

The Orphans' Friend.

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WHAT THY GOD HAS GIVEN, IMPART.

Why are springs enthroned so high,
Where the mountains kiss the sky?
'Tis that thence their streams may flow
Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
Basking in the golden light?
'Tis to send down genial showers
On this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
'Tis that they may reap the state;
So that toil its sweets may yield,
And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth he confer?
That the rich may minister,
In the hour of their distress,
To the poor and fatherless.

Does he light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does he give to virtue birth?
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whose'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart.
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend;
Light?—give light; thy knowledge lend.

Rich?—remember him who gave.
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless—and richer blessings merit:
Give—and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve—and look for heaven.

THE BELIEVER'S VICTORY.

Muller's "Life of Trust" has raised the question, whether we may expect the prayer of faith to be answered, independently of the use of means on the part of the suppliant. That servant of God professes to have received the funds necessary to carry forward his charitable work, soliciting them from no man, but from God only.

The Bible, as well as reason, proves that God has established the connection between means and ends, and required men to use their own agency, as far as they may, in supplying their wants. In addition to this, the help of God is indispensable; and for this we are to pray. The Bible teaches that Divine and human agency are united in the production of results. "That thou givest them they gather," says the Psalmist (civ. 28.) In many of the miracles, even, secondary agency was introduced, as in that of furnishing wine at the marriage in Cana, of feeding the multitudes, and of opening the eyes of the blind. The answer to prayer may be as legitimate and palpable in supplying us with the means of gaining the blessing we seek, as in bestowing directly the object for which we pray. There are cases, indeed, where it would be impossible to employ any subordinate instrumentalities, as where Elijah, on Carmel, prays for rain. He could only pray and watch. In such cases, of course, the use of means is not required.

There is nothing in the experience of the author of the "Life of Trust" which goes to impair the old Christian doctrine on this subject, that the suppliant must pray, and watch, and work by all legitimate methods, in order that his prayers may be answered.

Mr. Muller himself, after all, acted upon this principle. The means he used were peculiar, but potent. He really asked every Christian man to aid him in building his orphan houses, when he made known the fact, or when it became known, that he was build-

ing them in the name of the Lord, and for the use of God's poor and helpless ones, and that he was trusting the Lord alone to supply the funds. By this very position, mutely but loudly, he said to every man, "This is purely a Christian work; it is a privilege to promote it; how can you withhold your gifts from such an enterprise? And in proportion as confidence was felt in the principles of the Bible, and in Mr. Muller as a true and wise servant of God, contributions did, naturally enough, by the grace of God, and in answer to prayer, flow into his hands. He could scarcely have plied the minds of good men more effectually with motives to benevolence. He exercised a trust which, under the circumstances, God was pleased greatly to honor. But was the hand of the Lord less visible in providing the means for building the Temple, when David himself offered, as some reckon, over 50,000,000 pounds sterling, and then called upon the people to follow his example, and bring in their offerings, which they did with a similar liberality? With glad and joyous hearts they acknowledged that all they had was the Lord's, and that it was by His grace that they had been enabled to offer so willingly and abundantly unto Him. Was it not an additional blessing to David, and to the people, that God was pleased to answer his prayer for means, by making his own appeal to his subjects effectual? In other words, is there not a substantial good in having our own agency employed in the work of answering our prayers; and should we not, therefore, expect God so to employ it?—*Rev. Dr. W. L. Parsons.*

A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW.

She was a true woman—a woman of sound, practical sense, with a big heart, brimming with woman's generous and thoughtful sympathies. She was no idler, waiting to do good to some of her fellow mortals; but she improved all the little daily opportunities of her humble and narrow life. She lived in Wisconsin. Her husband was one of the first settlers of the State. They had gone far out on the open prairie and taken up their half section seven miles from any neighbor. And in those early days of Wisconsin it was years before there were other settlers within that circuit.

It was a tempestuous winter night, the good woman with her husband and little ones were gathered about their blazing fire in their lonely but comfortable home. The howlings of the wind awakened anxieties that disturbed her woman heart, and every little while she would go to the windows and earnestly peer into the pitchy blackness that had settled upon all the prairies.

What, husband, if some belated traveler should be out on the prairie in such a night as this. I will put a light in the window, and it may guide some lost one from his peril to shelter and comfort.

And the lighted candle was placed in the window, and faithfully returned there every night through all that winter. And the next winter too—the same kind,

thoughtful hand put the candle in the window. It was far toward spring, in a terrible February storm, when the little solitary candle was sending its blessed rays as far into the darkness as their feeble power could reach, when a rap, quick and anxious, was heard at the door. A traveler, with his wife and babes, perishing with hunger and cold, having lost the narrow road, after long hours of wandering upon the trackless and unmarked prairie, at length had discovered the light, and had found shelter and all the comforts of a happy home.

And the good woman had found her reward. It was a little thing in itself—the simple placing of a candle in the window—but it was born of a generous impulse and faithfully persevered in, and at length had saved a family from a cruel death.

Dear reader, how much would be added to human happiness if we would all have a care for the little things that lie right about us.

"Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off—unattained and dim—
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its perpetual hymn?"

Would'st thou listen to thy gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still,
Leaf and flower and laden bee are teaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of joy and light canst throw;
If no silken chord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten;
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone."

—Selected.

AFRICA AND ITS CLAIMS.

