

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.

FLIGHT.

BY NANETTE EMERSON.

A lark soared up toward the purple sky,
From the brown, green fields, one morning;
And we followed the lark—my soul and I,
In its wonderful, beautiful flight so high
That it seemed all the dim earth scorning.

The bird burst into a flood of song
That filled all the air with its glory.
So we sang together, heedless of wrong,
My soul and I—such a happy song
To the tune of the old, old story.

The lark's song ended far up by the sun,
The song and the flight together;
And, cleaving the air with its swift, brown
wing,
It came again to its nest by the spring
Hid under the blossoming heather.

But we soared onward—my soul and I
Soared and sang toward the gates of light.
Our wings were touched by divine fire,
Unwearied we rose and circled higher
Until—was it death?—was it night?

Was it night or death—a blow of the breath
That snote us back from our Heaven!
The world grew cruel and scorned us well,
With bitter words it said we fell
From the height toward which we had
striven.

A ROMAN FUNERAL.

It is very curious how, in this Roman Catholic country, the most mysterious and solemnest rites of religion blend with the commonest events of every day. I was in a shop on the Corso, buying a pair of gloves, one gray, sad afternoon, when, suddenly, the strangest, most melancholy, most dreary chant broke on my ears, drowning all other sounds. I stepped to the shop door.

As if by a miracle, the busy street had been cleared of all but one long and singular procession. It was the funeral of Prince Doria which was passing. There were a company of priests, then some brothers of the Misericordia, then the bier, with its superb pall wrought heavily with gold: then more of the Misericordia—figures clad wholly in black, and wearing thick black masks through which nothing appeared but their eyes, glowing with an unnatural brightness; then came the Capuchins, all in brown, with brown masks; then some masked men all in gray; then a pathetic company of boys, all in black and masked, also.

I should think the procession was a mile long; and I came upon it again, half an hour afterwards, in another street, still intoning the same most lugubrious of chants, more hopeless and more mournful than anything I could conceive except the cry of a lost spirit.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

There is no place in the world, I fancy, where so much artistic beauty exists out of doors as in Rome. You will hardly take a drive without coming upon some new wonder. There are beautiful statues, frescoes, fountains, everywhere, and it is not strange that when artists go to Rome for a little season of study, they linger on and on, until before they know it, they have grown old, and never remember to go away. If they do go, they always want to return, and so they drink from the Fountain of Trevi, the last thing.

I think the Fountain of Trevi must be the most beautiful fountain in the world. Its waters are exquisitely clear and pure, and they are said to possess a peculiar power. If you want to make sure of going back to Rome, you must make, the very last thing, a pi-

grimage to Trevi. You catch the glittering waves in a glass, and take seven sips without stopping,—just seven, neither more nor less,—then you break the glass from which you have drunk, and throw into the basin of the fountain a sous, and then you go away with, very like, a drop or two in your eye,—tear or fountain-spray, who knows which?—and be sure that this draught you have taken will so work in your veins that, however fate may frown, you will be brought back, by the sole force of this occult spell, to Rome.

People usually drink Trevi water the last evening before they leave. They go out with their friends in a little procession, half sad, half merry. They carry tiny wax tapers, like the Mocciosi of the Carnival, in their hands, and they wind round among the rocks of the great fountain, a pretty sight, which the gentle Romans seem to like to watch. Very queer, I fancy, seem the tricks and manners of the stranger to the observing Roman. He wonders, no doubt, why the little procession: why the lights: why come by night, when one might come by day: perhaps he even wonders why want to come back to Rome. But when you come, gentle young companions, and have tried Rome for yourselves, I am sure that you will all drink Trevi.

A methodist minister relates the following, to show how Sunday-school speakers sometimes make a strange application of the lesson. The subject of the lesson was, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' and a distinguished visitor who chanced in the school that day, was requested to explain it. He complied by telling the children that salt was an excellent preservative, especially useful in keeping meats, etc. Then, to point the moral and fix the application, he remarked that it was as if the Bible had said, ministers were the salt of the world, etc. After he had rounded his periods satisfactorily to himself, he proceeded to examine his audience. But his catechism proved shorter than the shortest, for his first question brought out a young orator, who, in turn brought down the house.

"Now, children, what did I tell you ministers were good for in this world?"

Up leaped a little hand from a little body quivering and contorted with repressed knowledge "I know! mayn't I tell sir?"

