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THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety-nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But a heedless sheep had gone astray,
In hunger and thirst and cold,
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and
nine,
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd answered, "This of
mine
Has wandered away from me,
And though the road be rugged and
steep,
I go to the mountain to find my
sheep."

Yet none of the ransom'd ever knew,
How deep were the waters cross'd,
How dark the night the Shepherd
passed through

To find the sheep that was lost.
Out on the mountain he heard its cry,
Faint and helpless and ready to die.
And all through the forest thunder-

ing,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a shout to the gate of
heaven:

"Rejoice, I have found my sheep,"
And the angels echoed around the
throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back
his own."

OUR BUTTER AND APPLES— WHAT WE LOSE.

Recently while in Raleigh I saw Northern butter selling for thirty-five cents per pound, and at the same time the best price that could be obtained for that shipped from our mountains was only eighteen cents. These are the prices that one of the leading grocers of that city assured me ruled in the city. Why the difference? It was simply in the preparation of it for market. Good butter is good butter anywhere in the world; and is well-known that as good butter can be made in the mountains of North Carolina as in any country on earth. But our people do not take the proper pains in putting their butter into a marketable condition; and the retail grocer cannot depend on always getting a good supply of an honest article for his trade in buying mountain butter. It is full of water, salt, and streaks of different colors, and qualities of so-called butter, and with other objectionable qualities. Northern dairymen send their butter to market in such a condition that as soon as you see the package you know exactly what you are getting even without running the sampler down through the mass to test it.

So with our apples. Western North Carolina can certainly compete fairly with any section of the country in the way of fine apples. Yet, even in less than one hundred miles of our mountains, the best of our dealers find it to their and their customers' interest to buy Northern apples. Why? The Northern grower picks with the hand every apple he barrels, and carefully sorts, so that when the package is opened the top fairly represents the whole. More than half the time our people shake off their fruit into the dirt and filth, and then throw into wagons and boxes as if handling ear-corn; and the consequence is when the apples reach our Eastern and Southern markets, the purchaser does not know how many faulty, bruised, and otherwise unsound apples he will find in the package, and so no wonder he prefers to pay the

Northern man a double price for his select fruit.

One apple man, Captain Neil, of Yancey county, who had on exhibition at the State Fair the finest apples I have ever seen anywhere—including even the great world's display, last year at the Centennial—told me that by careful management he sold apples regularly every May at three dollars per bushel. What he has done others can do also. People will always buy fine apples that are well kept, and that look clean and nice and tempting. One part of Captain Neil's secret is in careful *hand work*.

When our people learn to do their work exactly right, they will realize double what they are now doing for their butter and their apples.—*Lenoir Topic*.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal, not a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in this country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron framed fire place, which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire, kindled in the brick oven or on the hearth. Pine knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long Winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we can learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which a fire could be easily kindled; and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth overnight, and the timber was damp so that the spark would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so to borrow a brand of a neighbor. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero many nights in the Winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and wood-sheds, and they never complained.—*Selected*.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relations is like tying bladders under the arms of one who can not swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never heed the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than all the wealth of the Indies.

DOING GOOD.

"Every good act," said Mohammed, "is a charity."

It was a charity for humble Susan to spend her holiday afternoon at the house of a still poorer neighbor, amusing her children and caring for the baby, while the mother finished and took home a piece of work, which bought them a week's food. Without that timely help, she said, she did not know when she should have been able to complete it. Susy had helped to provide them with food for a week, yet she had not a penny of her own in the world.

A smiling recognition and a few kind words from a lady who sometimes employed her, sent a poor sewing-girl to her daily task at the shop with a lighter heart and a brighter eye than common. She worked better for that small charity of a smile and a bright word, and won more favor from those who employed her.

"I shall be obliged to drop off some of our workers," said the manager to her privately, "but you are becoming so handy and useful, Margaret, we can't spare you."

The good word of the morning had helped her more than she knew to keep her situation.—*Early Dew*.

"What we need in adversity is an idea, as part of our being, intertwined with our feeling, that God is just as much revealed in trials as in blessings; that his goodness is shown in putting our moral fibre to hard tasks that will make it athletic, and so make us nobler, as the teacher's friendship is shown in putting the scholar to a tough lesson that makes the mind sinewy and wise. With that principle as part of our spiritual constitution, we triumph over adversities, because the soul lives with God. When evil seems to gain wider sway, we can be calm and strong if we have the idea, as a broad rich light around us, that God is stronger than evil, and is unspeakably more opposed to it than we are, and completely committed, now and forever, to the good. When our friends die, and when death is beginning to mix its shadows with our own air, we are thrice armed against it, we utterly conquer it, by seeing that there is no death if we have the Christian principle in our souls that this life is the threshold of a great future. A man without ideas like these, destitute of principles that give a cheering hue to life, and which are part of the substance of his soul, doomed to face the dark problems of Providence at some time, and meeting them only with a soul in eclipse—what difference does it make in his condition to say he has gold, he has a fine house, he has a luxurious table, he has a great name, he has civil power? He is to be pitied; angels see how sad his lot is; Christ mourns for him; God yearns over him, because he is poor, penniless, in his immortal nature, because he does not hold to anything with his mind and heart, because he does not own anything in his personal right, for the gain and excellency of which he counts all other things as loss."—*Thomas Starr King*.

