

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## LUTHER AND THE BIRD.

BY S. W. D.

The sun was setting after a day  
Gloomy and wet and chill;  
And Martin Luther hurried away  
From the garden spot where the  
shadows lay,  
And the lurid sunset under the gray,  
For his heart was darker still.

But on a branch a bird began  
To carol a little song;  
It struck the ear of the moody man,  
Sorrowing under an awful ban,  
And through his heart its music ran,  
And it made him glad and strong.

Then it nestled its head beneath its  
wing,  
And quietly went to rest;  
And the time was passing afar from  
Spring,  
And the world had many a venomed  
thing,  
And none knew what the night would  
bring  
With the sun gone out in the west.

But Martin Luther bent his head,  
And in his own sweet words  
He blessed the giver of daily bread,  
Who conquers the dark gloom and  
dread;  
And he suffered himself to be gently  
led  
By the God of the little birds.

### THE YOUNG PAINTER.

It is related of the sculptor  
Banks, that one day he was wait-  
ed upon by a little boy with some  
drawings in his hand.

"What do you want with me?"  
said Banks.

"I want to be an artist, sir,"  
was the reply.

"But I'm a sculptor."

"I know that, sir; but I want  
your permission to attend the  
drawing-classes at the Royal  
Academy."

The sculptor told the lad that  
he had not the power to give him  
the permission, but he said that  
he would look at the drawings  
which the lad had brought with  
him. These were timidly dis-  
played, for notwithstanding his  
seemingly boldness the lad was  
really very shy. Examining the  
sketches, he said, "Well done,  
my little man! but you must  
learn to do better. Go home and  
try your pencil again at this  
Apollo."

The boy did so. For upwards  
of a month he diligently toiled  
at the sketch, on the completion  
of which he again presented him-  
self before the sculptor.

"Bravo!" cried Banks. "This  
is better, but you must study it  
again."

The boy was not discouraged.  
He did not become impatient or  
discontented because Banks found  
fault with his sketch. Nothing  
of the kind. He returned home,  
applied himself with redoubled  
diligence to the correction of the  
errors which had been pointed  
out to him in the drawing, and in  
a week's time again stood before  
Banks. This time the sculptor  
found few errors in the sketch,  
but told the young student that  
he would have to labor long be-  
fore he could win a name as an  
artist.

"Never mind," said the boy  
proudly drawing himself up, "I'll  
do it."

And he did so; with what suc-  
cess let the fame of Mulready  
reply.

### KITE-FLYING IN JAPAN.

Of all the sports at which the  
boys in Japan amuse themselves,  
kite-flying seems to afford the  
most fun and enjoyment. Japa-  
nese kites are not plain coffin shap-  
ed bits of tissue paper, such as  
American boys fly. They are  
made of tough paper stretched

on light frames of bamboo, and  
of all shapes—square, oblong or  
oval. They are also made to  
imitate animals. I have often,  
in my walks in Japan, seen a  
whole paper menagerie in the  
air. There were crying babies,  
boys with arms spread out, hors-  
es, fishes, bats, hawks, crows,  
monkeys, snakes, dragons, besides  
ships, carts and houses. Across  
and behind the top of the kite a  
thin strip of whale-bone is  
stretched, which hums, buzzes, or  
sings high in the air like a hurdy-  
gurdy or a swarm of beetles.  
When the boys of a whole city  
are out kite-time, there is more  
music in the air than is delight-  
ful. The real hawks and crows,  
and other birds, give these buzzing  
counterfeits of themselves a  
wide berth. In my walks, I was  
often deceived when looking  
up, unable to tell at first whether  
the moving black spot in the air  
were paper, or a real, living crea-  
ture, with beak, claws, and  
feathers.

The Japanese boys under-  
stand well how to send "messen-  
gers" to the top of the kite, and  
how to entangle each other's  
kites. When they wish to, they  
can cut their rivals, string and  
send the proud prize fluttering to  
the ground. To do this, they  
take about ten feet of the string  
near the end, dip it in glue and  
then into bits of powdered glass,  
making a multitude of tiny blades  
as sharp as a razor, and looking,  
when magnified, like the top of a  
wall in which broken bottles  
have been set to keep off climber-  
s. When two parties of boys  
agree to have a paper war near  
the clouds, they raise their kites  
and then attempt to cross the  
strings. The most skillful boy  
saws off, with his glass saw, the  
cord of his antagonist.

