

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL VIII.

OXFORD, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1883.

NO. 36.

MILTON'S LAMENT POEM.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten with God's
frown—
Afflicted, and deserted by my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet dying;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old and helpless, I the more
belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou
art most near!
When men pass coldly by, my
weakness; shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines down upon my lowly dwell-
ing place,
And there is no more night.

On bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimmed that
I might see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy
wing:
Beneath it I am almost sacred—
here
Can come no evil thing.

TREATING.

In many polite circles it is indicative of cordial regard to offer wine and other drinks to one's friends and even casual acquaintances. In this way what is called the custom of treating has sprung up. When gentlemen meet in places of business or pleasure, in Wall street or Newport, a drink is tendered. Whether I shall drink wine or not is a question which I must settle with my own conscience. But whether I am to offer wines to others involves consideration of their welfare. Suppose I could satisfy myself that both I and a certain friend could take wine at the daily meal or casually upon meeting, and I felt no scruple in offering it to him, ought I not to make myself perfectly sure in regard to all others to whom I may offer wine? Now, because it is utterly impracticable for me to have such assurance, is it not safer that I should not offer the wine at all? If my own comfort is promoted by sitting in a draft, and I may be willing to have another friend sit with me who has a constitution like mine, ought I not to consider the danger there is generally to people of ordinary constitutions in such exposure to a sudden change of temperature? And if a hundred friends of mine in the course of years with impunity sat with me in my place of comfort, and my insisting upon receiving all my friends there should issue in the death of one of them by pleurisy, and another by pulmonary consumption, would not the remorse I should naturally feel for my sin against them more than counter-balance all the pleasure I could have in the society of all my other friends?

This is the point which seems to me ought to be made in regard to the custom of treating. If any reader of this article is accustomed to ask his friends at times to take a drink, let him remember that he cannot know what the ultimate effect that one drink is to have upon any of his associates. Let him remember that the worst effects will come to the best of them; that among them are men his su-

perior in every high particular of intellect, of heart, and of social power, and that these men may be destroyed by yielding to the invitation to drink. The foolish idea that it is impolite to refuse a drink leads many a lovable man into absolute ruin.

If such men would only put this case on the ground of the case of sitting in a draft, their difficulties might immediately vanish. If it be injurious to me to sit in a draft, I will simply tell my friend so, and if he insists upon sitting there, he must do so without my company, for he is a man whose principles as well as whose manners ought to be repugnant to me. Every gentleman in such case would immediately change his position, and say, "Certainly I will come out of the draft and sit where it will be best for you." It is so in the social custom of drinking. Every gentleman, as soon as he finds one of the gentlemen imperiled, will say, "No, we will close the window. No, we will put aside the wine."

We submit to all those who are accustomed to offer or take wine in company, whether what is said above is not in accordance with common sense and the plainest principles of ethics.—*Dr. Deems.*

REMINISCENCES OF DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

A great convention of churches was once called to confer on evangelical work for the West at the Second Church of Cincinnati, of which he was then pastor. In this convention he expected to take a prominent part. His good wife felt that he must have a new suit of clothes, so she went with him to Luken's on Main street, near the present Court House, and had him measured. The contract was to be filled the day before the convention. The price was \$25. On the day named Mrs. Beecher called for the new suit. It was not ready, but would be ready the next morning in season for the opening of the convention. As the Doctor started for the city in the morning, his wife gave him the money, with strict injunctions to call for his clothes on his way down to meeting and pay for them and put them on. He must "be sure not to forget," as those he had were quite seedy, and he would not be presentable on the platform in such a rusty attire.

It was an all-day meeting. Mrs. Beecher did not see him again until night. When evening came, and he returned, behold, he was still wearing his old clothes, for he had forgotten all about the new ones. His wife gently chided him for his remissness and asked for the \$25, saying, "I'll go down early in the morning and get them, and see that you have them on before you go to the Convention. Just give me the money." Money! He knew nothing about the money. Search was made all over and through him wherever money could be hidden, but no money could be found. "Now, husband," with no little tremor of anxiety, "what have you done with that money?" It was a great sum in those days for a Lane Seminary professor's wife to have. The Doctor was innocent as a lamb. He had no recollection, he said, of having any money. And there they

stood; both were alike confounded. No new clothes and no money, what could be done?

Luken trusted them for the new suit, but the money was gone. A long search and much inquiry brought to light the fact that a collection had been taken in the Convention, and Dr. Beecher finding "something" in his vest pocket as the box passed him, put it in without a moment's thought of how much it was or how it came there!

BOYS, GO HOME.

