

## ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, December 12, 1877.

### THE GRAND LODGE.

This body sat in Raleigh last week. The attendance was small. Grand Master Munson read a sensible and interesting address, and proved himself an efficient and acceptable Grand Master. No questions of any great importance were discussed. Mr. Busbee read an appropriate eulogy on our late ascended P. G. M., W. G. Hill. The same officers were reelected and installed by P. G. M., E. G. Reade.

The G. M. was requested to reconvey to Rev. L. M. Pease the land formerly donated by him. The reservation of all the houses rendered the use of the land impossible. Mr. Pease promises to conduct an Orphan Asylum on the premises. The first recommendation made by the Superintendent was adopted. The others were not recommended by the committee. The Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum was reelected, but did not accept the office, and so promptly notified the G. M. Mr. Moore gets his place, with salary reduced, but an easy plan.

### SIX SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers.—Heb. 11: 6.

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of those two rules.—John 5: 36.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for him?—Matt. 5: 13-16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessings upon it.—Col. 3: 17. If you can not do this, it is wrong.—Rom. 14: 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such people do so and so, therefore you may.—2 Cor. 10: 12. You are to ask yourself, How would Christ act in my place? and strive to follow him.—John 10: 27.

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's word is true? and if both can not be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar.—Rom. 3: 4; 1 John 5: 10, 11.—*Brownlow North.*

### KEEPING PROMISES.

Promises that are morally right should be deemed sacred and should be observed with scrupulous fidelity. Engagements should be made with due deliberation, and care should be taken not to undertake what it would be wrong to do or what there is no reasonable probability of our being able to perform. In making promises want of proper attention to rightfulness or ability has often brought persons into trouble. Thus Herod Antipas, when pleased with the dancing of Salome, placed himself in a painful dilemma by offering to give her whatever she might ask even to the half of his kingdom. When she demanded "the head of John

the Baptist, in a charger," the Tetrarch found himself bound by a rash promise either to falsify his word or to commit murder. Act as he would he must do evil, but he would have committed less sin, had he violated his promise and refused to slay a righteous man to gratify the malice and vanity of two wicked women. But a disregard of our ability in giving obligations often places persons in humiliating circumstances. If a man promises to pay a sum of money or to meet a friend or to make an address at a particular time without adequate attention to the thing proposed being within his power, he may subject himself to great sacrifices to fulfill his engagements, or be exposed to the reproach of being utterly unreliable. But a rightful promise once made should be kept even if this involves much toil expense and self-denial.

An English statesman once promised his son when about ten years old that he should see a certain wall, on the estate pulled down and removed. During the boy's absence from home the workmen took down the wall and carried away the materials. Upon his return the son reminded his father of the promise made him and of its being unfulfilled. The father admitted the obligation and said it should be met as far as possible. He then directed the masons to rebuild the wall in the same place, and after its erection to take it down again in his son's presence. The statesman afterwards remarked, that though this extra work cost him twenty pounds sterling, yet he considered the money well-spent if it taught his son for life, the sacred nature of a promise.

A British nobleman walking out one day met a little peasant girl who was crying over a vessel of spilled milk. He tried to soothe the child by offering to give her the value of the milk. But the little one sobbing bitterly said, she would be punished at home for breaking the vessel. He then promised to meet her the next day at the same place, and to bring her a new vessel to replace the one broken. The girl confiding in him departed much cheered. Returning home late in the day, the gentleman found awaiting him an invitation to dine the next day with some distinguished friends, at the very hour appointed for his meeting with the little peasant girl. There was no time for making other arrangements, and he had either to break his word to the child, or to sacrifice his own feelings and disappoint his noble friends. With a fidelity to his plighted word, worthy of all praise and imitation, the nobleman declined the pleasing invitation and punctually kept his engagement with the humble peasant child. He thus proved that he had a nobility of nature more than equal to his social rank.

If in the family, in business pursuits, and in social occupations, human beings would make promises with a careful regard to rightfulness and ability and then keep them with a fidelity which declined no toils and shunned no sacrifices, many social ills would be remedied, and morality among mankind would be greatly improved. It would perhaps conduce to rendering promises more sacred if we would often consider the evils resulting from their violation and the benefits arising from their faithful observance.—*H. G. H., in North Carolina Presbyterian.*

### WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.

I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor law-guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, fault of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it's in him, and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby-cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

### INDIVIDUAL WORK.

I cannot help thinking that if there was a little more moral courage in the world to save men, the world would not be so much of a wreck as it is to-day. If you saw that a friend, a brother was taking a wrong course, what would you do? Would you merely say, "Dear, dear, dear! how painful it is that so many men are going wrong. Just as sure as he continues that course he is a lost man; but he will go—dear, dear, dear!" and when you hear the despairing cry coming up from the depths, add, "I told you so!" Now what should you do? Should you not lay your hand on him and say, "My friend, you are going wrong!" What if he sweats at you? Never mind; save him if you can. Many a man hasn't got so far from your sympathy but that one word kindly said in his ear, "My friend, you are going wrong," will check you. The difficulty is that we let men go so far from our sympathy that we cannot reach them. Now, it is this individual work that I believe is to reform the world, and bring it back to God.—*John B. Gough.*

