

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, October 21, 1877.

NOTES ON THE FAIR.

We reached Raleigh on Wednesday evening. Six new orphans had come on their way to Oxford; but we found time to attend the meeting of the Agricultural Society. Mr. Wilson, of Washington, made a Buncombe speech, and was followed by Gen. Clingman, who briefly declared that our two greatest enemies are ignorance and laziness.

Then came Prof. Simonds, of Chapel Hill, on Insects. He told about the doodles and their downfalls, and the mosquitoes of forty varieties. He said the males live on flowers, while the females suck our blood. He told of some wrigglers which breathe through their tails. His address was brief and instructive, and his drawings of bugs were very striking.

Dr. LeDoux followed on the value of Chemistry to the farmer, and told of counterfeits, even of 40,000 pounds of counterfeit clover-seed.

On Thursday the people were up early. They were too much crowded to sleep well, and many of us were tired of hard floors long before day. The Fair Grounds were full. Gen. Hampton declared that all our men, women and children were present. The Exposition is a success. The drawings and paintings are all excellent; but Peace Institute has an enormous collection for a school. The bed-covers are remarkable for their taste and beauty. The hardware, the carriages, and the machinery, are creditable. The horses are respectable, and the cattle are ordinary. The hogs are about equal to those raised at the Orphan Asylum. The agricultural products are magnificent. Corn, wheat, oats, beets, potatoes and all crops and vegetables surpass our expectations. But all are astonished beyond measure at the display of fruits from Buncombe and Yancey. Nothing like it was seen at the Centennial. No one ever imagined it before. One apple weighed 32 ounces, and apples as large as a baby's head were plentiful. Col. Polk had done a noble work and illustrated the value of his office. Many noble ladies were on exhibition. They seemed rather common at first, but they improved as you continued to look at them, until you are entirely lost in admiration.

The Seventeenth Annual Fair is a splendid success, and the people are delighted. Many will go home to make something to exhibit next year. Some valuable articles will be sent to the orphans—so we are informed; but we have no faith in any promises except those in the Bible.

REV. GEORGE MULLER IN AMERICA.

The coming of Rev. George Muller to the United States is an important event in the religious world. A man, who, for nearly half a century has carried on the largest work of philanthropy of any man living, by the simple power of trust in God and entire consecration to His service, must have a mighty faith and an unreserved consecration, the like of which has not been seen since the days of the old patriarchs and apostles. He seems to have been raised up by God to rebuke the skepticism and unbelief of the nineteenth century. He comes to this country, as he says, at the advanced age of seventy-two years, to stim-

ulate the faith of younger Christians, by telling the story of his wonderful life and orphan work in Bristol, England.

He commenced his ministry in Bristol, where he had the care of a large church, by refusing a stated salary and taking for his support what the Lord sent by the voluntary gifts of his people and in answer to prayer. His wants were always supplied, although sometimes his faith was sorely tried. A messenger at the door, while he was yet praying, often brought the necessary relief. He says, if a person undertakes to live by faith, the Lord will often send sore trials to his faith in order to test its sincerity.

Having learned the lesson of trust in God in this way, his heart became moved to care for the poor children who wandered in the streets, and he became impressed with the conviction that the Lord would give him the necessary aid. He undertook the work in this way, as he says, to show the world that the Lord will answer prayer in this nineteenth century as surely as He did the prayers of the prophets in the olden time.

The impression that Mr. Muller makes on an American audience is exceedingly favorable. With a countenance of exceeding kindness and benignity, he stands erect, showing few gray hairs in his head, and at seventy-two appears like a man of sixty. He has a pleasant voice, and speaks with exceeding clearness, with a slight German accent. His venerable wife, a rosy-faced English matron, accompanies him, and sits beside him in the pulpit.

