

Wednesday, July 5, 1876.

Under a charter by the General Orphan Aid Society of North Carolina, Orphan Aid Society, No. 1, has been organized in Oxford. It started with seven members and six more were initiated last Saturday evening. Another meeting will be held at the Orphan Asylum on this (Tuesday) afternoon. Any who may wish to become members may hand their names to the President, Mr. J. W. Hays, or to the Secretary, Miss S. L. Lee. The initiation fee is 50 cents, and each member pays 5 cents a week.

COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.

Dr. Hiden expresses the opinion, "that if Trustees and other College officers will let it be known that the speaker selected for the occasion will have his expenses paid, and will receive \$50 for the address, they will find no difficulty in getting excellent speakers for such occasions; and an address that is not worth \$50, ought not to be delivered at a college commencement."

Dr. Talmage very kindly came down to \$200 for his sermon and oration at Trinity.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., }
June 21st, 1876. }

My reports of receipts for the Asheville Orphan Asylum, to June the 5th, including the trip to Yancey and Mitchell, was accidentally overlooked by the boy that takes the mail to the post office, and while I thought it was on its way to the columns of the ORPHANS' FRIEND, it was lying snugly among other papers on the office desk, and there it lay until my return from Haywood, after the flood. I sent it to-day together with reports of receipts to June 20th.

I would like to withdraw my mind from the stern and unpleasant realities connected with my recent trips through Yancey, Mitchell and Haywood counties, in description of the beauty, grandeur and romance of the scenery, so striking to one passing through them, on every mile of the Journey; I would like to reproduce in pen-pictures, the almost terrifying sublimity of the overhanging cliffs, faced with rugged rocks and crowned with spruce, balsam and mountain pine, while the base and crevices along the sides are ornamented with fringes and bouquets of the mountain-laurel, (rhododendron) and the beautiful and variegated ivy, interspersed with many species of flowers and flowering shrubs, prominent among which is the calacanthus or sweet shrub. I would like to recall and describe, for the benefit of those who have never seen them, the life-inspiring beauty and freshness of the hills as they come leaping, dashing, splashing adown the steep declivities, rivaling every erratic movement of the "waters that come down from Lodore;" the roaring and rushing of the rivers and other large streams, as they dash over their rocky beds, as if running a race against time, or contending for a wager with some other streams, as to which shall first pour its waters into the gulf or ocean.

I know I could not do justice to these things, but then it would be pleasant to depict something of the feelings and impressions they inspire in one who has the good fortune to travel among them. One draw-back to those who would attempt a true and

accurate description of our mountain scenery is, that, while viewing it, the mind is so absorbed—the whole soul so wrought up to admiration and ecstasy, that it is out of the question to write soberly and in detail in regard to it, and when retired from it the memory loses much of the finer touches of the picture that go so far to render it entrancing.

Let all our eastern friends, who can do so, take a trip to the West this summer and see all these things for themselves. They can get board at almost any of the better class farm-houses, and all the towns and villages have good hotels, where they can get the best of fare—fresh meats, milk, butter, good bread, fruit &c., they can drink the coolest and purest of water, and live, altogether, about as cheap as they can at home.

But I intended to say something about my trips, with our singing band, through some of the counties adjoining Buncombe. The list of contributions will show that we were not very successful in that direction; but the kindness and sympathy of the people wherever we passed, towards the orphan work, with one or two exceptions, was unbounded. Hard times; the short crops last year, and the consequent scarcity, have prevented those we visited doing as much for the orphans as they had the will and desire to do. Another thing that operated against us was, the people of this part of the State are not informed in regard to the orphan enterprise. It is all new to most of them, especially those off the main thoroughfares, and much labor and patience and explanation will be required to bring the claims of the orphans properly to their consideration. To do this there ought to be an agent especially and continually engaged in the work. An officer in charge of the internal, every-day management of the Asylums can not do it without neglecting other and very important duties. But I will drop this matter now as I intend to enlarge upon it at some future time.

The children with me enjoyed the trips amazingly. On the trip through Yancey and Mitchell the boys boast of having killed eight snakes and a ground hog. (I believe I have mentioned this before.) In the late trip through Haywood, they didn't kill so many snakes, but one day, when we had but a short drive between appointments, the boys went fishing in Jonathan's Creek and came in with a string of mullets and hornheads about a yard long. There has been a fishing mania among them ever since.

