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HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

"Without haste! without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell!
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round the bloom,
Bear it onward in to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then, with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right, what'er betide!
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

Mr. Neil Gilmour's Annual Report as Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State contains the following valuable information and suggestion:

"During the past year 6,352 pupils were instructed in these schools, 2,848 of whom were in the normal departments. The number of normal graduates for the year was 282, and the whole number of pupils who have been graduated since the establishment of the normal school system in this State is 3,463.

Our first venture was made in 1844, when the State Normal School at Albany was established, as an experiment. The experiment worked so well that, a few years later, the institution was made, by legislative enactment, a permanent school for the instruction of teachers, and for upwards of thirty years it has had a successful career, having been presided over by some of the most eminent educators of our State, and having graduated nearly 2,000 pupils, besides sending out hundreds of ungraduates who, while probably not as well qualified as those who were able to take the whole course, were yet, as teachers, far in advance of the great majority of those who became teachers without special training. In 1863 the training school at Oswego was recognized as a State institution, and it has done good work since that time, having graduated nearly 600 pupils. Three years later the act was passed authorizing the establishment of four additional normal schools, which, by a commission in charge, composed of a board of State officers, were severally located in the villages of Brockport, Cortland, Fredonia and Potsdam.

A year or two later acts were passed establishing normal schools in the village of Geneseo and the city of Buffalo, and so for several years we have had in successful operation eight normal schools, instructing annually more than 6,000 pupils, of whom somewhat less than one-half, however, have been in the normal departments. The other pupils have been in the schools for practice and in the academic departments, the latter being, in some instances, authorized by law, and in others tolerated on account of an alleged original understanding between the State and the local authorities, a

policy which I have acquired in, because it was handed down to me by my predecessors in office, and is strongly urged upon the Department by those who are charged with the local management of the schools, and because, the attention of the Legislature having been repeatedly called to the matter, no action has been taken by the two Houses indicating a disposition to change the line of policy which has been pursued for so many years. For myself, I am free to say that I would greatly prefer to have our normal schools what they profess to be—institutions simply and solely for the training of teachers for the common schools of the State. They ought to be mainly schools where those in attendance should be taught *how* to teach, having previously acquired a reasonably fair understanding of *what* to teach. The young person who is appointed a pupil in a State normal school is required to possess a good English education. As I understand it, the function of the normal school is to teach this young person how to successfully impart to others the knowledge which he or she may possess, how to govern a school, how to win the confidence of pupils, and how to instruct them to obtain from books knowledge of an order far higher than that which the teacher possesses. It ought not to be expected that the State should, in a few localities, support high schools and colleges. The normal school system should not be weighted down with such departments.

The acts of 1866 and 1867, authorizing the establishment of six additional normal schools, provided that the localities should furnish the grounds, buildings, furniture, apparatus and every thing necessary to the maintenance of a school free of expense to the State. Under these laws sites were selected and buildings erected and furnished, and a clear title given to the State. The State now owns all normal school property within its limits. It has so improved this property by reason of liberal appropriations, that the localities in which the several schools are situated can not complain if the State assumes to say precisely how they shall be conducted, irrespective of previous understandings. I would like to see all our normal schools institutions whose main, if not whose only object, should be the training of those who intend to become teachers.—*N. Y. Observer.*

—The *Boston Traveler* explains the decadence of agriculture in New England in this wise: "The farms are deserted, not because the sons of the old farmers are too lazy to work, but because of the small profit in cultivating them. One goes to the West to till the prairie; another to California in search of gold; and a third to college and thence to the city as a lawyer or physician, because he can make more money as a professional man than as a farmer. (?) Unless some new and industrious race shall set to work to reclaim these farms, the land will for many years be given up to the growth of trees."

MORAL INFLUENCES OF ARCHITECTURE.

On the same principle on which scenery operates, the works of art also affect the soul, and especially the works of larger magnitude. Hence it is that the architecture of a country tends to reproduce the very same spirit that produced it. If a magnificent temple was reared, it must first have existed in the feelings and then in the conceptions of those who built it. The ideal preceded the real. In fact, the ideal is the only real. The temple was only the utterance of the sentiment, having no value in itself, but only valuable as it embodied an idea. It was only the shell that contained the kernel, only the chaff that enclosed the grain. The expression of a sentiment in language always communicates it. Like touching a burning flame to an unlighted wick, the fire passes from one to the other.

But if language is like a taper, architectural expression is like a Drummond light. Great and noble edifices have not sprung up by chance on the surface of our planet. They were the offspring of great and noble thoughts; they came from the abundance of the hearts of men whose souls were filled with sublime emotions. These emphatic utterings of lofty sentiment were not wasted on the air. It would be impossible to witness these expressions without being imbued by them. Accordingly we find, that wherever there are great buildings there are great men.

As in the hurry and business of every-day life men pass by the great structures, it may be of a former age, a sentiment will take possession of them. It may be indefinite, it may be vague, but nevertheless it is lofty. It must impress them with the thought that there is something great in this world, and also that there is something great out of it. They must feel that those vast combinations of the material are only solidified emblems of the spiritual—a fac-simile in granite of something great in thought. They learn that there is something else to live for besides the mere necessities of animal existence. They see that those who have gone before them have expended vast sums, not for meat and for drink and for raiment, but for the ideal.

