

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL. III.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1877.

NO. 29.

OUR RICHES.

We are so rich—my heart and I—
We scarce can count, tho' we often try,
The various incomes grand and fair,
In which we hold perpetual share.

Our happy fortune is begun
Each morn, when comes the gracious
sun,
Scattering such golden largess round,
Earth seems at once enchanted ground.

Then all the splendors of the night
Are ours, by long-established right;
From silver moon and star-gemmed
sky,
For years on years, my heart and I
Have had a revenue of joy,
That nought could lessen or destroy.

Then, too, we have the world of flow-
ers:
The songs of birds in woodland bow-
ers;

The summer winds that, soft and low,
Breathe secrets we delight to know;
And sunset clouds, and waving trees,
And mist-crowned hills and azure
seas—

These many treasures, grand and fair,
This beauty smiling everywhere;
This varied wealth of earth and sky
We freely claim—my heart and I.

Then we have riches greater still,
That all our days with gladness fill—
Accents that cheer and smiles that
bless,

And glances full of tenderness,
And gentle words from lips we love,
And troops of friends whose fair deeds
prove

That God-like natures still have birth
Here, on this sin-encompassed earth.

And we have memories—oh, how dear!
That grow more precious year by
year—

Memories of loved ones passed away,
Whose tender teachings with us stay
And give us daily strength to bear
The ills and burdens all must share.
As misers hoard and hide their gold,
So we in secret count and fold
These sacred treasures softly by
For our sole use—my heart and I.

Yet though so rich—my heart and I—
We're poor in words to testify
Our thanks to that benignant Power
Who grants us such a glorious dower.
Ah, yes! all words are poor and weak
Our grateful, reverent love to speak;
But as the lowliest flower that blooms
Gives what it has—its soft perfumes—
To the lone wild before it dies,
Though none be near to brink its sighs;
And, as the smallest woodland bird
Is by a holy impulse stirred
To send its song of rapture round,
Though never mortal hear the sound,
So we—my heart and I—as they
The laws of being still obey;
And though our effort may be vain,
Though none may heed our humble
strain,

We yet must sing, and, singing, try
To speak our gladness ere we die.
—Home Journal.

FIRMNESS OF PURPOSE.

It is astonishing what an individual, borne onward by a determined and resolute will, can accomplish. He bends other minds to his purposes, weaker natures yield to his; he carries them as it were by storm. He will not believe in the impossible. "Impossible," said Napoleon the Great, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools." It is not intellect that makes a man great, so much as earnest purpose. The men in all times who have deeply impressed their character upon their age have not been so much men of high intellectual powers, as men of indomitable will and of unceasing industry. Of such natures were Martin Luther, Ignatius Loyola, John Knox, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon, and John Wesley.

Look at Napoleon the Great, —how he pressed all men—soldiers and philosophers alike—into his service. His will was almost omnipotent. He bore down before him the armies of all

Europe. The world lay at his feet. Once it was said to him the Alps stood in the way of his troops. "There shall be no Alps," said he; and forthwith the grand military road was made, and the access to Italy was rendered easy in all time coming.

The right direction of the energies of a man is of the greatest importance, and the time to secure this is in youth. Lamennais writing to a young friend of his, said, "You are not at the age at which a decision must be come to; a little later, and you will have to bear the yoke of the destiny which such decisions involves—when you may have to groan within the tomb which you yourself have dug, without any power of rolling away the stone. *That which the easiest becomes a habit in us, is the will.* Learn, then, to will once, to will strongly and decisively; thus fix your floating life, and leave it no longer to be drifted hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows."

It is told of Warren Hastings, that when a boy, he once sat ruminating on the field of Draylesford and vowed in his young heart that those lost parental acres should yet be his. His strong will helped him to realize his early vow; all through his career in India it accompanied him, and was never forgotten; and after long years had passed away, the grey-haired statesman forgot not the determination of his youth, and he *did* see the lands of Draylesford become his own. A nobler resolution was that of Clarkson, the leader in the Abolition of the Slave Trade, who, once on his journey from Cambridge to London, sat down on a spot by the wayside, which is yet pointed out, and there formed the determination of devoting his life to the abolition of the slave trade. And his firm purpose once fixed, he never lost sight of it, but spoke, and wrote, and labored incessantly, until he finally succeeded in achieving his grand work.

