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THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have
been worse,
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's
light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an old thing now that guinea's should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size,
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not grudge of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaped the stingy man!
"The world is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was
wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late?

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account,
The guinea of gold is set down to me,
They lend to him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried
out:
"The Lord is na cheated—he keus thee
well;

He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair;
But in that account I'll set down to thee
No mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gie!"

There's comfort, too, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in his account
For all the pennies we long 'to gie.'

—H. H., in St. Nicholas.

HOW SHALL WE TRAIN OUR GIRLS?

Americans always censure that usage which in England gives the titles and estates to the oldest son, and leaves the others, too often to shift for themselves, or, what is worse, to sit down in mean and beggarly dependence on the favorite one.

But do not many among us make quite as unjust a distinction between the boys and girls of their families?

All Americans, except snobs and simpletons, rear their sons, no matter what their prospects, to some honorable business or profession. But too many train their girls for mere parlor playthings, and defraud them of all chances for honest independence in the days of darkness which may come. There is an insane idea among a certain class, that an idle girl ignorant of all the useful arts of life, is a lady above her who applies herself to study, and learns to do something thoroughly—who has an aim in life.

The hope of such weak parents is that their daughter may make a great marriage, and be the ornament of some elegant home.

Will this be less likely if she knows how to order a home, if she is well read, if she is skilled in music, in painting, in writing, or sewing? Will she be less a lady in her own home for having had the training of a sensible woman in her father's house?

Suppose this girl never marries—many noble women do not—and that her riches take wings, and the strong arm she has leaned on fails; what is to become of her then? She will be utterly helpless, and will become an unhappy woman, whom the world can lose without missing.

The Princess Louise is an artist, and has illustrated the poem

which her noble young husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has recently published.

There is no royal road to art, and her skill, like that of any other woman, is the result of study and labor.

Bismarck's daughter is what we in America should call "a capable girl." Besides her accomplishments, she has great skill with her needle, is versed in all the good German home arts, and is possessed of rare good sense and kindly virtues.

Let us be done with the nonsense which awards the title "gentleman" to our sons who work, and denies that of a "lady" to any but aimless, useless girls. Let our girls all have a chance for honest independence in this world of many changes.—*The Watchman.*

A RETROSPECT OF CENTURIES.

One hundred years ago: American Independence.

200 years ago: King Philip (the Indian) defeated and slain; habeas corpus in England.

300 years ago: massacre of St. Bartholomew; Spanish Armada preparing.

400 years ago: printing invented: Isabella the coming Queen.

500 years ago: the days of Tamerlane the Turk, and Chaucer the English poet.

600 years ago: Baliol and Bruce; St. Thomas Aquinas; Richard Bacon; Hapburg House founded.

700 years ago: Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, sultan of Egypt measuring swords in Palestine.

800 years ago: William the Conqueror.

900 years ago: Huge Capet the Frenchman.

1000 years ago: Alfred the Great.

1100 years ago: Charlemagne and Haroun Al Raschid.

1200 years ago: Mohammedanism making lively work in Constantinople and other places.

1300 years ago: old Chosroes, the Persian, lives by murder, and the Pope is made a secular judge among kings.

1400 years ago: the Saxons lively in Britain; Clovis establishes the French monarchy, and the Visigoths conquer Spain.

1500 years ago: the Roman Empire having legislated many years in favor of capital against labor, begins to fall to pieces.

1600 years ago: the world has nothing better to do than to broach and denounce heretics and get up religious persecutions.

1700 years ago: Marcus Aurelius, Tacitus and Plutarch.

1800 years ago: Jerusalem destroyed and Herculanium and Pompeii buried.

1876 years ago: all the world at peace and Christ was born.

6000 years ago: Adam rose to the dignity of a large real estate owner, but by poor management was driven into involuntary bankruptcy.—*Chicago Journal of Com.*

Samuel W. Latham, of Beaufort county, has an orchard which contains 5,000 apple trees, from which he expects to realize 20,000 bushels of apples the present year.

BE HAPPY.

There are many people in this world who are afraid to be happy, who go moping about with the accumulated mould of sourness clinging them so closely that nothing short of an earthquake or resurrection could shake it off, thereby denying themselves the pleasure of seeing the laugh-side of nature that trills and ripples all over just like sunshine. Surely there is enough joy in God's workshop to sweep out all sadness if we would but seek it. Shall I tell you when you may hope to find this antidote for sorrow? When the angels have enlarged and purified your own heart. When pain, fear, woe, anguish, hunger, thirst has penetrated through every corner. When you have lived long enough to detect the mockery in the keynote of living. When you depend less upon the disposition and acts of others than on your own. When the rooms in your head and heart are all rented to respectable tenant, whose articles of agreement will be to keep the furniture and drapery in repair, and whose lease will only expire with life. When forgetfulness, selfishness, envy, malice, hatred and all the catalogue of deadly sins will be rare visitors instead of fixtures. When love, joy, hope, care, thoughtfulness, and above all, charity have taken possession and will thus secure to you the full and unabridged edition of happiness in this world, as well as in world No. 2, and will open up a thousand avenues—a thousand outlets toward God's suffering children, and the poor, whom ye have always with you.—*Ruth, the Gleaner.*

INAUGURATION DAY.

