

Wednesday, July 26, 1876.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILD'S FIRST PRAYER.

Safe within a kindly refuge,  
 One amid an orphan band,  
 Stood the rescued little wanderer—  
 Heathen child in Christian land—  
 Gazing on himself in wonder,  
 Hands, and face, and garments clean,  
 Hardly had his mother known him,  
 Could she then her boy have seen.

His bed been the bitter portion  
 Meted to the drunkard's child:—  
 Rags, and dirt, and blows, and hunger,  
 Angry words and curses wild,  
 Never taught to shun the evil,  
 Or they ways of virtue shown;  
 Even Religion's simplest teachings  
 Were to him a thing unknown.

All unknown his Great Creator,  
 All unknown the Savior's love,  
 Till his teacher gently told him  
 Of the God who reigns above.  
 "It was he who made you, Johnny,  
 Great, and good, and wise is he;  
 He has made the world we live in,  
 Every bird, and beast, and tree.

"Though our eyes can never see him,  
 We are always in his sight;  
 Darkness can not hide us from him,  
 For to him 'tis always light.  
 He is near us, and around us,  
 Knows of all we say or do,—  
 Hears our very lowest whisper,  
 Knows what we are thinking too.

"He who made the stars above us,  
 And the great and glorious sun,  
 Feeds and cares for all his creatures—  
 Thinks of you, a little one.  
 Won't you try to love him, Johnny,  
 And to please him every day?  
 For he loves good little children,  
 He will listen when they pray."

Then upon that young heart's darkness  
 Heaven's first ray of morning broke;  
 Half in fear, and half in gladness,  
 From its sleep the soul awoke,  
 As he said, "I never knew it—  
 Never heard it till to-day;  
 It is very strange—but, teacher,  
 Tell me what it is to pray."

"It is asking God for something,—  
 Anything you feel you need:  
 Friends to help, and home to shelter,  
 Clothes to wear, and bread to feed.  
 You must ask him to forgive you  
 Every naughty thing you do,  
 And to keep you safe from evil—  
 You may pray for others too."

Simple faith, to childhood granted,—  
 Strengthening infant hands to clasp  
 Truths divine, which human wisdom  
 Seeks in vain the power to grasp—  
 With a sudden gleam of brightness  
 Shone upon his thoughtful brow:  
 "There is something that I wish for!—  
 Teacher, may I ask God now?"

"Yes, indeed you may, dear Johnny,  
 You may ask him, kneeling there!"  
 Silently the group stood round him,  
 Listening to the child's first prayer.  
 As, with hands and eyes uplifted,  
 Thus his earnest cry arose:  
 "God, O! save my drunken mother,  
 And the public-houses close!"

Ah, poor boy! a life of suffering  
 Lies behind that simple prayer,—  
 Childhood, robbed of all its gladness,  
 Crushed beneath a weight of care.  
 What a host of wretched memories  
 In thy little heart must be!  
 What is the sweet name of mother—  
 What the thought of home to thee?

Few thy years, but thou hast spent them  
 In the school of sin and woe,  
 Learning there a deeper lesson  
 Than our gray-haired statesmen know.  
 Thou hast tracked the poisoned fountain  
 Whence thy own deep griefs have flown,  
 Thou hast trod the path of sorrow  
 And thou fain wouldst bare the rod.

Though as yet it seems unanswered,  
 Raise that pleading cry again:  
 Thousands suffering, thousands pitying,  
 Join thee with a deep "Amen!"  
 As before the throne of mercy  
 Rise their prayers as thine arose—  
 "Save, O God, our mother-country,  
 And the public-houses close!"

Ingratitude is too base to return  
 a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren, indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them.

GRASSHOPPER BURDENS.

