

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, November 14, 1877.

THE ESCAPE OF A FRENCH MISSIONARY.

Early in the last century France occupied the mouth of the Mississippi, and her adventurous traders and colonists began to dot the shore with little settlements to connect the new colony of Louisiana with Illinois. Their history is full of romance. Let one adventure serve as a sample.

Doutreleau, a missionary in Illinois, needing supplies for his station in the wilderness, started in a flat-boat down the river, late in the fall, to meet the vessels from Europe. Day by day the oarsmen sped along, no human sound echoing to their strokes; the quick-growing cottonwood fringing the shores, save where occasionally a stretch of prairie would strike through, giving glimpses of buffalo and other game.

But the scene began to change, canes began to appear, they were nearing the lower river, and another day would bring them to Fort Rosalie, the French post among the Natchez Indians.

Deeming it impossible to make it in one day, and the day being Sunday, they ran ashore, and prepared to have divine service. The missionary and one of his boatmen arranged a rustic altar, and his other men, meanwhile, amused themselves shooting at wild fowl along the bank. The priest was at last ready, attired in his well-worn missionary vestments, borne many a weary mile through the wilderness.

The little group soon gathered before the altar, and the service was about to begin, when two Indian canoes ran into the shore. The fed men landed, and being hailed, replied: "Yazoos; friends of the French."

The voyageurs knelt down, and the service of the day began, the Indians kneeling behind. The priest had ended the preliminary prayers, and advanced to the altar to read the 'introit' from the missal, when a rattle of musketry broke upon the ear.

The Indians, with the stealthiness of the wild beasts of the desert, had covered the group with their rifles. The missionary turned and saw at a glance the whole story. Two of his companions lay prostrate, the rest were in flight, pursued by the Indians, who were endeavoring to cut off their escape.

He stooped to the fallen, and found that he himself was badly wounded in the arm. A glance showed him that the forms before him were beyond all human aid. Should he attempt to escape? A thrill of hope shot through him as he perceived that the fugitives, wily by long backwood practice, had not made, in the first instance, for their boat, which, fortunately, had been laid up out of sight. He rushed to it, and began, in spite of wounds, to launch it. He had, by the energy of despair, got it afloat, when his surviving men came up and sprang in.

They were off, but the Indians took to their canoes, and escape was apparently impossible. Two only could row, the rest were disabled; they were without arms or provisions, or means of getting them. The Indians gained; their war-whoops resounded nearer and nearer; their bullets whistled around the ears of the doomed Frenchmen. What was to be done?

Doutreleau suddenly bethought

him of an old musket, sent down the river for repairs. It was without a lock, but it might serve. Raising it to his shoulder, the missionary, still garbed as he had been at the altar, aimed at the head man in the pursuing canoe. The medicine-man of the French, armed, was no insignificant object to the red man; the canoe relaxed its speed. But again they rallied, and the small gain obtained by the French was almost lost when the same stratagem produced almost the same result. At last, toward night, they gave up the pursuit, in order to return and secure the booty. Night brought new terrors to the French. They were far from New Orleans. Was this an isolated act of violence, or had the Indians risen? A small piece of salt pork was their only resource against starvation.

Stealthily they paddled on during the night, and day found them near Natchez. The canoes that came off with braves, grotesquely decked in European finery, showed them that Fort Rosalie had fallen. The yells and war-cries gave them no hope, when a flat-boat, lighter and better than their own, floated by them. Securing this, they found in it arms and food. A few shots drove off the Natchez Indians, too sated with blood to pursue them, and they all, at last, reached New Orleans in safety, to learn the terrible story of the massacre at Fort Rosalie.—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

THE CHILD AT THE TOMB.

At Smyrna, the burial-ground of the Armenian like that of the Moslem, is removed a short distance from the town, is sprinkled with green trees and is a favorite resort, not only with the bereaved, but with those whose feelings are not thus darkly overcast. I met there one morning a little girl with a half-playful countenance, bluish blue eyes, and sunny locks, bearing in one hand a small cup of china, in the other a wreath of fresh flowers. Feeling a very natural curiosity to know what she could do with these bright things in a place that seemed to partake so much of sadness, I watched her light motions. Reaching a retired grave, covered with a plain marble slab, she emptied the seed (which it appears the cup contained) into the slight cavities which had been scooped out of the corners of the level tablet, and laid the wreath upon its pure face.

"And why," I inquired, "my sweet girl, do you put seeds in those little bowls thus?"

"It is to bring the birds here," she replied, with a half-wondering look; "they will alight on this tree," pointing to the cypres above, "when they have eaten the seed, and sing."

"To whom do they sing?" I asked; "to you or each other?"

"Oh, no!" she replied; "to my sister She sleeps here?"

"But your sister is dead."

"Oh, yes, sir! But she hears all the birds sing."

"Well, if she does hear the birds sing, she cannot see the wreath of flowers."

"But she knows I put it there, I told her, before they took her away from our house, that I would come and see her every morning."

"You must," I continued, "have loved that sister very much; but you will never talk with her any more—never see her again."

"Yes, sir," she replied, with a brightened look; "I shall see her

in heaven."

"But she has gone there already, I trust."

"No; she stops under this tree until they bring me here, and then we are going to heaven together."—*Granville Echo.*

WANTED TO GET ON THE JURY.

