

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS

## BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and title a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,  
And simple pleasures that always please;  
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,  
And share his joys with a genial glow,  
With sympathies large enough to unfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere;  
Doubly blest with content and health,  
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth,  
Lowly living and lofty thought  
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;  
For man and morals, on nature's plan,  
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose  
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.

Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows his aching head;  
His simpler opiate labor deems  
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,  
And live with the great and good of yore.  
The sage's love and the poet's lay,  
The glories of empires passed away;  
The world's great drama will thus unfold  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,  
Where all the fireside charities come;  
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,  
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
Or tried by sorrow with heaven's decree,  
The blessings that never were bought or sold,  
And centre there, are better than gold.

## "IT COMES FROM ABOVE."

There was once in France a poor boy, who was called "Little Peter." He was an orphan, and begged his bread from door to door. He sang very prettily, and people seldom sent him away empty-handed. It was an idle and sad life which he led, but Peter had no one to care for him, and he did not know what else to do. He had the singular custom of saying on every occasion, "It comes from above." I will tell you why.

When his father was on his death-bed—if, indeed, he had a bed, for he was very poor—he said to his son, "My dear Peter, you will now be left alone, and many troubles you will have in the world. But always remember, that all comes from above; then you will find it easy to bear everything with patience."

Little Peter understood him, and in order not to forget the words, he often spoke them aloud. He received every gift with the words, "It comes from above." As he grew up, he used to consider what they meant. He was wise enough to see that, as God rules the world, we may well believe of everything that happens in the way of his province, "It comes from above."

This faith of Little Peter often turned out for his benefit. Once, as he was passing through the town, a sudden wind blew off a roof-tile, which fell on his shoulder, and struck him to the ground. His first words were, "It comes from above." The by-standers laughed, and thought he must be out of his senses, for, of course, it could not fall from below. A minute after, the wind tore off an entire roof in the same street, which crushed three men to death. Had Little Peter gone on, he would probably have been at that moment just where the roof fell.

Another time a gentleman employed him to carry a letter to a town, bidding him make all haste. On his way, he tried to spring over a ditch, but it was so wide that he fell in, and was nearly drowned. The letter was lost in

the mud, and could not be recovered. The gentleman was angry when Little Peter told him of the loss, and drove him out of doors with his whip. "It comes from above," said Peter, as he stood on the steps. The next day the gentleman sent for him. "See here," said he, "there are two half-crowns for you for tumbling into the ditch. Circumstances have so changed on a sudden, that it would have been a misfortune to me had that letter gone safely."

I could tell you much more about Peter. When he became a great boy, he was still called "Little Peter." A rich gentleman who came into the town having heard his story, sent for him, in order to give him something. When Little Peter entered the room, the gentleman said, "What think you, Peter; why have I sent for you?" "It comes from above," replied Peter. This answer greatly pleased the gentleman. After thinking awhile, he said, "You are right; I will take you into my service, and provide well for you. Will you agree to that?" "It comes from above," answered Peter; "God is very good to me; I will gladly go with you."

So the gentleman took him away. It was a good thing for the poor boy, who had been taught no trade. Long afterwards, we learned that when his master died, he left him a large sum of money to carry on his business; and that "Little Peter" was then a wealthy man in Birmingham. But he still said of every occurrence, "It comes from above."

Like "Little Peter," let us look up to God, and receive all our daily mercies from his hand. It is well for us to trust in him at all times. "He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." And if we are thankful for the gifts that belong to this life, how much more grateful we should be for the blessings of his richer grace.

## WILLIE'S PENNY.

Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it? His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said: "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with the little offering," was the next question. It was decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and, with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on mission ground, and among its valuable, interesting contents Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed, and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a school over the mountain where he was to be employed. He was well learned in the language, and was a valuable help to the missionaries, but, alas! he lacked the knowledge that cometh from above. He was not a Christian, and had resisted all efforts for his conversion. This was a great grief to the missionaries, but they continued to hope.

In looking over some papers, Willie's tract was discovered, with the marginal explanation and the fact that prayer had been

offered in America for its success in doing good. It was handed to the native teacher. He read it on his journey. It opened his eyes, showed him that he was a lost sinner, in danger of eternal death, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save, who had died for him, and was waiting to have His great love returned.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence an humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian. The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change by which they became blessed with a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy, for there is joy in heaven, "over one sinner that repenteth." So you see how Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.

## SMALL THINGS.

A beautiful boy lay dead, and his heart broken parents were weeping over his cold body. Many friends gathered round with words of pity. Among them was a poor old woman who had received much kindness from the family. She wiped the tears from her withered face, and said to the mother—"Oh, he was so good and kind. How few of his age and circumstances would have come as he did last winter, in the deep snow, to split wood for an old woman! How beautiful and humble he came at your bidding."

"It was not at my bidding," replied the mother, "but at the promptings of his own noble heart, that he did that thing."

God, no doubt, accepted the little deed and the memory of the dear boy remained in more than one lowly heart when he was laid in the dust.

## LITTLE DRAWER.

"Where did you get your orderly habits?" I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things out of their place.

"When I was four years old," she answered, "mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. 'Make it your business, my dear child,' she said, 'to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.'"

"Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see that I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old."—Kind Words.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A BOY.

My residence is in.....  
..... County, and my occupation  
is.....  
My family consists of.....  
..... I wish to employ a  
boy.....years of age, and (Here give  
description and qualities desired.)  
He will be required to.....  
and allowed to..... I  
will furnish.....  
and pay him.....a month.

A. B.

Recommended by.....

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF HALF ORPHANS.

.....N. C.,  
....., 1877.

This is to certify that.....  
..... is a half orphan,  
sound in body and mind, and with-  
out any estate. If..... father died  
in 18..... I being h..... mother,  
hereby make application for h.....  
admission to the Orphan Asylum at  
Oxford, and I also relinquish and  
convey to the officers thereof the en-  
tire management and control of said  
orphan till the.....day of.....  
....., (that being the day on which  
..... will be fourteen years of age,)  
in order that..... may be trained  
and educated according to the regu-  
lations prescribed by the Grand  
Lodge of North Carolina. I also  
promise not to annoy the Orphan  
Asylum, and not to encourage the  
said orphan to leave without the  
approval of the Superintendent.

Approved by.....  
W. M. of.....

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF ORPHANS.

.....N. C.,  
....., 1877.

This is to certify that.....  
..... is an orphan, sound  
in body and mind, and without es-  
tate. If..... father died 18.....,  
h..... mother died in 18..... I,  
being h....., hereby  
make application for h..... admission  
into the Orphan Asylum at Oxford,  
and I also relinquish and convey to  
the officers thereof, the entire man-  
agement and control of said orphan  
till the.....day of.....  
18....., (that being the day on which  
..... will be fourteen years of age,)  
in order that..... may be trained  
and educated according to the regu-  
lations prescribed by the Grand  
Lodge of North Carolina.

Approved by.....  
W. M. of.....Lodge.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR A GIRL.

Our residence is in.....  
County, and our occupation.....  
Our family consists  
of..... We wish  
to employ a girl.....years of age,  
and (Here give description and  
qualities desired). She will be re-  
quired to..... and allowed  
to..... She will spend  
her evenings in..... and  
will sleep in..... We  
will furnish..... and will  
pay.....a month.

A. B.,

Mrs. A. B.

Recommended by.....

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