The more striking features of our Haywood trip embracing "hair-bredth 'scapes in flood and field," and other (to us, at least,) interesting incidents, I will reserve for another and separate communication, as this one is already about long enough.

I will only add that we shall not be able to take another excursion in some time, owing to the destruction of roads and bridges by the late freshet.

JAMES H. MOORE,
Steward.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., }
June 28th, 1876. }

My trip through Haywood county, with incidents pleasant and otherwise, will form the subject of the present letter.

Haywood county lies west of Buncombe, and, being longer from north to south than Buncombe, reaches down and forms

the western boundary of Transylvania, also, while a little corner of Jackson separates it from the South Carolina line. Its county seat is Waynesville; its principal water courses, Pigeon River, fed by Fines Creek, Jonathan's Creek and Crabtree. The Balsam mountain and some other considerable elevations, that have only local names not recognized in the maps, are partly in this county.

On Tuesday, June 6th, in charge of the Orphan Singing band from the Asheville Asylum, I started for Haywood. Our first appointment was at Hominy Creek, near the headwaters of Hominy Creek, in the western part of Buncombe county. Here we found excellent accommodations prepared for us, and at night a large crowd attended the entertainment. The collection was not large, but a subscription of articles "in kind," for future delivery, was made, and was quite liberal.

Wednesday, after dinner, we started for Locustfield. At Turnpike we met Dr. Russell and Mr. Curtis, acting as a committee of the good friends of that locality, who conducted us to the hospitable mansion of Mr. John Renno, where we were all quartered for the night. A large crowd met us at the church at night and the largest cash collection taken up that we got during the trip.

We remained at Mr. Renno's until after dinner on Thursday, and then started for Pleasant Hill, crossing Pigeon River at what is called the lower ford, to reach it. We all found a home with that excellent christian gentleman and active Mason, J. B. Buchanan, Esq., who, with his pleasant companion and intelligent children, did all they could to make us comfortable, and succeeded admirably. The collection at the entertainment that night was small, because the people there, like those of many other places, are hard pressed by the scarcity of provision.

On Friday morning we recrossed the Pigeon, went up the river and crossed the upper ford, for our appointment at Bethel. Some kind friends had arranged for us to get dinner on the way, but, not being apprised of it in time, we passed the place and, no doubt, missed a good dinner. The mishap, however, was fully compensated, for we found a large field of splendid strawberries by the road-side, of which the children gathered about a gallon, and a lady, Mrs. Mann, furnished us sugar, milk, butter and warm corn bread, with the necessary supply of plates, spoons, knives &c., by which we were enabled to enjoy a splendid lunch in the cool shade of the trees near the spring. Arrangements were made for us at night at Mrs. Edwards', where we all stayed together and fared sumptuously. The entertainment at night was well attended and the collection a fair one considering the times.

On Saturday evening we reached Waynesville. The Steward of the Masonic Lodge had been appointed to meet us and assign us homes, and to attend to our comfort generally, all which he performed in the most satisfactory and courteous manner. Our entertainment at night was witnessed by a crowded house and every thing passed off pleasantly, but the collection was not as large as I had anticipated. This was accounted for, in part, by the fact that it was the close of court week, when many were wearied out by their labors and the turmoils of such occasions, and did

not attend. I expect to be able to give a better report of Waynesville before long.

We enjoyed the hospitality of friends until after dinner on Monday, having attended Sabbath school in the morning and services at the M. E. church, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Sunday, and started for Richland Valley. We went there, gave the promised entertainment and, on Tuesday morning went on toward our next appointment at Shady Grove. Our friend and brother, F. A. M. Boyd, had made arrangement for us all to stay with Mrs. Howell, an excellent widow lady, near the church. The house was crowded at night, but the collection was small. Our reception and treatment, however, was cordial and kind. It was here the boys caught the long string of fish, mentioned in a former letter.

At Crabtree we stayed with a kind family of the name of Mc Cracken; gave a concert at night in the academy building, which is used also as a church, and took up the third best collection of the trip. We shall remember the good people of that locality with pleasant emotions, and hope to visit them again. Our entertainment there was on Wednesday night.

