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FADED HOPES.

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I sit beside a broken urn,
Fill'd with the trust of years;
And o'er its sacred fount of hopes,
I bend in bitter tears.

Around me lie the parted wreaths,
Woven, in joy and pain;
In vain, alas! I strive to bind
The scattered leaves again.

One flow'r of beauty rare, adorn'd
My sisters' waving hair,
But dews of death moisten'd each tress,
Ere its leaf faded there.

They bore her from the hearth of home,
And like a passing wave,
Or, transit of a summer cloud,
From bridal to the grave.

The friends I loved through many years,
Their sweetest offerings made;
Blending the amaranthine hue
In every simple braid.

But where are they, the tried and true,
Who twined the fairest bloom?—
Now close o'er most of that bright band
The shadows of the tomb.

And here are buds from little hands,
I worshipp'd half divine—
These, too, are lying crushed and pale,
Beside a ruin'd shrine.

The rose, whose op'ning tints I saw
Disclose, with gentlest care,
The worm despoiled—my birds' wild note
Is silenced in the snare.

Yet in the "pillar'd cloud" may Faith,
A Father's hand desery;
Tho' shading earthly hope, points still
To treasures bright on high.

To that fair land, turn, mortals turn;
Beyond time's touch it lies;
And all the joys of that blest clime
Are immortalities!

A MODERN LADY FREEMASON.

A curious case has occurred in Hungary, where a Countess Hadick has been received as a Freemason in an Hungarian Lodge, under the Grand Orient of Hungary. She is described as "a highly educated lady, and well versed in Masonic literature," especially having studied Masonic history and ritualism, she applied for initiation; we are further told she was "ballotted for and regularly initiated." On the fact coming to the knowledge of the Grand Orient of Hungary it "declared the initiation null and void," on the ground that a woman was "incapable of being a Freemason." So the case stands at present; but a question has arisen, whether, as she has been actually initiated, she can be refused admission into a Freemason's Lodge. When we consider the case carefully, two main points presents themselves, namely, the theoretical and the practical side of the question. Theoretically, we apprehend the act of the Lodge and of the members was *ipso facto* illegal, no woman being capable of admission properly, and the rules and laws of Freemasonry only contemplating and dealing with men. But a question comes in here almost necessarily—has the Grand Orient of Hungary taken altogether the right view of the case, and dealt with it entirely "*jure latomico*?" Much of course must depend upon the laws of the Grand Orient itself, but we are inclined to think that a doubt may fairly arise as to the actual power of the Grand Orient to declare the initiation "null and void." It is one thing to condemn a W. M. and a Lodge for an act of illegality *per se*; it is quite another thing to declare an act,

even if illegally committed, "null and void." And especially is this the case as regards an initiation. "Once a Mason always a Mason" is an old Masonic adage, and we confess that we do not exactly understand how the countess' initiation, performed in open Lodge, can be declared "null and void," or how, having been formally (if illegally) made a Mason, she can be unmade by any "*ex post facto*" decision. The Grand Orient of Hungary could, we apprehend, order the initiation to be repeated, but can it declare it "null and void?" In England we sometimes repeat ceremonies on account of informalities, or technical defeats, but we are not aware of any decision declaring an initiation and the like "null and void" on any ground. In fact, we do not see how that can be done. It is competent for the Grand Lodge to refuse a certificate on the ground of an improper reception, without which Countess Hadick could not gain admission into a regular Lodge, but she then continues a "Mason unattached."

The whole blame, of course, lies on the W. M. and the Lodge, as they must have known that they were acting in defiance of the unchanging Masonic law on the subject. No one could, we feel strongly have found fault with any decision which the Grand Orient of Hungary could have come to, as to the actual wrong-doing of the Master and Brethren of the offending Lodge. But there come in here further and wider questions. Is Countess Hadick, by the decision of the Grand Orient, precluded from all Masonic membership with any Lodge? Is the original wrong of this admission so great that nothing can repair it? Does the sentence of the Grand Orient of Hungary so annul Countess Hadick's initiation, that she must still be considered as a profane? On the strict letter of the law she was inadmissible for initiation, but having been duly (though improperly) initiated, what then? Our readers will see what a nice point of Masonic jurisprudence crops up. Now we venture to say, looking at the matter fairly, broadly and liberally, that we are inclined to think the best course for the Grand Orient of Hungary will be to make an exceptional case of it, to recognize the "fait accompli," though with the distinct declaration that the act, being absolutely illegal *per se*, would entail exemplary punishment on any Lodge and Master so offending again, and, if need be, to enact a special law on the subject. Such a course of proceeding would be better, we think, than the declaration that the act is "null and void" *per se*, as in that case much may be advanced by Masonic casuists we apprehend, which may give rise to many and somewhat difficult questions. At the same time this initiation of a lady is a curious fact in itself, at the present time, and deserves to be brought before the knowledge and attention of our many intelligent readers and we shall be glad to hear the opinions of any of our Brethren on the subject.—*London Freeman.*

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity, in the sense with which it is used in the New Testament, is one of the noblest qualities of character. So far from being a synonym for weakness or lack of intellectual force, it is found developed in its rarest expression in connection with these gifts of mental and moral strength. Simplicity is in that ingenious bearing and openness of heart which is the peculiar attraction of childhood. The little one, who tells his story with a restful confidence, does not stop to consider the phrases which it uses, or consider if it is saying that which may run against any peculiar experience or opinion of our own. There is not even the shadow of duplicity in the words any more than in the face which looks up to you. With passing years the contact with the world in social and business life develops selfishness. Artificial restraints in speech and manner become fixed habits. Fashion and custom dictate the words we speak and not the heart. A half-concealed duplicity marks much of social intercourse. Men and women work, and think, and barter even affection and good will, in a way that will tell in the accomplishment of selfish ends.