Says a writer: "Stanley promises to explain to the English Americans the vast commercial wealth of the west half of Africa, and whets anticipation by hinting that he can point to an area of the precious metals. If he can do that—point out new gold fields, the civilization of that region within the next three years is assured. The coast fevers, perpendicular heat, the cataracts of the Congo, and the black cannibals, will have no terrors if there is gold there."

Within that short paragraph, which contains a true assertion, is food for much thought. Will men brave the dangers of the African jungles, the miasmas of the African rivers, and the perils among blood-thirsty savages, for gold; and will the souls of these newly discovered tribes of the human race be left to perish because of perils attending the carrying of Jesus to them? That is the question for the Church to answer.

Again, if gold is there, it will not be long before thousands of men from every civilized land will be on the way to secure this newly-found wealth. Will the Church be abreast with human enterprise? When the gold-seeker reaches his destination, shall he be met by the religious teacher, who can offer something infinitely better than gold? When the fearful tide of corruption and vice accompanies emigration to this, as to all new fields of enterprise, will it be stayed by a breast work of Christian influence? These are all questions which should rest heavily upon the minds of the followers of Je-

sus. If the gold fields are there, and if Stanley can show the way to them, then the Church of Christ has a new responsibility thrown upon her. In any case, Africa is an interesting country. Its teeming population, majestic rivers, fertile soil, and nearness to the American Continent, make it a land of deep interest to the people of this country. Though it has been long recognized in its territorial vastness, yet little has been known of its resources and general character. But as one portion of the world after another is thrown more widely open to Christian effort, the question is a serious one, where the men and the means, to "possess the land?" The church dare not be indifferent or idle. But where are the men and the money? Yet in this and other Christian lands is seen the astonishing spectacle of both men and means given to sustain, upon the same ground, within the same narrow field, churches and ministers with different creeds, but all claiming to be the Church of Christ, and all teaching essentially the same truths concerning the way of life. Could the principles of 'church union' fully prevail, men and means would be sent free to give the Gospel to the heathen, and convert the world within the next generation!—*Church Union.*

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

It is the duty of every good citizen of the State to contribute to the support of this institution. It is the noblest charity in the State, and is doing more for the poor and friendless children than all the other means used for their protection and instruction combined. Its management is as nearly perfect and as generally approved, as is possible for human institutions. Winter is now rapidly approaching. Many of us are arranging for the care and protection of our dear ones during the long, cold months that are just ahead of us. Many are already arranging for the comfort and amusement of their children during the holidays. What is to become of the many fatherless and motherless little ones at Oxford? How are they to live through all the cold of winter? Who is there to minister to their comfort and joy during the happy hours of Christmas? What, my brother and sister, would you like for others to do for your dear ones if you were gone and they were there as orphans?

Let us all, while providing for our dear ones, remember those who have no father or mother to care for them. Send your Christmas gifts, either in money, clothing or provisions, to Oxford Orphan Asylum, Oxford, N. C.—*Biblical Recorder.*

A POMPOUS fellow was dining with a country family, when the lady of the house desired the servant to take away the dish containing the fowl, which word she pronounced fool, as is not uncommon in Scotland. "I presume, madam, you mean fowl," said the prig in a reproving tone. "Very well," said the lady a little nettled, "be it so: take away the fowl and let the fool remain."

READING NOVELS.

Reading novels has become very fashionable, especially of late. They are so interesting and absorbing to the mind that all who have formed a regular habit of reading them are at a loss to know what to do to entertain themselves when they have no novels to read. They lose all interest in religious literature, the Bible included. Some love story, tragic scene, or romantic adventure alone, can interest them. The habitual novel reader is always dissatisfied. They are expecting sometimes under some extraordinary circumstances to meet with one whom they can worship, and who can worship them. Reading novels is very injurious to the mind. It is thus that a great many waste their lives; lives that should have been spent in useful service in the vineyard of the Lord. It is a shame to the race of human beings that one should try to destroy the mental powers of others for the sake of a few meager shillings; and yet there are thousands who are daily doing this. Those who make it their daily business to read novels are continually watching for their "fate" to come across their path, and if they fail to realize their expectations, they are made miserable for life, and all on account of forming the habit of novel reading. There was a young lady in Marlboro county, S. C., a year or two ago, who had formed this wretched habit and continued it until she entirely lost her mind and is now in the insane asylum. Every novel she saw advertised she would get. Thus she would consume her precious time, and her mental and physical strength. I warn all habitual novel readers to beware of the sad fate of this lady.—*Mollie E. Pittman, in Biblical Recorder.*

—A better day will come only when men are better, confidence in men's honesty better, and all classes are better educated. Want of confidence is want of goodness, in other words, it is a firm belief in the original and total depravity of our neighbors: and we will not trust them with our money or goods, because we think they will either ignorantly lose them, or maliciously steal them. We have lived too fast because we are too proud to live within our means, too dishonest to confess our poverty, too ignorant to work with our brains, and too lazy to work with our hands. We were obliged to have money to keep the wheels moving, and having no fear either of God or man before our eyes, we stole it. Corporations stole from the cities, congress stole from the country, states stole from bankers and merchants stole from their creditors, in fact, it seemed for a time, that everybody stole. We have come to the end, and if there are enough honest men left to bury the dishonest, we may still live, not otherwise. The prayer of every devout patriot should be "O Lord, give us honest men, with educated brains.—*National Teachers' Monthly.*