

The Orphans' Friend.

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AUTUMN.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight elys
The days as through the sunset gates they
crowd,
And Summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble fields and
moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bow-
er,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.
The wind, whose tender whisper in the May,
Set all the young blooms listening through
the grove,
Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-day,
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.
The rose has taken off her tire of red—
The mullen stalk its yellow stars have lost.
And the proud meadow pink hangs down her
head
Against earth's chilly bosom, witched with
frost.
The robin that was busy all the June,
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tone,
Has given place to the brown cricket now.
The very cock crows lonesomely at morn—
Each fag and fern the shuddering stream dis-
cides—
Uneasy cuckle low, and larks forlorn,
Creep to their strawy sheds with noisier
sides.
Shut up the door; who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle, and his story book,
And live with me the poetry of Spring.
Selected.

APPRECIATION.

In the common or general sense, how rare is this gift! "A finely appreciated nature!" one sometimes hears, spoken of with that emphasis and in that tone, that immediately the mind pictures a being superior to those who form the crowd through which a path is cleared, to press forward in life's daily run—a being whose tangible presence we do not stop to paint, but whose mind and heart, with all their subtle refinements and sensibilities, resolve themselves into an atmosphere—if it may be so expressed—that to us becomes the actual: which, unseen, we honor, admire, love. If it were given to man to possess to an extent far greater than now is, that rare quality that feels, intuitively; comprehends, when unexplained; in short, simply appreciates circumstance and character, the course of this world would run more smoothly than the wise heads say it does: for half the social and domestic disturbances arise, not from any desire to have them—as both charity and common sense assert to the contrary—but from a general misunderstanding of the disposition and tastes of those with whom we associate. Starting together at the daybreak of life, alas! how often does it appear at eventide, that we have journeyed through the long hours side by side, seemingly one, but verily as widely separated in common sympathy and true knowledge of the inner self, with its myriad lacings of tender thought and feeling, as those points in the horizon where the King of Day arose and passed to rest. And how many a righteous deed has utterly failed of accomplishing its object, or worse, been misconstrued into that which was mean and selfish, from a total absence of appreciation of the fine, noble motive which actuated it.

In that sermon of sermons that lies as an engraved tablet on every human heart, is the warning—"Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest

they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Who has not felt the wisdom of this forcible admonition some day in life! Perhaps it was in that terrible financial crisis, when you had struggled hard and long and faithfully to maintain your ground in honor, but being pushed to the uttermost, the tempter whispered in your ear an easy way of escape, and you, at first scorning the thought of resorting to unlawful means, yet palsied with fear at the steadily-approaching doom, became crazed, then dulled, and stretching forth your hand, accepted the enemy's offer! No sooner was the deed accomplished, than conscience aroused from her slumbers, and you, in terror, sought counsel from one whom both heart and judgment approved as worthy; laying all before him, struggle, fall, remorse, with the frank trustfulness of a noble nature instantly repentant of the wrong to which a saint had been liable. And that being, whom you chose apart from all on earth, to seek in the hour of your extremity, (an act which ever bespeaks a volume of confidence and affection,) shut up his "bowels of compassion," and like a thunderbolt, fell upon your ears his refusal of the aid you awaited, lest justice be defrauded of her right! Law was appeased, and your sky blackened for life. Your pearl of trust had been cast, and your heart rent in twain!

Or it may have been in that season of disappointed ambitious hopes, when your pen, or your voice, or your brush, whose skill you had dreamed would charm the world, brought back, instead of the clear trumpet-sound of praise, only the critics' chilling blasts, that well-nigh crushed your spirit. It was nothing to the passing crowd, but to you it was light or darkness! It seemed that it would lessen the burden to tell it all to that human friend, of whose ready sympathy you felt assured, and you were not deceived, for it was freely given.

But, by-and-by, seeing you still depressed, and not appreciating that strange nature that is really more content in walking under a lonely shadow, than in the careless sunlight, he tempted you forth for diversion, chatted gaily on themes less than uninteresting, and now and then managed to hit the one sore subject from afar, with a dart of wit or satire. It was well intended, deeming it would cure your wound to "make light of it." But you felt a sting that you did not avow; slowly crept within yourself again, and closed the door of confidence forever. In the Autumn when she passed away, she in whom centred the light of your life, all that your fancy could picture of the "majesty of loveliness," the earth suddenly passed under a cloud from which it seemed it would never emerge, and living was a strange effort which you had never been conscious of before. You strove faithfully to be brave and cheerful and bear the grief alone, and you laid the precious memories in your silent heart, and went on with the toiling:—for it was all toil then, even the singing that you did, just for

the others' sakes, that they might be happy in thinking you were. So the days wore on, you did not speak of her, nor weep as you did at first, so they thought you had forgotten, and dared—as they would not once—to call her name as carelessly as if she had been upstairs; to date life's common events from the time of her departure; to recall her little ways and sayings to amuse those who loved her not—because they knew her not. You were of one household, so the pearls of your sorrow might not be hid from view, and, alas! for the rending caused by these steppings on your heart's grave.

But, ye true, noble, but keenly sensitive souls, who meet these rebuffs, feel these stings, and oft-times are sickened with the sense of isolation that follows—be charitable, for there is less intention to wound than you at the moment suppose; ignorance may be mistaken for malice, dullness for meanness. To be misunderstood is a constant pain, but the capacity for appreciating the finest qualities of the human heart and mind, is a gift God has not bestowed on all of His creatures. Let those who have this subtle fibre, be grateful, for it is a rich possession, and to those less favored, show a broad compassion. They understand only their own, while you are at home with all—the greater embracing the lesser. A pilgrim upon the mountain sees not alone the landscape of the summit, but that of the plain below; while he in the valley is denied the beauty of the height. And yet there must be those to traverse both hill and vale—and it is well.—E. M., in *Pinckney's School Gazette*.

