

The Orphans' Friend.

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THE JOY OF PARDON.

The following exquisite hymn was written by Augustus L. Hillhouse, of New England, who died near Paris, 1859. It has been seldom if ever surpassed in the English or any other language.

Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own,
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O smile and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errand ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

Loud is the song; the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain;
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choir shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine.
Ye on your harps must learn to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear.

WHISPERERS.

AN EXTRACT FROM T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

If people would mind their own business we would have the millennium next week. These gad-about, these tale-bearers, these back-biters, these snoopers—I hate them with a holy and vehement and ever-increasing hatred, and I love to hate them. One of the worst of these creatures is the one who brings to your ears all the harsh things they have heard said against your personal appearance, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather it up and cackle while they see you writhe under it. They tell it in its worst shape, and leave out the extenuating circumstances, and first having made your feelings raw, they take this brine, this turpentine, this aqua-fortis, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in till it soaks clear to the bone. They make you a pin cushion, into which they stick all the sharp-pointed things they have heard. They beg you not to say anything about it. "Now, don't bring me into the scrape!" They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then wonder that you don't go off singing psalm tunes. They turn you on a spit before a hot fire, and wonder that you are not all absorbed in gratitude to them for turning you.

Peddlers of night-shade! Peddlers of Canada thistle! Peddlers of nux-vomica! They sometimes get you in a corner, and you can't without rudeness, escape; and they will tell you all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, and talk, and talk, and talk, and they at last go away, leaving the place like a barn-yard the night after foxes have been down; here a wing, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and here a crop. How they do make the feathers fly! Compared with the defamation of good name, it would be

quite an innocent and commendable business to go round with a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand to see how many houses you could burn down and how many throats you could cut. A woman at confession told the priest that she had been guilty of slandering her neighbor. The priest gave her a thistle and then told her to go and scatter it on the fields, and then come back. On her return the priest said: "Go now and gather up all those thistle-seeds." When she declared she could not, he said to her: "Neither can you gather up the evil words you have spoken."

There is scarcely a man or woman on earth but has had the detractors after him or her. John Wesley's wife began to whisper about him, and whispered all over England, and whispered until they dissolved partnership. Jesus Christ was charged with drinking too much and keeping bad company, "a wine bibber, and a friend of publicans and sinners." Take the best man in the world and put a detective on his track and watch him for ten years, seeing where he goes and how long he stays, and when he comes, and all he does, with a desire to destroy him, and you can make him appear despicable. But if it is wrong to despoil a man's good name, how much worse to damage a woman's reputation? That style of infamous work is going on from century to century—always by whisperers. One whisperer starts a suspicion. The next whisperer tells the suspicion as an established fact, and many a woman as honorable as your mother or wife has been whispered out of all kindly association, and whispered into the grave. Now, there are people who say there is no hell. But if there be no hell for such an accursed despoiler of woman's good name, then it is high time that we take up a subscription and have one built. There is such a place already established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get together to rehearse things down there! What an everlasting carnival of mud! If it were not for their insufferable surroundings, they would enjoy the new opportunity in that realm of the outcast. All the bad being there, what a rich and rare field for exploration by whisperers! On earth they had often to belie people in order to destroy them, but now they can say all the bad things possible about their neighbors and still speak the truth. Jubilee of whisperers! Grand gala-day of backbiters! Semi-heaven for scandal-mongers! Only stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors long enough to ask at the Iron gate some newcomer from the earth what is the last bit of gossip from their own place.

Now, how are we to help quell this great iniquity? First, by refusing to listen or believe anything against anybody till it is positively proven. By all laws of courts and all common decency let every one be supposed innocent till he or she is proved guilty. I do not commend my way to you, but I will tell you what I