The usual size of a kite in  
Japan is two feet square, but  
often four feet; and I have seen  
many that were six feet high. Of  
course, such a kite needs very heavy  
cord, which is carried in a  
basket or on a big stick. They  
require a man or a very strong  
boy to hold them, and woe betide  
the small urchin who attempts to  
hold one in a stiff breeze! The  
humming monster in the air will  
drag him off his feet pull him over  
the street, or into the ditch be-  
fore he knows it. Tie such a  
kite to a dog's tail, and no Japa-  
nese canine could ever turn  
round to bite the string. If the  
Government allowed it, boys and  
young men would make kites as  
large as an elephant.—*Prof. W. E.  
Griffis, St. Nicholas for March.*

### THE VIA MALA.

The Rhine ceases to be navi-  
gable above the Lake of Constance.  
The main point of interest in the  
upper part of the river is the Via  
Mala. The majestic stream is here  
in its infancy, so to speak. Com-  
pressed between the rocks which  
inclose the bed, it is scarcely  
wider than a rivulet, but the  
chasm which it has cleft for itself  
is one of the most imposing and  
awe-inspiring gorges in the world.  
The valley seems to be absolute-  
ly closed up by an impenetrable  
barrier of rock, and it is only on  
a near approach that a narrow  
rift is discovered, out of which  
the infant river bursts. Entering  
this gorge, the mountains on  
either side rise higher and higher;  
the chasm becomes narrower; far  
below the raging torrent roars  
and thunders in its rocky bed,  
sometimes at a depth so great as  
to be almost inaudible; a narrow  
strip of sky is all that can be  
described overhead, and the ravi-  
ne beneath lies in impenetrable

darkness. In some places the  
cliffs on either hand rise to a  
height of sixteen hundred feet.  
You enter this savage path from  
a world of beauty, from the sun-  
lit vale of Domschleg, under the  
old Etruscan castle of Realt,  
spiked in the cliff like a war club,  
four hundred feet above you, and  
totally inaccessible on every side  
save one, and are plunged at once  
into a scene of such concentrated  
and deep sublimity, such awe-  
inspiring grandeur, such over-  
whelming power, that you ad-  
vance slowly and solemnly, as if  
every crag were a supernatural  
being.

The road is carried with great  
daring along the perpendicular  
face of crags, cut from the rock,  
where no living thing could have  
scaled the mountain, and some-  
times it completely overhangs the  
abyss, a thousand feet above the  
ranging torrent. Now it pierces  
the rock, now it runs zig-zag,  
now spans the gorge on a light  
dizzy bridge; now the mountains  
frown on each other like tropical  
thunder-clouds about to meet and  
discharge their artillery, and now  
you come upon highly insulated  
crags, thrown wildly together,  
covered with finches of moss and  
shrubby, constituting masses of  
verdure. Nothing can be finer  
than the effect where you look  
through the ravine, as through a  
mighty perspective, with the Re-  
alt Castle hanging to the cliff at  
its mouth, and the sunny air and  
earth expanding in such contrast  
with the frowning, gloom-invested,  
tremendous passage behind you.  
We leaned over the parapet and  
endeavored to guess at the depth  
of the chasm. It was dizzy to  
look at. The tall black fir-forest  
on the mountain shelves, and the  
blasted pines on the inaccessible  
peaks, seemed to gaze gravely at  
us as if we had come unauthor-  
ized into a sanctuary of nature  
too deep and awful to be trodden  
by the foot of man. From some  
of the lofty peaks above the view  
must have been most sublime,  
commanding as they did a mag-  
nificent range of scenery.

### AN EXEMPLARY LIFE.

Dr. Christlieb says, "The  
Christian is the world's Bible, and  
is the only Bible they will read."  
Paul says, "Ye are living epistles,  
read and know of all men." Both  
these utterances unite in declaring  
that the examples of professing  
Christians are the text-books of  
practical Christianity.