### THE GOSPEL OF GLASS.

It has been left to the Dean of Raphoe to promulgate another new faith, which has been made visible through the newly-erected stained glass windows in an Episcopal church in Derry. We will let the Dean speak for himself. In a sermon preached at the opening of the church referred to,

the other day, he thus eloquently spoke: "The light is no longer a vague cold shining. It streams in splendor along the aisle by which the feet of the worshippers draw near, and bathes in manifold glory each hallowed object within the sweep of its tide." This is very grand—it is almost overwhelming. But there is more to follow—"These windows do much for your church, in that they glorify its fabric with the vesture of gorgeous colors; but they do more, in that they hold themselves up before you as an abiding witness of the truths that are believed and taught among us, and a present memorial of the men who first delivered these truths—in a word, as a visible Gospel! As the window, then, is not the mere opening to let in the light for us to see by, but is become rather a triumphal arch through which the light may enter in the pomp of its manifold splendors bearing with it the form it may be of saints and prophets, or it may be the form of Him of whom prophets spake," and so on, and so on. This is the Gospel according to the Dean of Raphoe. Some may be inclined to call this twaddle, but others will pity a Gospel that is so derogatory to the teachings of the Word of God.—*London Weekly Review.*

### PERSONAL HABITS.

The importance of culture in the ministry, especially in regard to personal habits, is thus set forth by Dr. Sherman in his address at the matriculation of the new class in the Boston Theological School, who said that within the circle of his observation, more ministers have failed in preserving their acceptableness and usefulness among the people on account of offensive little habits, or readily curable deficiencies of character and culture, than for other reasons. An unfortunate pitch of voice, a habit of using slang phrases, a lack of the marked graces of a gentleman, the using of one's hand in place of a handkerchief, the prominent relief of an irritation in the head or throat in an offensive or disgusting way, the ill-concealed quid of tobacco or its poisonous stains down the sides of the mouth or upon the quite prominent teeth—such occasions as these, small enough in themselves, indeed, but serious enough in their certain consequences, have cost many a minister of no inconsiderable ability and scholarship, his place in the pulpit and his efficiency as a preacher of the gospel.—*Christian World.*

### NEVER TEMPT A MAN.

Among the Mohegans, an Indian by the name of Zachary was heir to the chieftainship. He was a brave man and an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as could well be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genius of the man assumed sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I be chief of this noble tribe? What will my people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignant upon such a succession? Can I succeed to the great Uncus? Ay, I will drink no more." And he solemnly resolved to drink nothing but water.

One day at the annual election, the Mohegan chief dined with the Governor at Hartford. John, the Governor's son, mischievously

thought he would try the sincerity of the chief's temperance.

The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed ale upon the table. John addressed the old chief: "Zach, this beer is very fine, will you not taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes, sparkling with angry indignation, were fixed upon me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the Devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? If I should taste your beer I should never stop till I got rum, and I should again become the same contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution.—*Central Protestant.*

### POOR AND PROUD.

Young men out of business, says the the Rome (Ga.) Sentinel, are frequently sadly hampered by pride. Many young men who go west take more pride than money, and bring back all the pride and no money at all. A young man that works at his board, no matter what honest work he does, has no reason for shame. A young man who eats the bread of idleness, no matter how much money he has, is disgraced. Young men starting in life ought to aim—first of all—to find a place where they can earn their bread and butter, with hoe, ax, spade, wheel-barrow, curry-comb, blacking-brush—no matter how. Independence first. The bread and butter question settled, let the young man perform his duty so faithfully, as to attract attention, and let him constantly keep his eyes open for a chance to do better. About half the poor proud young men, and two-thirds the poor discouraged young men, are always out of work. The young man who pockets his pride, and carries an upper lip as stiff as a cast-iron door-step-scraper, need not starve, and stands a good chance to become rich.

### WAKING THEM UP.

It is related of a certain school teacher, who held family prayers nightly in the household where he boarded, that at the conclusion of the exercise the father of the family found it necessary to go around the room and wake up his boys that they might know it was bed time. It men will persist in reading the 119th psalm, and praying for everything, as one has phrased it, "from a grasshopper up to an elephant," the boys are not much to blame if they should fall asleep before the catalogue has been finished.—*Central Protestant.*

Will you never break off or leave off that unseemly, irreverent and unjustifiable practice of talking in the congregation immediately before and after divine service? Must it ever be continued? Must it ever be that so soon as the benediction has been pronounced people and preachers, young and old, grave and gay, in all parts of the church, engage in promiscuous conversation? Is it becoming? Is it proper? Is it right? May not that be the way and the time when "the wicked one cometh and catcheth away that which was sown in the heart?" Think of it.—*Selected.*