

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, October 31, 1877.

A RICH WIDOW.

King David loved and married a rich widow. He was hungry, and met her in the road with a large supply of bread and wine and grapes and figs. Of course he loved her. Even a dog licks the hand that feeds him kindly. And Abigail was a noble woman, worthy to rule in a royal heart. Anna was also a widow rich in faith. But we are thinking of a rich widow now living in North Carolina. She also prepares great dinners and invites—the hungry poor. On cold rainy days she keeps a pot of hot coffee on the fire, and when she sees a suffering traveler, she calls him in, seats him before a fire to dry his clothes, and refreshes him with a cup of coffee and a loaf of bread. She always has some smoking pies when her pastors, or any other preachers come, and they seldom fail to come when the opportunity is presented. She inquires among her neighbors and reads the papers to ascertain how she may do good with her money. A year ago some hungry orphans passed her door, while she was not at home, and she still regrets that they did not stop and let her come and feed them, as she had often done before. O what a treasure is such a woman! Her price is far above rubies. The gold of Ophir could not buy her from our people. And when the Lord shall take his treasure home (and we pray that He may spare her many days) the people will weep as they did when Dorcas died, and show the garments which she gave them and the alms which she so freely bestowed. But how came such a woman here? We raised her! Yes, she was a poor orphan girl, and some friends sent her to school, and she improved her opportunities and became an intelligent, industrious, and economical woman. She became also the wife of a good business man, and they accumulated a large estate. Death made her a widow, and the Lord appointed her one of his stewards to do good on the earth. We could name many such women in our noble State, and generally they are the mothers of our most useful men. Let us then take all our little girls, your little daughters, your neighbors' little daughters, and the little daughters of the dead, and train them to walk in the paths of purity and usefulness, so that they will do good and not evil all the days of their lives. They may be poor, and their poverty may help to prepare them for the duties and trials of life. But let us try to leave them an inheritance which will one day make them rich in wisdom and grace, rich in grateful love and good works on the earth.

The Methodist District Conference last summer consumed all the chickens in the community, and now the time draweth nigh when the Baptist State Convention will convene and ducks are in great demand.—*Durham Tobacco Plant.*

Well, be sure to have them fat; for a lean duck is about equal to the elbow of a stove-pipe.

"TURNER'S ALMANAC."

Thanks to Mr. J. H. Enniss for a copy of his new Almanac for 1878. As usual it is brimful of information concerning every thing in the world—except the Orphan Asylum, the very subject in which the people are deeply interested.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Some years ago a man of large wealth gave a hundred dollars to erect the building now known as the Orphan Asylum. A few years later that man was dead, his wife was dead, his property was gone, and his little boy was an inmate of the very house his father helped to build. We taught him as well as we could, and now he is honorably employed.

Another case: A good citizen had been active in his efforts to collect and forward contributions to the Orphan Asylum. We had not heard from him in several months; but did not know the cause. Just now comes an application for the admission of his little son. The father is dead. The son is an orphan. We gladly open the door.

Can any man ponder these things and be sorry we have an Orphan Asylum? When we explained to the people of Shelby the plans of the Orphan Work, and some orphans went through their little exercises, Rev. Wade Hill arose and said: "Brethren, I have a great mind to shout; I am so glad we have an Orphan Asylum." And he was right.

QUARRELING BROTHERS.

Brother Knight (in the *Biblical Recorder*) boasts of proselyting Methodists, and accuses the circuit-rider of gathering up names for Conference, instead of souls for heaven. Brother Hardison replies (in the *Christian Advocate*) by charging brother Knight with slander, and declaring that he had a great revival and many Baptists for penitents. It may be that some Methodists ought to join other churches, and that some Baptists ought to be "penitents at the altar;" but is it wise for the preachers to publish such things in anger? If the Baptists and Methodists will appoint us Presiding Elder for a short time, we will send these brethren to a field in which all their time will be required to fight the Devil, and he will give them such a hard time that they will be glad of a chance to "love one another."

TEACHER EMPLOYED.