'Well, children, have you had a pleasant day?'  
 'O grandfather, it was delightful!' cried Susie. Her bright, happy face showed that she, at least, had enjoyed the day.  
 Grandfather leaned against the stile as he said, 'Delightful, was it? What did you do?'  
 'O there were crowds of people. And the boys played a game of ball. Ned's side won, after a hard fight. I looked on, and Jack Hardy gave me this bunch of flowers.'  
 'He was very kind. Well, little one, what else?'  
 'Races,' continued Susie excitedly, 'and a prize for the winner. Fred Martin won it. Ned was by me, and the people pushed so, at first I thought we could not see anything.'  
 'Neither did we,' growled Ned. His sullen, discontented face was quite a contrast to Susie's, shining with pleasure.  
 'But didn't you enjoy the game of football? Sue says your side won.'  
 'I know it, grandfather; but there was no prize given. I call it very mean and stingy. All the hard kicks I got were just for nothing.'  
 'Not if you won the game, my lad.'  
 'Didn't get any prize,' muttered Ned; 'and those races were awfully unfair. Fred Martin has been practicing for the last two weeks, and no one else had.'  
 'All the better for Fred,' said grandfather, rapping his stick on the stile, as if that were Fred's back and he was patting it in approval. 'Shows he is a right smart fellow. Why didn't you practice too, Ned?'  
 'I don't know,' replied the boy. 'I'm afraid poor Ned is tired,' said gentle Susie.  
 'I don't wonder he is tired. He has had such a burden to carry.'  
 Something in grandfather's tone made Ned look up with a puzzled face.  
 'I see you don't understand. Susie, you run home through the fields, and tell mother all about Ned and your happy day, and I will come by the road.'  
 The little girl ran hastily off, eager to tell about her pleasures, while Ned walked sulkily along by his grandfather's side, kicking up the dust in clouds.  
 'I'm in for a sermon, I suppose,' thought he; but to his surprise his grandfather stopped to watch a tiny grasshopper.  
 'Can you catch him?' asked the old gentleman. Ned soon had the lively little fellow imprisoned in his hand.  
 'Is he heavy?'  
 'No sir,' answered Ned, contentedly.  
 'I suppose his weight on your shoulder would not make you groan?'  
 'I guess not,' returned the boy, thinking to himself, 'how foolish grandfather is to-night.' Yet he changed his mind as the old gentleman continued:  
 'Things as light as grasshoppers made you groan to-day, my lad. Every trifle hindered your pleasure, and you came home quite cross. They were grasshopper burdens, Ned.'  
 Ned hung his head. 'Young folks' troubles seem nonsense to you, perhaps, but we feel them just as much.'  
 'Well, Ned, I hope I haven't forgotten when I was a boy,' replied his grandfather; 'but whenever a grasshopper weighs heavy, just recall your grandfather's ad-

vice, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.'

'Now, see here, grandfather,' burst out Ned, 'My Sunday School teacher always talks that way too, but I don't think the Lord wants to be bothered with my trifling troubles. He don't care if I do get kicked in ball, or lose a race.'

Grandfather laid his hand gently on the lad's shoulder. 'Ah, Ned! there is your mistake. He does care. If he counts the sparrow's fall, are you not more value than many sparrows? Now promise me you will never let grasshoppers crush you again.'

Ned gave his word. Just then they reached the house, and Susie rushed out to call them in to supper. Ned struggled hard with the grasshopper burdens after that, and by God's help kept his promise.—*Missionary Echo.*

A PLACE FOR EVERY ONE.

'O, sister, see this rose tree! how many roses there are on it, and how sweet! Isn't it pretty?'

'Yes, Georgie, and see the little buds too. The red is just peeping out from the green. I like them the best.'

'Why, Clara, the big roses are certainly the finest.'

'Yes; but then, Georgie, the buds make me think of children, and I like to see them.'

'They don't look much like children, Clara.'

'No; but don't you see, Georgie, that there is room on the bush for the roses and buds? So, sometimes when I think how little I can do for Jesus, I feel discouraged; but then I remember there is room for the buds, and so I think there is room for us in his garden.'

Mother heard the children talking, and called them into her room.

'Clara dear, the Lord Jesus has a place and a work for each one of his children, even for the little ones—and he is watching his garden to see how all his plants grow. There is a verse in the Bible that says so.'

'Where is it, mother?'

'I will read it. 'I have come down to the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, to see how the vines flourish, and if the pomegranate has budded.' The nuts are like grandmother, ripe, and almost ready for gathering. The vines are like papa and myself, in middle age; and the buds on the pomegranate are like George and Clara, just beginning life. The Lord looks down on all of us, and if he sees our hearts are full of love to him, and we are ready to work for him, it pleases him very much.'

'But we can do so little mother.'

