

The Orphans' Friend.

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NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice
Unseen by mortal men, but marked
by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and
pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and
fear,
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause
to hear—
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of
night
Over soiled robes that once were pure
and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from
the soul
Longing for Christ to make it clean
and whole—
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all
our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more
of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and
so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's
feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others'
good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to
win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for, in the city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer
light,
And things long hidden from our gaze
below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely
know
These are not lost.

TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

Some time ago, in one of our great ships of war, there was a solitary sailor who was not ashamed to own himself a follower of Christ. For a long time he was alone; no other sailor joined him. His place of prayer was amid the noise and din of the sailors. One evening he perceived a shadow by the side of the gun. Another Jack Tar was creeping along, and said, "May I come?" Oh, the joy of the young sailor to have a comrade with him. They met for many nights behind the gun, reading and praying. They became the butt of the men in two or three of the messes, but still they continued bearing and forbearing. It came to the ears of the commander—who was a Roman Catholic—but I mention this to his honor.

The moment he heard that two of his sailors were meeting for reading and prayer behind one of the guns, he sent for one of them, and instantly ordered a portion of the lower deck to be curtained off, and gave orders that no one should molest them.

For some nights they were the only occupants, but by and by the curtain was opened, and a blue jacket said, "May I come in?" He was welcomed. Another came, and another, and the last account I heard from the ship was this, that every night thirty-two were meeting for prayer, and thirty of them are believed to be converted characters. And there, by "standing fire," by standing firm, true to what was his duty, God has blessed that solitary sailor, and made him a spiritual father to at least thirty men on board the ship.—*Church Union.*

DO NOT FACE THE LIGHT WHEN AT WORK.

Statistics kept by oculists employed in infirmaries for eye disease have shown that the habit of some persons in facing a window from which the light falls directly in the eyes as well as on the work, injure their eyes in the end. The best way is to work with a side light, or, if the work needs strong illumination, so that it is necessary to have the working table before the window, the lower portion of the latter should be covered with a screen, so as to have a top light alone, which does not shine in the eyes when the head is slightly bent over and downward toward the work.

In the schools in Germany this matter has already been attended to and the rule adopted to have all the seats and tables so arranged that the pupils never face the windows, but only have the side lights from the left; and as a light simultaneously thrown from two sides gives an interference of shadows, it has been strictly forbidden to build school rooms with windows on both sides, such illumination having also proved injurious to the eyes of the pupils.

We may add to this the advice not to place the lamp in front of you when at work in the evening, but a little on one side; and never to neglect the use of a shade, so as to prevent the strong light shining in the eyes. This is especially to be considered at the present time, when kerosene lamps, with their intensely luminous flames, become more and more common.—*Medical Journal.*

PRESENT STATE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

Prince de Ligne, countryman and contemporary of Maria Theresa, wrote an essay "On the Location of the Earthly Paradise," and, after some reflections on the hygienic influence of different climates, calls attention to the fact that "paradise traditions, in locating the garden of Eden, differ only in regard to longitude, but not to latitude. The latitude keeps always near the snow boundary, a line just south of the regions where snow may fall, but will not stay on the ground. It passes through Thibet, Cashmere, Northern Persia, and Asia Minor, and reaches the meridian of Europe near the centre of the Mediterranean." The nations that "celebrated life as a festival" have lived along this line, and we may doubt if in the most favored regions of the New World human industry, with all the aids of modern science, will ever reunite the opportunities of happiness which Nature once lavished on lands that now entail only misery on their cultivators. All over Spain and Portugal, Southern Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, and Western Afghanistan, and throughout Northern Africa, from Morocco to the valley of the Nile, the aridity of the soil makes the struggle for existence so hard that to the vast majority of the inhabitants life from a blessing has been converted into a curse. Southern Spain, from Gibraltar to the head waters of the Tagus,

maintains now only about one-tenth of its former population, Greece about one-twentieth. As late as A. D. 670, a good while after the rise of the Mohammedan power, the country now known as Tripoli, and distinct from the Sahara only through the elevation of its mountains, was the seat of eighty-five Christian bishops, and had a population of 6,000,000, of which number three-quarters of one per cent. are now left! The climate which, according to authentic description, must once have resembled that of our Southern Alleghanies, is now so nearly intolerable that even the inhumanity of an African despot forbears to exact open-air labor from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Steamboats that pass near the Tripolitan coast in summer, on their way from Genoa to Cairo, have to keep up a continual shower of artificial rain to save their deck-hands from being overcome by the furnace air that breathes from the barren hills of the opposite coast. The rivers of some of these countries have shrunk to the size of their former tributaries, and from Gibraltar to Samarcand the annual rainfall has become a chronic complaint.