almost always say when I hear or read anything defamatory of anybody—"I guess that is a lie." The only person that is worse than the whisperer is the person who, without protest, accepts and believes the whisperer. The trouble is that we hold the sack while others fill it. The receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient author said that those who uttered slander and those who believed it ought both to be hanged, one by the tongue, the other by the ear. When you hear anything about your neighbors, do not go about asking questions concerning the charge made, and so spread it. Don't bemean yourself by becoming inspector of warts and supervisor of carbuncles and commissioner of gutters and the holder of stakes at dog-fights. Allow no defamation at your breakfast, or dinner, or tea-tables. Teach your children not to speak ill of others. Show them the difference between the bee and the wasp, the one gathering honey, and the other thrusting a sting. I have heard of a household where they carefully keep what is called a slander-book, and everything that is said in the house in the way of detraction is as carefully recorded as any ledger is kept. For the first few weeks there were many entries; now very seldom is anything written in that book. If you are, any of you, in the habit of whispering, let me advise you to desist. Mount Taurus is a great place for eagles, and cranes flying about there cackle so loudly that the eagles know they are coming, and pounce upon them to their destruction. But it is said that the old cranes have found this out, and that they take a stone in their mouth before they start, so that it is impossible for them to cackle, and so they fly in safety. Be wise as those old cranes and avoid the folly of the young cranes. Don't cackle! Take courage if you are maltreated of whisperers, because such creatures soon run themselves out. They come to be understood as well in the community as though some one had chalked on their overcoat or shawl the words, "Here comes a whisperer; make room for the leper." You come on and do your duty, my persecuted friends, and some day you will be vindicated. Get down on your knees and put your reputation and everything else in God's keeping.

I solemnly charge all of you to make right and holy use of your tongue. Though it is loose at one end and can swing either way, it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and you are responsible for which way it swings. The philosopher Xanthus ordered his servant to provide a great dinner of the best things from the market, as some friends were coming to dine. Seated at the table he found that there was nothing on it but tongue, and the guests had tongue served up to them in a great many different shapes. The philosopher said to his servant: "What do you mean by giving us nothing but tongue, when I told you to get the best things you could find in the market?" He answered: "The tongue is

the best thing. It is the organ of truth, and the organ of sociality, and the organ of worship." Then the philosopher said: "To-morrow I want you to get the worst things you can find in the market for our table." Seated the next day at the table he found again nothing upon it but tongue, served up in various shapes. Then the philosopher said to his servant: "What do you mean by giving us nothing but tongue?" He said: "You told me to get the worst thing I could find in the market. The tongue is the worst, because it is the organ of lies, the organ of blasphemy, and the organ of defamation." My readers, let your tongue, which God hath so wonderfully constructed as the instrument of taste, as the instrument of deglutition, as the instrument of articulation, be employed for making others happy, and in the service of God. If you whisper, whisper good encouragement to the disheartened and hope to the lost. The time will soon come when we will all have to whisper. The voice will become feeble in the last sickness, and though we could once shout and sing and halloo till the forest answered in echo, we can only whisper comfort to those whom we leave behind, and whisper about our hope of heaven. While I am writing this there are hundreds whispering their last utterance. In that solemn hour which will soon come to us all, may it be found that we did our best to serve Christ and cheer our comrades in earthly struggles, not only our hand, but our tongue consecrated to God, and so the shadows about our dying pillow shall not be the evening twilight of a gathering night, but the twilight of an everlasting day.

IS YOUR HUSBAND LIKE THAT?

There was a poor woman who had fallen into a melancholy and murmuring frame of mind. Her minister tried in vain to reason her out of it. She persisted that she had nothing to be thankful for. At last he spoke to her of her neighbor's husband, an intemperate man, who wasted his money when he was out, and ill-treated his wife when he came home.

"Now," he said, "is your husband like that?"

"No," was the reluctant answer.

"Well, then, should you not thank God that you have a kind husband?"

She was forced to admit this, and promised that she would thank God every night and morning for His mercy. Some days elapsed before her minister revisited her dwelling; but when he did so, he was struck with her bright look as she greeted him.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "I have longed to see you; I have so wished to thank you! For a morning or two I did as I promised, but I did not rightly feel what I said. But the next day when I was thanking God that I had a kind husband, I thought I should also thank Him that I had healthy children; and when I was thanking Him for that, I thought that I should thank Him that I had clothes for them to

wear, and a house to cover their heads; and so, sir, when I was thanking God for one thing, another came into my head, and another still; and now I know not where to stop, or how to thank Him enough; and I feel so happy!"

So it will be with you, my reader, if you will only try the experiment; for gratitude increases with its use. The more thankful we are, the more thankful we shall become, and the more we shall have to be thankful for.

THE CROCODILE SYLLOGISM.

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems is the following dilemma, which is framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in its construction being probably unsurpassed. It is called Syllogismus Crocodilus and may be thus stated: An infant while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it back to her if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this the mother (perhaps rashly) asserted:

"You will not give it back."

The crocodile answers to this: If you have spoken truly, I can not give back the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely.

The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that, whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back."

History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

HORNER SCHOOL, OXFORD, N. C.

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