

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE!

Not long ago I wandered near
A play-ground in the wood,
And there heard words from a young-
ster's lips
That I never quite understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gaily scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where he went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending
boughs
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone," I said,
"But I'll play the mischief with him."

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek,
And what did I find but a swinging
child,
With her bright hair brushing her
cheek.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her little red dress flashed by,
But the loveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,
With the rose-light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in
one,
And the forest her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up my child,"
But she stopped me with a cry:
"Go'way! go'way! Don't touch me,
please—
I'm letting the old cat die?"

"You letting him die?" I cried
aghast—
"Why, where's the cat, my dear?"
And lo! the laughter that filled the
woods
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the lit-
tle maid,
The fitting, beautiful elf,
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die,'
When the swing stops all of itself?"

Then swinging and swinging and look-
ing back,
With the merriest look in her eye,
She bade me "Good day," and I left
her alone,
A-letting the old cat die.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

I want Jesus to love me,
And take away my sin,
That I may have my heart made new,
And purified within.

I want Jesus to love me,
Because he is so good;
Cares for and watches o'er me,
And gives me daily food.

I want Jesus to love me
More than my parents do:
They to the gates of death can go,
But Christ can take me through.

I want Jesus to love me,
Because I am so weak,
And cannot do the things I ought,
Nor even rightly speak.

I want Jesus to love me,
And make me fit for heaven;
With all my wishes fixed on him,
And all my sins forgiven.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

Jesus, I would be like thee:
Look from heaven and pity me:
Though so full of sin I am,
Make me now thy little lamb.

I have very naughty been,
Done those things I knew was sin,
Have not hearkened to thy word,
When thy loving voice I heard.

But I'm sorry for it now,
And before thy throne I bow;
Wash me in that crimson flood;
Make me clean in Jesus' blood.

When I oft would go astray,
Keep me in the blessed way:
Let thy love abide in me,
Jesus, then I'll be like thee.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose form and
hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are those aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.



ANGRY AND UGLY.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
Those patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.

I always weep as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands rested not,
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
For time and pain have left their mark
On hands, and heart, and brow.

Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;

Where crystal streams through end-
less years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

RUTH YOUNG.

"Mother," said Nelly Robin-
son, "I do so love Ruth Young.
I wish I was like her."

"Why so?" asked her mother.
"Because she is so sweet-tem-
pered; you never hear her say
an unkind or impatient word, and
when the other girls make fun of
her and treat her unkindly, she
answers so gently that I wonder
they are not ashamed of them-
selves."

"I am surprised to hear this,
Nelly, for poor Ruth has not been
well trained. Her mother died
when she was yet an infant, and
her father, who was a soldier,
went away, and has not since
been heard of; while they say
she is unkindly treated by Mr.
Sims and his wife—indeed I won-
der they spare her to go to school."

"A lady pays for her school-
ing mother; Ruth told me all
about it, and how she came to be
good-tempered, though she did
not call herself that."

"Tell me about it, Nelly."
"Oh, yes, mother. Ruth was
one day sitting in the school-room
during the play-hour, and, seeing
her crying, I went in and asked

her what was the matter. But
instead of telling me, she wiped
away her tears, and began talk-
ing of the work she was doing.
However, I was not going to be
put off like that, so I said, 'Ruth,
I do wonder that you can take
things so quietly. I know as
well as possible that those great
girls have been teasing you again,
and I am surprised that you
should put up with it, that I am.'

"Hush!" said Ruth, 'do not
speak in that way; if you only
knew how passionate and re-
vengeful I once was, and how
little peace it brought me, you
would not talk so.'

"You passionate and revenge-
ful!" I exclaimed; 'I can scarcely
believe it.'

"It is too true," she said, while
the tears rolled down her poor
face. 'From a child I can re-
member none but unkind treat-
ment from those I lived with.
They neither loved or cared for
me; and my mother being dead,
it was my greatest wish to die
also. I believe I was a wicked
child, for no one taught me to be
good, so when I was called
naughty names I gave bad words
in return; and when I was struck,
which was pretty often, I used to
strike again; while I treasured
up wicked and revengeful feel-
ings in my heart, and acted upon
them as I had opportunity. One
day when Mrs. Sims had well
beaten me for some fault, I ran
away from her into the road, and
taking up a stone threw it against
her window, and broke a pane of
glass; then, frightened at what I
had done, I tried to escape from
her grasp, when a gentle hand
was laid on my shoulder, and a
voice exclaimed, 'Ruth Young, I
am shocked and grieved to see
you thus.' It was Miss Smith,
our clergyman's daughter, who
spoke to me.

"(She has beaten me,' I said,
sullenly, pointing to the cottage,
'and I will be revenged.'" "Hush!
not another word," said Miss

Smith; then bidding me wait for
her, in a tone I dared not dis-
obey, she went into the cottage,
and remained for some minutes
talking to Mrs. Sims. When she
came out she said, "I am going
over the common, you may come
with me if you like." I gladly
went, thinking no more of my
fault, but running by her side I
picked the wild flowers, and of-
fered them to her. At length she
sat down, and desired me to do
the same; and then she said,
"Ruth, I have been thinking how
I can do you good—can you
read?" "No," I answered. "Can
you tell who made you?" I shook
my head; for although I did
know this, I did not choose to
answer. Again she asked, "Do
you know anything of Jesus?"
and again I shook my head.
"Should you like to learn to read,
Ruth, and to know about God
and Jesus Christ?" "Who will
teach me?" I muttered. "I will,"
she answered: "you shall come
to me every day for a little while,
and then you shall go to school."
"And what will you teach me?"
I asked. "I will tell you about
Jesus, and your first lesson shall
be now." Miss Smith then told
of the Savior—His lowly birth,
and wonderful wisdom; His pa-
tient, meek bearing, His love for
sinners, and how he went about
doing good. And then she added
that "He was a man of sorrows,
and acquainted with grief; He
was despised, and we esteemed
Him not; He was oppressed, and
He was afflicted, yet He opened
not His mouth;" and lastly that
"He was brought as a lamb to
the slaughter, and as a sheep be-
fore her shearers is dumb, so He
opened not His mouth." (Isa. liii.)
"Why was this?" I asked impa-
tiently: "why was He treated
thus?" "For our sakes," replied
Miss Smith; "for your sake as
well as mine. He lived, to set us
an example of meekness and per-
fect holiness; He died that we
might have life." Such was the
substance of my first lesson, and
it sank so deeply into my heart
that when I went home I walked
straight to Mrs. Sims, and begged
her to forgive me, for having bro-
ken her window. "Why did you
do it?" she asked. "I was angry,"
I said, "and wished to be re-
venged; but I feel very sorry
now, and I hope I shall not be so
bad any more." Mrs. Sims looked
surprised, but sent me to bed,
where I remained long awake
thinking upon all Miss Smith had
told me. From that day I went
to her regularly, until I came
here, which is now nearly two
years ago.

"And are you happier at
home?" I asked.
"I cannot help being so," she
meekly replied, 'for I know that
God loves and cares for me. And
somehow Mrs. Sims has been
much kinder since, and her chil-
dren are growing up to love me;
and who knows, perhaps I may
be the means of teaching them to
love the Savior?'"
"And now, mother," asked
Nelly, "can you wonder that I
should wish to be like Ruth
Young?"—Selected.

"Grandma, do you know why
I can see up in the sky so far?"
asked Charlie, a little four-year-
old, of the venerable lady who
sat beside him knitting. "No,
my dear: why is it?" said grand-
mamma, bending her head, eager
to catch and remember the wise
saying of the precious little pet.
"Because there is nothing in the
way."

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