

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, December 26, 1877.

This number closes the third volume of the Orphans' Friend. It also closes the subscriptions of many of our readers. If they will promptly renew, we shall be grateful; and more grateful still, if they will send other names with their own. The friends of the orphan work might easily double our circulation and help a good cause, if they could spare the time, and take a little trouble.

HOW TO PROMOTE AND TO PREVENT REVIVALS.

As the "revival season is now over," and camp-meetings and protracted meetings are generally in winter quarters, we wish to give the prominent men and leaders of the different denominations a small Christmas cud to chew. We have nothing to say to those who preach from their lofty plateaux of piety and lift up their converts by their own peculiar machinery. We allude to those revivals in which the preachers call men to repentance and to "fruits meet for repentance," while a merciful God bestows his sovereign grace. Let us tell how a revival did not occur. The church was rich, pious and intelligent. The pastor was a man of fervent prayer and "of good report" among all classes. The evangelist was a man of unusual gifts and graces. He was solemn, eloquent and very impressive. The ungodly came out freely to hear him, and were delighted with his sermons. The meeting lasted many days; but not a soul was converted. Even the regular collections were omitted, for fear of diverting attention from the work before the congregation. It was time to touch a tender cord, but the pocket was too tender to be touched. What the people needed was the opening of the fountains of the great deep of their hearts. If the pastor had stirred their deepest emotions by filling their souls with sympathy for some object of benevolence, and instead of omitting the usual collection had raised a thousand dollars, we verily believe the hearts of his people would have been melted with love. Repentance towards God and love for the brethren would have made a pure religion spread like some uncontrolled contagion. Yes, the Pharisees lived on these high planes of piety, and they live there still. John the Baptist told them to come down to their proper place at the foot of the class of sinners, and to "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance." When people "honor the Lord with their substance," He usually blesses their souls and grants the desires of their hearts. But we attended another meeting. The Presiding Elder, in his opening prayer, offered a special petition that all the people might be moved to liberal contributions towards the claims of the cause which the pastor intended to present. The collection was taken, and it was remarkably liberal. Many tears were even dropped with the money as it fell into the treasury. Then and there a won-

derful work of grace commenced; many valuable members were added, and new life was imparted to the church. When people are too good to do good, their situation is extremely dangerous. We close with two rules:

1. To prevent revivals, present selfish motives for being religious, and avoid collections for benevolent objects.
2. To promote revivals, preach repentance, with "fruits meet for repentance," and faith in God's sovereign mercy and grace, never once forgetting that "Faith without works is dead."

EXPLANATION.

1. In the ORPHANS' FRIEND of week before last some remarks on the Grand Lodge, and what was intended as a private note in regard to Mr. Moore's election to the Stewardship of the *Lanatic Asylum*, were consolidated in one article. I supposed that all would see that the types were tangled. It now seems that the article made incorrect impressions, and it is necessary to request our readers to disregard it entirely.

2. The election of Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum was held, not after the election of other officers, as was expected, but after the Installation and just before the Grand Lodge was so unexpectedly closed. I happened to be attending to other business at the time, and had no opportunity to accept or decline; but I promptly notified the Grand Master in writing that I did not accept the office.

3. I am nevertheless here, doing the best I can for the orphans, until my successor shall be ready to enter upon his duties. And I am willing to give the Grand Master ample time to make a judicious selection.

4. I am as deeply concerned for the welfare of the orphans as I ever was. I am as grateful to all the good people of our State, for their kind and continued contributions, as a poor sinner can be; but having carried a burden of toil and anxiety for five years without any vacation, I need a season of rest, and feel that I ought to take it.

5. I should deeply deplore the condition of my country, if I supposed that the progress of the orphan work was dependent on any one man. Sympathy for the orphans, and a desire to relieve their distresses and mitigate their sorrows, are embedded in the hearts of our people, and will continue to be illustrated in their spontaneous donations. Wise and good men will not resist the combined appeals of religion, humanity and political economy.

J. H. MILLS.

Portsmouth fools are not all dead, for they have had a poodle-dog funeral, with a rosewood casket, satin-lined, with a silver plate, and two coaches full of mourning friends.—*Central Protestant*.

And this reminds us of what we saw in Greensboro: a lady, accompanied by a poodle and a husband boarded the train. A gentleman gave her two seats. She took one for herself and put her poodle in the other—her husband, poor fellow, had no seat, and had to stand around generally, because he was nobody's dog.

