

## ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, September 19, 1877.

For the Orphans' Friend.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I am off for a trip and will miss your happy faces for a short time. I often read of good sermons preached to you in the Asylum, and though many of your number are too young to comprehend much that is said, yet impressions of good are often made on young minds that yield profitable fruits in old age if properly cherished and nurtured; and instead of a sermon, I give you a piece on Religious Zeal, and want you all to remember this passage of Scripture in II. Chron. xxxi. 21.—“He did it with all his heart and prospered.” Whatsoever good your hands findeth to do, do it with all your might. In every task allotted you, let not your heart be troubled; he that labors cheerfully has an abundance of strength given for the accomplishment of the work in hand. If you are perplexed, pour out your heart in prayer, and He that answers in His own good way, will in due time, render the required assistance. This is applicable in the most trivial events of life, at school or in other pursuits, where the great virtue, zeal is always needed. Zeal should never be checked, but cultivated. Not any trait of character can make us more like our blessed Savior, for “He was clad with zeal as with a cloak.” If we want to imitate this example and be like the best and holiest men in Scripture—the Daniels, Elijahs, Pauls and Peters, or the men of our day, who leave homes for the missionary field, we must imitate the zeal they are displaying in proclaiming salvation from the love of God, and never cease until, like them, you tower above the rest of your species. If you are ambitious of a lofty elevation, you will never gain it without heavenly zeal. Be zealous in good works, and try to live for some great end. The advantages offered you in the Orphans' Home may be the means by which your lives may be consecrated to the good of your fellow-beings and the glory of your Maker.

If such should ever be your aim, throw yourselves, soul and body, in the work. Greatness will come to those who offer themselves as a sacrifice upon the altar of humanity. In no day will regenerators of society be more needed than at the present. Now is the time for work. Now is the time to live for others and not ourselves. There may be paltry pursuits and prejudices in this your day, that now seem insurmountable; but zealous in good works, with the Savior's smile to cheer, He will raise you far above them, yea far out of sight. Let all your aim and ambition be fired with religious zeal. The world may scoff and call you fanatical, heed it not. The good done in the world is not done by the cold, calculating, heartless people. It is done by the warm enthusiast, whose heart is ever ready to soothe the orphan's cry and dry the widow's tear.

Again, let me urge each and every orphan in the Oxford Asylum to cultivate zeal. From early morn to twilight dews, let it be the watchword in every department of life; and when kneeling to ask God's special blessing upon you through the night, may

you feel great joy, having caught the inspiration of the heroes' spirit, who zealously made sacrifices for you to follow their example as they followed Christ.

With affectionate love,  
Your true friend,  
S. A. E.

### DO IT WELL.

Whatever you do, do it well. A job slighted, because it is apparently unimportant, leads to habitual neglect, so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

“That is a good rough job,” said a foreman in our hearing, recently; and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself, but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects; and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen.

No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a farthing because it is not a shilling.

Some of the wisest law-makers, the best statesmen, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain barrister sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, “You blacked my father's boots once.” “Yes,” replied the barrister, unabashed, “and I did it well.” And because of his habit of doing even mean things well, he rose to greater.

Take heart, all who toil; all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances, and those who labor unappreciated. If it be but to drive the plough, strive to do it well; if it be but to wax thread, wax it well; if only to cut bolts, make good ones; or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.

Says the good Book—“Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.”—*Family Journal*.

### PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF SUNDAY.

Sunday is God's special present to the working-man, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it works like a compensation pound; it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity and vigor which the last six days have drained away and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as in the economy of income is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man who puts away a pound to-day, another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail gets not only the same pounds back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing Sunday to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it up—the Lord of Sunday keeps it for him, and in length of days the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sunday.—*Christian Neighbor*.

## CAPTIVE ISRAELITES BEFORE THE KING OF ASSYRIA.

No discoveries of modern times have, perhaps, been more interesting than those made at Nineveh, by the life-like picture they enable us to form of many of the events in sacred history. No longer trusting to imagination or analogy, but taking figure, dress, architecture and furniture from exact models, we can reproduce scenes, at least in the palaces of the kings. Yet, except in richness of material and ornament, there was, doubtless, little difference between the homes of the king and his people.

There is a broad line at once evident between the Assyrians and other Orientals. They sat on chairs like our arm-chairs, and ate, like us, at tables. Nay, these very chairs and tables have the claw-feet and heads that will be found in our own day.

The dress of those at court shows great luxury and wealth. Tunics and robes are the chief articles of attire, and cloaks, scarfs, embroidered cinctures, all covered profusely with ornaments, producing a very fine effect.

The beard was curled in those long rows that are now so familiar, while the hair was done up behind in a roll. The arms and armor of the soldiers are all well known to us, and it is only in female dress that our knowledge is limited.—*Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.