A RAGGED SCHOOL.

Charles Dickens visited the scene, and this is his account of it:—"I found my first ragged school in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life under every disadvantage. It had no means, it had no suitable rooms, it derived no power or protection from being recognized by any authority; it attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years, but youthful in nothing else—that scowled hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt, and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the door. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness."

Zeal, however, *did* prevail; it soon produced the requisite "method and training," and the hold which the Ragged School teacher eventually gained upon the hearts of the roughest classes of the metropolis may be regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of Christian love.

OUR LAKES.

The only bodies of fresh water in the State which attain to the dignity of lakes are in the eastern section. They are 15 in number. The largest is Mattamuskeet, in Hyde county, which has an area of nearly 100 square miles. Its form is elliptical, and its dimensions 15 miles by 5 to 7. This and three others, Phelps Lake, Alligator Lake and Pungo Lake, are situated in the great swamp between Albemarle and Pamlico sounds. Phelps Lake has about one-third of the area of Mattamuskeet, and the others are of much smaller dimensions. In the White Oak swamp of Jones and Carteret counties is a group of small oval lakes only a few miles apart and connected by canals partly natural and partly artificial. The largest of these, North West Lake, has an area of 10 to 12 miles. In the Green Swamp of Brunswick county, occurs another lake of the same form and character, 8 miles long by 5 wide. These lakes are all situated in the highest part of the swamps in which they are found, and have sandy bottoms, for the most part, and a depth of 4 or 5, to 8 or 10 feet, and occasionally more. There are five other small lakes in Bladen county, about half way between Wilmington and Fayetteville, between Cape Fear river and South river. Their average area is probably not more than 2 square miles. The aggregate lake surface of the State is more than 200 square miles.—*Prof. Kerr's Report*.

Teachers when outside the school-room should be like all other good men and women. We do not like teacherish teachers and ministerish ministers who carry the cant of their professions into the store and railway car. Let a teacher do just what everybody else does, as far as it is right; go into society, drive a good horse, play all good games, laugh, teach in the Sunday school, and lead the prayer-meeting if he wants to—in fact be a hearty member of society; but by all means avoid being known as a teacher by any outward mark, characteristic or sign, by any cut of the coat or tone of the voice.

A teacher in the school-room is all right; but a teacher out of the school-room is an insufferable bore.—*Burnes' Educational Monthly*.

A VERY UNJUST CUSTOM.

"James is naturally smart, and we are going to give him an education, perhaps make a lawyer or minister of him." "George don't seem to get along well with his books—is rather dull—and we shall make a farmer of him." We have heard talk just like this, and the majority of people act upon this principle. It is rank cruelty—rank injustice, at any rate. It is giving to the rich, and withholding from the poor. If through the fault of his parents, or otherwise, George is less endowed with intellectual gifts, he should have all the more done for him to make up any natural defect, by culture, by discipline, by exercise of the mind, and thus place him upon a par with his more gifted brother. If a youth dislikes arithmetic, or any particular branch of study or thinking, it shows a deficiency in that faculty, which culture and study should make up, and thus produce a well balanced mind. We abominate the whole system of "elective studies," now so popular in some schools and colleges, which allows a scholar to mainly cultivate those mental powers, in which he is already most proficient. A rigid course of diverse study, planned to develop uniformly the various faculties of the mind, is the one which will turn out the best and most useful men. After a good general ground-work is thus laid, and the thinking faculties are well and uniformly developed, the final study may be directed to some specific line, that will be required in a particular business, or professional life.—*American Agriculturist*.

Lord Shaftesbury tells a tale of a ragged school teacher, who, having announced his intention of conducting an open air service in one of the most demoralized regions of the metropolis, was somewhat alarmed, on his arrival, at finding himself surrounded by a gang of notorious ruffians. The men, however, remained perfectly quiet and attentive throughout the service. At the conclusion the preacher expressed his surprise at their presence, and still more at their conduct, when one of them replied: "The fact is, sir, we came to protect you. You are the gentleman who is kind to the children, and we didn't mean to let you be interfered with."