The influence of the world is against the cultivation of simplicity of character, and those who do not possess it are ready to speak against it only as a quality which may be the birthright of some, or a mark of weakness and lack of force, which indicates a want of ambition and self-aggression. As much, perhaps, does this quality of simplicity in the life of Jesus stand out in contrast with the character which is the best growth of human civilization. The simplicity of Christ is that truthfulness and openness of heart and action which places him so far above every human ideal. It is the constant witness of "God made manifest in the flesh." In following after him, and seeking to possess his "mind and spirit," we shall, if our feet are guided into the right path, find this rare and precious quality of heart and mind becoming a part of the character which is the outgrowth of the soul life. The value of this acquisition is seen when we consider its effects and the victories which its possession witnesses. The simplicity of Christ is, as revealed in the soul of the believer, a trust in the merits of an atoning Savior, which lifts the soul in its love for the Redeemer into a sympathy with him that is so complete and self-denying that it becomes the great center of all action and thought. There is a spirit of obedience which delights in services for Christ's sake. There is, in the personal love for Christ, a welling up of love for men that rejoices to spend and be spent, if it may be the minister of good. Truth becomes the lens through which every object is considered, and not self-love and preferment.

Simplicity, as thus developed through stress of temptation, within and without, that will surely come, gives a tone to the character which, like the ring of

the metal, tells its real worth, in the personal contact with men it carries an influence which it would be as difficult to define as the fragrance of some rare flower, but positive and constant in its blessing. The young are inspired by it. It bears wholesome tonic to the weak and discouraged. It reveals the living power of a personal Savior. It shames that selfish duplicity which casts its shadow on every part of life. Its light is the promise of love and hope, such as some time shall fill every heart and home with gladness, when Jesus shall be received in his Divine simplicity by every needy soul.

A MOTHER'S HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. Six hundred dollars served for a year's living of a father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of home, and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created. Every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or the clover leaf which, in spite of her housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or a story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She always has been, and always will be, my ideal of a mother, a wife. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen. It has been more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers, mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hap-hazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that little cottage by the sea-shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof," and I find in the face of many women and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals"—"Wanted.—A Home."

DEATH IN A DISH CLOTH.

A lady says in the *Rural World*:—When some of you are sure to be down with typhoid fever; when neighbors are neglecting their own work to nurse you; when doctors are hunting in cellars and old drains for the cause, let me whisper in your ear, look to your dishcloths. If they be black and stiff and smell like a "bone yard," it is enough—throw them in the fire, and henceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, cloths that you can see through, and see if you have that disease again. There are sometimes other causes,

but I have smelled a whole house full of typhoid fever in one 'dish-rag.' I had some neighbors once—clever, good sort of folks; one fall four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about forty cents worth of carbolic acid in the swill pail and departed. I went into the kitchen to make a gruel—I needed a dishcloth and looked about and found several, and such "rags!" I burned them all, and called the daughter of the house to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the tables. "Why," said she, "there were about a dozen here this morning;" and she looked in the wood box, and on the mantelpiece, and felt in the dark corner of the cupboard. "Well," I said, "I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying round, and burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths as those, and you must never use such again."

I "took turns" at nursing that family four weeks, and I believe those dirty dish cloths were the cause of all that hard work. Therefore, I say to every housekeeper, keep your dishcloths clean. You may wear dresses without ironing, your sunbonnets without elastics—but you must keep your dish cloths clean. You may only comb your head on Sundays, you need not wear a collar, unless you go from home—but you must wash your dish cloth. You may only sweep the floor "when the sign gets right;" the window don't need washing, you can look out at the door; that spider web on the front porch don't hurt anything—but, as you love your lives wash out your dishcloth. Let the foxtail get ripe in the garden (the seed is a foot deep anyway,) let the holes in the heels of your husbands' foot-rags go undarned, let the sage go ungathered, let the children's shoes go two Sundays without blacking, let two hens set on one wooden egg—but wash your dish cloth clean.

THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to the old man. Once like you, the vicissitudes of life silvered the hair, and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once that heart beat with aspirations equal to any that you have felt— aspirations crushed by disappointment, as yours are, perhaps, destined to be. Once the form stalked proudly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau-ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flower of yesterday, has warped that figure and destroyed the noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain—now wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a nook in fame, anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream very near through. The time to awake is very near at hand; yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp at the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be revered.