

## TOO KIND.

We are sorry to know that some bad boys are disposed to take advantage of the sympathy which the people feel for orphans, and make collections for their own benefit and amusement. Sometimes the people suspect fraud, but their extreme kindness makes them submit to imposition rather than examine and expose an impostor. We recently met one (Zeb Goode) making a collection in Salisbury, and exposed him on the spot. He afterwards appeared in Greensboro and Salem. Two others, at last accounts, were on a tramp in Granville. Please give them the road. When traveling children claim to be from the Orphan Asylum, ask them to show a written discharge, or prove all they assert.

## GO TO WORK.

The idea of "respectable employment" is the work upon which thousands split, and shipwreck themselves and all who depend on them. All employments are respectable that bring honest gains. The laborer who is willing to turn his hands to anything is as respectable as the clerk or dapper store-tender. Indeed, the man who is ready to work whenever work offers, whatever it may be, rather than lie idle and beg, is a far more respectable man than one who turns up his nose at hard work, worries his friends with his complaints because he can get nothing respectable to do, pockets their benefactions without thankfulness, and goes on from day to day a useless, lazy grumbler.

## BEGIN AT HOME.

The present age seems to be one of ambition. Everybody wants to excel their neighbors or those with whom they mingle in some pursuit; some in one thing, some in another. It is well that such a state of feeling exists, we commend it, but we fear there is not discretion enough on the part of young persons who are just starting on their career, just launching out into business, in regard to their callings, or natural qualifications, and many undertake to carry, or appear to the world to carry, mantles which they do not possess, and try to bear aloft the standard of some pursuit or calling in life for which they possess no qualifications whatever; consequently, they soon fail in business, life becomes a burden, all their interest and hope in a successful career lost, and thus they pass their days here, and finally go out of the world without accomplishing that, which the All Wise intended should be accomplished by them, and through their influence to others, by bringing about a reformation and glorifying Him, but instead, His name is disgraced.

Now we believe that one great cause for so many failures in this speciality is, that the attractions of home are so much neglected in many instances, that young men and boys become wearied with their situations before it is fully determined what their special talent consists in, whether they can best honor themselves, their country and their God by holding the plow, sounding the anvil, lifting the hammer, wielding the pen, selling goods, or pleading at the bar. Let all the attractions of a

successful life be presented as early as practicable, ascertain for what special duty your children are enlisted, and allow them to prepare for that, and let it be done at home, or as far as is possible, let the preparation for life work be made under parental influence. Don't understand us to say that children should not be sent from home to school, by no means do we undervalue College Education, we would be glad to know that every child in the State could have the advantages of our best Colleges and University; but we think, as a general rule, it should be ascertained what the future work of the child is to be before he enters College, and that his home training should be such that will not only develop his intellect, but instil within him a love for some particular work to which he may be called, and inspire him with a desire to improve that talent that he may be able to excel in that particular thing.

By the way we would not forget the girls and young ladies. There are many young ladies in North Carolina to-day who would be grateful for knowledge to enable them to engage in something that will bring them a support; but, alas! when it comes to the test they find they are not fitted for anything, they may have an idea of a number of different kinds of work, but thorough in nothing. The fault is not theirs. They have, perhaps, used all their opportunities to fit them for usefulness in society, but the trouble lies at home. While we believe that most parents would even deny themselves to give an affectionate and lovely daughter a comfort, and would strive hard to make life pleasant for her in every respect, but at the same time (though ignorant of their mistake) are inflicting an injury, of no small moment, by not teaching her to help herself, by not giving her an opportunity to ascertain what she can do with the greatest ease, and bring about the most good, thus enabling her to qualify herself for an honorable position in society, and rise to eminence, honoring her parents, her calling and her God. We ask how long will the present state of affairs exist? How long will parents permit their sons and daughters to thus grow up, live and die without developing the talent that God bestows upon them in order to advance His own work?

