

The Orphans' Friend.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY - 31, 1883.

Published every Wednesday at 10 cents per annum, invariably in advance

PRESENT ORGANIZATION OF ORPHAN ASYLUM.

- J. H. MILLS, Superintendent.**
Miss CATHARINE McDOUGALL, Teacher of First Form, Girls.
Miss MARY SHOLAR, Teacher of First Form, Boys.
Miss MARY C. DODD, Teacher of Second Form, Girls.
Miss L. NICHOLSON, Teacher of Second Form, Boys.
Miss E. M. MACK, Teacher of Third Form, Girls.
Miss LULA MARTIN, Teacher of Third Form, Boys.
Miss ALICE L. FLEMING, In Charge of Hospital.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE ORPHAN ASYLUM FROM JANUARY 23D TO JANUARY 30TH, 1883.

IN CASH.

General Cash,	\$ 5 00
Collected in Raleigh by committee of Masonic Lodges,	28 80
Bro. Montague, for sundry Baptist churches,	50 00
Hon. J. M. Worth, Public Treasurer,	1000 00
Mebaneville church,	5 00
Maj. R. Bingham,	20 00
Mrs. M. A. Southerland,	1 00
Goring in Greenville,	4 00
Carolina Council, Legion of Honor, No. 197, Rocky Mount,	10 00
Bethel Pres. church,	2 00
Stonewall Lodge No. 359,	3 31
J. N. Morgan and wife,	2 00
Cooper, Hutchings & Co.,	10 00

IN KIND.

Yeargin, Petty & Co., one bag buttons.
Capt. A. Landis, six pairs shoes.
Unknown friend in Raleigh, ten hats.
J. B. Hobgood, one load straw.

SPECIAL MENTION.

The Asylum hospital is closed. None of the children are sick.

Gustard Dore, the famous French painter and designer, is dead.

See advertisement of land sale by A. S. Peace and J. S. Amis, Commissioners.

Superintendent Mills returned from the West last Monday bringing with him seven orphans.

Rev. Dr. F. H. Ivey has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Goldsboro. He goes to Georgia.

Rev. Jeremiah Johnson died at Pantego, N. C., on the 5th inst. He was an aged member of the N. C. Conference.

Both Houses of Congress have passed the bill reducing letter postage to two cents. No time has been fixed for the reduction to take effect.

Miss Lula Martin, of Winston, and Miss Lizzy Nicholson, of Warren, have been added recently to the Asylum corps of teachers.

Minstrel performances and such like are frequently advertised, "for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum." The Asylum cash book does not show any receipts from that source.

All the orphans were taken to church last Sunday for the first time in several weeks. The disagreeable weather has prevented their regular attendance.

Mrs. T. A. Harrison and Miss S. B. Burwell, who have been teaching in the Asylum, left us last week. They did faithful and efficient work, and leave with our best wishes.

The House committee on privileges and elections considered the contested election case of Moore vs. Williams last Friday. No decision yet.

Two dollars and twenty-five cents recently came to the Orphan Asylum from Goldsboro, but without any letter. Credit was given to an "unknown friend." Now brother Ham, of Harmony Lodge, No. 340, informs us that he sent the money and forgot to write. Glad to see that other people forget occasionally.

Rev. Mr. Bush is the only preacher in town that visits and prays for the orphans. This statement is authorized by the Superintendent.

P. S.—Since the foregoing was written, Rev. Mr. Hardway, of the Baptist church, has visited the Asylum and preached an interesting and appropriate sermon.

The item published by us last week concerning Mr. J. A. Leach, in which it was stated that he came near being drowned while crossing a swollen stream, we are glad to learn was a mistake. We derived our information from a reliable exchange.

We have received a copy of an "Address" delivered on St. John's Day, December 27th, 1882, by E. L. C. Ward, and published by request of Unanimity Lodge, No. 7, A. F. and A. M., Edenton, N. C. It is an interesting paper. We shall make extracts for the benefit of our readers.

From the *Biblical Recorder*: "Rev. R. H. Marsh, of the Oxford ORPHANS' FRIEND, has vacated the editorial chair in order to give more time to his churches. He was a good editor and is a good pastor, and it is to become a better pastor that he gives up his responsible position."

General W. R. Cox, Past Grand Master, and Congressman from the Raleigh District, is to be married to Miss Lyman, daughter of Bishop Lyman to-morrow. General Cox is a devoted friend of the Orphan Asylum, and a generous contributor to its support. We wish him great happiness.