Among the cant phrases that  
we hear at the prayer-meetings  
none is more frequent or popular  
than the saying, "Don't look at  
me, but at Christ." To our minds  
this is a simple abandonment of  
that personal responsibility which  
belongs to a Christian profession.  
No disciple of Christ is justified  
in uttering such an apology for  
his inconsistencies. It is an af-  
fection of humility, and a confes-  
sion of conscious dereliction.

And, say what we will, the  
world will look at Christians and  
gather their impressions of Chris-  
tianity from the illustrations of  
its effect in the lives of those who  
profess to be illustrations of its  
transforming power. It has a  
right to subject the lives of  
Christians to this practical test,  
and Christ himself recognizes the  
propriety of thus judging of the  
value of his religion. He chal-  
lenged his enemies to decide  
upon the genuineness of his mission  
by the character of the works  
which he had wrought. The  
early disciples were enjoined to  
accept this issue of their respon-  
sibility, 'having their conversation

honest among the Gentiles, that,  
whereas they speak against you  
as evil-doers, they may by your  
good works glorify God." And  
it was no vain assumption which  
led Paul to beseech his brethren  
to be followers of him as he was  
of Christ.

Besides, it is only by the  
exemplification of a godly life  
that Christians can evince their  
own sincerity. The hypocrite  
can simulate genuine religion in  
all other respects much more  
easily than in the details of his  
daily intercourse with the world.  
Here he will reveal himself in  
his selfishness, or lustfulness, or  
pretentiousness. The hardest  
thing to do is, not to talk religion,  
not to argue it, not to counterfeit  
its emotional aspects, but to 'live  
soberly, righteously, and godly,'  
and be 'full of good works.'

The value of an exemplary life  
is seen not merely in the fact  
that it is a practical test, but it is  
an argument of which every  
disciple may avail himself. Some  
cannot talk religion, but all can  
live it. Its purity, truthfulness,  
fidelity, reverence, gentleness,  
and self-sacrificing zeal may be  
evinced in every sphere of life,  
and in every condition of society.  
*Baptist Union.*

### Resolutions of the Grand Lodge.

Adopted Dec. 3d, 1875.

*Resolved*, 1. That St. John's  
College shall be made an asylum  
for the protection, training and  
education of indigent orphan chil-  
dren.

2. That this Grand Lodge will  
appropriate \$ ——— annually for  
the support of the institution; but  
will not assume any additional  
pecuniary responsibility.

3. That this Grand Lodge elect  
a Superintendent who shall con-  
trol the institution and solicit  
contributions for its support from  
all classes of our people.

4. That orphan children in the  
said Asylum shall receive such  
preparatory training and educa-  
tion as will prepare them for use-  
ful occupations and for the usual  
business transactions of life.

Adopted Dec. 5th 1875:

*Resolved*, That the Superinten-  
dent of the said Orphan Asylum  
shall report at each Annual Com-  
munication an account of his  
official acts, receipts, disburse-  
ment, number of pupils, &c.  
together with such suggestions as  
he may see fit to offer.

"*Resolved*, That the Master of  
each subordinate Lodge appoint a  
Standing Committee upon raising  
funds for the Orphan Asylum, and  
require said committee to report  
in writing each month, and that  
said reports and the funds receiv-  
ed be forwarded monthly to the  
Superintendent of the Asylum and  
that the support of the Orphan  
Asylum be a regular order of  
business in each subordinate  
Lodge at each communication.

4. All churches and benevolent  
organizations are requested to  
coöperate with us in the orphan  
work and collect and forward  
contributions through their own  
proper officers. Here are the  
resolutions:

*Resolved*, That the sincere  
thanks of this Grand Lodge are  
hereby tendered to many benev-  
olent ladies and gentlemen, to the  
ministers of the gospel, to church-  
es of various denominations, to  
Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias,  
Good Templars, Friends of Tem-  
perance, and other benevolen-  
societies; whose hearty coöpera-  
tion and liberal contributions  
have rendered timely and valu-  
able assistance in the work of  
ameliorating the condition of the  
orphan children of the State.

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