

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

NOTHING TO DO.

BY MARGARET J. PERSON.

I have shot my arrows, and spun my top,
And handled my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And I swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,
And now—I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks—
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I have raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;

My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys—I'm tired to death,
Because I have nothing to do.

The boys have gone to the pond to fish—
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty "slow"
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod—
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,
And Lucy and Rose are away
After berries—I'm sure they've been
out for hours,

I wonder what makes them stay!
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,
But riding is nothing new;
"I was thinking you'd relish a canter,"
said he.

"Because you have nothing to do."

I wish I was poor Jim Fosters' son,
For he seems so happy and gay
When his wood is chopped and his work
all done,

With his little half hour of play;
He neither has books, nor top, nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day
through;

But then—he is never tired at all
Because he has nothing to do.

IRISH HARRY AND THE WHITE HORSES.

From the whole land arose a despairing cry. The last hope of the people was stricken. At one stride gaunt Famine stood among them, and grasped them in his lean arms. In a month there would be no food throughout the country for four millions of human beings.

On this memorable morning Harry Burke's mother rose as usual, and fixed the quern to grind barley-meal for breakfast. The subtle smell of the potato blight first warned her of its presence. Looking into her little garden, she perceived the ridges all spotted, and her little child Harry was roused from his sleep by the sound of bitter weeping.

"Oh masthore machree!" cried the poor woman, clasping him wildly in her arms, "my heart's darlin'; but the wicked blight is come again, an' I don't know what will become of us!" She broke into Irish lamentations, for in that language she had more freedom of expression, and it abounds in words of sorrow.

"Mother," said the little fellow at length, "do you forget the great God that's above all? Miss Loney told me about all He did for us, and how He takes care of us; sure He won't let us die, mother!"

"His holy name be praised!" she ejaculated piously, "I put my trust in Him. But Harry, acushla, if the angels aren't sent to feed the people, as they were in that story you told me one time, about the manna, I don't know how else they'll be kept alive at all!"

"Ah, mother, there is another story about a good man that had

the ravens sent to him every mornin' with bread and meat by the Lord to feed him in a time of starvation. Mother, I don't think there's any fear of us if we pray to the Lord."

She wept over him, but more quietly. It was rather the looking at his fragile, slender figure, and thinking how ill he could cope with hardship, and how easily a short suffering of want would bring him to death, that ailed her motherly heart now; but she raised her head—

"All I had in the world went in settin' them praties, that'll be nothin' but a mass of rottenness to-morrow. I suppose it's all right since the Lord did it, praises be to Him! But we've nobody to look to, alennuo, an' we'll have nothing to ate by-nye, when the handful of meal is out. No wonder for me to cry, mavourneen, if yer little heart could understand it all."

That afternoon Harry went to the rocks with a small pail and a knife-blade to gather moss and shell-fish. Other children were also there, but Harry was the most venturesome, going on the most slippery places, and nearest the waves; yet, by his lightness and adroitness, never stumbling, or even getting a spray-shower. "The tide is risin' now acushla," said his mother, "and ye'd better keep in a bit from the edge. There's plenty of pools above here we didn't look at."

They moved a little inland. "There's white horses gettin' on the sea, mother," said Harry; "look how beautiful they are! Mother, isn't it a great wonder that the Lord Jesus was able to walk on waves like them in the middle of a storm?" The child's mind was so imbued with the knowledge and love of Him, that perhaps His name was oftener in his lips than any other. The commonest incidents and scenes served as remembrances of his Saviour. "I think I'd have been like Peter, wantin' to walk to Him on the water. He was so good I'd wish to be near Him always. I think if He was over there now, I'd a'most run into the sea to get to Him, mother." "Acushly machree!" she exclaimed, looking at him fondly; "but you wouldn't want to go away from me, Harry?" And at that moment, one of the treacherous Atlantic waves rushed twenty feet over the rocks, and upon the poor weed gathers. The mother was dashed down—blinded, stunned; but little Harry was gone.—*Leisure Hour.*

—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.



THE VIOLET.

The children are all familiar with the violet. It is one of the most common and one of the loveliest of our flowers. Perhaps we prize it because it comes so early in the Spring, or because it is the symbol of modesty. Whatever may be the ground of our preference, we all agree in singing its praises. It is an interesting flower to analyze, and this is the season to begin its study. We have analyzed six or eight different varieties, and it is very interesting to discover the points of resemblance and difference. Let the children see how many varieties they can find in the sections they live in; it will be of advantage to them.

ANIMALS' LENGTH OF LIFE.

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years. To that period they will usually live, breed, and thrive tolerably well. But there are instances of a much more protracted age. Particular sheep are stated to live nearly twenty years—those which the mountain shepherds call "guide-sheep," are old wethers which are kept on purpose to direct the bleating flocks in unfrequented wilds. Cows have an average age of about fifteen years. Rings on the horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a ring is formed at their roots, and every succeeding year another is added. Thus by allowing three years before their appearance, and counting the number of rings, the age of the animal is known. It is well for certain members of the human race losing their bloom, who are somewhat sensitive upon the question of age to know that there are no definite appearances added with annual precision to their cheeks, revealing to the eye what they keep from the ear. Pigs have been known to live through thirty years, but the average term is much less.

—A three-year-old little girl at Rochester, N. Y., was taught to close her evening prayer, during the temporary absence of her father, with, "and please watch over my papa." It sounded very sweet, but the mother's amusement may be imagined when she added, "And you'd better keep an eye on mamma too!"

—A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

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 children.

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 control 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 education as will prepare them for useful occupations and for the usual business transactions of life.

Adopted Dec. 5th 1875:

Resolved, That the Superintendent of the said Orphan Asylum shall report at each Annual Communication an account of his official acts, receipts, disbursement, 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 received 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 cooperate 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 benevolent ladies and gentlemen, to the ministers of the gospel, to churches of various denominations, to Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, Friends of Temperance, and other benevolent societies; whose hearty cooperation and liberal contributions have rendered timely and valuable assistance in the work of ameliorating the condition of the orphan children of the State.

Resolved, That all benevolent societies and individuals are hereby cordially invited and requested to cooperate with us in providing funds and supplies for feeding clothing, and educating indigent and promising orphan children, at the Asylum in Oxford.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.

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March 3rd, 1875. 9-4