Presently the stillness of the courtroom was interrupted by the entrance of a man who came in with a shuffling, uneasy step, and with his hat in his hand. He halted and leaned against the railing. Nobody took the slightest notice of him, however. At last he took courage and spoke:

"Is the Judge in?"

The clerk immediately awoke his Honor.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I'm looking for a job, your Honor. I've been looking for work over a month."

"There's nothing for you here."

"I thought you occasionally gave jurymen a job. I don't read newspapers any, and being a stranger in town I haven't got any prejudices agin anybody. A pard of mine wrote down to me at Reno, last week, and said that the jury business up here was brisk and it would pay to come up. As I'm a stranger to you and a little hard up, I'll start in and serve for half price till you kin see what I kin do."

"What are your main qualifications?"

"My strong suit is in makin a jury agree. No juries ever get hung if I am on 'em. I just lay low till they take the first ballot, then jine the majority and argue the rest into it. I can discount any lawyer talking. I can show 'em up points they never tumbled to before. Sometimes I have to use force, but seldom. Once, down at Touckee, in a murder case, there were a couple of fellers standin' out again hangin', and after arguing with 'em as smooth and gentlemanly as I could for over a quarter of an hour, I went for 'em with chairs, and by the time I'd busted half a dozen pieces of furniture over 'em they was glad to come in with a verdict of 'Murder in the first degree,' and the feller was hung not long afterward. In these justice courts I can get on the jury, and if you'll just give a wink as to how you want the case to go, I'll guarantee to fetch in the verdict you want, or not take a cent."

The man was told to drop round again in a day or so and they would try and make a vacancy for him. In order to do it, however, some regular jurymen will probably have to be discharged.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

TRYING TO LOVE GOD.

"Your mistake, my dear sir, is simply this: You are trying to love God."

"Just so. I have been trying for long."

"And you have not yet succeeded?"

"Not yet; but I may come to it."

"Never, never, will you love God by trying."

"Why so? Is it not right to love him?"

"Most certainly it is; but you are going the wrong way about it. Do you try to love your wife and children?"

"Of course not; I simply love them."

"Well, don't you see that love cannot be forced? It is a simple, easy, natural thing. If it seems absurd to try and love your wife

and children, it is much more so to try and love God."

"What, then, am I to do?"

"First, give up all trying and turning into yourself. You will never find in yourself a ground or reason to love God."

"What next?"

"Why, then, you are sufficiently free to think of His love to you, not of yours to Him. We love Him, because he first loved us; not, 'We love Him, therefore He loves us.' Such is your blunder. You are putting your love to Him first, and then suppose He will love you because of your love to Him. This is a grand mistake from beginning to end. It is a very foolish and false thought, and is a fruitful source of distress to anxious souls."

"And does He really love me?"

"He does. I am not at all surprised at your question, it does seem so strange that He should love sinners, and love them, too, with such a love that He gave Himself for sinners, for us, for you, that you might live—be saved—and love Him for ever."

"O I feel as if I can't help loving Him!"

"Why?"

"Because I see now that He loved me—loved me when I was a sinner, and loved me in my sins and that before ever I had one moving of the heart toward Him."

"Ah! I see it is with you as it was with one who, like you, gave up all 'trying,' and broke out with, 'O Lord Jesus, I didn't know you were so good.'"

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A certain doctor, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven of them he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked taste for strong drink. In twelve there was frequent bleeding of the nose; ten had disturbed sleep; twelve had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days.

The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.

Now, this is no "old wife's tale," as these facts are given on the authority of the *British Medical Journal*.

"I'LL NO TRUST YE."

Two centuries ago the Highlanders of Scotland were very simple folks, honest and trustful to their friends and neighbors. To ask a note from a debtor would have been considered an insult, equivalent to saying, "I doubt your honor." The method of transacting money matters was as follows:

The parties stepped into the open air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witness. A mark was then carved upon some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of compact was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor.

When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by the innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom.

On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and made bold to ask from a gentleman of means named Stewart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stewart counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt and then offered it to Mr. Stewart.

"What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, eyeing the slip of paper.

"It's a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," said Sandy.

"Binding ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust yerself, I'm sure I'll no trust ye. Ye canna have my gold." And gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his eye on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons may refuse it ye; but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain a dead father's honor," cried the Celt. "They'll need compelling to do right, if this is the road ye're leading them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but ye'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his fear o' God."

DANGER OF SLEEPING IN THE MOON-LIGHT.

The evil consequences liable to result from exposure to a burning sun are only too well understood; but it is, perhaps, not so generally known that in many parts of the world, notably in India, there is a strong and very general prejudice against sleeping in full moonshine, as it is supposed to produce "moonstroke." An old Indian resident has recently been devoting his attention to the subject, and comes to the conclusion that any ill effects arising from sleeping in the moonlight are not due to any direct influence of the moon itself. His explanation of the origin of this prevalent belief in the baleful qualities of the Goddess of Night is very rational, and may be summarized thus: A clear sky admits of rapid radiation, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by rapid heat. There is reason to believe that, under the circumstances, paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequent loss of heat. The chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear and in full moon. The whole matter thus comes clear on this explanation. Prolonged exposure to cold is almost certain to produce headache, neuralgia, or even paralysis, owing to the retardation of the circulation, and these similar injuries have been attributed to the moon when the proximate cause may really have been the chill, which will always be the greatest on the very clear nights.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped." "I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked at me once, and I want to get square with him." He got his turkey.