When the day for the inauguration of the President of the United States was fixed upon the fourth of March, it was for the reason that the date occurred seldom on Sunday. But twice during our history has the Inauguration day fallen on that day. The first was the second inaugural of James Monroe, the fifth President, March 4, 1821. The second was when Zachary Taylor was made President, March 4, 1849. Being Sunday, his inauguration did not take place until the next day. The third will be the next inaugural, March 4, 1877. This will happen three times during each century, or one year after every seven leap years. Except when passing from one century to another there is a slight variation, as will be observed in the following dates of the past and future inaugurations of the first two centuries of the republic: March 4, 1821; March 4, 1849; March 4, 1877; March 4, 1917; March 4, 1945; March 4, 1973.

BARN DESTROYED.—We learn from a gentleman from the neighborhood of Mill Grove, that the barn of Mrs. Harriet Parks in that vicinity, was struck by lightning last Saturday evening and totally destroyed, with all its contents, one mule and a quantity of forage. All her live stock except the mule, were out in the field at the time and thus escaped destruction.—*Concord Sun.*

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Time's chariot wheels make their road in the fairest face.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few, themselves in that just mirror, see!

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.

Old age was naturally more honored in times when people could not know much more than what they had seen.

To guard the mind against the temptation of thinking there are no good people, say to them: "Be such as you would like to see others, and you will find those who resemble you."

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow—the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it. Argument is like an arrow from a cross bow which has equal force though drawn by a child.

Spero Speroni explains admirably how an author who writes very clearly for himself is often obscure to his readers. "It is," he says, "because the author proceeds from the thought to the expression, and the reader from the expression to the thought."

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon, and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disk of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust.

Christians make a great mistake in their own interests, when they are careless in their observance of the Lord's Day. The old Puritan Sabbath was probably a grim, unlovely institution. But better the Puritan Sabbath than the Continental Sunday. But there is an observance that is not superstitious, and that is not lax. The Church presents the Lord's Day as a Christian festival. The mistake that a Christian makes in losing the substantial benefit of the day is so great that it amounts to a sin. We would not venture to say that God inflicts physical judgements upon "Sabbath breaking." The punishment that befalls those who do not "remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" is, the loss of the benefit that comes from hallowing the day.—And to an intelligent Christian such a penalty ought to be punishment enough.—*Standard of the Cross.*

A little boy and girl each five years old, were playing by the roadside. The boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereat she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on a minute and then said: "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie, I am sorry." The little girl's face brightened, instantly the sobs were hushed, and she said: "Well if you are sorry it don't hurt me."

Among the most aged people of the world are Mr. and Mrs. Peoples, of South Carolina, aged one hundred and twenty-one and one hundred and twenty-three years, respectively.

USES OF AMMONIA.

No housekeeper should be without a bottle of spirits of ammonia; for besides its medical properties, it is invaluable for household purposes. It is nearly as useful as soap, and its cheapness brings it in the reach of all. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of warm soap suds, dip a cloth in it, and go over your solid paint, and see how rapidly the dirt will disappear; no scrubbing will be necessary. It will cleanse and brighten wonderfully. To a pint of hot suds, add a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your forks and spoons, or whatever you have to clean, rub with a soft brush, and then finish with a chamois skin. For washing windows and mirrors, it has no equal. It will remove greece spots from every fabric, without injuring the garment. Put on the ammonia nearly clear; lay blotting paper over, and set a hot iron on it for a moment. Also a few drops in water will cleanse and whiten laces and muslins beautifully. A few drops in a bowl of water, if the skin be oily, will remove all greasiness and disagreeable odors. Added to a foot bath, it entirely absorbs all noxious smells; and nothing is better to remove dandruff from the hair. For cleaning hair and nail brushes, it is equally good. For heart burn and dyspepsia, the aromatic spirits of ammonia is especially prepared; ten drops of which, taken in a wine glass of water, will give relief. For house plants, five or six drops to every pint of water, once a week, will make them flourish. It is also good to cleanse plant jars. So be sure and keep a bottle of it in the house, and have a glass stopper, as it eats away corks.—*Selected.*

Seven miles from Osaka is Sakai, one of the oldest cities in Japan. Some years ago several foreigners were murdered here, and for participation in this crime twenty men were obliged to commit hari-kari in one of the temples of their city. Ever since Sakai has been one of the most difficult places of access for foreigners in Japan. It has now been opened to Gospel preaching, mainly through the effort of several native members connected with the congregation of the American Board at Osaka. The government has permitted a building to be rented for divine services, and the Bible and mission newspaper are now exposed for sale in a city which was notorious for its opposition to foreigners.

It was the beautiful expression of a Christian who had been rich, when he was asked how he could bear his reduced state so happily: "When I was rich, I had God in everything; and now I am poor, I have everything in God."

Ten years ago there was not a Methodist Church in Sweden. Now there are seventy societies, fifty-six preachers, fifty-six local preachers, five thousand members, and thirty-one churches which have a seating capacity of twelve thousand.