The Superintendent finds himself unable to answer separately all the letters received from ladies proposing to come to the Orphan Asylum. Many of them are known to be excellent workers, and equal to any ordinary responsibility. Some are members of the denominations already represented. Some propose on account of defective preparation or inadequate experience to work for less than the salary named. The salary is fixed by the Grand Lodge and the Superintendent is trying to secure the most efficient worker for the money offered. But a teacher has been employed. Hereafter there may be vacancies and the way will be open to some who are necessarily disappointed now.

The address of Dr. Craven before the Agricultural Society on Thursday evening, was in every essential particular a decided success. It was practical, instructive, and elicited the deepest interest on the part of the large and intelligent audience.—*Raleigh Christian Advocate.*

Yes, and an old gentleman, who is both a preacher and a farmer, sat in front of him fast asleep during the delivery of the entire address. It may be that on the next Sunday he reproved some drowsy brother for closing his weary eyes and nodding at the gospel.

Efforts are being made in Virginia to raise funds for a monument to Dr. James A. Duncan.—*Etc.*

Yes, Randolph Macon College was heavy on the heart of Dr. Duncan. He was President, Professor and Agent, and the burden of life was too great. He suffered for sympathy while alive. Now he is dead, and they say he was a noble hero, and talk about a monument. Why not complete the work over which his heart was broken? It is too late to save the life of its president; but it is not too late to endow the College.

We feel a profound respect for discriminating praise and courteous criticism. From the *Roanoke News*, we copy the following:

Our Fair is over, and as to numbers it was all we could ask. But in one respect it was not what we expected. Agricultural Hall, evinced a want of enterprise on the part of our farmers we regretted to witness. The articles exhibited we learn from competent judges were equal to anything shown at Raleigh or elsewhere. But the department was not full. Now there must be some cause, or else our farmers would have had more articles present. With diffidence we make the suggestion uttered by Gov. Vance: Too much horse racing is fatal to agricultural Fairs. This is a matter, the next Executive Committee may take under consideration. We know the importance of encouraging the raising of fine horses; but that is not the only end and aim of Fairs.



Sometimes the mothers of the half orphans are very troublesome, being unable to help their children, and unwilling to allow others to guide them. Then again they are grateful. Here are some extracts from a letter from a mother to her son about to start home:

MY DEAR L.—I now send you the money to come home. I will send you three dollars—you said you could come with that. I would have sent you more, but money is very scarce with me at this time. I hope you will have no difficulty in coming with the amount I send. You should be very careful and not be passing from one coach to another when the cars are running, as it is very dangerous. Bring your trunk with you when you come. Write and let me know what day you are coming. I hope you are a good boy, and obeyed all your kind teachers and friends since you have been at school. May the Lord bless them is the prayer of your true and devoted mother, for I love and thank them all for what they have done for you. I hope the Lord will repay them ten fold, and I know he will, for he has told us in his blessed word, "As you did it unto the least of these little ones, ye did it unto me," and they have done a great deal for you and myself in teaching and training you in the way you should go, for which I feel very grateful, and hope you do. You should, for it is better than giving you money or clothes; for when they are gone yet your learning remains. Give my love to your Grandma, and tell her I send many thanks to her for her kindness to you during your absence from me. May the Lord bless her. Give my regards to Mr. Mills with many thanks.

Your devoted mother,
M. E. R.

When the boy arrived at home he wrote as follows:

OCTOBER 16, 1877.

MR. MILLS—Dear Sir:—I reached home safely this morning. When we reached Henderson yesterday it was an hour before the train came. Mother and sister send their love to you and Grandma, and all the teachers. Mother met me at the train this morning. When we reached Raleigh we went on the omnibus to the National Hotel, and stayed there until half past three o'clock at night. Mother and sister thank you for the trouble you have taken in training me in the way I should go. I intend to try to take your advice. May the Lord bless you is the prayer of your little friend. Write soon. Yours truly,
L. F. R.

SEABOARD, N. C.

J. H. MILLS, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—I have commenced traveling for the benefit of the orphans, or at least to exhibit my Lantern, and give them one half of all I take in. I do not do this to avoid taxes, as they would only be \$50 for one year. But I pay promptly to every Lodge in the places I show one half the proceeds, and take their receipt. I have left \$3, subject to your order, with the Lodge (King Solomon's, No. 56) which will be forwarded to you. Hoping that I may be successful enough to give you a great deal, I remain, most respectfully,
PROF. W. C. BERNARD.