MORNING CALL OF THE BIRDS.

We once went to look at a quartz mine in Tuolumne county Cal. We were the guest of a man who had followed mining in that county, and who had lived in the same cabin for more than twenty years. He was his own cook, and generally had no company except his books, his dogs and the birds in the neighborhood. He had a little garden where he raised his vegetables, and where he had flowers enough to supply a first-class wedding or funeral. To meet the stage at Tutletown, a couple of miles distant, it was necessary to get up at 3 A. M. While going over the trail, between the cabin and the hamlet, the miracle of the dawn was performed. It was a June morning, and we commenced the journey the foliage of the hills was all dark and the stars above were bright as diamonds. But in a little while some warm rays began to bend over the hills from the east, the green and the scarlet of the hills began to take color, and the far-off stars grew less bright in their stately processions. And then the mountains commenced to grow resonant with the voices which they held, and which awakened to hail the approaching day. Then our sententious companion as though kindled by the same influence, opened his lip. He was answering the call of the birds, and his words ran something like this: "Chirp, chirp, O my martin

(the swallows grand mother); as usual, you are up first, the first to say good morning, the first to hail the beautiful coming day. Ah, there you are, whistling, my lovely quail, you beautiful cockaded glory; and now my morning-bird, you brown rascal with a flat nose, where do you get all your voices? Heigh, ho, you are up, Mr. Jacob (wood-pecker), up to see if Mrs. Jacob is not stealing acorns this morning, you old miser of the woods, with your black and white clothes and your thrift, which is worse than a Chinaman's; and now my morning dove has commenced his daily drone, growling because breakfast is not ready, I suppose. At last you have wakened up Mrs. Lark; a nice bird you are to claim to be an early riser, but you hear a cherry voice, nevertheless. There comes a curlew's cry from the river's shore, and now you are all awake and singing, you noisy chatterers; and, finally, old night raiding owl, you are saying 'Good night', this morning, you burglar of the woods." With such talk he went on for half an hour; and many a time since have we wondered if by himself, in the great hills and beneath the great pines, with his books and dogs for company, and with him the chorus of innumerable birds for his daily entertainment—whether after all, he was not as happy as though among men he was struggling for money or for fame.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels passed through the streets of a sleeping city side by side, their arms lovingly entwined. One had a shining light about his head which lit up his radiant countenance; the other seemed to have a veil over his face, so thin that it was like a mist, yet thick enough to make his face a mystery. "Brother," said the angel with the veiled countenance, "brother, it is long since we met, how fares it with you?" "All is well with me, but your voice has a sigh in it, what grieves you, brother?" "Only this, that wherever I go, there is a sound of weeping. Mothers wail when I fold their little ones in my arms—children weep when their mother rests her weary head on my bosom—sisters mourn when I release their brother from pain. If I might unveil my face, do you think they would fear me so much?" As he spoke he raised the veil, revealing a face wonderfully like his fellow-angel, but a pensive expression instead of a joyous one. A tender smile beamed from his companion's face. "Azrael, no twin brothers were ever more alike than we are. Hereafter we shall not be known one from the other, but the Master wills that you shall be a mystery so long as we walk this earth." "Shall we be alike when our task is done?" "There shall be no more death. Yet angels cannot die. A little patience, dear Azrael." "And I shall be like you?" said Azrael, musingly; "then I am content to be unknown while on earth, if I shall be like you in

heaven, for I love you, my brother."

"And I you; be of good cheer, brother, we are never far apart on earth, and shall be forever together in heaven."

And the Angels of Life and Death kissed each other as they passed on their way.—*Leisure Hours*.

ECCENTRIC PREACHING.

He is the great preacher who makes his audience see and feel the truth about which he discourses. Judged by this rule, Billy Dawson, an eccentric English preacher, deserves to be ranked high among the most effective pulpit orators:

On one occasion he was preaching about Noah's ark. He was boxed up in a pulpit, and as he warmed to his subject he found he had no room to suit his actions to his words and feelings, so he said, "This won't do."

So he opened the door and came down to the foot of the building, and, as if he had been actually at work on the building of the ark, he began to lay about him, cutting down trees and sawing up planks, and then began hammering away until he had made the ark, and then warning the people that the flood was coming, he entreated them to come into the ark.

He next lighted a fire, took an imaginary caldron of pitch, and, to complete the work, pitched it thoroughly all over, and then ascended the pulpit, banged the door to, and then looked at his audience, said, in a solemn voice: "And the Lord shut him in!"

The people seemed positively alarmed, while Billy Dawson went on shouting: "It's too late now! It's too late now: the flood's come and you are all lost!" And then basing his discourse on the scene, he preached the Savior and His salvation with earnestness.

SCRAPS OF WISDOM.

A man of gladness seldom falls into madness.

All is but lip wisdom that needs experience.

For that thou canst do thyself, rely not on another.

He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

He that leaves certainty, and sticks to chance, when fools pipe, he may dance.

The brains of a fox will be of little service if you play with the paw of a lion.

It is a miserable sight to see a poor man proud, and a rich man avaricious.

The more women look in their mirrors, the less they look to their houses.

Gentility without ability, is worse than plain beggary.

It is ill to bring out of the flesh what is bred in the bone.

—The following is a true copy of a sign upon an academy for teaching in one of the Western States: "Freeman and Huggs, School Teachers. Freeman teaches the boys, and Huggs the girls."

—An Irish agricultural journal says that potatoes should be boiled in cold water.