

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, October 3, 1877.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

(CONTINUED.)

Been to the mountains, been among the Indians, carried some red orphans to Oxford, set things in order, and left experienced teachers in charge of the several Forms, and now for a long road. In Raleigh we had time to hear a few speeches in the Episcopal Convention. Dr. Sutton and Mr. R. H. Battle wish to divide the diocese. Dr. Buel and Mr. Pettigrew oppose it. Mr. Pettigrew generally expresses our sentiments, and so we are delighted with his able address. But here we are in Goldsboro. Mr. T. B. Hyman helps us distribute the children to be discharged, and the train is off again, and we are at Faison for breakfast. A lively horse takes us 18 miles to Hoop Pole church. The people expect Mr. Leach and the orphans, and get only a long speech from the Superintendent. But they are very kind. We found some noble Hills even in this flat country. Back to Faison and meet the children. A storm meets us just at the time to begin, and the audience is small; but much interest is shown and we are grateful for kindness. Off for Pink Hill. What long (36) miles! Hurrah for Goshen Creek, Thunder Swamp and Lerecta Swamp! In two hard rains. We dine at Wesley Chapel. New corn is one dollar a bushel. But we reach Pink Hill just in time to meet a large audience who seem never to have heard of the orphans before. Rev. Mr. Cunningham offers prayer, and the people are very attentive. Mr. Anthony Davis entertains us with overflowing hospitality. He show us his fine hogs, his fancy fowls, and his model stables. He is a successful merchant, a good farmer, (has corn made in 1875) and a natural mechanic. Such men are always useful citizens. It was an easy drive to Catharine Lake. Dr. Duffy, Mr. Simmons, and Col. Taylor, receive us kindly. Mrs. Taylor is a sister of Capt. Murrell, of Hickory, and has other brothers living here, all clever people.

CATHARINE LAKE

is a lovely little sheet of water, flecked with white water lilies. Its water is clear, and rests on hard white sand. The boys bathe in the morning. The girls in the evening. As a bathing place, we put Catharine Lake next to the Ocean. Its water is so soft and pleasant, and swimming is so easy. It was named after Miss Catharine Cole, of Newbern, who spent part of a summer there and charmed the neighborhood by her beauty and grace. There are several smaller lakes in the neighborhood, and other young ladies are invited to name them. Mary Lake, Susan Lake, and Fanny Lake would sound just as well as Mattamuskeet, Waccamaw, and Cat Fish.

THE SPRING.

A mile or more from the Lake is "The Spring," the property of the county. It rushes out over the silver sand just strong enough to turn a Turbine wheel. Its temperature (we guess) is sixty degrees, cold enough for the human system. Joel Brigman's Spring, in Madison, is just as cold and just as bold; but then cold springs are plentiful in the mountains. This spring supplies a gushing stream of cold water

where cold water is a luxury. It is the most valuable spring we have ever seen. It is also mineral, showing signs of sulphur and magnesia. The people have a shelter there, and vast crowds resort to it in pleasant weather. Now we are crossing the long bridge over New River, and at Onslow Court House or Jacksonville. Pleasant village, clever people. We give, by request, a brief entertainment in the afternoon, and our regular entertainment at night. Onslow has no orphans at Oxford. We are trying to excite an interest in the county. We hear of many orphans, and they need attention. We ought to have looked after them long ago.

At Jacksonville, we are very kindly treated, and we enjoy the springs, which burst out and run away to the river. But all through the East more shops are needed. O for more smiths and more mechanics! At a county-seat we inquired for a blacksmith's shop, and were told that they had no shops, but grog-shops. And one old man pointed to his neighbor and said, "Don't have much to do with that man—he is too officious. He tried 30 years to join a Masonic Lodge and could not get in, so he at last joined the Missionary Baptist church." Efficient churches are very scarce. Mr. Huggins and his excellent lady were so kind that we were reluctant to leave them. Mr. Huggins lost a leg in the Confederate war. Dr. Wilson, of Greenville, performed the amputation and managed the case. Mr. Huggins places a very high estimate on Dr. Wilson's skill as a surgeon, and his character as a big-souled christian gentleman. The plain truth is the Doctors are a noble class of men, and the only men not demoralized by the war. We love them all, and are still grieving over Dr. Hill.