With the utmost humility and modesty he preaches the gospel, with great fervor, simplicity, and power, very rarely referring to his own work except by special request. He carries with him the irresistible conviction of his remarkable faith, and raises his hearers toward the same high standard with himself. He says *he knows he is saved*—not because he has dreamed it, or an angel from heaven has told him so, but because it is written by the Holy Ghost in the Scriptures, that whosoever believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. And if, when he lies down on his bed to-night, he never wakes again in this world, he knows he shall wake up in glory!—wearing the same glorified body that Christ wore after the resurrection! It is this *mighty assurance of faith* that gives his preaching such unction and power. Would that the pastors and Christians of America might learn of Mr. Muller this same lesson of child-like trust, that they might show the same wonderful power and fruitfulness in their lives.—*Chas. Hopkins, in Church Union.*

DISCOURAGED.

BY ELBERT S. PORTER, D. D.

"I am discouraged with my class," said a diligent, capable, and faithful teacher. "Pray, what is the matter?" "Two of my girls are very regular, but never know their lessons. They are bright and amiable, and I like them, but they come to their places here in school entirely unprepared. Their mother is a Christian woman, but she does not appear to have any concern about her daughters, except to have them dress well, and cultivate good manners. Now what can I do when the mother's influence is against me?" Then

there are three other girls, bright enough and quick enough, and I have no fault to find with their recitations, but somehow or another I fail to impress them with any sense of the importance of divine things. I am discouraged."

Another teacher with a class of grown up boys is discouraged because his scholars are so irregular in their attendance. He is a conscientious and painstaking teacher, and never fails to bring beaten oil, to distribute among his pupils. And yet he feels that he does not interest them; and while he works on, nevertheless he is discouraged.

These, I suppose, are typical cases. They represent quite accurately the condition of mind into which teachers of many schools have been brought by similar causes. It is most important to find, if possible, some cure for such kinds of discouragement. What is it?

Well, first of all, it is the chief care of a good teacher to establish a strong bond of personal liking, a truly affectionate sympathy, with each member of a class. This cannot be, save by a suitable adaptation of the teacher's work to the peculiarities and conditions of the scholars. A great mistake is made in aiming to give a class a sort of text-book drill, teaching intellectually certain facts of history, or some form of doctrine, and making the study of the Bible seem to be dry and uninteresting. Let the teacher who becomes discouraged in this line try another. Infuse a hearty and enthusiastic spirit into the class by questions written down, and to be answered next Lord's Day, and by illustrations, easy and familiar, that make the Bible a book full of charm and attraction, and there will be a change.

My advice to the first teacher was to this effect. Write out a few questions for the girls whose mother appears to be indifferent, and tell them that their mother will aid them in preparing the answers. The experiment was successful beyond expectation, for the mother gladly rendered the service asked, and an interest awakened in behalf of her own daughters, led her, not long after, to become herself a teacher. With respect to the three thoughtless girls my advice was to have them meet their teacher at her home, where she could talk with them and pray with them. She followed the suggestion, and not a great while afterward, these once light-hearted and giddy girls were converted, and dedicated themselves to Christ. Then discouragement immediately vanished, and joy and thanksgiving reigned instead.

The gentleman discouraged because his boys were irregular in attendance, was advised to visit them at their homes, to carry thither the freedom of social conversation, and, as far as possible, find out all about their personal tastes and personal bearings of the boys whose welfare he sought. It was not long before good results followed. The boys became friends of their teacher, they praised him to other boys, and so were moved by their personal attachment, not only to be regular themselves in attending their school, but they soon doubled the members of their class. They had come to feel their teacher's heart, to admire his manliness, to respect his unaffected piety; and they were made to be, in fact, new scholars under their teachers' new method.