### THE ORIGIN OF “HOME SWEET HOME.”

The following is the history of “Home, Sweet Home.” Mr. Payne had written several pieces for the stage that had met with considerable favor, and had been sent for to go to Paris to look after the introduction of one of them in one of the theatres of that city. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and, although in winter, the day was bright and pleasant. After strolling about for a time, he seated himself in the Garden of the Tuileries, and became a quiet observer of the life of gaiety of that brilliant promenade. While sitting there he thought of the pleasure his acquaintances had told him they expected to have the next day, and reflected that, although in the midst of this gay throng, he was without a home and friends, and was really the most lonely person in the world. All through the day he had been humming to himself an air, which pleased him very much, that he had heard in a theatre the previous evening, when he had listened to an opera by Donizetti, called “Anne Bolcyn,” in which the air of “Home Sweet Home” occurs. After a little he began to arrange these reflections into verse, adopting it to this air, and before leaving his seat, a song that has since touched the tenderest chord of millions of hearts had its origin. He then went to his room and wrote out the song, and on showing it to some of his acquaintances they advised him to have it published. He did so, and the next time he went to London it was sung for the first time in public at Convent Garden Theatre, and immediately became very popular.—*Family Journal*.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe Orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the ‘Shakers gave it to him.’

## VALUE OF RELIGION IN THE HOUR OF DANGER.

In the year 1825, the ship Kent, East-Indianman, took fire and burned at sea. The scene has been minutely described by a survivor. It was appalling in the extreme. The waves were rolling mountain high; the flames were gradually approaching the powder magazine; they were far from land, and no sail was to be seen in any direction. Some were stupified with horror, and others frantic with excitement; some prayed, and others cursed. When death appeared inevitable, and hope had fled, one among several pious ladies was observed calmly sinking down upon her knees, and clasping her hands together, was heard to exclaim, “Even so; come, Lord Jesus.” She then proposed to read a portion of Scripture to those around her. Her sister, with nearly equal composure, selected the forty-sixth, and other appropriate Psalms; which were read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately to the assembled females.

Another exhibition of Christian courage and calmness presented itself among the gentlemen on board. A young gentleman, in reference to their hopeless condition and the prospect of being blown up by the expected explosion, or swallowed up by the yawning deep, quietly and pleasantly said: “I have in my heart the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.”—*Anecdotes for the Young*.

### REVENGE.

Boys who think revenge is manly, and who talk of “paying back in his own coin,” read this:

Revenge is a cruel word; manhood, some call it but it is rather boyhood. The manlier any man is, the milder and more merciful, as Julius Caesar, who, when he had Pompey's head presented to him, wept and said: “I seek not revenge but victory.” Some of the courtiers of Philip the Good, tried to persuade him to punish a bishop who had ill used him; he declined, saying: “It is a fine thing to have revenge in one's power but it is a finer thing not to use it.”

A young man was determined to revenge himself on another. An old man had been trying to dissuade him, said: “At least, let us pray together first.” Then he began to pray, “O God, that Thou shouldst defend this young man, and declare Thyself his protector, since he has taken on himself the right of seeking his own revenge.” The young man saw his sin, and prayed for pardon.—*Musical Million*.

### FAITH AND TRUST.

These words should imply an implicit confidence in God's Word. We do believe the Word is all right—that the promises mean just what they say, but the misunderstanding is all with us in not knowing how to accept or comprehend these pledges of God with us. We do not comply with the terms offered to ensure the fulfillment of the contract. Oh! that Divine help may point us the way, and give us the understanding to know how to search our own hearts, that we may be prepared to receive these promises just as they are offered to them that ask, seek, and knock at the door of mercy and Infinite bounty, that they may receive that which will redound most to the honor and glory of His name.—

## INTENSITY OF COLD IN SPITS-BERGEN.

No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months' winter in that part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder. In a crowded hut, the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touch flesh, it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water, instantly stiffens to the consistency of a board, and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside!

### HONESTY REWARDED.

A lad was proceeding to an uncle's, to ask aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The uncle refused the aid, and the family were pinched with want. The boy informed his mother that he had found the money, but expressed his doubt whether they had a right to use any portion of it. The mother confirmed his doubts, and none of the money was used. The wallet was advertised, and the owner found. He was a man of wealth, and on the affliction and honesty of the family being made known to him, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, who became one of the wealthiest merchants in Ohio.—*Anecdotes for the Young*.

### ANALYZING LIFE.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of the human family, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between forty and fifty; the brazen between twenty and thirty; the iron between fifty and sixty. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater when we consider the fact that all the positions of honor and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gives them their fame. Portraits of great men are delusions; statues are lies. They are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are almost evenly balanced. This period, on the average, is from thirty-eight to forty. After this the law is that experience increases; but enthusiasm decreases.—*Waverly Magazine*.

“Now, my boy,” said the examiner, “if I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left?” “The plate,” shouted the boy.