## THE ORPHANS OF OXFORD AND ASHEVILLE.

Remember the orphans at Oxford when you offer your prayers to-day. More than a hundred poor children, who were growing up into ignorant and vicious manhood and womanhood, are now in charge of faithful and efficient teachers who are guiding their once erring feet in the paths of wisdom and virtue. This work is entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions of the people. In these times of political excitement and financial distress many have forgotten the orphans. About twenty children have been discharged and two forms are heard by advanced orphans. The most rigid economy has been enforced and expenses have been reduced about twenty-five per cent., but there is a point beyond which economy cannot go. Food and clothing are indispensable, and Solomon says: "money answereth all things." He was certainly a man of sound judgement and excellent sense.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

[Taken from the Earhamite.]  
TWENTY DAYS AT SEA.

BY J. M.

It was on the 11th of May. I had been on the Hawaiian Island near six months. A friend once wished me, "May your shadow never grow less," but for the last two months it had been growing daily less and less until now, at noon-day, in latitude 21 north, it is almost all under my feet, and were I to stay a month longer, what little was left would point southward. I had purposed leaving several days earlier on the steamer "City of Melbourne," of the line of vessels which ply between San Francisco and Australia, but, when said steamer came into port, all her rooms were already full, and the Honoluluans who were bound for the United States coast had to take the floor or sofas of the cabin, or else buy out the officers' rooms at from forty to sixty dollars each. As there were "monied" men among the company, and several of them with their families, they bought out the captain, mate, purser and first engineer. As I was barely ready, and did not wish to be crowded, and well knew that the vessels were not very well kept, and that any vessel that had been already at sea three weeks in a tropical clime, would be sure to have odious company about the state-rooms and bunks, I concluded to wait ten days for a sailing vessel—the bark "D. C. Murry,"—under command of Captain Fuller. The 11th very soon came around, and all had orders to be on board at 12 m. The usual diversified crowd was there to take leave of us. About 2 p. m. we pushed off under partial sail, gliding out on the bay before the trade wind, which, on this side of the island, is from landward. Friends are still waving to us, but already we are passing the bar at the mouth of the channel—a smooth gap with long lines of white breakers stretching away on either hand—and friends are no longer distinguishable.

This is the last view of a people and a clime I had longed for childhood to see. Farewell, friends! Good bye, Honolulu, "Punch Bowl" Hill, Tantalus, and all ye hills and blue distant mountains! Good bye, ye silent reefs—the growth of ages—with your countless millions of creatures of the slime, whose labors I came so far to see. Go on with your work; ye build better than ye know; ye serve quietly and patiently without knowing the result.

Here we go over a foam-flecked, indigo sea charging away from the long lines of waves that race and leap and break along the warping crest, and plunge and widen out into froth and foam. And these beautiful veils of broad streaming mist, that spread in long arches of snow-white over the wake of the marching breakers, can only be described to one who has witnessed them. The "state-ly palms" are fading from sight and the distant hills, with dark gulfs between, are growing low, and the night is coming. We go in to rock and doze and dream till morning, when we are surprised to find ourselves no further from the land. They made a tack in the night and are now "beating" through Molokai Channel, and running within six points of the wind in a northerly course, bearing a little to the west. We cannot head for home

for then would the strong trades be full in our face. We must sail as "close to the wind" as we can till we pass the belt of trades. We have pleasant company. Our vessel is clean, our captain is temperate, cautious, wise, and obliging. The passengers number about twenty, and all have plenty of leisure. Some are homeward bound, others are going on business, and others for pleasure. But we were not a happy set for the first few days. Nobody was, or seemed to be, impressed with the grandeur of the sea. I heard no such quotations as "Majestic ocean! Glorious sea!"

During much of the time the sky was overcast, and squalls of wind and rain would drive us in-doors, save such of us as were kept there from another cause. All looked chill and drear within and around. But few of the passengers made their appearance. Within it was silent, without it was one far-reaching expanse of watery waste. We had a Doctor on board—an officer of the navy. He was wise on the matter of antidotes for sea-sickness. On the first evening he was giving some ladies specific instructions as to how to avoid it, but now he is hid away somewhere, not able to take his morning walk or be at meals. Eighty rounds on the deck make a mile, and it requires courage and hearty perseverance to make it.

