



ONLY A PENNY.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make up the dollars,
It may help some child to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys—they were not new,
But they made the poor child happy,
Which made me happy too.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But it cheered the sick child's bedside,
And helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver;
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
Who never give at all?

THE RED-HOT PENNY.

Everybody in the village of Heppinglee agreed that it was very kind indeed of squire Meadows, during the winter months, when the roads were bad to allow the highway-travellers to go across his grounds, on his own private road, and out into the public thoroughfare again on the other side. This short cut lessened the traveller's journey by a good mile and a half, for otherwise he would have had to go all around the park, which he is now permitted to go through.

During the winter, therefore, the traffic along this private road became so great that some of the village boys were in the habit of turning an honest penny by opening the gate at the entrance of the grounds for the carriages and light carts that came by that way.

One evening Sam and Ben (for these were their names) remained there later than usual. It had been market-day in the neighboring town, so that many carts had passed, and the children were still lingering in the hope of some more chances for a penny, as the drivers of the market-carts had not hitherto proved very generous. Presently Sam paused in his jumping over a snowy stump, and said "Ben, do you hear anything?"

Both boys listened, and in a moment or two their practised ears detected the quick trot of a horse on the snowy ground. The gate was open in an instant, and a dog cart passed through, the horse driven by a gentleman, who flung a copper to the boys as he went by.

The snow was deep, and the penny fell with some force and sank into it, so that in the waning twilight it could not readily be seen. However, both boys were down on their hands and knees at once, hunting eagerly for their hidden treasure.

Once more the sound of wheels met their ears; and just as Sam sprang up to the gate to open it Ben's hand turned over some snow and lighted on the penny. Acting upon a sudden impulse, he popped it into his pocket, saying to himself, "Sam needn't know, and then to-morrow I can buy that whistle I've been wanting so long." The carriage passed on its way, but the coachman gave the boys nothing, and Sam returned to the search.

"You've not found it have you?" said he, as Ben still lingered to look for the money.

"No I'm afraid it's no use looking any more," replied Ben. "It's rather cold; shall we go?"

"All right!" said Sam. "We'll come down early in the morning and look for it." So off went the boys to their home.

Poor Ben crept into bed with

out saying his prayers that night. Somehow he didn't feel as if he could pray, with that penny and the lie he had told about it burning into his conscience. Neither could he sleep. The money was under his pillow, and he felt as if it was getting hotter and hotter, till it scorched his cheek. Restlessly he tossed about, till at last, toward morning, he fell into an unquiet, dreamful sleep.

But even in his dreams the penny seemed to scorch him. Now he was racing as if for life down a snowy road, and a great big penny like a dagger behind him; at another time he thought he was struggling in a river, with ice over his head, and a penny hung around his neck, dragging him down, down to the bottom.

At last he awoke, the horrors of his dreams still upon him; he could bear the stings of conscience no longer. "Sam," said he, "I want to tell you something. I did find that penny, after all, and here it is; and I'm so unhappy I don't know what to do."

Then tender hearted Sam put his arms around his brother and tried to comfort him; but seeing that nothing made him feel much better, he whispered at last, "Come, Ben, let's kneel down here and tell God about it. Mother says that's the only way to get right again." So they knelt down together by Sam's bed, and Ben sobbed out a confession of his sin and asked to be forgiven; the boys went back to their beds and fell asleep.

We are glad to tell you that Ben did not lose his tender conscience as he grew older, nor did he ever forget the misery of what he called the "red-hot-penny night." Oh, dear children, most of you know that no punishment can be more severe than that of our own conscience when we have done wrong. Perhaps you have learned (God grant that you may have done so!) what alone can give this guilty conscience peace. But those who have not learned let us say that nothing can bring rest to the burdened heart but coming to God, confessing the sin, and asking humbly for pardon through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Child's Companion.*

A LITTLE ONE'S LOVE.

The Poughkeepsie Eagle tells an affecting story of a little child between two and three years old, whom a lady found walking on the streets, evidently lost and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going.

"I'm going to find papa," was the reply of the child between sobs.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa," replied the innocent little thing.

"But what is the other name?" inquired the lady. "What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little one.

The lady took the child's hands and led her along, saying,—

"You had better come with me; I guess you came this way."

"Yes, but I don't want to go back; I want to go to my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her little heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her, and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa whom she was so

earnestly in search of, had recently died. In her loneliness and love for him she tired of waiting for him to come home, and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

DOING AN ERRAND.

There are two ways of doing an errand. One is to go willingly and return quickly, and the other is to go unwillingly, and be as long as you can about getting back. Some children never want to do anything but for themselves. If you call them to drop a note for you in the post-box, or run to a neighbor's with a message, they invariably scowl, and say, 'Can't somebody else go? I'm busy now.' And then little sister or brother whose feet are always ready to run on errands, steps up and says, 'I'll go. I can do it.' What a beautiful spirit the willing spirit is! And it is so lovely in little children!

'Let me do it!' is the keynote to a loving character—longing to be of use to somebody. If you are wanted to do an important errand drop everything and go. You need just such kind of exercise. If you are not a volunteer you must be driven into service; but how much pleasanter it is to have the heart enlisted in these friendly offices, than to be sent off because it is your duty! Do you ever offer to do an errand for anybody? Or do you wait until you are asked, and then pout and shake your shoulders, and make yourself so disagreeable that it is seldom one feels like soliciting a favor?

Can you find in the Bible an account of a man who, being sent on an errand, wouldn't take a mouthful to eat until he had delivered his message?—*Observer.*

DO EVERY THING WELL.

If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you had ever to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more depends upon the manner in which, trivial things are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well, and you will find it conducive to your happiness, and that of those with whom you come in contact.

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
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 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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