were fond of little children, to take care of her at the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, till she was big enough to take care of herself. Mamma, I could not help it, tears would come into my eyes, for I thought of dear Papa who has already gone to heaven, and if you were to go too, I would have to go the Orphan Asylum."

Mrs. Amans shuddered, and clasped her little girl to her arms. And when she could speak, choking down her emotions, she said:

"I do trust that our heavenly father may spare me till you are big enough to take care of yourself; but, Cora, my darling, you know what God says—'When father and mother forsake me,

then the Lord will take me up.'"

"Yes, mamma, that was in my Sunday School lesson last Sunday;" and she threw her arms around her mother's neck. For some time they were both silent. Then Cora said:

"Mamma, do you you know what I was thinking?"

"No, my darling, what was it?"

"Perhaps the Lord means," said Cora, "that he will take all the little orphans up to Oxford when their mothers and fathers die."

"No, my child, not exactly that. He means that he will provide in some way for them. And perhaps this is one way. I have, sometimes, thought that God put it into the heart of Mr. Mills to propose to the Grand Lodge of Masons to make an Orphan Asylum of the beautiful building at Oxford, and thus provide to take care of the orphans."

"Mamma, was papa a Mason?"

"No, my child, he did not belong to any secret society. He did not like the Mason's society much; but that was before they made the Orphan Asylum."

"Do they (I mean the Masons) let anybody's orphan children go there?"

"O yes, my dear, they have but few orphans of Masons there. The Lodges support and educate the orphans of their members in their own neighborhoods. The Masons have opened the doors of the Asylum for any poor orphan."

"Mamma, don't you think if papa was living now he would like the Masons?"

"I don't know, my child, but I think he would, since we can all see something good they are doing in the Orphan Asylum. Your papa used to say that the Masons, if they did any good, did it so secretly, that no one knew it."

"Mamma, were you ever up to the Orphan Asylum? Do tell me something about the beautiful building you spoke of just now, and how—"

"Not now, my dear, at some other time I will; but it is time now for you to go to bed."

With this promise, Cora cheerfully prepared for bed. She did not forget in her little prayer, to ask God to bless the orphans, and Mr. Mills, and the Masons. And after falling asleep she had a pleasant, but wonderful dream. I will let her tell it at some future time if my readers will signify their desire to hear it. What say the little girls and boys, who may read this article?

A. D. COHEN.

THE BIRTH AND GROWTH OF WORLDS.

Professor Richard A. Proctor delivered the first of a series of lectures on astronomy at Farwell Hall. The subject was entitled the 'Birth and Growth of Worlds,' and dwelt with our earth up to the period when it reached a condition fitting it for the growth of life. The Professor commenced by remarking how many there were who considered that it was antagonistic to religion and dangerous to their faith to search backward in the world's early history. It was a very natural

mistake, but on careful consideration would become apparent to the scientific inquirer. Be this as it may, science enables us to go back step by step, and to discover that worlds are composed of nebulous masses, but back of this there are unnumbered steps we can never retrace. Traces of development exist everywhere; in the solar system we find it, in the sun turning on its axis, in the stars revolving in the same manner, and what is remarkable all in the same course, and all revolving in the same direction, the only exception being the planet Uranus, which some mighty revolution has thrown out of its true position. The eminent French astronomer, LaPlace, held that the whole solar system was composed of revolving masses of gaseous matter which were continually adding to their bulk by attracting and uniting to themselves lesser bodies in their vicinity, eventually forming new planets. This matter has been pursued so far that it had been discovered that some planets had been actually spoiled in the making. This might seem a strange expression to use in regard to an apparently sacred subject, but to those who had studied the matter it was really no more than saying that a seed had been planted but not matured. Referring to shooting stars and meteoric showers, it may not be generally known that such phenomena occur when the earth is attracting and taking with her system other planets. Our earth probably takes in about 200,000,000 of such every year, but does not gain as much in bulk as might be imagined. The amount added is really very small compared with the bulk of our earth, but in the early days of the world's formation from these causes was presumably much greater. Masses of meteoric matter of considerable magnitude have, however, fallen at intervals.

One of a ton in weight and one of some fifteen tons has also been reported from South America. The immense magnitude of comets was next dwelt upon and the relations of the sun to the earth, the Professor stating that the "other worlds than ours" and their subordinate aggregations were still forming solar systems of their own. Our earth was no doubt at one time an immense mass of nebulous matter, and included the moon in its aggregation; but from some cause, in its revolutions the moon became a separate body. Spots on the sun formed an interesting study, and observers would note that great changes were frequently occurring in such spots, one authority describing a change he had witnessed in the short space of ten minutes, showing that mighty happened in remarkably short periods.

Passing the eclipses, the Professor called attention to that announced for the year 1878, and advised those interested in the matter to look out for the zodiacal light which would be visible close around the sun's disc, outside the corona. The Professor continued by inquiring whether in the researches of the evening any thing had been done to endanger any person's belief or faith. He

thought not. It was impossible to find out the mysteries of God, but careful research would unearth such knowledge, which it was potent for men to know, yet they could not if they would go back step by step to the very first work.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Talking About One's Health.

If there is anything in the world to destroy one's health, it is the perpetual consideration of it. In much that relates to body, mind, heart, and soul, we must let things take their own way. The stomach resents being talked about, we find, and refuses to digest for a man who continually gossips about it. It was put into the darkness, so that we might not see it. If it had only been made as transparent as glass, and we could have seen the special effect of every article put into it, we should have become so, "nervous" about its operations, that, shortly, the whole human race would have died off. Doubtless, the physiologist and the student of dietetics will give us some knowledge and wisdom; but they will sacrifice many victims by their minute inquiries and cautions. One of the best of them all that we ever knew, had one fundamental principle to impress upon his disciples, "eat your victuals and go about your business." A valetudinarian, long-suffering, refusing this and that, and cutting down year by year the list of wholesome articles for his food, at last bethought himself it were as well to die of fullness as starvation; and went to his accustomed restaurant at dinner-time, and ordered a full meal like any other man, to the amazement and incredulity of the attendant that always waited on him; and on inquiry of the results of his boldness, he replied he was as well after a full and various meal, as after all the littleness he had been accustomed to practise.—*Christian Register.*

WHAT IS THE BIBLE LIKE?

It is like a large, beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for the pilgrims on their way to the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is like a casket of jewels and precious stones, which is not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope which brings distant and far off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their importance.

It is like a treasure house—a store house of all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is like a deep, broad, calm, flowing river; the banks are deep and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play and dear little children are loving and happy.

I AND J.—There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language, which cause so much misconstruction as I and J, as most people write them alike. The rule for writing them properly, and which deserves to be universally adopted, is to run the J below the line, and the I even with the line.