And all this change is due to the insane destruction of forests. The great Caucasian *sylvania* that once adorned the birth-land of the white race from the Western Pyrenees to the foot hills of the Himalayas has disappeared; of the forest area of Italy and Spain, in the days of the elder Pliny, about two acres in a hundred are left; in Greece, hardly one. But even the nakedness of the most sterile tracts of Southern Europe is exceeded by the utter desolation of the Ottoman's provinces.—*Central Protestant.*

BEAUTIFUL SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

Quite recently I visited a German widow living in a delightful country seat, with a little son of eight and a daughter of five. As we sat down to the well-spread table, the little boy, folding his hands and closing his eyes, thanked our Father in heaven for the food before us, and asked Him to bless it. Then the little girl, in childish accents, repeated, "Lord Jesus be our guest. Come, and this table bless, and do us good." The little ones were taught by their mother to think whom they were addressing.

At several places where we visited in Scotland, the youngest child at the table asked the blessing, and the memory of those sweet, low, reverential, childish voices haunts us yet, as the echo of some rich carol.

In some families there prevails the beautiful custom of joining in the Lord's prayer at breakfast; and in one that we visited oft last summer, this was sometimes omitted, and in its place the 23rd Psalm recited. For a Sunday morning, after a week of plenty and joy, what can be more suitable.

In other families the silent blessing is the custom; and very touching it is, too, for it seems to make us realize that God is indeed near, when we can give Him thanks, though our lips move not.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

A SUNNY TEMPER.

You gain nothing by fretting; you only waste your strength by it. Choose your work, plan as skilfully as you can, put your whole heart into what you are about to do, and leave the rest to a kind Providence that overlooks not a single one of us. Do you know how many years of your life and happiness are *mortgaged* by this habit of worrying? And after all, what does it accomplish? How does it help you? How much strength does it bring to you in your labors and exertions? None, none whatever. A ruffled temper all the time throws to the surface the "mire and dirt" of the nature; it does not combine the best elements, and help them to work together to the best advantage, but only the worst, and gives them alone all the chance. A beautiful, sunny temper is no sign of weakness, as many suppose, but of strength and harmony of character. It shows that there is a power seated at the centre of the being, that knows how to administer the government.

Lord Clarendon wrote of anger, that it is the most impotent passion that occupies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any against whom it is directed. He knew the human heart. The worst of anger is, if you give the reins to it for once, it is still more difficult for you to keep them yourself the next time. But a cheerful temper is like the genial sun, in whose warm rays all men like to bask. The possessor of such a disposition may not, perhaps, make as many stare and tremble at his barbed phrases of satire or scorn, but he will certainly make more devoted and loving friends, and, what is more, be sure to *keep them*.

SMALL THINGS TEST MEN.

In things small lie the crucibles and the touchstones. Any hypocrite will come to the Sabbath worship, but it is not every hypocrite that will attend prayer-meetings, or read the Bible in secret, or speak privately of the things of God to the saints. You shall find the same thing true in other things. A man who is no Christian very likely will not tell you a down-right lie by saying white is black, but he will not hesitate to declare that whitey-brown is white; he will go that length. Now, the Christian will not go half way to a falsehood; nay, he scorns to go an inch on that road. He will no more cheat you out of twopenny farthing than he would out of two thousand pounds. He will not rob you of an ell. Even a Pharisee will ask Christ to his house to sit at meat with him—he is willing to entertain a great religious leader at his table; but it is not every one who will stoop down and unloosen his shoes; for that every Pharisee who made the feast never brought him water to wash his feet, nor gave him the kiss of welcome. He proved the insincerity of his hospitality by forgetting the little things. I will be bound to say Martha and Mary never forgot to unloose his shoe-latches, and that Lazarus never failed to see that His feet were washed. Look, then, I pray you, as Christians, to the service of Christ in the obscure things, in the things that are not recognized by men, in the matters that have no honor attached to them, for by this shall your love be tried.—*Spurgeon.*

—Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

ORIGIN OF "HE HAS AN AX TO GRIND."

We owe more of our common sayings and pithy proverbs to Dr. Franklin than many of us think or know. We say of one who flatters or serves us for the sake of some secret, selfish gain or favor, "He has an ax to grind." In the Doctor's "Memoirs" is the following story (much after the manner of the 'whistle' story), which explains the origin of the phrase:

Franklin says: "When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an ax on his shoulder.

"My little boy," said he, "has your father a grind stone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he. "Will you let me grind an ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of 'a fine little fellow,' "O yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full.

"How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I'm sure you're one of the finest lads that ever I have seen. Will you turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rule the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me, saying:

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; now, scud away to school, or you'll get it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of liberty, and prating loudly about economy, who is in private a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people, that fellow would see you turning a grindstone."

Beware of people who pay compliments when there is no particular occasion for so doing. They have an ax to grind and it is not yours.—*Christian Advocate.*

Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment of a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked: "It may be so; but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."