

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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COMING HOME AT LAST.

On the occasion of bringing to America the remains of John Howard Payne.

(WILL GARLETON.)

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest
song
Is coming home at last.
For years his poor abode was seen
In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud be-
tween
The singer and his own,
But he will soon be journeying
To friends across the sea:
And grander than of any king
His welcome here shall be!

He wondered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's match-
less worth
N'er had one of his own.
N'erth winter's cloud and summer's
sun,
Along the lilly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And wheresoever in his round
He went with weary tread,
His sweet, pathetic song he found
Had floated on ahead!

He heard the melodies it made
Come peeping o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From many a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers
strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And whereso'er true love had birth
His thrilling song had down;
Bate he who taught Home's match-
less worth
Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweet-
est song
Shall have a home at last!
And he shall rest where laurels
wave
And fragrant grasses twine;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine,
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown
dim
Will fondly bend above
The man who sung the triumph
hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

For the Orphans' Friend.

SCRAPS.

In the days of long ago, scraps were more important than they are now. Calico was dearer; blankets were scarcer; wives and daughters had more taste for useful home-work; books, papers and pianos were much rarer; the ways of gratifying the love of the beautiful were fewer; and the necessity of combining the elements of help and comfort with the ornamental, was better understood and appreciated, than in these less simple and less practical times. Consequently the scraps left in making new dresses and aprons that could be obtained from dresses that were old and worn, were ingeniously and often most tastefully wrought into designs for quilts. Carefully folded and packed away or spread with mathematical precision on the old-fashioned feather-mounds, these quilts were an honor to those that made them, a treasure to the house-hold that contained them, and no insignificant guarantee and encouragement to the prudent young people that even in those days

looked forward wistfully to the probability of new beginnings in new homes. Who cannot recall those pleasant scenes that enlivened the sitting-rooms when the new quilt was brought out and exhibited to visitors? Mark the air of confidence and expectancy that is seen in the movements and on the face of the earnest daughter of industry as she unfolds the dazzling products of her skill. What a charming study in her expression as she stands, with one hand resting on her side, and quietly waits for the anticipated judgement of those admiring friends! The young ladies utter words of enthusiastic praise, and the older offer their more conservative compliments, closing with a description of a new pattern they have seen and of some unique design that they intend to work into their next effort on the "frames." Ah! such scenes are passed forever. No more quiltings—no more play for art and taste in those old-time fashions and toils of the dear women of the South. All that remains to tell of that part of the past is seen in the still beautiful mementoes that whisper sadly and sweetly of the deft fingers and faithful hearts of departed days. Now, "piecing a quilt" after the old style is very rare; seldom done, save by some child of poverty that has no other or better way of earning a few dimes to buy bread and raiment, or by some silly aspirant for praise and premiums who tries to excel all others in the number of "scraps" sewed together and the number of useless, time-wasting stitches taken.

What fills the place of this banished industry? Is the change for better? Crochet work, tatting and the like, drawing, painting, mechanical music, reading all sorts of love stories, these occupy much of the time of many who might be useful and wise. Others—I will hope that they are the majority—devote the precious hours to nobler employment. Perhaps I am not orthodox on the subject of "modern accomplishments." I hesitate to write plainly, in giving my opinion. To me it seems that female education in many higher institutions is itself departing from orthodox. Too much stress is laid upon comparatively useless art. Too much time is devoted to what can aid but slightly it at all, in the life-work that awaits our daughters.

In this I am not unwarrantably utilitarian. I love the beautiful, and highly prize it as an instrument and as an inspiration in true culture. But I prefer the beautiful that lives. I turn from the sapless, breathless, frigid semblances that human art creates, to the glowing, throbbing, bounding models of loveliness that matchless Nature in her kind profusion spreads around the home and along the life-path of her children, be they rich or poor. I see waste and folly and violence and disaster in that fanatical perversion of skill and knowledge that strives in wayward intoxication to make lifeless, meretrici-

ous Art the mistress of Nature in pleasure, in poetry, in song, in fashion, in all the domain of the beautiful. Art is loyal only when it toils to relieve Nature of what hinders her own development under the laws appointed by Infinite Wisdom.

Let me close with a few sentences from one of the most distinguished scholars in America. He says of our women—that "their main business, also, is to get an honest living. The education that unprepares them or leaves them unprepared for this is the height of folly and of wrong.... The greatest art known among men is house-keeping, which is the life of the family.... I reckon house-keeping to be just the last thing that any lady can afford to be ignorant of.... The finest accomplishment too that woman was ever beautified with.... The fashion now is to educate young women for any place rather than for home.... Our school education is growing to be very much a positive dispreparation for the proper cares, duties, interests and delectations of life. The farther a thing draws from any useful service or common occasion, the more pridethere is in studying it.... We prefer something out of the common way; something that can be turned to no account, save to beguile a frivolous and fashionable leisure or to mark people off from ordinary humanity, and wrap them up in the poor conceit of an aristocratic style."

Give our daughters taste and skill for usefulness: above all and in all, let them be truly religious.

A. W. MANGUM.

I KNOW A THING OR TWO.

'Dear boy,' said a father to his only son 'you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theaters. They are not safe companions for you. I beg you to quit their society.'

'You needn't be afraid of me, father,' replied the boy, laughingly. 'I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go, and when to stop.'

