

ORPHAN ASYLUM,  
Oxford, N. C.,  
Feb. 6th, 1877.

Messrs. W. T. Blackwell & Co.—

Dear Sirs:—After careful investigation and due deliberation, I have decided that the splendid new Remington Sewing Machine, offered by you to the lady sending to the Orphan Asylum the largest contribution in money, is due to the "Goldboro Misses Orphan Aid Society." The money was sent by a lady for the Society. The Machine should therefore be sent to the Society.

There were some reasons for postponing the time of this decision; but I knew that you were in earnest, and that you would not tolerate any appearance of trifling with a matter of business. The weather was bad; but you made the offer on purpose to fortify the orphans against the severity of winter, and you will be glad to learn that we have a good supply of blankets, shoes, hats and hoods and shawls, for the present winter, and that, with a hundred and ten orphans, the sick-room has been closed for three months.

With grateful esteem,  
J. H. MILLS, Supt.

On the fourth page of this paper we print the well-known picture of Mary and her little lamb. The story is an old one; but no less needful to all orphans. They, like other children, are by nature depraved, and by experience made selfish. It is a great benefit to a child to love a mother and a father and a yard-full of brothers and sisters. Dr. Franklin wisely advised a young man to take a wife out of a bunch of children, because a member of a large family (properly trained) is apt to be more affectionate and less selfish than one who has been the "all and in all" of her parents. For the same reason motherhood usually improves the tune and temper of a woman. She forgets herself and loves her child, for its own sake. And so Coleridge was sensible when he said:

"A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive."

But orphans sometimes feel that nobody loves them, and their temptation is to love nobody. Hence "Silent Sam" sings:

"I never say nothing to nobody,  
And nobody never says nothing to me."

In taking care of themselves, orphans learn to care for themselves alone, and so they frequently forget to pray with Wordsworth:

"Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice."

We therefore ask the children to note carefully that the lamb loved Mary, because Mary loved the lamb; that even the Lord loves those who love him; and that they must be kind and faithful to others, if they wish others to be kind and faithful to them.

**AN HONORABLE AND GRACEFUL RETIREMENT.**

A noble and model man is John Nichols. A few fat offices are obliged to be distributed, and he retires with all the dignity of an honest and faithful public servant:

"My duties as Principal of this Institution close to-day, after a service of four years. My retirement from the position has not been voluntary, but has been caused by the political changes in our State government. I deem it unnecessary to offer any explanation on the subject. It is due to myself, however, to state that no complaints, much less charges, have been made against my administration, even by my opponents.

During the time I have been Principal of

the Institution, I have formed many pleasant acquaintances among the parents and friends of our pupils, and from some of them I have received acts of kindness that will never be forgotten.

I now surrender the Institution, with all its honors and responsibilities, into the hands of my successor, who is a gentleman of intelligence, education and energy, and who will, I trust, make a more efficient officer than I have been.

To the parents and guardians of our pupils, and other friends of the Institution, I now introduce Mr. Ezekiah A. Gidger, the newly-elected Principal, and bespeak for him the same kind feeling, cordial support and encouragement that have been extended to me during my term of service.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN NICHOLS.

**THE DOLLS.**

Mr. William Brandreth of Sing Sing, N. Y., sent a box of dolls already dressed by Miss Mary Wiltsie. The box arrived on Thursday evening. The girls were in a wonderful glee. After the usual evening services the roll of the girls was called and each one came forward and selected a doll. The teachers reserved several for girls soon to come, and three were left. Several boys offered to spell for a doll, and were allowed to do so. Fairley Dickinson obtained it. The remaining two were given to Wesley Patton of Buncombe and to William Tarkinton of Chowan. And now the dolls are sitting about and standing around in the rooms and the children are busy and cheerful.

**FALSE STANDARDS.**

The most merciless critics, the hardest people in the world to please belong to that class of individuals "who do not profess to be judges," quake and tremble when your arbiter thus prefaces his opinion. Rest assured the most unrivaled dogmatism is to follow, and know most certainly you are weighed in the balance against an amount of conceit that would send a dozen such aspirants as you down to zero.