MRS. WALKER'S four-year-old child died suddenly recently at 44 Oak street. It was taken sick soon after having eaten some green and blue-colored candy.—*Church Union*.

Feed your children on victuals and do not stuff them with paint or trash.

NOTES ON CURRENT EVENTS.

—The *Central Protestant* believes that "prohibition" saves fifty thousand dollars a year in Greensboro and that the people drink less than one twentieth of the liquors formerly consumed.

—The *Wilson Advance* opens its eighth volume with an illustrated story. Energy and enterprise merit success.

—The Virginia Legislature has a member whose voice is called the "frog-horn." Carry him down on Pasquotank. Some frogs near Camden Court House can outsing some choirs we have heard. Let our Virginia Legislator catch some of their tunes.

—It is said that Mr. Gray, Mr. White, Mr. Brown, Mr. Green and Mr. Scarlet met Rev. Mr. Black on his arrival in Raleigh.

—On Dec. 20, a defective engine in a candy factory in New York exploded and killed and wounded one hundred and fifty boys and girls.

The *Friend of Temperance* makes the following assertions:

"Now, if all the liquor drinking members of the Baptist Church would agree to drink no more for a year, but give their grog money to Wake Forest, its endowment would be secured before brother Rufham could get home.

Greensboro Female College is in debt and the Methodist Conference keeps its agents in the field year after year begging money to pay off its indebtedness. How much easier it would be to pay this indebtedness by our plan! The money spent for liquor by whiskey drinking Methodists in North Carolina, annually, would, if handed over to Dr. Cunningham, not only lift the debt of the college but endow it handsomely, besides, and leave enough in hand to build a fifty thousand dollar Metropolitan Church here in Raleigh.

And if wine drinking Episcopalians would give all the money which they spend for drink annually, toward the completion of their Morganton school enterprise, how quick would a work be accomplished which now lags for the want of funds."

Brother Whitaker ought to be ashamed of himself, accusing the Baptists of drinking liquor enough to endow a college, the Methodists of drinking enough to pay a debt of \$50,000, and have a surplus for a Metropolitan Church, and the Episcopalians of drinking wine enough to found a school at Morganton! We don't believe it. Baptists love water, Methodists love pies and chickens, Episcopalians are death on turkey; but Christian people spend hundreds of thousands of dollars as "grog money," well, we can not believe it.

The negro, who, for a crime which blights the life of a girl of fourteen, was hanged at Baltimore the other day, said just before death, "I am going to my Lord in the hope of eternal glory, to walk in the gilded paths of Jerusalem to heaven. I shall soon go home to God. For myself I feel proud this evening, for I go to meet my Lord. I fully forgive all mankind for whatever wrongs they have done me. I will meet you all in glory. I did what they say I did. My colors are nailed to the mast-head of Jesus." Then they strung him up, and the poor girl of fourteen doesn't know whether or not she will be so happy as to meet the darkey in heaven.—*Ec.*

A thief was once pardoned on the cross: he confessed his guilt and prayed with humility and deep contrition: but this negro, instead lamenting his crime, boldly announces that he pardons others and says: "I feel proud this evening; for I go to meet my Lord." Not a saint from righteous Abel down to the holy apostles ever died with such a boast upon his lips. We have had enough of glory-hallelujah on the gallows. It is time to stop making martyrs out of murderers.

The *Troy (N. Y.) Times* says: A twelve-year-old son of Stephen Monk, residing in the Bowery, at Cohoes, while eating a freshly boiled egg, suddenly paused as his eyes fell on a singular phenomenon. This was seemingly a hair curled up and encircled by a yellow gauzy substance, which was embedded in the white of the egg. The substance was removed and placed under a microscope, when what seemed to the naked eye to be a hair, proved to be a well-developed young snake, apparently of the garter species, and with the young reptile was what seemed to be the larvæ of others.

Eggs should be "hard boiled" so that the snakes and larvæ may be thoroughly killed and cooked.

B. W. Burgess claims the honor of pulling down the U. S. Flag in New Orleans for which Gen. Butler hanged Mr. Mumford.

COL. POLK.

We saw him last fall on the Fair Grounds exhibiting the diversified products of our State. Some of those enormous beets and potatoes were sent to the orphans and fed them for many days. He also had near him two articles at which we gazed with admiration and delight. They were raised on his own farm.