HOW KNOW THE WILL OF GOD.

1. To know the will of God, I must be sure to have no will of my own. This is of great importance. "The meek will He guide in judgement; the meek He will teach His way."

2. God reveals His will through the Spirit, and this is in connection with the written Word. It is usually a revelation of principles, by which our way is guided. Some make a great deal of "impressions," but there is great danger of error. The principles of scriptural truth are sure and safe.

3. Providential circumstances indicate God's will. But these must be brought to the Word of God, and not the Word to the circumstances. If my lungs should be very weak, that circumstance, so far forth, would indicate that God did not wish me to use my voice in preaching, for I should be physically unfitted.

4. Add fervent prayer for guidance.

5. I am, then, to use my own best knowledge. Guided by these general principles, for forty-eight years I have never been obliged to retrace my steps. Sometimes I have laid on my face for hours in prayer to God, waiting for the revelation of His will. Sometimes I have waited six months before it seemed quite plain; but sometimes the way was clear in an hour, or less even. God is the same now as when Elijah lived. The great want of the Church today is a realization of this fact.—*Rev. George Muller, in Church Union.*

WINTER APPLES.

When you are tempted to reprove sharply a dull boy, who is really trying to do what you bid him, just go by yourself and try to write a page with your left hand. Then as one has said, "remember that a child is all left hand." The lesson will be a good one for you and I hope for him.

The dull children who develop slowly, are often the most brilliant in later life. Sir Joshua Reynolds' early attempts at drawing gave no promise of his future greatness. One of his early sketches is still preserved, under which his father has written in his vexation, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness."

So too Carracci, the noted painter, met with little encouragement from his early masters. Two of them successively advised him to be content to grind colors, for that he ought not otherwise to meddle with them. Another warm artist friend in very charity urged him to change his trade.

Another distinguished painter, named Domenichino, was so dull and heavy in his youth, that fellow students named him "The great ox."

Goldsmith passed out of the college gates "last on the lists," the jest and derision of all. Years later that same college was proud to set up over its gate a statue to his honor. Alas, "poor Goldie"

could never know the later honors bestowed upon his name! It was not until he was thirty that his particular literary taste was developed, or that he felt any marked fondness for belles-letters or poetry.

Isaac Barrow's father was so distressed at his dullness, that he used to say if it pleased God to take any of his children he prayed it might be Isaac, as the least promising. We do not know whether his father lived to see the high honors bestowed upon him by the king, who made him his chaplain after he had been for six years a distinguished professor of Cambridge, the predecessor of the great Sir Isaac Newton.

Sheridan's mother was almost in despair over her "impenetrable dunce of a boy." He was fortunate in being at length placed in the hands of a tutor who discovered the latent genius of the lad, and largely helped to develop it.

There are many minds like winter apples, slow to ripen, but most rich and juicy when matured. Don't too soon condemn your child to the fate of a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water" until you have fully learned his capabilities. But look out for the precocious lad of whom you are so proud. In all probability, if he lives, he will astonish the world mainly by his dullness and uselessness in his mature years.—*The Family Journal.*

OUT OF THE CLASS.

The substance of a conversation between a little girl and her mother, having passed under our notice, is here recorded for the practical study of any whom it may concern:

"Ma, I don't like my Sunday-school teacher."

"Why, my dear? What has she done?"

"Done! She don't care for me out of the class."

"What evidence have you for thinking or feeling so?"

"Why, last evening while passing up street she didn't as much as notice me. I don't like her, and I ain't going to her class any more."

"Oh, my child, you must not have any such thoughts of Mrs.—. She meant no harm. She did not see you, I suppose."

"Yes, she did. For Lilla—the banker's daughter, and Carrie—the merchant's child, stood close by, and she greeted them."

"No, no, it can't be. She is a kind and well-meaning woman. Just you go to school on Sunday and you will find her all right."

"I ain't going. She is proud and partial. I don't like her any more."

Moral: Teachers, pay proper attention and regard to your scholars out of school, as well as in the class.—*S. S. Monthly.*

In dealing with imperishable jewels, which might make resplendent our crown of rejoicing forever, how often do we work at hap-hazard, 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.—*Central Protestant.*