

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, November 7, 1877.

OUR PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

In our last issue, and in the issue before the last, we published in full the complete and comprehensive Report made by our illustrious brethren, Speed, Walter, Barry, Patton and Reed, to the Grand Lodge of Mississippi. We sincerely admire the specimen of their work which they have exhibited. No one but a true craftsman can talk in their tongue. The mind must clearly apprehend, and the heart must fully embrace the language and spirit of Masonry, before the pen can write the following paragraphs:

"It needs no argument to convince any Mason, who is not dead to all his obligations, that Masonry has some higher and nobler mission than the mere conferring of degrees; that the work of the Lodge room has a greater scope than the repetition of ceremonies, be they ever so venerable with age or beautiful in sentiment; that the records of a Lodge which do not tell us of some good deeds performed, some acts of charity, done for charity's sake, are but the monuments of wasted hours, of vain pretensions, of solemn promises broken, of duties neglected.

We know of no nobler channel in which for a great and powerful Order, like ours, to display its usefulness and to illustrate its teachings, than in protecting, sheltering and fitting for an honorable station in this life and happiness in the life to come, the helpless orphans of our brethren."

Noble sentiments, expressed with beauty and force!

Now let us briefly review the main points of the Report, and see what lessons it teaches in regard to the management of our own work.

The Masons of Canada

have no Orphan Asylum. They furnish private aid to widows and orphans, and do this so liberally that only six orphans could be found who would prefer an Asylum. They say:

"Masonic schools are rendered unnecessary by the admirable public school organization which is in operation in the Province of Ontario, which embraces the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada."

Happy Grand Lodge! Fortunate widows and orphans! Their lines are fallen unto them in pleasant places. Still we suspect that if it were made some one's business to hunt through huts and hovels, many cases of deep distress would move the hearts and hands of our ice-bound brethren.

The Masons of Connecticut

expect to raise a hundred thousand dollars and then educate their orphans. These now alive must struggle on, as best they can, with ignorance and vice, in order that a magnificent fund may erect a splendid monument for the benefit of future generations. O that these brethren had been born a hundred years ago that orphans now living might enjoy their benefactions.

The Masons of England

have one institution for boys, one for girls, and another for aged Masons and widows. These are supported by voluntary contributions and by endowments. Their girls cost them \$15 a month. Their boys cost them \$25 a month. The endowments of these institutions amount to \$729,000, and the large income of the Grand Lodge of England will continue to increase it. But England is a populous Island, and is enriched by possessions in America, Europe, Asia, Africa and the islands of several oceans. Her people have enriched themselves by foreign conquests, while her own soil has been for many years free from any military invasion. We can rejoice in her prosperity and in her noble charities; but for the present we must be content with feeble imitations of her magnificent benevolent operations.

The Masons of Illinois

are trying, by Grand Lodge appropriations, by requiring \$3 additional to Lodge dues, and 25 cents from each Mason in the State, to raise twenty thousand dollars, with which to begin the work of an Orphan Asylum.

The Masons of Kentucky

have a "Widows' and Orphans' Home." Its endowment yields \$10,000 a year, and each of its 128 inmates costs nine dollars a month. A tornado destroyed one wing of their building, which our blue-grass brethren are now raising

funds to restore. Nature has made Kentucky rich, and during the late war which impoverished so many States, her people made lucrative contracts with both parties, and her soil suffered but little from hostile invasion. She is therefore able to be generous to her widows and orphans.

The Masons of Missouri have given away their "Masonic Orphans' College," because it cost four times as much to educate a boy there as at other good schools in the state. "Something rotten," &c.

The Masons of Nebraska have agreed that each shall pay fifty cents a year to educate Masonic Orphans.

The Masons of Scotland are trying, by voluntary contributions, to found a "Royal Scottish Masonic Benevolent Institution." It will take a robust baby to carry such a name; but they are almost unanimous for final perseverance, and will probably succeed.

The Masons of Ireland, yes, poor, down-trodden, plague-stricken Ireland, have a school for orphan boys, and another for orphan girls. And both are supported by voluntary contributions.

Our Mississippi brethren thus dispose of us:

North Carolina—This Grand Lodge formerly appropriated \$2,000 each year for the support of two Orphan Asylums, one at Oxford and the other at Asheville. At its last Communication the latter was united with the former, and the annual appropriation continued. From Bro. J. H. Mills, the Superintendent, we learn that the two institutions have fed, clothed and instructed 145 orphans, taken from the most needy in the State. A weekly paper is printed at the institution at Oxford, called *The Orphans' Friend*, from a copy of which and a letter from the Superintendent, it appears the revenue, beyond the annual appropriation by the Grand Lodge, is derived from that fearfully precarious source—popular subscriptions, generally sent through committees of Subordinate Lodges. This institution is a "temporary school"—not "a home"—where children from six to twelve are received, to be discharged at fourteen. The object is to furnish "a fair English education." The female children are found homes in families, and the boys go to trades on being discharged. An effort is being made by the Grand Lodge to raise an endowment fund by popular subscription, and Orphans' Aid Societies are recommended to be formed all over the State to aid in its accomplishment, and it is proposed to ask the Legislature to make an appropriation.