If this "class" we are now after were as insignificant numerically as they are intellectually, we would let them most severely alone; but unfortunately for the world, they constitute a large proportion of its population, and to listen to their carplings over the latest literary novelty, last musical entertainment, or exhibition of art, suggests the recreation afforded in Pluto's region. They know what they like, and if your likes chance to differ, why you are erratic, that is all. But is the standard of merit to be determined by ones' likes and dislikes? A paragon of a standard! But these volunteer critics not unfrequently determine an author's or artist's popularity with the masses. Of course there are always the thinking few who form their own opinions, but very many are content to accept the criticism in the last magazine as unquestionably true. And the mischief they have wrought cannot be briefly summed up. Many a pen has been paralyzed because of the reception of its first efforts, and now "what might have been" is its lonely refrain.

Hang the dipper on the nail,  
Put the top upon the pail.

Never soak your dipper. Keep it clean and dry. Do not expose your water to the dust or sun. Keep it nice and cool.

Work, when you see the sun,  
Rest, when your work is done.

Be prompt, active and vigorous in hours assigned to work. Then your conscience will be clear and your rest will be sweet.

At meals, take turkey with skill,  
In bed, be silent and still.

Turkey is a complimentary title for food. We call a child "honey," knowing that child to be as different from honey as chalk is from cheese. So turkey is merely a polite term for what is on the table. But do not drop meat, nor spill soup, nor handle any thing ungracefully.

You go to bed to sleep, not to talk; therefore close your eyes and lips and let them stay closed.

**A MOTHER'S LOVE.**

(Translated from the French.)

If the soon-forgotten promptings of his first sorrows extorts a feeble cry from the frail nurseling, his mother, with terror, despair in her heart, sees his thread of life just ready to be clipped; she listens, during the night, to his quiet breathing; she fears to hasten his awaking by her breath; she carefully nurtures his frail existence; for his sake she becomes a child again; interpreting his wishes by his cries, she knows how to invent pleasures for his merest whims.

When remarkable precocity is developed, his mother, the foremost of all, shapes his language, fixes in his tender memory, by short lessons, the sounds of words new to him: precious and gentle care! delightful task! which often a mother's kisses interrupt! She pursues the round of her salutary training; replies to his questions without ever growing weary, gently reproves and mildly praises him, cultivates his mind, enriches his heart, and kindles in his eye, still feeble and timid, the healthful torch of religion.

Sometimes she shortens the evening by a story: the child nestling on his mother, seated by her feet, lends an attentive, wondering ear, fearing to lose a word of those marvelous tales. Sometimes the pastoral muse of Gesner presents to the youthful reader his charming moral. His sports are abandoned for these endeared pastimes, and to him, toil is the price of toil. The lists are soon to be entered: fond mother! that son, the idol of thy heart, steals from thee the larger time for absorbing study. Already hours of serious reflection are bringing successes as well as pleasures. At last the great day arrives, when the grave Aristarchus, sluggish monarch of an infuriated people, clearing from his brow its habitual severity, discerns in this young athletic a merited laurel. In silence, an admiring gaze is fixed on the child destined to be his country's hero.

That child is thine. A shout rings out on the air; the hero, borne by a thousand arms, is already on thy bosom; his triumph is thine, his glory envelopes thee; and thou art wetting his crown with a mother's tear.

UNCLE AL.

**A NIGHT SCENE IN AMERICA.**

(From the French.)

The sun had gone down in the west, and the twilight was fading away, as the moon appeared above the tree tops in the eastern horizon. A balmy breeze, as if from Araby the blest, seemed to precede her through the forest as her own refreshing breath. Queen of night she slowly ascended the sky; now she calmly pursues her azure path, anon pillowing herself on fleecy clouds like the snow-crowned peaks of lofty mountains. These clouds, folding and unfolding their wings, burst into transparent zones of satin whiteness, scattered in light flecks of foam,

or piled up in the heavens tiers of burnished fleece so soft to the eye, that imagination sought to grasp their elastic, velvet folds.

The view on earth was no less entrancing. The velveting light of the moon, tinged with the blue of the sky, gleamed through the opening of the trees, darting its arrowy pencils through the thick armor of profound darkness. The river that flowed by my feet, soon hid from my view in the woods, again suddenly appearing bespangled with the stars of night reflected from its bosom. In a vast prairie stretching out beyond the river, the moonlight lay quietly sleeping on the turf. The burch trees, scattered here and there over the plain, shaken by the breeze, formed floating islands of shadow in a motionless sea of light. Near by, all was the repose of a stilly night, save, now, and then, the tinkle of the falling leaves, the swift flitting of a sudden wind, or the rare and oft suspended hootings of the screech-owl; while in the distance were occasionally heard, the solemn thunders of the Niagara which, in the lonely night, are repeated from solitude to solitude, dying away amid the peaceful forest.