A few days ago we saw him again at his office. Shelves to contain the products of every county. What to plant and where to plant it. Samples of seeds and where to get them. This Commission is just what the State has so long needed. But he also finds time to attend fairs and make speeches. Here is an extract from his address at Fayetteville:

"Fathers, a word to you: Educate your boys and girls, and while you polish their minds, infuse into them those laudable aspirations which will lift them to a higher plane of usefulness, and that will give us, among the industrial classes, a nobler type of womanhood and manhood. Teach them that to display their persons in fine clothes and toggery, while the chambers of their immortal minds are hung with the dusty cobwebs of ignorance, is but mocking the design of their Creator, and that in this age of learning and progress they will be accounted as but "a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," and in your efforts to raise up your boy in the way he should go, it would perhaps be well to remember the advice of Josh Billings, to "be sure to go that way once in a while yourself." Teach him to love the farm by progressive systems of culture and management.

Teach him that while financial disaster may, in one hour, sweep away the accumulated fortunes of a lifetime, that his generous land is never bankrupt—that in momentary wrecks, bonds, stocks and bills of exchange may become suddenly worthless, but the garnered harvest is always a sure and a ready friend. Tell him that the proud millionaire of yesterday, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could bestow may, to-morrow, envy in his inmost heart the humble possessor of the obscure, but happy farmer.

Avoid, I beseech you, the common and grave error of forcing your son into a vocation or profession for which he is as ill-suited by training as he is by taste and inclination. Do you fancy that he would gain distinction in the profession of the law? Look, if you please, at that able-bodied young man who, though struggling assiduously for years, has perhaps not yet attained a higher point in his profession than the elucidation of a case of hog-stealing before a cro-s-olds magistrate. Do you imagine that he would succeed in physics? Look, if you please, at that other young man, whose medical skill during the long, patient years of "masterly inactivity" has never been so severely tested as in his fruitless endeavor to make a satisfactory diagnosis of his own deplorable case. Would you subject him to the hazards of mercantile life? Look at that other young man whose experience in commercial life was limited, perhaps, to the purchase of a box of paper collars or a bottle of pomade, but who, cowardly shrinking from honorable, manly labor, abandoned the farm to cast his mite on the precarious wave of trade and traffic to be swallowed up, leaving him penniless, to weep over his folly.

Young man, are you looking with longing eyes to some fancied El Dorado beyond the borders of your State? Let me tell you, "there is no place like home." Stand by your native State and strive in the exercise of a lofty patriotism to advance her moral, social and material interests, that she may attain to that degree of power and greatness that would adorn her dear old name with an enduring coronal of richest blessings. Resolve that, by industry, sobriety, virtue and integrity you will attain to that position in the world that will be an honor to your name and an ornament to your vocation. Cherish a high-toned veneration and an exalted regard for the dignity and character of woman. Cultivate that manliness that would seem to be "haughty to the humble or humble to the haughty." Be a man worthy of the glorious name of a Carolinian, and of the proud lineage of your Anglo-Saxon blood.

"Let all the ends thou aimest at, Be thy Country's, thy God's and Truth's."

Ladies, one of the proudest tributes to Southern manhood and Southern honor, is our just boast that here in

our beloved Southland your gentle rule is undisputed—your fiat is omnipotent—and that you sway the sceptre of absolute, social dominion. Continue to wield it with that true Southern maidenly modesty for which you have ever been distinguished and characterized. Elevate, as you and you alone can do, the aims and aspirations of the young men of the land, by frowning down dissipation, idleness and vice, and by inviting them with your smiles up to a higher, purer and nobler sphere of action. Occupying this high eminence in the affections and esteem of the men of your State, if you will continue faithful to the fearfully-sacred charge committed to your keeping by an all-wise Providence, the storm-swept harp of the coming centuries will but swell in grander strains the giant anthem of praise to Carolina's maids and mothers.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, trotted me. That came of being a two days' old baby. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Eudine's baby;" and I suppose that pretty white-faced woman over on the pillow is Eudine.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said, "I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's another one—that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler and maybe I'll find out. There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

REFINEMENT.—Refinement is no fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person who is truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is allied to simplicity, and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of the good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities, and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity. Refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. All "loudness" or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings, the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained.

A little girl who had great kindness of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather her chickens under her wings, and shouted earnestly, "Oh, don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great ugly rooster!"

"Ah! John," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late to catch the train, "you did not run quite fast enough." "Yes, I did," said John. "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."