So our plan is condemned as "fearfully precarious." Well, it is true that our endowment is next to nothing, that we have no Orphan Aid Societies in operation, and there is no present probability that the Legislature will ever assist the orphans. But it is also true that for five years one hundred and twenty orphans (this being the average number) have been fed, clothed and taught on these same "fearfully precarious" voluntary contributions. Their food and clothing have kept them in excellent health, and their instruction has been such that many parents have applied for permission to send their own children, and proposed to pay a liberal price for board and tuition. And this has been done without any collector or paid agent in the field. And we have been doing this, while our Mississippi brethren have been disregarding the appeals of orphans now growing up in ignorance and degradation, and have been devising plans to erect a splendid and costly Orphan House for children belonging to some distant future generation. They admit that every Mason now alive will rap at the door of the grave, appear before the Supreme Grand Master, and receive the last sublime degree, before their institution will be ready to open its doors. They help not their own generation, nor do good to those whose necessities they see and know; but they strain every nerve to raise a great fund that others may invest it and use its income as they will. O how "fearfully precarious" have all such investments been found! How many Lodges, churches, colleges and individuals have lost their accumulations! How often do riches unexpectedly wing their everlasting flight! When the Lord appoints us his stewards on the earth and fills our baskets with his blessings, shall we withhold necessities from those who suffer around us, in order to lay up endowments for

others as yet unborn, and who may enjoy such bounties as to make our offerings (even if preserved so long) appear really insignificant? Let us rather take our little orphan boys and girls and train them to be wise and virtuous men and women, and hand them down as our noblest and best legacy to future generations. So shall we do our duty to our own generation, and generations yet to come will honor our precepts, and imitate our examples.

JUDGE MCKOY AND THE KNIFE

Judge McKoy, while holding court in Oxford, visited the Orphan Asylum and related to the children an incident of his youth. He was a solitary Calhoun-boy at school, while his nine little fellows were all Jackson-boys. A gentleman came along and announced his purpose to present a new knife to every "Jackson-boy." He saw the boys receive their glittering presents, and a strong temptation was placed before him. But he determined not to sell his principles at any price, and he turned away, though the tears were in his eyes. The kind-hearted gentleman was moved by his manly integrity, and called him to receive a knife, not for his politics, but as a reward for his honesty. "And to this day," added the Judge "when tempted to do wrong for gain, I think of the knife and believe that there is a Providence guiding the affairs of earth and rightly rewarding all who resist the temptation to sell their principles."

"Do right under all circumstances and your reward will surely come."

UNPROTECTED ORPHANS.

While we were in Onslow, we heard of a little girl bound out at Kinston, and so cruelly treated that outsiders interfered. She was then sent to Onslow, and remains there still in cruel bondage. The Orphan Asylum was opened for just such children; but she is not allowed to come. The *Hendersonville Courier* gives another similar case:

"A most horrible affair has come to light in Polk county. Early last summer a little orphan girl was taken in charge by Thomas Allen, who lives near Tryon, in the county of Polk. Last Friday, D. Foster, Esq., an uncle of the child, was informed that Allen and his wife were brutally whipping the poor little wail. On learning this he immediately went to the house, and informing them of the reports he had heard, took the child to his home in Columbus. On the way she related to her uncle her heart rending story. She had been tortured and whipped in the most brutal manner, her hair pulled out of her head, and her legs skinned and bruised. She was often tied to a loom and whipped with a double rope, with pieces of timber, splits, etc., and time and again they threatened to kill her and secrete her body in a large hole near the house. She related that the woman was more brutal towards her than the man. Upon reaching his home, Mr. Foster had a physician, Dr. J. G. Waldrop, summoned, who examined the child and found her in a most critical condition. Her little body was a mass of bruises, and from the suffering, fear and excitement she had experienced the child was in a state of delirium. It will take the utmost care and attention to restore her."

A very large audience heard Mr. Ogburn's able sermon at the Orphan Asylum last Sunday evening. The preacher was equal to the occasion and impressed upon his hearers many thoughts which, we hope, will yield good fruit in time to come.

In a few days he will go to Conference at Winston, and thence to Buncombe, to name his baby boy; and after a season of rest, we hope to welcome him and his family to his present field of labor.