George Stephenson was a practical worker in another field,—that of railway transport. When he first proposed to carry travelers along the iron road at a greater speed than ten miles an hour, he was laughed at by many as a lunatic, and the *Quarterly Review* compared his railway speculation to a ricochet rocket! But Stephenson had got firm hold of his idea, and would not give it up. Speaking afterwards of the difficulties he had to encounter before he could get his idea recognized, he said, "At Liverpool, I pledged myself to attain a speed of ten miles an hour. I had no doubt the engine would go much faster, but it was better to be moderate at the beginning. I had no place myself in the witness-box of a Parliamentary Committee. I could not find words to satisfy either the Committee or myself. One inquired if I was a foreigner, and another hinted I was mad; but I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, *determined not to be put down.*" Every body now knows that Stephenson was right, and that the Parliamentary Committee

and *Quarterly Review* were wrong; for express trains now travel some at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Take another instance, from the life of Sir Edward Sugden, a late Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who in early life was a barber, and by diligent and steady purpose, worked his way to the highest rank as a lawyer. The secret of his success, in his own words, was as follows: "*Resolved,*" said he, "when beginning to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing until I had *entirely* accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as on the day on which it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from their recollection."

The lives of artists and literary men are full of equally instructive instances of the victorious power of purpose and earnest endeavor. Of similar men in a humbler walk of life, John Pounds the cobbler, the founder of Ragged Schools, —Raikes the printer, the founder of Sunday Schools,—and Thomas Wright the foundryman, the reclamer of criminals and convicts to honesty and virtue,—are illustrious instances. Courage, activity, and earnest perseverance, are indeed the secret of all success. No good endeavor, strenuously persisted in, will fail; it *must* succeed at last. Powers of even the most mediocre kind, if energetically employed, will effect much. "The weakest living creature," says Carlyle, "by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his on many, may fail to accomplish anything." Nor does effort, well directed, tend in any way to exhaust a man: it rather gives him increased strength in all directions. Burke said, "The more one has to do, the more one is capable of doing, even beyond his proper path."—*Family Journal.*

DO IT WELL.

How many persons there are who wish they could do a thing well, but who are unwilling to give the time and strength to fit themselves for the work in question. Young teachers wish they could interest and profit a class as well as some highly successful teacher of their acquaintance; yet they are not ready to study as hard on their lessons week by week as that skilled teacher does; nor will they pay as much attention as he gives to wise methods of teaching. Another young person wishes he could write attractively for the papers; but he will not wait until he has trained himself for this sphere as, without exception, the best newspaper writers have. He who thinks that a man can preach well, or write well, or sing well, or play well on a musical instrument, or, in fact, do anything well without hard work in learning how to do that thing, is greatly mistaken. It is never easy to do a thing until a man realizes that it is hard to do it.—*S. S. Times.*

A TOUCHING WAR INCIDENT.

In one of the hotly contested fights in Virginia, during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water, a Confederate soldier, (James Moore, of Burke county, N. C.,) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastwork, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink. The Federal, under a sense of gratitude for the timely service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned unharmed to his position behind the embankment.

They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from a Federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be paid in four equal annual installments of twenty-five hundred dollars each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception in the matter.—*Raleigh News.*

A MODEL SENTENCE.

Three saloon-keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors. The address of the justice when they were sentenced, as reported in the Chicago Tribune, is original and eminently wholesome. The evils of the liquor traffic, and what a license involves, are rarely set out in a clearer light than in the following address by Judge Reading:

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or a sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusements;

you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce a raging appetite for strong drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful; you have paid for it—you have a license. You may allow boys almost children to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But while you have all these privileges, that of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, "Leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for the community to take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him." This is something you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for—this is not embraced in your license. For this offense the court sentences you for ten days imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of seventy-five dollars and costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

—Those brethren who are sound in mind and taught in the word are often not so eager to speak in public, as that class who imagine from dreams or otherwise they have a call; whereas it is not manifest to the church that they have a gift. When there is a true gift and proper qualifications for the ministry there is a balance or check accompanying, which subdues the feelings of its possessor so much that he trembles at the responsibility, and would wish to be relieved of the duty. It is not hard to hold such back. But if one has a carnal desire to preach he is pretty sure to make a disturbance if he is not allowed to do so.—*Zion's Landmark.*

—Prayer is a haven to a shipwrecked mariner, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities.—*Chrysostom.*

The table of life is abundantly supplied. If we don't eat so fast, it will taste the better; if we don't eat too much, we shall be better nourished; if we don't snatch, there will be enough for all.—*G. Ames.*