Still, after all, there will remain discouragements for the best teachers. They should, in a sense, be expected. No one can enter upon the work of winning souls without meeting some and often grievous disappointments. The old Adam was too strong for young Melancthon. Resistance to the truth as it is in Jesus is natural. It can be overcome only by patient diligence, and the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, in answer to fervent prayer. Care, however, should be taken not to let disappointment harden into discouragement. Work for Christ always tells. The fruit may not be seen at once, and even the blossoming may be long withheld; still, it is the law of the kingdom, that we shall reap if we faint not. Be strong in the Lord, O teacher! and in the power of His might; God's promise will not fail you. Nothing is more certain to live, than the incorruptible seed of the word which Thou art sowing.—*S. S. Times.*

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How can we make an inventory
Of what a mortal man is worth?
The sunshine of his earthly glory
May be eclipsed upon this earth?

And wealth heaped high in golden
splendor,
Is nothing more than yellow dust;
Which every holder must surrender,
In wealth alone, then who can trust?

Is the proud statesman's reputation,
When weighed in the eternal scales,
(Forgotten in a generation,
Valued with mortal's best avails?)

True worth is measured by affection,
Not by the prices placed on gold?
True love that points in the direction
Where love is pure and manifold?

What is he worth? What is he doing
To educate and run the race?
Is he the weal of man pursuing?
Lighting a little heaven in space?

Has he in noble deeds invested
The earnest labor of his time,
And fought the ills to be detested
With truth and hope and faith sublime?

Does he give for the good of others,
To make them better here on earth?
Our fellowmen—we all are brothers—
May give a verdict of his worth.

He's worth more than the richest treasure
Of that high prince or kingly heir;
Who only lives for his own pleasure,
He is a moral millionaire!
—*Rocky Mount Mail.*

A SENSIBLE ANIMAL.

Here is an anecdote with a sharp moral that comes to us all the way from Australia. "Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmacum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whiskey bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it, and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up in my face as for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the cupboard for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass, to get outside." So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinite surpassing foolish, drinking men.—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

"Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain."

The trouble with much of the religious life of to-day is that it is allowed to rust and stiffen from disuse. If a Christian expects to have a religion that is worth any thing he must use it daily. A great many hang up religion as they do a coat in a closet six days in the week, then take it down and give it a nice airing and brushing and wear it on Sunday. But such religion won't rust. An engine that is idle soon wears; a house unoccupied and uncared for soon goes to ruin. The only thing that will keep religion bright is the friction of constant use. "If," said Paganini, "I let a day go by without touching my violin, I immediately am aware of it; if I let two days elapse, it is the public who are aware of it." Everybody who heard Rubenstein when he was in this city marvelled greatly at his wonderful execution. The secret of it all lies in two words—constant practice. He kept in his room a small portable key-board, having neither wires nor hammers, and which emitted no sound. Upon this key-board he practiced constantly. Whether on the steamer crossing the ocean, or in the cars, or traveling by stage coach, the practice of the noiseless key-board was kept up with unceasing regularity. This is just what we want in the religious life,—a daily, unceasing practice of the life and doctrine of Christ in our lives wherever we are. In no other way can religion be made a living force. Let a Christian put aside religious thought and work for even a day, and like Paganini he will be immediately aware of it; let a little longer period elapse and the world soon finds out that something is wrong.—*Church Union.*

STEP BY STEP.

Ministers of the gospel, laymen and the religious press all combined are striking many and heavy blows at the great Sins and the little ones are left alone.

But few men ever jump from the second floor to the first when there is a stairway the reason is obvious; he fears that such a leap would be fatal—he sees the end and knows that it would be pain. But he can walk down step by step unhurt. Men are not so free to indulge in what we call great sins because—well they see the end, yea, they feel it. So then they can indulge in the so-called little sins and the end is not so vividly present to them; and thus thousands are going to torment and eternal damnation,—step by step.

An exchange relates that a noted miser who felt obliged to make a present to a lady entered a crockery store for the purpose of making a purchase. Seeing a statuette broken into a dozen pieces, he asked the price. The salesman said it was worthless, but he could have it for the cost of packing in a box. He sent it to the lady with his card, congratulating himself that she would imagine it had been ruined while on its way home. He dropped in to see the effect. The tradesman had carefully wrapped each piece in a separate bit of paper.

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for gwine to a ball."