Ah, boys! you who have gone out from the homestead into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of patient mothers who are stretching out to you arms that are powerless to draw you back to the old home nest?—arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed to hearts that love you now as then?

No matter, though your hair is silver streaked, and Dot in the cradle calls you grandpa, you are "the boy" as long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of your mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life and your manhood may have been crushed out against the swell of circumstances; you may have been prosperous, gained wealth and fame—but mother's love has followed you always. Many a "boy" has not been home for five, or ten, or twenty years. And all this time mother has been waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word? She may be even now saying, "I dreamed of my John last night, may-be he will come to-day, he may drop in for dinner," and the poor, trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus day after day, month after month, year after year, passes till at last, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," eye, sick unto death; the feeble arms are stretched out no longer; the dim eyes are closed, the gray hairs smoothed for the last time and the tired hands are folded for everlasting rest, and the mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant that she may not in vain wait for his coming in the heavenly home. Once more I say boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered. Next winter may cover her grave with snow.

CULTIVATING HIS MEMORY.

The late Thurlow Weed, in the course of an interview, was told: "You seem to remember as well as ever." "Better than I did once, I hope," he answered. "If I had not cultivated my memory I should have been a dismal failure. I had to adopt a regular method, and I hit on one that was very effective. Some of my friends thought I was 'cut out for a politician'—that is, I probably impressed my views strongly on those about me. But I saw at once a fatal weakness. My memory was a sieve. I could remember nothing. Dates, names, appointments, faces—everything escaped me. I said to my wife

'Catharine, I shall never make a successful politician, for I cannot remember, and that is a prime necessity of politicians. A politician who sees a man once should remember him for ever.' My wife told me that I must train my memory. So when I came home that night I sat down alone and spent fifteen minutes trying silently to recall the events of the day. I could remember little at first; now I remember that I could not then remember what I had for breakfast. Finally I found I could recall more. Events came back to me more minutely and more accurately. After a fortnight or so of this Catharine said: "Why don't you tell it to me? It would be interesting, and my interest in it would stimulate you. Then I began a habit of oral confession, as it were, which I followed for almost fifty years. Every night, the last thing before retiring, I told my wife every thing that I could recall that had happened to me or about me during the day. I generally recalled the very dishes I had for breakfast, dinner and tea, the people I had seen and what they had said; the editorials I had written, and an abstract of them; the letters I had sent and received, and the very language used as near possible; when I had walked or ridden—everything, in short, that had come within my knowledge. I found I could say my lesson better and better every year, and instead of growing irksome it got to be a pleasure to run the events of the day in review. I am indebted to this discipline for a memory of some-what unusual tenacity, and I recommend the practice to all who expect to have much to do with influencing men."

A GRAPHIC SKETCH.

It was probably while the sun was beginning to decline in the horizon that Jesus and the disciples descended once more over the Mount of Olives into the Holy City. Before them lay Jerusalem in her festive attire. White tents dotted the sward, gay with the bright flowers of early spring, or peered out from the gardens and the dark foliage of the olive-plantations. From the gorgeous temples-buildings, dazzling in their snow-white marble and gold, on which the slanting rays of the sun were reflected, rose the smoke of the altar of burnt-offering. The streets must have been thronged with strangers, and the flat roofs covered with eager gazers, who either feasted their eyes with a first sight of the sacred city, for which they had so often longed, or else once more rejoiced in view of the well-remembered localities. It was the last day view which the Lord had of the Holy City—till His resurrection.—*Edersheim's The Temple and its Services.*

Rev. R. Heber Newton, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman of New York City, has pronounced in favor of an expurgated edition of the Bible, and says the Bible societies should circulate no other. One can almost always anticipate crankiness from a man who parts either his name or his hair in the middle.—*Ex.*

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influences of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts. See to it then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure—Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambition depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A CAT STORY.

At the stationhouse in this city there is a large cat that has made his abode there thirteen consecutive years, with the slight intermission of six months, when some seamen carried him to Liverpool. Tab, by some means found a ship coming to this port about eight months ago and accordingly shipped on her. As soon as the boat landed the cat stepped ashore and walked directly to police headquarters where all the force heartily welcomed him.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

THE
Orphans' Friend,
Organ of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and
of the Grand Lodge of Masons
in North Carolina.)
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

It is designed to promote the entertainment, instruction and interests of

THE YOUNG;

especially those deprived of the benefits of parental and scholastic training. It also seeks to increase the soul-growth of the prosperous by suggesting proper objects of charity and true channels of benevolence, in order that they may, by doing good to others, enlarge their own hearts and extend the horizon of their human sympathies, as they ascend to a higher plane of christian observation. Address
ORPHANS' FRIEND,
OXFORD, N. C.