Our community was startled on Friday night last by the sudden death of Capt. S. A. Goodwyn, Mayor of Oxford. He was in Cozart Hall witnessing the performances of a band of minstrels, and had just said to a gentleman with whom he was conversing on some business matter: "I will attend to it to-morrow," when he fell and with one gasp, passed into eternity. How short the step between life and death!

Capt. Goodwyn was a native of Virginia, was married some years ago to Miss Hicks, a Granville lady, since dead, and has been for a few years a resident of this town, engaged in the practice of law and in the insurance business. He had impressed us as a quiet, steady, conscientious man. A few weeks ago he was elected by the Commissioners of the town, Mayor, to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Cozart, and had entered actively upon the duties of that position. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Primrose, of the Presbyterian church, and the remains deposited in the grave in the presence of a large concourse of persons.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

In the old time when the minister was still invited, in the spring, to make a prayer for the blessing upon a piece of land, the good pastor being brought to the spot, stopped short: "No, this land does not want a prayer, this land wants manure," said he.

One of Thoreau's volumes, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," did not sell well, and his publishers returned 706 copies of an edition of 1,000. Thoreau stored them up in his attic, and then boasted that he had a library of nearly 900 volumes, of which 700 were books he wrote himself.

Preachers seem to vie with one another in their selections of odd and sensational topics, as an examination of the religious notices in the New York Sunday papers will show. The trouble is, that the convictions of the pastors are not strong and fervent; the belief of the people is not vital.

Women have found vindication in an unexpected quarter. The report of the Census Bureau shows that men in the United States spend more money in dress than women. The figures are \$498,000,000 for men and \$317,000,000 for women. The average is \$45 a year for men and \$27 for women.

A gentleman admires a charming woman over whose head the swarms of seventeen year locusts have passed at least thrice. "But I say," says one of his friends, "she is very charming, I know; still, you must admit that she is wrinkled." "Wrinkled!" echoes the chivalrous lover. "No, sir! There may be the indelible impression of a smile upon her face here and there, but that is all!"

That new Canadian weather prophet, who has notified President Arthur that a terrific storm will play sad havoc with our vessels next March, need not feel alarmed for the safety of our navy. The President, having received timely warning, has instructed the Secretary of the Navy to employ a few horses and have our war vessels hauled up into a field and have a shed built over them. This precaution may entail an expense of \$800 or \$900, but the American Navy must and shall be preserved.—*Norris-town Herald*.

Twenty-six years passed before the people discovered that Edgar Allan Poe was really a poet; and then the pupils and teachers of the Public Schools seized hold of the idea of placing a marble block over the spot where his mortal remains had lain for more than a quarter of a century. Francis S. Key, whose song has become our national anthem, would have died unknown had not the brilliant circumstance of the bombardment of Fort McHenry brought to light the genius of the true poet and patriot. Edward Choate Pinkney, a poet who is honored wherever our language is spoken, and whose name shines bright in the pages of Baltimore's annals, is scarcely remembered in the city of his birth.

EDUCATIONAL.

The illiterate whites of the country number 2,255,460.

The money invested by the Church for the education of women is not one fiftieth the amount expended for the college education of men.

In North Carolina there are 463,160 children of school age of whom 233,071 were last year enrolled as pupils; only about fifty per cent.

There is in the State an average school population of 45 to each white district, but the numbers enrolled average only 25 to a school and the average attendance is about 14.

Lend us your ears, ye North Carolinians! Census Bulletin No. 303 shows that among all the States and Territories of this Union the percentage of illiteracy among the white people of North Carolina is greatest, with the single exception of New Mexico, a raw, half-civilized Territory. Is this not shameful? 31.5 per cent. of the white people of the State over ten years of age unable to read; 31.7 per cent. unable to write their names. Virginia's percentage is but 18 per cent; South Carolina's but 22; Georgia's 23, and Tennessee's 27. Is there not a volume in these figures? Compare with ours the percentage of Massachusetts, 6 per cent; of Ohio, 5 per cent; of Michigan, 4 per cent of those who cannot write; of California 4 per cent. Bear in mind that we speak of the white people. Can we not remove this stigma? Is a long sermon necessary with such a text as this? Let us seek by every means to wipe out this blot upon our State's escutcheon. It is for us to do, and it cannot be done without an effort, without sacrifice of less important things. O ye legislators-elect, here is work for you to do. Choose a man illustrious to represent us in the councils of the nation, elect to your offices proper men, honorable men, but waste no time at this. Look at your State bowed down in shame and right this wrong. Be just and fear not, you will be sustained.—*News and Observer*.

