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GATHERING MINT.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

How strange that even the sweet smell
Of herb or gathered flower
Steals o'er the senses, touching them
With such a subtle power
That all life's morning scene is new,
Where erst the plant or doweret grew.

This morn the cool air floated in,
Sweet with the scent of mint;
We close our eyes, and in the loam
We see the soft, fresh print
Of tiny feet; how white they gleam,
Set in the black loam of the stream!

The tinkling stream flows on as clear
As when, with feet half wet,
On stones that seemed so far apart,
Our shrinking feet were set.
A ready hand is at our side,
And firmer feet to gently guide.

The mullein's dust is on fair brows,
We laugh a sweet refrain
At merriment of him who wears
On the sun-brown cheek the stain
Of golden dust; he's robbed the bee
Of pollen, and t'ight merrily,

The light gleams over cheek and brow,
And flashes in those eyes;
And now in those clear depths we see
Only the shadow lies;
We watch them often, and they seem
Sullen and dark as Winter stream.

We bring our gathered thyme and mint,
Each brightest-colored stone,
And lay them in the lap of one
Who scarcely deigns to 'own
The gifts that in our small hands were
Precious as if of gold or myrrh.

The tiny 'lady' takes our gifts,
And queens it over all;
And still into her hands and lap
The best life holds doth fall,
The 'best' to her seems offering meet
To lie unnoticed at her feet.

The hands that won from the stream's bed
Its shining stones of old
Are larger; in the streams of life
They gather disks of gold;
But hearts that beat in childish play,
Have altered little since that day.

The boy who waited at the stream
With such a tender skill,
To guide 'the little ones' across,
Is just as helpful still;
At life's deep 'ford' his feet are set,
Helping 'the children' over yet.

The eyes that watch for timid souls
Are calm as any lake,
While just beneath, o'er slippery stones,
The foam-capped waters break.
God counts, and none but God alone,
The feet 'helped' over each wet stone.

And those who 'gave' and those who
'took'
But typed in childish play
The part that each is acting out,
In busy life to-day;
Helpful or selfish, each I deem,
Gathered treasure at "The Stream."
Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

"ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE."

—Psalms lxxxvii, 7.

When Moses led the Israelites up near the south bound of Canaan, the people were famishing for water. The arid desert furnished no springs of water to sate the thirst of man or beast. Little children crying for water! Water is their great desideratum. Old men and strong men are perishing with thirst, while the dry earth and sand beneath their feet, and the high towering red sandstone rocks, afford but little prospect of an immediate supply of the much-needed water-springs; and as the loving herd and bleating flocks are pressing on in pursuit of water, murmurings are heard in the camp. And God told Moses and Aaron to go and speak to the rock to furnish water; but Moses smote the rock, and an abundant supply of the much needed pure cold water gushed out of the rock, and all may now drink of the spring and eat of the manna which their great

leader supplies to all in that dry barren waste.

The God of the Israelites in the desert was the God of David, and He is the God of the Christian Church, and is leading his sacramental host through a spiritual desert to a home of plenty, and He feeds His people with bread from heaven, and of the Water of Life He gives them to drink in rich abundance. When the famishing child of God cries mightily to God in faith the fountains begin to flow—yes, streams break out in the desert for all who thirst for the living God.

Dear friend, are you a weary traveler through to the New Jerusalem?—and have you not been sorely tried and felt as though the moral heavens were brass over your head, and the earth hot iron beneath your feet, but when you called on God in faith He answered your prayer and encouraged you to trust in Jesus as your strong provider and sure protector? Has your character been assailed?—or have you lost a dear friend and one with whom you took sweet council?—have you suffered the loss of health or property?—then look to Jesus, whose ear is ever ready to hear your prayer, and He will be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Do you hunger or thirst?—He will give you an abundant supply, for the Rock that followed the Israelites in the desert follows you, and all your springs are in Him. Do you pant for the living God as the heart panteth for the cooling water brooks?—look to the Rock smitten for you, and drink of your spring in Him. When, like David, you feel weighed down under temptations, and the world is an arid desert before you, your friends forsake you, and there is nothing but darkness before you—look up through the cloud by faith in fervent prayer, and the threatening cloud will break in a shower of mercy and comfort on your head, and the waters of life will gush up in your soul and become "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." Weary traveler, have you lost your way in the desert, and lost your guide, and know not where to go or how to find relief?—turn to the smitten Rock, and you shall again plunge into the Fountain that was opened in the house of David, and find your way by your guide down in the valley where flows the River of Life, and on its banks grows the Tree of Life, whose fruit will be your food, and whose leaves will heal your heart-wanderings, and under whose shadow you will find protection from the storms of life.—*A. Crow, in Church Union.*

A GREEK WEDDING.

"I was fortunate enough to be in Patras on the occasion of a Greek wedding, which is an interesting and peculiar ceremony. Weddings amongst the Greeks are for the most part solemnized in the evening and at home, and from the nature of the rite must be very trying to the persons principally concerned. A small table is placed in the centre of the room, on one side of which stands the bride and bridegroom,