It had been raining every day, occasionally, from the time we left Waynesville, and fearing (what actually occurred) that the water courses would become impassable, I wrote on and called in the appointments for Fine's creek, Sandy Mush and Leicester, and started, on Tuesday morning to return home.

Then began our real troubles and difficulties. We had to pass along the banks of Pigeon for several miles, the back water from which, becoming deeper and deeper, soon stopped our course. Then we tried a rugged mountain road for several miles and got back to the river higher up; crossed Beaver Dam bridge near the river, which bridge, we learned afterwards, washed away soon after we crossed. We were soon headed by the back waters of the river and had to take to the hills and mountains again. The roads or rather blind paths, were so rough and dangerous that the children were obliged to walk, and the rain constantly pouring down, made them "as wet as drowned rats." About 4 o'clock, p. m., we reached Mr. John Renno's, where we stayed Wednesday night before, as we went out, and where we were most kindly welcomed, dried, fed and bedded, and had a splendid opportunity of drawing a contrast between being out in a heavy rain storm, cold and hungry, among the almost pathless mountains, and snugly housed, warmed and dried by kind friends who seemed constantly solicitous lest they should leave something unthought of that would contribute to our comfort.

On Friday morning we started on the home stretch—twenty miles to go and the obstructions of Hominy to encounter. After many hardships and no little danger, (which, however, I did not allow the children to share, as I sent them around the bends of the stream instead of taking them through the fords in the wagon,) we reached the French Broad, three miles from the Asylum, and found it hopelessly impassable, for how long we could not guess, as it was still rising. There was nothing to be done but to seek a friendly shelter, which we soon found under the hospitable roof of Mr. William Reynolds, who

lives near the bridge, where we stayed, feeling perfectly at home, until Sunday noon, when Mr. Tom Clayton set us over the river in his light skiff, "Emma," and we footed it to the Asylum, leaving wagon, horses and baggage on the otherside. On Thursday, temporary abutments having been thrown up at the bridge, I got everything over safely, thankful that through all the difficulties we encountered no loss or accident of any kind befell us.

JAMES H. MOORE,
Steward.

From the Presbyterian.
YOUR WANT.

Where is the satisfied man? We never yet saw that one who could seriously say, "I have all that I want." The world teems with unsatisfied souls. They are all striving and laboring for that which always seems to be beyond their reach. The poor man thinks, "Ah, if I were only rich, I would be contented." But when we see the rich man, we hear him talking of what he has not, and of what he needs in order to being happy. Go where you will, or to whom you will, there is always something wanting. We think that this "something" is worldly good or comforts. But did you ever consider the significance of Solomon's greatness in the history of this world? God set him up in that high place of worldly grandeur and luxury in order to teach us a lesson which we have been slow to learn. What did not this man have? There was no stint nor lack of anything that heart could imagine or crave. He enjoyed to its full *everything* that there is in this world to enjoy. And yet afterwards, he said, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." In this case God has taught us that man can not possibly be satisfied with anything, or all, that this world can give him. That is the lesson. And yet there is a satisfaction, in obtaining which, we will say "we want no more." What is it? Turn to John vi: 35, and you read the words of Jesus: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Our great want is Jesus Christ. Therefore He said, "I am the bread of life." We never think that our tables are provisioned, unless we have bread. Put everything else there, but if bread be wanting we notice and feel its absence. So give a soul everything else, but if it has not Jesus, there is no place. And in this He is suited to *all*. All want bread. All must have it—must have it always. We use it throughout a life-time, and yet never get tired of it. It suits all men, and all tastes, and all circumstances. So, too, of "water." Jesus is the *living water*. In this He is suited to all people and conditions. Water will quench thirst where nothing else will. Now just as God made the bread and the water essential to our comfort, so He has made Jesus. He made us for Jesus, and He has given Jesus to us. Try all things else therefore. But you will never be satisfied until you have received this great gift.

The troubles, burdens, unsatisfied longings of the many hearts in this world all grow out of one source—they do not know Jesus; or, if they know Him, they do not know enough of Him, and do not have enough intercourse with Him.