

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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NORTH CAROLINA RIVERS.

M. V. MOORE IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Carolina Land of waters! Here the strangest rivers are: Ararat and Alligator, and the famous stream of Tar.* Broad and Rocky here are rivers; here are rivers old but New; Yellow, Black, and silver Green, and Whiteoak, Bay, and Reddie too; Here the whirling, wild Watauga, leaping Elk, and crooked Toe, Tahkeostah, by the Paint rock, and the wingless Pigeon's flow, Tennessee and swift Hiwassee, gulfward all through mountains go. Where the Cherokee still lingers is the nimble Nantahala; In the land of Junalu-kee is the Valley, gurgling gayly; In the dismal lake-land is the viny festooned Souppernog; In the cloud-haze and sky-land Swannanoa skims along; In the pine-lands over marl-beds ruby wine-like Cashie creeps; In the fern-land from the B-lisams Tuckaseege grandly leaps; Here Ocon lutes laughs, and wee Cheowee frets and dashes, And mid towering canons Linville's silvery spray spurts and splashes; And here John, with sands all golden, 'neath the rhododendrons dashes; From Virginia come Meherrin, Notoway, the deep and slow, In the gray and yellow hill-land, where tobaccos golden grow, Tumbling, Dan and Mayo, Fisher, Mitchell, L. I. and F. no, go. Here is Yaddin winding ever like a serpent 'mid the hills; Here Catawba, pearly pebbled from a thousand brawling rills; Here's Uwharrie with its hurry, here the lazy Waccamaw; Here are heard the humming spindles on the busy Deep and Haw; Here in the field and swamp and forest are the Lumber and Pedee, And upon her breast Coharie, Colly and the Mingo we; Here the Cape Fear's storied waters grandly go to open sea; Here Contentnea and Trent, pouring into Neuse, find Ocracoke; Where the herring comes in Spring-time are Chowan and broad Roanoke, North and Newport, Yeopim, Pungo, Pasquotank and Pamlico, Peatigo, and queer Perquimans—here the millions come and go—Dripping, gurgling, gushing, rushing, tumbling, creeping, so they be, Carolina's Matchless rivers from their fountains to the sea.

*The Indian word is Torpooe, or Tarquooh.

The Indian name of French Broad.

The original name is Saxapahaw.

THE ORPHAN'S FATHER.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."—Hosea 14:5.

The Lord God of Israel, the one only living and true God, has this for a special mark of His character, that in Him the fatherless findeth mercy. "A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation." False gods of the heathen are usually notable for their wickedness, falsehood, lustfulness, and cruelty; but our God who made the heavens, is the Three Holy One. He is the holy God, and He is also full of love. Indeed it is not only His name, and His character, but His very nature, for "God is love." Among the acts which exhibit His love is this—that He executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed, and specially takes under His wing the defenceless ones, such as the widow and the fatherless.

This is very notable if you look into the subject in connection with holy Scripture. We see this soon after the giving of the law. We have the law in the twentieth chapter of Exodus; and in the twenty-second chapter of the same book, close upon the heels of the law, you have

God's word concerning the fatherless. Listen to Jehovah's words; they are strong and forceful; there is a thunder about their sound. "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in anywise, and they cry at all unto Me, I will surely hear their cry; and My wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless." These are the words of that Jehovah who spoke the ten commands on Sinai. See how very

NEAR TO THE HEART OF OUR GOD

lies the cause of the widow and the fatherless. The Lord gave the law a second time in the book of Deuteronomy. If you turn to the tenth chapter of that book, at the seventeenth verse, you will find such a statute as this: "For the Lord your God is God of gods, and Lord of lords, a great God, a mighty, and a terrible, which regardeth not persons, nor taketh reward; He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow, and loveth the stranger, in giving him food and raiment." Those are two strong and striking proofs of the fact that the cause of the fatherless lies, near to the heart of God.

LAWS WERE MADE ON THEIR BEHALF,

and among the rest was the institution of tithes.

Now, if you will turn to Scripture, you will find that the tithe of all the produce of the land was to be given to the Levite and to the stranger, and to the widow and the fatherless; and whenever tithe comes to be properly distributed, if there be any divine right in it at all, it will most certainly be given to the widow and the fatherless. We should agree to its being given in part to the Levite when he turns up, but as we do not know who the Levite is at present, we may keep his portion in abeyance till he appears. But the widow and the fatherless are still here among us, and the poor shall never cease out of the land; and as the institution of the tithe was as much for them as it was for the tribe of Levi, let have their share.