The lad left his father's house, twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the 'old man's notions'. A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilt against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced, he addressed the court, and said among other things: 'My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did and I spurned his advice; but, as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me to ruin.'

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!

TRUE MANLINESS.

Every young fellow considers it high praise to be called a "manly fellow," and yet how many false ideas there are of manliness!

Physical strength is not the test. Samson was endowed with tremendous bodily powers. He was a grand specimen of humanity. See him rending the lion as he would a kid, or carrying away the gates of Gaza! But he was a weak creature, after all, unable to resist the wiles of an artful woman.

Great intellect is not the test of true manhood. Some of the most intellectual men who have ever lived were not manly. Lord Francis Bacon was a prodigy of intellect. The sciences sat at his feet, extolling him as their benefactor; yet we see him let down Tower Hill, a prisoner, for swindling.

Fast living is not true manliness. Some men think that to strut and puff and swear is to be manly. To some the essentials of manliness are to "toss off their glass like a man," spend money freely like a man, "smoke like a man," drive a fast horse like a man, forgetting that virtue is true manliness. Temperance, chastity, truthfulness, fortitude and benevolence, are the characteristics and essentials of manliness.

To be manly is to be honest, generous, brave, noble and pure in speech and life. The highest form of manliness is godliness. Some one has said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," but the man who is honest toward God and toward his fellow man—in short, a Christian man—is the noblest work of God.—John B. Gough

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is one on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair; and if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which had been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at the worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is very ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable and should be assiduously cultivated.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

I once stood at the foot of a Swiss mountain which towered up from the foot of the Vispach Valley to a height of 10,000 feet. It looked like a tremendous pull to the top. But I said to myself, "Oh it will require but one step at a time." Before sunset I stood on

the summit, enjoying the magnificent view of the peaks around me, and right opposite to me flashed the icy crown of the Weisshorn, which Professor Tyndal was the first man to discover, by taking one step at a time.

Every boy who masters a difficult study, every youth who hopes to go on in the world, must keep this motto in hand. When the famous Arago was a school-boy he got discouraged over mathematics. But one day he found on the waste leaf of the cover of his text book a short letter from D' Alembert to a youth discouraged like himself. The advice which D' Alembert gave was "Go on sir, go on!" That little "sentence," says Arago, "was my best teacher in mathematics." He did push on steadily, until he became the greatest mathematician of his day, by mastering one step at a time.

THE WORST OF CRIMES.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes! An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

If a man is down, give him a thrust; Trample the beggar into the dust! Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling;

Knock him over! kick him for falling! If a man is up, oh, lift him higher! Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes! An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

WORDS OF CHEER.

A person of a generous and keenly appreciative nature experiences pleasure in according just praise to the fine qualities or achievements of another; yet how often is the chilling shadow of disparagement thrown over some graceful deed or meritorious performance!

The earnest word of encouragement, which would have fallen like dew upon a thirsting spirit is withheld and perhaps the "flowering moment" never comes again; thus a human life which might have blossomed into enduring beauty, is left bleak and sterile. And it is not others alone who suffer, for as we utter the cordial expression of approval our own nature expands; as we withhold them it contracts, crushing the bright enthusiasm which shed such a fairy glow over existence.

No human character has ever been injured by just and judicious praise, but how many souls have starved for the lack of its benign influence. If we could but know how darkly the shadows are gathering about some heart upon which we could send golden sunbeams, how gladly would we "open the shutters and let in more light." But we are so selfish or thoughtless; so slow to obey the voice of deity within—that voice whose gentle whisperings, if wrought into deeds, would suffice life with an immortality of peace and glory.

A teacher of long experience relates how once when weary and disheartened, a word of childish encouragement written upon his slate by a little pupil gave new life to her flagging energies. None but she could know the true heaviness of that "kind word fit-

ty spoken." For the sake of humanity let us give voice to our kindly impulses and we will find the world growing bright as with the dawn of a new day.—Bal-timorean.

AMUSING BLUNDERS.

Blunders on public occasions are often as mortifying as they are amusing. For instance: At a military dinner in Ireland the following was on the toast list "May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast accidentally omitted the "distress," which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

Another instance may be quoted, if only to show how careful people should be in expressing themselves on public occasions:

A church in South London had been erected, when a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed, when he rather ironically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was 71 years and 21 days old. He was born in Tallapoosa County, Georgia, 11th February, 1812. He took his name from Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, of Wilkes county, a noted preacher of the time. His mother died in his infancy, and his father when he was but fourteen years old. He had a collegiate education and was admitted to the bar when he was twenty-three. In 1836 he entered the Legislature. In 1843, he was first elected to the Congress of the United States. He was never in the United States Senate.—Star.

About this season of the year many people are seeking what it is that determines the date of Easter. The answer is that it is the moon of March, which Tennyson calls "the roving daffodils." The old rule is that Easter shall fall on the Sunday after the full moon which comes after the vernal equinox. That brings Easter this year on the 25th of March. In 1818 it fell on the 22d of March, the earliest date possible. It will not fall upon that date again in this or the following century.—Virginian.

A single vile book circulated among the children may do untold harm. There is constant need that library authorities, parents, teachers, keep themselves informed as to the character of the books the children are reading, and that they keep from them, at least as zealously as they would strychnine or arsenic, the poison of an immoral literature.

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