It is the fourth day out and still many of our company are confined to their rooms. We are still driving northward and bearing west from 18 to 25; still going away from home. The captain's order to the helmsman is, "Keep her full and by," which means sail as close to the wind as you can, at the same time keeping the sails full. Should the helm be thrown too far the vessel would head so near the wind that the breeze would strike on the other side of the sails. Since the compass has thirty-two points, to sail within six points of the wind is to run with the wind two points nearer over our bows than a right angle, which is "close sailing." We have a pretty heavy cross "head sea" striking us continually about half way between front and sidewise, causing our vessel to labor heavily, the heavier seas striking with a force that vibrates through every timber of the vessel as though some giant had struck us a broad-side, not with a bush, but with a cedar of Lebanon. It is the fifth day and still the swift wings of our gallant bark, glances us northward. We are in latitude 33. Isn't it time to turn homeward? It's getting gloomy and discouraging. Here's the kind of song more befitting the feelings of many of us as we mope about, wrapped in shawls and cloaks to guard against the chillness of the North Pacific: "Oh, this dreary, monotonous waste! Oh, the rolling, wearisome, merciless sea? Oh, the nasty, clammy, slimy brine!" But the worst was yet to come. As we clove the brine and pierced farther the vacancy of the North Pacific, we ran all of a sudden beyond the "trades" when,

'Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down.'

It was not, however, a dead calm for we made sixty-four miles during the twenty-four hours and seventy-six the next twenty-four. But we had more sun and less of that penetrating dampness so characteristic of the trades, and what motion we had was with our prow homeward, and we could pace the deck without stagger-

ing. The great sea-birds,—"gonies," as the sailors call them—a kind of albatross, that had been keeping us company all the way, flying around and over us, then alighting behind us, now in the trough of the sea and then balancing on a crest, have come immediately behind us and are able to swim as fast as we sail. There were scores of them catching at all the scraps and garbage thrown overboard. We slaughtered a sheep once every two or three days, chickens or ducks or turkeys every day, now and then a pig, and once a Hawaiian ox, so the "gonies" frequently had something at which to pick. We had a passenger who was quite skillful in catching them. A strong fish-hook, baited with fat meat, floating along the surface, would be pecked at directly by half a dozen, till it would stick in the hooked upper beak of some unfortunate, which would be swung on deck. It was surprising to see how helpless these birds were. Except in the breeding season they have no rest for the soles of their feet save the restless sea. There they eat and play and sleep. They can scarcely stand on deck. Their walk is but a stagger and as to rising to fly they are utterly helpless. They soon grew sick, readily showing us the contents of their stomachs on the clean washed deck. The sailors say they are "sea-sick." As we lifted them over the railing they would tumble into the water, then rise and fly.

After a few alternate days of fair breeze and almost calm, we fell in with a brisk "north-wester," which sent us directly homeward. What a stately thing is a vessel in full sail! At one time the wind blew a gale and so chilly that we felt it to the bone; but how we flew! For a time the ship carried every sail, and though the sea was high, and many a wave came spouting over the deck, yet she rushed madly on, rocking and quivering and staggering, reeling and promptly righting herself again; now down in a blue foam-spattered valley, now high on a billow where we could command a horizon that encircled a wide wilderness of whirling tempest-torn waves. Our ship seemed to behave like some living monster angrily bent on making up lost time. She rushed into the brine, tossing it either way and sending ragged sheets of curling foam to right and left. The last day was the windiest of all, but entirely cloudless. We had to take in part of our sail. The sky was more of a dark gray than blue. The general tossing of the vessel gave some a touch of sea-sickness, but all were cherry, as we were driving to the haven and nearly there. Now is the time to sing:—

"No mortal knows what seas I sail,  
With faith and hope in every gale,  
With heart and trust that never fail,  
Till on thy shores my sails are furled,  
O land! sweet land, new world, my world!  
O ye that love, ye understand—  
O world, bright world, new land my land."

At 8 p. m., on the eve of that 20th day, we sighted Point Race Light. Late in the night, I heard the long surging wail of breakers on the bar, and knew that the shore was nigh. At sunrise, we were gliding through the Golden Gate, in quiet waters once more. There was a forest of masts, a cloud of smoke, a din of machinery, a hurrying crowd, and through it all for the first time in seven months, locomotive whistle, and felt I was nearly where I would be.