'Never mind that, dear. If we all do the little that we can, it is all the Lord asks of us. The mighty ocean, you know, is made up of little drops, and so with the mighty ocean of this world, the little children are wanted to fill up all the small places.'

'Little Mary S. was about Clara's age, and she wanted to do something for Jesus. What could she do? Auntie said, 'Help mother to-day.' 'Will that be working for Jesus?' said Mary, looking as if she did not understand. 'It certainly will, dear, and will please him.' So Mary ran upstairs and down, played with the baby, and saved mother many steps. At night, when bedtime came, mother said, 'I don't know what I should have done without Mary to-day,' and the little girl went to bed with a happy heart. Now, Clara and George,

Jesus has a place for you, and is looking down to see the buds. Won't you try to please him?'

'Indeed we will, mother. Will he help us?'

'O yes, indeed; he will stay close by you all the day, and lead you along safely.'

HELPFUL HEARTS AND HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his class, 'Boys, you can all be useful, if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones.'

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they could be of any use. So he said:

'You think it is not so; but suppose you try it for one week. How shall we try it?' asked one of them.

'Just keep your eyes open, and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way, all this week, and tell me next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other,' said the teacher.

'Agreed,' said the boys, and so they parted.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they fairly twinkled like the stars. He smiled as he looked at them, and said:

'Ah, boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me.'

'We have, sir, we have,' they said all together. Then each one told his story.

'I,' said one, 'thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so pleased, that I mean to keep on doing it for her.'

'And I,' said another boy, 'thought of a poor old woman, whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day, and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell how she thanked me.'

A third boy said, 'I was walking along the street, wondering what I could do. A gentleman called me, and asked me to hold his horse. I did so. He gave me five cents. I have brought it to put into the missionary-box.'

'I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us,' said the fourth boy, 'when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, and I would try to find his pennies. I found them, and he dried up his tears, and ran off very happy.'

A fifth boy said, 'I saw my mother was very tired, one day, the baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby in my little wagon. She did so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow, and seen him clap his hand, teacher, it would have done you good; and oh, how much brighter mother looked when I took the baby in-doors again!'—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

When we pray for everlasting life with the mouth, and do not desire it in the heart, our cry is a silence; when we long for it out of the abundance of the heart, our silence is a cry, which does not reach human ear, yet fills the ears of God.

There are 6,000 Sunday schools in the United States, with 600,000 teachers and 5,000,000 pupils.

Orphans' Friend.

A LIVE AND LIVELY WEEKLY!

ORGAN OF THE ORPHAN WORK

ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE TO THE YOUNG.

A ZEALOUS FRIEND AND ADVOCATE

OF EDUCATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION AND POSTAGE

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

OFFICE IN THE ORPHAN

BUILDING, AT OXFORD.

—O—

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ten cents a line for one insertion. Five cents a line each week for more than one and less than twelve insertions. One column, three months, sixty dollars. Half column, three months, forty dollars, quarter column, three months, twenty dollars.

Present circulation, fourteen hundred and forty papers each week.

Address

ORPHANS' FRIEND,  
 OXFORD, N. C.

T. B. LYON, JR. F. DALBY. E. H. LYON  
 (Late of "Dalby Puff.")

LYON, DALBY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE "AROMA"  
 DURHAM PUFF,"  
 SHO-KING  
 TOBACCO.  
 Durham, N. C.



Orders solicited—Agents wanted—Tobacco guaranteed.

March 17th—11-2m.

H. A. REAMS & CO.,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF



REAMS' DURHAM BOOT AND SHOE POLISH.

Warranted to excel all others, or money Refunded.

The only Blacking that will polish on oiled surface. It is guaranteed to preserve leather and make it pliant, requiring less quantity and time to produce a perfect gloss than any other, the brush to be applied immediately after putting on the Blacking. A perfect gloss from this will not soil even white clothes. We guarantee it as represented, and as for patronage, strictly on its merits.

H. A. REAMS & CO., Manufacturers,  
 Durham, N. C.

This Blacking is recommended in the highest terms, after trial, by Geo. F. Brown, J. Howard Warner, New York; the President and Professors of Wake Forest College; and a large number of gentlemen in and around Durham, whose certificates have been furnished the Manufacturers.

Orders solicited and promptly filled.  
 March 3rd, 1875.