The sublimity, the startling solemnity of this picture, no mortal tongue could tell. The loveliest European night can give no just conception of its beauty. In our cultivated fields, imagination plumes its wings, to meet at every turn the abode of man; but in these unpeopled realms, thought revels in an ocean of forests, roams on the shores of vast lakes, stoops over the Cataract's abyss, and, as I may say, finds itself alone with God.

UNCLE AL.

**THE CHRISTIAN CATACOMB.**

The Christian Catacomb breathes the calm air of a blessed immortality. Every space on the wall bears on its front the mark of this hope; as witness the constant repetition of the inscription: *In Pace!* Sometimes it is explained by the added words, *In Deo vivis*, or by an unmistakable symbol, such as the cruciform anchor, indicating the invincible nature of Christian hope; or Noah's dove bearing the green olive branch, the type of a soul that has landed on the eternal shore. Among all these inscriptions, perhaps the most eloquent in its brief simplicity is one preserved in the Vatican Museum, *Terentianus vivit—Terentianus lives.* Faith in the absolute certainty of the soul's endless life has never shaped itself in briefer, simpler form. The word cemetery, which is of Christian origin, expresses the same assurance. It signifies "the place of common slumber," and reminds us of Christ's sublime utterance over the tomb of His disciple at Bethany, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

The entire phenomena of Christian sepulture set aside those ideas of metempsychosis so much in favor at that epoch. They witness to the indestructible nature of the human personality as destined to live again in its completeness. Here we may discover the profound reason why the Christian, after the example of the Jewish Church, refuses to sanction the burning of the dead. "We may at the same time," says the Apologist Athenagoras, "hold the dogma of the resurrection, and destroy the body as if it were not to be raised." We will not here discuss the philosophic bearing of this opinion, but will content ourselves with recording it. The

early Christians had yet another motive for refusing to lend themselves to pagan rites in this respect. They wished as much as possible to follow the example of their Lord. Hence they adopted as their type the mode of sepulture described in the fourth Gospel. They wished, like Him they loved, to be wrapped in a winding sheet and buried in the earth. The Catacomb seems to me to be a funeral cave, very similar to that in which Joseph of Arimathea laid the remains of the Crucified. —E. de Pressense.

**DANGEROUS SOAP.**

The public is cautioned by the *Scientific American* against the use of dangerous soaps. It says:

We have remarked of late the introduction into the market, under high-sounding name, of various strong potash combinations, intended for laundry and cleansing purposes.

One of these preparations, which appears to contain more caustic potash than any other ingredient, lately caused the death of a child who accidentally eat some of it; and we have found the same stuff strong enough to remove old hard paint from wood-work when merely wetted by the same and allowed to rest thereon for perhaps an hour or two.

We advise our readers to let such preparations severely alone; they are ruinous to clothes, and, except to cleanse kitchen floors and other greasosoaked places, should not be used.

Even the ordinary low grade soaps are heavily charged with soda and impurities, which the manufacturers say, they are obliged to add in order to hold their own with fraudulent dealers who adulterate still more heavily; and these soaps are also high-destructive to fabrics.

It is much better economy to purchase a good quality, even a superior quality, of white soap for household purposes, for the extra cost of the soap will, in the end, be more than saved in the lessened wear of clothes or oil cloths, and of paint.

It is hardly necessary to add that strong alkali soaps should never be used on the skin, as their effects is corrosive and harmful. The object of using soap for the toilet is simply to overcome the natural oil which exudes from the body, and render it possible for the water to combine therewith, and a very little of the soap is ample for this purpose.—*Youth's Companion.*

—One of the Big Trees of California is now on exhibition in the city of New York, at the corner of Broadway and Ninth St. It is a section, cut several feet above the ground, the heart taken out and the bark, with a portion of the wood, left attached. The section is 16 feet high and 67 feet in circumference. The tree is said to have been 3,000 years old. It is a fine specimen of this giant tree of the forest.

Commodore Vanderbilt was once asked what was the secret of his success in business. "Secret!" he replied; "there is no secret about it. All you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead." At another time he said, "The secret of my success is this—I never tell what I am going to do till I have done it."

It costs more to avenge than to forgive.