At Trenton brethren Castex, Pearce, Dallahunt and others, had all things ready. Rev. Mr. Johnson prayed for the children. We once knew him in Nash at the funeral of Col. Sol. Williams. We had a large number of children, but a quiet audience, and good attention. A hard rain was falling; but all the week it has been raining, and we can not escape rain from above, water in the road, and water in wide sheets in the swamps. From Trenton we drive to Kinston, but are delayed by an overseer of the road who has taken up the bridge on Flat Swamp. So we wait and watch, and watch and wait. Seven hands and twenty-six overseers make slow progress. But at last the bridge is built, and we reach Kinston after all have given us out. But Mr. A. Nicol is chairman of the Committee, and all things are soon arranged. Such a man is a blessing to any community. We are very glad to meet again Messrs. Harvey, (Ettinger, Cox and Cummings, Dr. Lewis and pastors Howell and Dodson. Kinston has 200 children in school, and will soon have more. Of course the people are interested in the orphans. The house is full, and brother Howell prays for the children, and brother Dodson requests a collection. From Kinston we drive to Hookerton, and meet a large audience. Rev. Mr. Jones prays for the children. Our good brethren Jackson, Coward, Sugg, and many others, give us kind assistance. Dr. Rountree's vegetables were a treat to those who had eaten so many fried dinners. On Saturday we pause on the road

to hear Rev. J. P. Simpson preach a soul-cheering sermon, at Rainbow church. His subject was, "God's daily grace." We needed just such a message from heaven, and the Lord sent it. Now we are at Snow Hill, and the brethren met us kindly, and had all things ready. The new Court House will be full, and we hope a good impression will be made. Good weather and clever people at Snow Hill. New Court House, new jail. Contentney Creek is up, and flats can carry cotton to Newbern. Rev. J. P. Simpson offers a good prayer for the children. His wife is the sister of an old class-mate whom no one can forget. At the close of our entertainment a young lady, who was once with us at Oxford as a little orphan, invites us to dine with her, and the invitation is gladly accepted. How pleasant is a day of quiet country rest! At night we hear brother Simpson preach another good sermon, and enjoy the hospitality of our good brother, Drury Sugg. On Monday, we are off for Greenville. We know the road and the distance is only 22 miles.

Greenville is a charming village. Such clever women and men. Messrs. Pearce, Stern, James, and others, had everything ready. Dr. James keeps a hotel, and unless you watch him, he will make you eat too much. He seems to expect a man to be as hearty as a horse. Next time we go there, we intend to carry (if we can) Rev. Jesse Whitt, of Madison. He can eat what even Dr. James would call a hearty meal. All through this country, the people are blessed with plenty, and they think somebody is bound to eat it. Hence we have been overfed during this entire journey.

At last we find a shop, and have shoes put on our mules. At Jacksonville a citizen declared they had no shops but grog-shops. At Greenville we find one blacksmith, and he charges double price; but shoes are indispensable. He was timid in handling our mules, because, he said, "Mules is like young gals—no pendin on um." Our entertainment is given in the Baptist church, which just holds the ladies. A few gentlemen squeeze in, and the rest are left out. The brethren were not therefore satisfied with the collection, and will keep it and let it grow. We had to pull away from Greenville in two senses of the word. At Falkland the people are waiting. So many could not be seated! But all were silent and still for nearly two hours. Many had come from a long distance, and were determined to see and hear. Dr. Mayo and Mrs. Mayo, and Miss Bettie Warren, seated us at a table loaded with elegant vegetables, just what we wanted. We sent the children on to Marlboro by some friends, and went with Dr. Mayo to see Mr. King, a member of the late Constitutional Convention. At supper we found before us a very fat and brown opossum. How can we eat against these people? But we must be hearty, if we die for it, and the Doctor is at hand. Five schools are in operation in Falkland district. Education is lively, and the people are wise and good.

