



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

BY H. L. H.

"On the street, on the street," To and fro with weary feet;— Aching heart and aching head; Homeless, lacking daily bread; Lost to friends, and joy, and name; Sold to sorrow, sin, and shame; Wet with rain, and chilled by storm; Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn;— Weak and wan, with weary feet, Still I wander "on the street."

"On the street, on the street," Still I walk with weary feet; Lonely mid the city's din, Sunk in grief, and woe, and sin; Far from peace, and far from home; No one caring where I roam; No kind hand stretched forth to save; No bright hope beyond the grave; Feeble, faint, with weary feet, Still I wander "on the street."

"On the street, on the street," Midnight finds my straying feet; Hark the sound of pealing bells, Ah, the tales their music tells! Happy hours forever gone; Happy childhood, peaceful home;— Then a mother on me smiled, Then a father owned his child;— Vanish, mocking vision sweet! Still I wander "on the street."

"On the street, on the street," Whither tend my wandering feet? Love and hope and joy are dead— Not a place to lay my head; Every door against me scaled— Hospital and Potter's field,— These stand open—wider yet Swings perdition's yawning gate, Thither tend my wandering feet, "On the street, on the street."

"On the street, on the street," Late I walk with weary feet: Oh, that this sad life might end, Oh, that I might find One Friend; One who would not from me turn, Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn; Oh, that I that Friend could see, He would pitying look on me; Such as I have kissed his feet,— "On the street, on the street!"

"On the street, on the street!" Might I here a Savior meet! From the blessed far-off years, Comes the story of her tears, Whose sad heart, with sorrow broke, Heard the words of love he spoke,— Heard him bid her anguish cease, Heard him whisper, "Go in peace!" Oh, that I might kiss his feet, "On the street, on the street."

JOHN REEVES.

Get a boy's heart first, and then you are sure of him. This is the way a teacher in a city mission school won Johnny Reeves, 'the little drunkard.' She had collected a lot of wild street boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when, one day, she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep and begun to snore.

"He's drunk!" said his ragged little companions, laughing. Of course there was no use in trying to do any thing with him then, but three days afterward she saw and questioned him.

"Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact," said Johnny, as frank as could be. "I didn't mean to let you see me, 'cause I kind 'o love yer, but I couldn't help it."

"Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say so. You could help it."

"No; yer see I've got so used to it I can't stop."

"Oh, I am so sorry. What was it that ever made you begin to drink?"

"I learnt it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down in Willard street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gin me the rum and sugar in the bottom o' the glasses for my pay."

"Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking, if I'll tell you how you can?"

Johnny thought a minute. "I don't b'lieve I could. I've go so

used to't, you see. If I go without, I feel so gone here," (putting his hand on his stomach.)

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes. Johnny looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

"I—I donno but Pd try if I thought 'twould make you feel better."

"God bless you, Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you'll stop drinking, honest and true?" There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort. "Yes'm," he said, (and he drew a long breath). "I'll promise never to drink no more liquor—for your sake."

"It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny."

"Could he make me keep my promise? You ask him, can't you?"

Hardly sure of the boy's meaning, the question was so unexpected, the kind teacher nevertheless knelt immediately; Johnny knelt too, and when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would 'ask himself.'

"Lord Jesus up in heaven, please help a little feller as wants ter be good, and don't never let him drink rum no more. Amen."

That was Johnny's prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, 'cause he kind o' loved her.' He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a conscientious, upright man.—Youth's Companion.

THE SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDOOS.

The ancient Egyptians worshiped the Nile as a god, and in this they had the same feeling which now exist among the Hindoos in regard to the Ganges. It is not only a sacred river because of its associations; it is in itself Divine, flowing, like the River of Life in the Book of Revelation, out of the throne of God. It descends out of heaven, rising in mountains whose tops touch the clouds—the sacred mountains which form the Hindoo Kylas, or Heaven, the abode of the Hindoo Trinity—of Brahma and Shiva and Vishnu. Rushing from under a glacier in the region of everlasting snow, it seems as if it gushed from the very heart of the Dweller on that holy mount; as if that flowing stream were the life-blood of the Creator. When the Hindoo has seized this idea, it takes strong hold of his imagination. As he stands on the banks of the Ganges at night, and sees its broad current quivering under the rays of the full moon, it seems indeed as if it were the clear stream flowing through the calm breast of God himself, bearing life from Him to give life to the world. Hence in the creed it has all the virtue and the divine power that belongs in the Christian system of the blood of Christ. It makes atonement for sins that are past. "He that but looks on the Ganges," says the Hindoo proverb, "or he that drinks of it, washes away the stains of a hundred births; but he that bathes in it washes away the stains of a thousand births." This is a virtue beyond that of the Nile, or the rivers of Damascus, or of the Jordan or even of

Siloa's brook That flowed fast by the oracle of God. It is a virtue which can be found alone in that blood which "cleanseth from all sin."—Dr. Field.

COURAGE IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant, for constant reference:

"Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

"Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

"Have the courage to speak to a friend in a 'seedy' coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

"Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

"Have the courage to say No when you are tempted.

"Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

"Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle.

"Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears.

"Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

"Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

"Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

"Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man."

HOW THE CZAR TRAVELS.

The Emperor Alexander travels in a carriage constructed especially for his accommodation. This car, thirty-six feet in length, is a moving palace; there is a parlor, a bed-room, furnished with a rare magnificence, and to it is adapted a system of wheels which enables it to pass upon any railway in Europe, whatever be the gauge. The imperial train is preceded by a pilot locomotive, on which is the Director of the line. Thirty minutes behind follows a second train, with engineers and workmen provided with everything necessary to repair the road in case of accident. Twenty minutes after this are the coaches containing the imperial suite, and lastly, at another interval of half an hour, comes the escort of 300 soldiers.

The old tree under which John Wesley preached his first sermon in America is still standing in Frederica Ga. We would like to visit the hallowed spot where that good man first stood and proclaimed the gospel to an American audience.—Durham Tobacco Plant.

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 without any estate. H.... 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 entire 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 regulations 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 estate. H.... 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 management 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 regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. Approved by 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 required 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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