Thus their minds are lifted from grosser things to those pure regions of thought where our spirits ought to roam and find their pleasures. Thus are they weaned from meaner pursuits, and taught to live for some higher and nobler end than the mere sustenance of animal life. Thus are they elevated above the mere terrestrial, and fitted for the celestial. Thus the tall shaft and the lofty dome, or the piercing spire, reaches towards heaven, more by a figure than in literal height. It carries the spirit of men with it, as far as it goes, and then becomes the stepping-stone whence the spirit reaches higher.—*H. H. Tucker, D.D.*

RAIN WORTH \$1,000,000 AN INCH.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* of Jan. 17th says; "An enthusiastic citizen declared yesterday that an inch of rain in this State was worth a million dollars. He certainly did not over-estimate in this instance. The agricultural products of this State were worth last year not less than \$70,000,000. With no more rain than has fallen this year up to the 10th of January, only the fruit crop would have matured. Grapes would have done tolerably well, but the cereal crops would have been a failure. Three or four inches of rain, in addition to what has fallen within the last two days, will be sufficient to mature most of these crops. Now that the rain has come, it brings also a promise of more. It has put heart into the whole farming community. They will shape all their operations for a dry season—one with just enough moisture to bring forward the crops where the tillage is good.

"After the middle of January, and in a dry season, we cannot expect more than four or five inches of rain at the most. If this is well distributed we shall get fair crops over a considerable area. Except on irrigated lands wheat and other cereals will be a failure in the San Joaquin Valley. Irrigating canals will be pushed by private enterprise, and those who can turn water on their lands this year will probably find their account in high prices for pasture, hay and grain. There is little prospect that more than twelve inches of rain will fall in any of the coast counties or in most of the interior valleys. It is reasonably certain that it will be relatively a dry season. The present rains will revive the pastures, which by frost and drought had been nearly ruined. The grain crops will be brought forward. In many instances grain sown late had not even sprouted; in others it had germinated and died. Some fields will have to be sown again. But in most cases the rain will bring out enough dormant seed to make a good start.

"It is quite within bounds to say that every inch of rain which falls after this date will be worth a million of dollars to the State; and every foot of snow on the mountains will be worth nearly as much more to the miners."

In the day when the Lord shall pull up the four stakes of your clay tent, and the last grain of sand shall be at the point of falling down in your watchglass, and the Master shall call the servants of his vineyard to give them their hire, you will esteem the bloom of this world's glory like the colors of the rainbow that no man can put in his purse and treasure. Your labor and pains will then smile upon you. Ah! the feeding of Christ's lambs in private, in catechising, in painful preaching, and fair, honest, and free warning of the flock, is a sufferer's garland. Oh! ten thousand times blessed are they who are honored of Christ, to be faithful and painful in wooing a bride to Christ.—*Rutherford.*

BALZAC'S START IN LITERATURE.

The first letter in the series is address to his elder sister, Laure, who afterward became Mme. de Surville, and who, after her illustrious brother's death, published in a small volume some agreeable reminiscences of him. For this lady he had, especially in his early years, a passionate affection. He had in 1819 come to Paris from Touraine, in which province his family lived, to seek his fortune as a man of letters.

The episode is a strange and gloomy one. His vocation of Literature had not been favorably viewed at home, where money was scanty; but the parental consent, or rather the parental tolerance, was at last obtained for experiment. The future author of the "Pere Goriot" was at this time but twenty years of age, and in the way of symptoms of genius had nothing but a very robust self-confidence to show. His family, who had to contribute to his support while his masterpieces were a making, appear to have regretted the absence of further guarantees. He came to Paris, however, and lodged in a garret, where the allowance made him by his father kept him neither from shivering nor from nearly starving. The situation had been arranged in a way very characteristic of French manners. The fact that Honore had gone to Paris was kept a secret from the friends of the family, who were told that he was on a visit to a cousin in the South. He was on probation, and if he failed to acquire literary renown, his excursion should be hushed up. This pious fraud did not contribute to the comfort of the young scribbler, who was afraid to venture abroad by day lest he should be seen by an acquaintance of the family. Balzac must have been at this time miserably poor. If he goes to the theatre, he has to pay for the pleasure by fasting. He wishes to see Talma (having to go to the play to keep up the fiction of his being in the South in a lattice box.) "I shall end by giving in . . . My stomach already trembles." Meanwhile he was planning a tragedy of "Cromwell," which came to nothing, and writing the "Heritiere de Birague," his first novel, which he sold for one hundred and sixty dollars. Through these early letters, in spite of his chilly circumstances, there flows a current of youthful ardor, gayety, and assurance.—*H. James, Jr., in The Galaxy for February.*

—When Dr. James W. Alexander was on his dying bed, some one said, "I hope you are able to say, 'I know in whom I have believed.'" "You do not quote it right," was the reply; "it is, 'I know whom I have believed.'" In an hour like this I would not have even a preposition between me and my Savior."

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.—*Fénelon.*