each holding a long lighted candle; on the opposite side the officiating priests. Behind the former the best man takes his place; he has an important part to fill in the ceremony, and is ranked as a relation from the time of the marriage. The room is, of course, brilliantly lighted, and the numerous guests throng as closely as they can toward the centre in order to gain the better view. Many prayers are chanted by the priests and assistants, unintelligible even to the ears of a classical scholar, with the exception of the often-repeated 'Kyrie eleison' which forms so prominent a part in almost every Greek service. There is very elaborate ritual—the signing bride and bridegroom on the forehead three times with the ring, the blessing two wreaths which are afterwards placed on their heads by the best man, and at the latter part of the rite, interchanged over and over again, the drinking of wine three times from the same cup, the kissing by both of the office book and of the priest's hand, who has made them one; and finally, the strongest part of the ceremony, when the clergy, closely followed by the bride and bridegroom hand in hand, the best man, and the nearest relations of the newly-married couple, make the tour of the table three times. This is said to be a relic of heathen days, while the drinking of wine from the same cup has continued from the Jews. When the ceremony, which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is over, and the young couple have been duly kissed and congratulated by their assembled friends, the festive part of the evening begins. Servants appear on the scene, carrying large trays heaped with bonbons, sugar plums, and artificial fruit of different sorts. These are presented to the guests, who are expected to help themselves liberally and to take to their friends at home as much as they care to carry. Cooling drinks of various kinds are also brought in never-ending supply; and the evening ends, sometimes with a ball, sometimes with the departure of bride and bridegroom for their own home.—*Standard.*

WHAT SOME WIVES DO.

"A man," says Rousseau, "is only what a woman makes him." This remark may be exaggerated, but that it contains enough of truth to give it vitality is attested by the biographies of great men. The wife of the late Dr. Buckland, the geologist, used to write from his dictations for hours at a time. She furnished many of the drawings with which his works are illustrated, and skillfully and dextrously mended many of the fossils. "For forty years," wrote Carlyle on the tombstone of his wife, "she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he ever did or attempted." The author of the "Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood, thus wrote to his wife: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever may befall me, the wife of my

bosom will have the acknowledgement of her tenderness, worth, and excellence, from my pen." A writer in *Cassell's Magazine* thus describes the aid given to her husband by the wife of the great Scotch philosopher:

"The wife of Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, was a true helper to her husband; indeed, it is more than probable that, without her, many of his best works would never have been written. When he was elected to the professorship some of his opponents declared publicly that he would never be able to fulfill the duties of his position, as he was nothing but a dreamer. He and his wife heard of this, and determined to prove it was not true. They therefore, arranged to work together. Sir William wrote out roughly, each day, the lecture that was to be given the next morning, and as he wrote, his wife copied it out; and again and again they sat up writing till far into the night. When Sir William was struck down with paralysis, the result of overwork, Lady Hamilton devoted herself entirely to him—wrote for him, read for him, and saved him in every way.—*Church Union.*

WONDERFUL DEXTERITY OF A GOAT.

Dr. Clarke relates that when he was traveling from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, his party fell in with an Arab who had a goat, which he led about the country for exhibition. He had taught this animal, while he accompanied its movements with a song, to mount upon little cylindrical blocks of wood, placed successively one above the other, and in shape resembling the dice-boxes of a backgammon table. In this manner the goat stood first upon the top of one cylinder, then upon the top of two, and afterward of three, four, five, and six, until it remained balanced upon the top of them all, elevated several feet from the ground, and with its four feet collected on a single point, without throwing down the disjointed fabric upon which it stood. Dr. Clarke adds that this feat is very ancient. It is also noticed by Sandys. Nothing can show more strikingly the tenacious footing possessed by this quadruped upon the jutting points and crags of rocks; and the circumstance of its ability to remain thus poised may render this exhibition less surprising. It is seen frequently in mountainous countries, standing securely, though with scarcely any place for its feet, upon the sides and by the brink of the most tremendous precipices. The diameter of the upper cylinder upon which its feet ultimately remained until the Arab had ended his duty, was only two inches, and the length of each cylinder was six inches. The most curious part of the performance occurred afterward; for the Arab, to convince Dr. Clarke's party of the goat's attention to his tune, interrupted the *da capo*. As often as he did this the goat tottered, appeared uneasy, and upon his master becoming suddenly silent in the middle of the song, fell to the ground.—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

WORLDLINESS.

From the beginning until now, "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." Therefore the Divine command is given: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." And then we have a reason for this requisition: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." But Christians live in the world, are surrounded by its influences and are consequently liable to be overtaken by it, and to become more or less subject to its power. It works quietly and almost imperceptibly upon individuals and churches, so that it accomplishes its purposes before its victims are conscious of its presence. Its progress and effects are well illustrated in the following paragraph, which we find in one of our exchanges:

"In Brazil there grows a common plant, which the forest-dwellers call 'murderer.' The slender stem creeps at first along the ground, but no sooner does it meet a vigorous tree than, with clinging grasp, it cleaves to it, and as it climbs, at short intervals, keeps sending out arm-like tendrils, that embrace the tree. As the 'murderer' ascends, these ligatures grow larger and clasp tighter. Up, up it climbs, a hundred feet, nay, two hundred if need be, until the loftiest spire is gained and fettered. Then, as if in triumph, the parasite (murderer) shoots a huge flowery head above the strangled summit, and thence from the dead tree's crown scatters its seeds to do again the work of death. Even thus worldliness has strangled more churches than ever persecution broke."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

THE WAY THE DUTCH DO.

The Department of State has received a report from our minister at the Hague, in which it is shown, as an illustration of the carefulness and steadiness of the Dutch, that there has not been a bank failure in Holland in forty years, and that the paper money in the banks during that time has been equal to gold. There is no such thing as the failure of a fire insurance company in Holland, and while the rate of insurance does not exceed one half of one per cent, the companies are flourishing. First class railroad fare is only one cent per mile, and yet the roads pay good dividends. Pilfering officials are rarely heard of. No free passes are granted. Dishonesty of any kind or failure in business means public dishonor. Four millions of people live within 20,000 square miles, and all appear happy and contented. The secret of their prosperity is that all live within their income and stick to industry and honesty.

What's the reason the people of this country cannot return to this happy and reasonable style of living.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

A blind mendicant, who perambulates New York streets, wears this inscription about his neck: "Don't be ashamed to give only a penny. I can't see."