At Marlboro, alas, alas, what a vast throng and how few can be seated! We use the Academy, because some church members are opposed to the Masons, and refuse us the use of their house. The Grand Lodge helps the most needy children without any ref-

erence to Masonry, and yet some churches refuse to let the orphans use their houses of worship.

Rev. Mr. Latham prays for the young and makes a liberal donation, and we occupy our usual time, the people showing a deep interest, and many standing all the time. After a hasty dinner with Mr. Joyner, we are off for Stantonburg. Mr. William May had kindly come twenty miles to postpone our appointment till night. Drs. Ward and Mayo divide us out, and at church Rev. Mr. Wood prays for the children, and the large house is packed. Here are people from a dozen miles around. In the audience is Annie Ellis, known at the Orphan Asylum as Nannie Causey, of Guilford. Her new parents are very proud of their little treasure, and we are all glad to see her so happy and well. Brother Wood says our audience represents at least \$300,000, in unencumbered property. O the distance from a poor orphan to a prosperous man's pocket! The collection is small, but we hope to hear from them again.

Now for Pikeville. O how the people are packed in the hall and on the stairway. Elder Jonathan Egerton prays for the children, and even the babies are attentive. Mr. Burger proposes a collection. Mr. Garis and lady kindly take care of us. Now for the long-expected equinoctial storm. Wind and rain. In spite of it all we are off for Princeton. The water falls heavily and the wind roars loudly, and even ditches are carrying off their bridges. But we reach Princeton safely, and the clever citizens put us by their roaring fires. No entertainment to-night. Perhaps we may have one to-morrow if the storm abate.

J. H. MILLS.

THE HORRORS OF ST. BERNARD.

The pass is totally devoid of interest, and increases in desolation as it nears the hospice at the top. No reward but consciousness of Christian duty, nobly done, could induce the monks to stop in this desolation of the clouds and storm, to minister to the lost and worn-out traveler. At the mountain top, where the hospice stands, it is always cold, even in summer time; cold and dreary and desolate. The monks go up in youth, but seldom withstand the severity of the climate beyond a few years, when they come to the mild valley of the Rhone to recuperate or die.

The strange attractions of the hospice are the charnel house and the dogs of the St. Bernard. The charnel house, or the morgue, is filled with the dried-up remains, or the bleached bones of poor mortals who have been frozen to death in crossing the path. The bodies are piled into the morgue just as they were found, and the frozen flesh and features tell the struggle between life and death. Some are recognised by friends, and are taken away for burial, but many of the unfortunates were wandering workmen, who, in daring the dread storm and the desolate pass, seeking something to do, have perished, leaving no trace as to who they were, or whether any friends in all the wide world would miss them at all.

Some of the frozen figures lean against the walls of the little stone morgue like black statues, and retain the clenched hands, the back bowed to the storm, and the face of agony they bore when yielding to pain, exhaustion, and

death—just when the lights of the Christian hospice shone too late across their hopeless way. A man, groping in the snow and dark, stands, frozen stiff, with bowed head and extended arms. A mother clasps her child to her bosom in a frozen embrace of years, for both are dead, and their stiffened bodies still pressed together will long count the memories of those who have ever entered this tomb of the frozen dead.—*Family Journal*.

THE YOUNG MAN OF PRINCETON.

A young man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come in their hands that did not belong to them. All depended on this clerk serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favor. As a result he was discharged from the place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have. The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from this employ, and you may inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendation, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employees, and preferred that those entrusted with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty; so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterward to name a reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to do work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman who employed many persons in his large establishment, said, "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ one who occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honor the Sabbath and all the teachings of the Bible, and you cannot fail to find favor with God, and with man also.

—In dealing with imperishable jewels, which might make resplendent our crown of rejoicing forever, how often do we work at haphazard, knowing little of the material in our hands, and caring little whether our processes are adapted to it or not. Mechanically we work and stupidly await the result, expecting our jewels to be rightly polished, because we persistently hold them to the wheel; the grind, grind, grind goes on till suddenly we find our gems ground to powder, and worthless dust alone remains as the result of our labor.