The tribe of Levi had certain rights, because, while the other tribes had each one a portion, that tribe had no inheritance, and therefore took out its share in having a part of the tithe, and certain cities to dwell in. Read Deuteronomy 14: 29: "And the Levite," (because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee), "and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest." I see clearly the right of the widow and the fatherless, and I pray that the day may come when they will get their share of what is undoubtedly theirs, if it is anybody's at all.

Another ordinance was made about the widow and the fatherless—that when the people gathered in the harvest, if

they omitted

A SHEAF OF CORN,

they were never to go back for it but were to leave it for the widow and the fatherless. "When thou cuttest down thy harvest in thy field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." In gathering in the corn the field was raked, but all that fell was left to the widow and the fatherless. It was expressly commanded that when they gathered grapes they were never to gather a second time, but were to leave the bunches to be ripened for the widow and the fatherless. "When thou beatest thine olive-trees, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."

No body was forgotten in the divine rule when Jehovah was King in Israel; but especial mention was continually being made of these two classes—the widow and the fatherless, and the poor strangers that happened to be within Israel's gates. "Thou shalt be kind to the stranger," said the Lord, "because thou wast a stranger in the land of Egypt, and thou knowest the heart of a stranger." I call your special attention to this, and beg you to look through Scripture, and see how again and again God calls upon His people to take care of the widow and fatherless. Job, that upright man whom God accepted, disclaimed for himself the charge that he had ever forgotten the widow and the fatherless; and you know how under the New Testament, it is written, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is established, then, that God, even the God of Israel, is one in whom the fatherless findeth mercy; let us take care of them too. "Be ye imitators of God as dear children," and select as the objects of your charity those whom God specially cares for.

Smith Washington, an aged colored African, whitewashed the fence of an Austin banker for a dollar; and a quarter, which the banker paid him in Mexican quarters at par. Several days rolled away into eternity before Smith Washington had any occasion to put one of these Mexican quarters into circulation, but when he attempted to do so, he was shocked at the twenty per cent. discount. His feelings were hurt, too. He lifted up his voice and said: "Jesu ter think ob a banker, in whom I had ebry confidence in de world, beating me out ob a quater ob a dollar. I loved he was an honest man. I hadn't orter tuck de job in the fust place," and then he added more cheerfully: "But ef I hadn't tuck de job to whitewash the fence, I never would hab found out whar de chickens roosted, and as I sold four dollars wuff ob chickens next morning, de bank hain't catch up wid me yet."—Texas Siftings.

THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter, 'thru' summer and through fall, But the mortgage worked the hardest and the stealiest of us all. It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each holiday; It settled down among us, and it never went away. Whatever we kept from it seemed almost as bad as theft; It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and left. The rust and blight were with us sometimes and sometimes were not; The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on the spot. The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as came, The mortgage stayed forever, eating heartily all the same. It napped up every widow, stood guard at every door, And happiness and sunshine made their home with us no more. Till with falling crops and sickness we got stalled upon the grade, And there came a dark day on us when the interest wasn't paid. And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost my hold, And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was cheaply sold, The children left and scattered, when they hardly yet were grown; My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found myself alone. What she died of was a "mystery," an' the doctors never knew, But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I wanted to. If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's art, They'd hab found a mortgage lying on that woman's broken heart. Worm or beetle, drought, or tempest, on a farmer's land may fall. But for first-class ruination, t'rist a mortgage 'gainst them all.

—F. M. Carlton.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

Davidson was named for Gen. Wm. L. Davidson who was killed in the engagement between the Americans and British, on the 1st of February, 1781, at Cowan's ford, on the Catawba river. This ford is about seven miles west of where the college now stands. The men who so heroically resisted the British invasion, and were, almost to a man, farmers. Even the mechanics and citizens among them, were also as a general thing, farmers and landowners. The sons of these men founded Davidson College as a manual labor institution. The manual labor feature made the enterprise very popular. Three hours a day were to be devoted to labor. After about five years' trial, this system was abolished.

On recently asking an old citizen who lived at the college, the reason why this step was decided upon, he answered "O, the boys would not work!" Another person said "This system has always failed—you can no more unite manual labor and study than you can oil and water!" But my whole heart revolts from this statement. In our country the farming class are so numerous that they may be said to form the State. When Louis the XIV exclaimed in his arrogant pride, "I am the State," he was uttering a false sentiment, and planting the seeds of the bloody French revolution.