Mrs. J. J. Roll has moved her millinery establishment over the store formerly occupied by Grandy & Bro., where she will continue to sell her stock till April 1st, at cost. Ladies are specially invited to call and examine her goods.

BRIEF THOUGHTS.

Science and religion, bass and soprano of the same glorious anthem!

"Alas! that so many people look upon religion simply as a fire escape!" exclaims a Southern preacher.

If anybody says that the Bible account and the evolutionists' account are the same, he makes an appalling misrepresentation. Prefer if you will Darwin's account to Genesis, but know that you are an infidel.

There have been various definitions of "a gentleman," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a young lady of this city the other day: "A gentleman," she said, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Last summer Mr. A. Bronson Alcott said: "I early determined in life not to be a slave to things; not to put my life as pledge for fine furniture, for luxuries, for the material surroundings. We lived a simple life, Mrs. Alcott and I, and I have never regretted it."

The Christian religion was not designed for the gratification of man's intellect or aestheticism, but for the salvation of the soul, and to gratify the spiritual longings which are common to all.

If our faith stops at Christ's life, and does not fasten upon the blood, it will not be justifying faith. His miracles, which prepared the world for his doctrines; his holiness, which fitted himself for his sufferings, had been insufficient for us without the addition of the cross.

I wish we would consider ourselves to be set in this world as a crystal which placed in the middle of the universe, would give free passage to all that light which it receives from above.—*DeReuty*.

The *Bothnia* took 500 passengers safely from New York to Liverpool. None of the 500 made any excitement, but four days out we found a coat, hat, vest and boots on the deck, implying that a man had jumped overboard. There was more talk about that one man than about all the rest. Why did he jump? Did the fish catch him, or did he sink to the bottom of the sea? Five thousand scientists have accepted the magnificent Bible theory of the Creation, but the few who have jumped over are more talked about than all the rest. I am asked to jump with them. I think I shall stand by the *Bothnia*.

Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer and Clifford on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean have sown broadcast the seeds of atheism or agnosticism, while Iggersoll, Prof. Adler, and Courtlandt Palmer are in this country breaking fresh and fertile soil for the work before them.

There seems to be a flavor of distinction in this aristocratic unbelief. Men can defend it upon scientific grounds, for science teaches us to believe in things natural and material; religion in supernatural influences. Yet while the Christian religion remains the same, science is constantly changing. So varying are its conclusions, that a text-book on geology is practically out of date before it is in print. With all the observations of astronomers, and with such learned volumes on comets, it is declared that all the accurate knowledge of these phenomena could easily be written in large hand on a sheet of foolscap.

That good brother who complains of being wounded and sour, and threatens to give up the struggle is undergoing a severe temptation. We say to him, banish all such thoughts at once. Let patience have its perfect work. Ride the waves bravely. The trial through which you are now passing is making a man of you. You will come to the front by and by clad in steel. If things are wrong go to

work to make them right, but never surrender. Yours has been the experience of thousands.—*Meth. Advance*.

Agnostics confidently believe that the religion of humanity is to supply the place of revelation and Christian creeds. This can never be. Its theories are too misty, its philosophy too rarefied for ordinary comprehension. In the full view of death and the grave, of what consolation are such words as these from Victor Hugo's funeral eulogy upon George Sand: "The human form is an occultation. It masks the real and divine usage, which is an idea, and that idea is immortal." This is the sort of immortality which is the foundation of the belief held by the Society of Ethical Culture. It would be of but little comfort to be told that a departed friend or relative was an "idea." The eternity of influence may be all that is desired by a few great lonely souls standing afar off on the frozen peaks of intellectual isolation, but to the great mass of humanity it is like a flame without heat, or a rainbow without color." It reminds us of the colossal vanity of Tacitus when he asserted his belief that immortal life was only granted as a special gift to a few lofty minds.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

Mr Moggridge, in his studies in Natural History had been in the habit of immersing, for preservation his different specimens of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes; but he thought that sensation was soon extinguished and they were soon free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp! The effect of this exhibition of love is a lesson to our common humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

Though nearly twenty years have passed since the declaration of universal freedom, there are 3,220,878 of the colored population of the age of ten years and upward who cannot write.

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