"Yes, what is it?"
"They're good to keep victuals from spoiling."

FRAGMENTS OF TIME.

In order to achieve some good work which you have much at heart, you may not be able to secure an entire week, or even an uninterrupted day. But try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Clean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration—those leavings of the days and remnants of hours, which may soon sweep out into the waste of existence. And, thus, if you be a miser of moments—if you be frugal, and hoard up odd minutes and half-hours, and unexpected holidays—your cleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last, richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own. That which some men waste in superfluous slumber, and idle visits, and desultory application, were it all redeemed, would give them wealth of leisure, and enable them to

execute undertakings for which they deem a less worried life than their's essential. When a person says, "I have no time to pray, no time to read the Bible, no time to improve my mind, or do a kind turn to a neighbor," he may be saying what he thinks, but he should not think what he says; for if he has not got the time already, he may get it by redeeming it.—Hamilton.

NOTHING IS LOST.

The drop that mingles with the flood and sand dropped on the seashore, the word you have spoken—will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes to produce the same effect on a hundred perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost be careful how you speak; speak right, speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness by kind words, holy words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie in the grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as years pass away. Who then will not exert himself for the welfare of millions?—Christian Treasury.

OVER THE FALLS.

Thomas Moore, the Irish poet and song writer, used to relate a scene of revenge and courage which he witnessed during his visit to America in 1803. He was at the Falls of Niagara, stopping on the Canada side.

An Indian, whose canoe was moored to the shore just above the rapids, was paying undue attentions to the wife of another Indian. The sudden coming of the husband upon them, unawares, so startled the Indian that he jumped into his canoe. Instantly the husband cut the cord, and before the Indian could seize his paddle, the canoe was within the rapids. He threw his whole strength upon the paddle to extricate himself from the peril. The struggle was intense but brief. The canoe rushed with increased rapidity towards the falls. Finding his efforts vain, the Indian threw away the paddle, drank off at a draught the contents of a bottle of brandy, tossed the empty bottle into the air, and then, folding his arms and seating himself in the boat, awaiting his fate. In a few moments he was whirled over the falls.

NO EYE, NO EAR.

The child has no eye for drawing—no ear for music. Are you sure? When the rude efforts to sing or to draw meet with nothing but ridicule, or have no encouragement, there must be a very strong love for the art, a love amounting to genius, to surmount the difficulty. The eye and the ear must be cultivated, and if they are not, the faculty diminishes. Many men and women daily regret their inability to enjoy what they might have done had their early tastes been cultivated. Economise in dress or some other luxuries, before you deny to children the power that would widen their horizon of enjoyment. It may perhaps save them from the destruction which awaits the unhappy and the unoccupied.

Count yourself the caretaker of all men under God—Sextius.

Signs are small measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable.—George Elliott.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE ORPHANS.

Correspondents so often ask what the Legislature has done for the orphans, that we find it necessary to keep a standing answer to the inquiry. The Constitution of North Carolina says:

'There shall also, as soon as practicable, be measures devised by the State for the establishment of one or more Orphan Houses, where destitute orphans may be cared for, educated and taught some business or trade.'

Every member of the Legislature, before taking his seat, solemnly swears, "that he will support the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of North Carolina, and will faithfully discharge his duty as a member of the Senate, or House of Representatives."

Both political parties have been in power since the present Constitution was adopted, and the only appropriation made to the orphan work was the gift of the crape used at the funeral of Governor Caldwell. 10-1f.

HOW CHILDREN ARE ADMITTED.

Very often the Superintendent hunts up poor and promising orphans and informs them of the advantages offered at the Orphan Houses, and induces them to return with him. Generally it is best that he should see them before they start. When this is impracticable, a formal application should be made by some friend. Here is one in proper form:

Edenton, N. C., }
June 2d, 1876. }

This is to certify that Susan N. Bradshaw is an orphan, without estate, sound in body and mind, and ten years of age. Her father died in 1873; her mother in 1867. I being her Aunt, hereby make application for her admission into the Asylum at Oxford. I also relinquish and convey to the officers of the Asylum the management and control of the said orphan for four years, in order that she may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. Martha Scott.

Approved by
John Thompson, W. M.
of Unanimity Lodge, No. 7.

The application should be sent to the Superintendent and he will either go for the children, or provide for their transportation. In no case should a community take up a collection to send a man with the children, nor send the children before the Superintendent has been consulted.

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March 2nd, 1875.