But for American farmers to inscribe upon their banners, "We are the State!" would be only enunciating a simple, self-evident truth. Not only on account of their over-powering numbers do they constitute the State, but according to Du Quesnal, they are the only producing class, the

only truly independent class. They produce the textiles to feed the world. It is scarcely half a century since the farmers' wives and daughters sat at their picturesque little spinning wheels, and produced the flax, cotton and woolen thread which clothed their families.

Extremes meet.—Queen Victoria and her daughter the Princess Beatrice ply the needles to knit warm coverings for the infirm soldiers in the hospital. Fashionable ladies knit warm, heavy, beautiful 'Afghans' which surpass the most beautiful productions of the mills. They also knit caps and coats and sacks and skirts and wear them with pride, proving that the instincts of the 'spinster' cannot be crushed out of their natures. The word 'wife' comes from weaver; and in old English law books, the unmarried woman is always designated a 'spinster,' showing that even in the matter of clothing, the farming class could be still, if they chose, independent of all the world; and not only rival, but surpass the productions of the manufacturers. But no living man can be independent of the farmer.

Therefore the education of the farming class should be of the best, and not of the worst. Their colleges should have the costliest buildings, the ablest professors; the largest libraries, the finest portrait galleries, the rarest museums and collections of specimens elucidating natural history. The farmer being the unit of which the state is aggregated, ought to be a scholar and a gentleman; and still he should know how to follow successfully the noblest, most natural, and most necessary of human employments, the production of food and textiles for the population.—Cor. N. C. Presbyterian.

THE SAFEST WAY TO SILENCE

EVIL TONGUES.

In this country there was a circuit judge who was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remarks from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in the rounds. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said, "Judge, why don't you squelch that fellow?" The judge, dropping his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows on the table, remarked, "Up in our town a widow woman has a dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the steps and barks and barks all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time, it was asked, "Well, judge, what of the dog and the moon?" "Oh," he said, "the moon kept on shining."

True it is that the world sometimes is slow to recognize real worth, often conferring her laurels on those who least deserve them. But one's influence rolls on through time; blessing, it may be, generations yet unborn. John Bunyan was despised, persecuted and imprisoned years ago; but to-day we reverence the work of his lonely hours and revere his name.

For nearly a dozen years Verplanck Colvin has been surveying the mountains of Northern New York. On the summit of each mountain he places a square of tin, so that when the sun is shining these dazzling signals can be seen forty miles. Slowly and carefully his party pushed up the rugged sides of Mt. Marcy till they came within fifteen minutes of the summit. This distance was accomplished with much difficulty, but resolute in spirit they toiled on till they reached the top, over five thousand feet above the world beneath. Colvin looked away toward the northwest, and in dim outline could be seen the shadowy forms of the granite hills of New Hampshire, one hundred and fifty miles away; he saw the placid Hudson at its source gently flowing to the great salt sea; here and there some limpid lake sparkled like a diamond on the bosom of the earth; the scene was grand. But what must have been most satisfactory to the engineer, were the little glimmering lights from a hundred peaks, which spoke loudly of his daring and skill. Standing on its lofty eminence, he thought of the hardships he had undergone, and then, entranced by the grandeur of the panorama spread out before him he exclaimed, "This amply repays all my exertions."

There are hundreds of men moving on in the quiet valley of mediocrity who lack the push and energy to climb the mountains, with which they are encompassed. On their rugged sides are written, eminence, influence, and power. Though the way be toilsome, yet by a resolute heart each difficulty will be overcome, little by little, and the very obstacles will become stepping-stones upon which to rise higher. And when, at last, the summit of ambition is reached and one gazes on the shining signals of success which have marked his progress, he can say, with Colvin, "The end gained has amply repaid all my exertions."

A lady applied to a certain philanthropist on behalf of an orphan child. When he had bidden her draw on him for any amount, she said, "As soon as the child is old enough, I will teach him to thank you." "Stop," said the good man, "you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach the child to look higher, and to thank Him for both the clouds and the rain."

If temptations were not urgent enough to require strong resolution and real self-denial to overcome them, what would they amount to as tests of principle. Character is not acquired without testing and labor. Let us not complain that temptations beset, but rather pray that when they come we may be prepared to meet them as Christians.

The faithful, earnest performance of duty, be it ever so humble brings a rich reward, and the inner consciousness of work well done will be far more satisfactory than fame or gold.