SOMETHING STRANGE.

The Lord once sent one of his preachers some meat and bread by some ravens, and these gluttonous birds fed the prophet for many days without plundering his food. In our day the Lord has sent bountiful crops to his deacons and stewards in order that they may feed his prophets and his orphans. Will they deliver in safety, or will they consume it by the way? We shall see.

During the last forty days the people have been gathering their crops, and have found themselves unequal to the task. The earth groans under the burden, and the barns are too small to receive that which the fields have produced. The Lord has surely sent some of these supplies to the orphans. He sends them by his stewards. Will they be delivered? Look at our list of contributions in this paper and see.

REMARKABLY MINUTE WRITING.

Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," records the following, among other instances of wonderfully minute writing:—Peter Bales, a celebrated calligrapher in the reign of Elizabeth, exhibited the whole Bible in an English walnut-shell no bigger than a hen's egg. The Harleian MSS., 530, gives the following account of it: "The nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." This "unreadable volume was seen by many thousands." Huet proved that the "Iliad" in a nutshell, which Pliny states Cicero to have seen, was by no means an impossibility; in fact, he demonstrated that it could be done. A piece of vellum about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and inclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line which can contain thirty verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as much—the whole 15,000 verses of the "Iliad." And this he proved by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if, on any occasion, paper should be excessively rare, it may be useful to know that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.—*Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

There is, in Watauga county, N. C., near the dwelling house of Frederick Shook, on Dutch Creek, a flourishing oak tree of vigorous growth, the leaves of which, when they first burst forth from the bud in the spring, are of a bright golden yellow color, and retain this color during their whole growth and maturity. In autumn, when the coming frost dyes the other leaves in the wavy brilliant hues, which give such wonderful beauty to the mountain side, the leaves on this remarkable tree begin at length to turn green, adopting as its own the fresh tint which is just departing from the others.—*Hickory Press*.

"What this country needs," says one of our ladies, "is a religion which will make a man feel that it is just as cold for his wife to get up and build the fire as it is for him."

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

The completed cycle of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, has brought us to the accustomed season at which a religious people celebrates with praise and thanksgiving the enduring mercy of Almighty God. This devout and public confession of the constant dependence of man upon the Divine favor for all the good gifts of life and health, and peace and happiness, so early in our history made the habit of our people, finds in the survey of the past year new grounds for its joyful and grateful manifestation.

In all the blessings which depend upon benignant seasons this has indeed been a memorable year. Over the wide territory of our country, with all its diversity of soil and climate and products, the earth has yielded a bountiful return to the labor of the husbandman. The health of the people has been blighted by no prevalent or wide spread diseases. No great disasters of shipwreck upon our coasts, or to our commerce on the seas have brought loss and hardship to merchants or mariners, and clouded the happiness of the community with sympathetic sorrow. In all that concerns our strength and peace and greatness as a nation; in all that touches the permanence and security of our government and the beneficent institutions on which it rests; in all that affects the character and dispositions of our people, and tests our capacity to enjoy and uphold the equal and free condition of society, now permanent and universal throughout the land, the experience of the last year is conspicuously marked by the protecting Providence of God, and is full of promise and hope for the coming generations.

Under a sense of these infinite obligations to the great Ruler of times and seasons and events, let us humbly ascribe it to our own faults and frailties if, in any degree, that perfect concord and happiness, peace and justice, which such great mercies should diffuse through the hearts and lives of our people, do not altogether and always and everywhere prevail. Let us with one spirit and with one voice lift up praise and thanksgiving to God for his manifold goodness to our land, his manifest care for our nation.

Now, therefore, I, Rutherford B. Hayes, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of National Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I earnestly recommend that, withdrawing themselves from secular cares and labors, the people of the United States do meet together on that day in their respective places of worship, there to give thanks and praise to Almighty God for his mercies, and to devoutly beseech their continuance.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord [L. S.] one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven, and of the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and second.

R. B. HAYES.

By the President:

WM. M. EVARTS, Secretary of State.

The farm which has been awarded the first prize of the English Royal Agricultural Society the present year, is occupied and managed by a woman, the widow of the former occupant. The family have now been tenants for thirty-six years. The condition of the farm was very highly spoken of by the judges, who declared that it was "like a great market garden." Its extent was two hundred and forty-two acres. The rotation was grass, potatoes on sod, wheat, barley or oats seeded to grass, which brought the course to the beginning again. Fifteen men and boys were constantly hired, and what is strange in these days of machines, not one of these—not even a threshing machine—is kept on the farm.—*New State*.

—Pat: "Mike, and is it yerself that can be after tellin' me how they make ice-creams?"
Mike: "I troth I can. Don't they bake them in cowl'd ovens, to be sure?"