

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of the banquet, and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck by blight,
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
For greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of a driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be;
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power is over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've layed,
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped thro' the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river, and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.
—Selected.

THOROUGHNESS.

Our system of home-training and school-life are very imperfect. We care so much more for the polished outside than we do for the purity and depth of the inner life. Our boys and girls are seldom thorough in anything; they are neglected or entrusted to careless teachers in the early years, when the foundation of education ought to be laid—the strong and sure foundations of correct spelling, fluent reading, graceful penmanship, grammar, arithmetic and in short, all those practical branches styled "Common English," and yet too often proving to be the most uncommon kind of English. At an age, however when boys and girls are supposed to know these things, they are promoted to higher classes, and the rest of the school-life goes on with the perpetual draw-backs of ill spelling, indistinct elocution, bad grammar and awkward composition.

This want of thoroughness in mental and moral training accounts, in many instances, for the wrecked lives over which parents and friends grieve, and with which satirists "point a moral and adorn a tale," as they give an ominous head-shake and point an uncharitable finger at some sad failure in the life of the man or woman whom they remember as the bright, promising boy or girl, once the pride and joy of the home-circle, exclaiming in triumphant tones, "That's what comes of a fine education!" Say, rather, "That's what comes from a lack of the right kind of teaching and training." As a class, parents and guardians are wonderfully careless, and do not properly investigate these things. Many children, accustomed to pleasant and refined homes, catch an outside tone of intelligence and refinement from those with whom they associate, and successfully conceal their real ignorance from the superficial gaze. Numbers of mothers will practice any amount of self denial to dress a daughter fashionably, unmindful that this daughter cannot write a plain English letter correctly. It is true that many teachers are careless and inefficient, yet even when the teacher is well educated and conscientious, few children appreciate the advantages of a school room; they not only fail to prepare their lessons, but are sadly wanting in the respect and courtesy due to teachers. Parents are often to blame for this. They are careless in their selections of schools, thinking their duty well accomplished, when they give their children an opportunity to learn; and to their shame, sometimes teaching sons and daughters to regard the most intelligent and refined teachers as mere hirelings, whom they are at liberty to tease and annoy in every possible way.

This state of things is very wrong, and the necessity for a change is great. The future success, or nonsuccess of children lies in a great measure in the hands of parents and teachers. Let not parents

imagine that any kind of teacher will do for children, because they are young. None but a good teacher can teach even the primary branches as they ought to be taught. Let parents be persuaded to take an interest in this subject; "with eyes that see, and listen with ears that hear." Fathers, be not wholly engrossed with farms and ledgers, mothers, be not so careful and troubled about the superficial needs of the household—cling not so tenaciously to the fashions of a world which passes away as some winged breeze which sweeps over hill and valley. The fragrant freshness of the early morning will give place to the feverish glare and heat of the noon-tide; the noon will be followed by the shadowy evening—that evening when father, mother and children, shall, each in turn, stand upon the borders of the dark ocean which separates humanity from immortality—not waiting for the silvery gleam of the fair sails from heavenly lands; but looking back to the wreck-strewn shore of time, where "low on earth their treasure lies."

Educate the children carefully. Let them rather be thoroughly trained in the practical branches of "Common English," than superficially accomplished in all the graceful accomplishments and polished superficialities of the most distinguished colleges of the land. Outside shows and humbugery—pitiful, pitiful sham! God help those, and there are many, who all their lives walk about the world wrapped in their close mantles, which are never removed, lest the meagerness of the forms which they cover be revealed!

In teaching the children to hate and avoid these shams by giving them that which is solid and satisfying, you will be enriching them with treasures of which no after time can rob them; and when you sleep in grass-covered graves, your name will be loved and honored by these valiant soldiers, as they fight life's battles long and well.

To the youth of the land, we would say: "Do not neglect these opportunities for moral and mental training. In the coming years you will remember them as the golden season of your lives—lives that are too precious to be wasted in senseless drawing-room gossip, dreaming over sensational novels and idle promenading." Let the youths of our land live so well and gallantly as to bring back in renewed beauty the olden days of chivalry, over which the great Burke once chanted so sublime a dirge.

And may the maidens be as true as truth itself, and as pure and sweet as the white-robed snow-drops and purple-eyed violets that are kissed into existence by the softest breaths of spring, of the starry jessamines and graceful eglantines, which only lift their heads to send out showers of fragrance on the wings of journeying winds.—Mrs. W. M. Wiggins, in *at Home and Abroad*.

A BOSTON SCENE.

"Who is this well dressed man with sealskin overcoat, hat and gloves? He carries a gold headed cane and is followed by a bull dog in a scarlet blanket? Do you know him?"

"Oh yes; that is S—the pugilist. Fine man. Hard hitter. Very popular. Always surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends as you see him now. He is very well off; was given a benefit the other night that netted him \$500."

"Indeed he is very fortunate."
"Oh, yes, a very fortunate fellow; ranks high in his profession, you see."

"Who is that white-headed, weary looking old man close behind the pugilist and his friends? Poor man, he seems thinly clad for this wintry weather. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; that is old Faithful, the country clergyman. Very learned man. Been a preacher of the gospel all his life. But poor as a rat. He had a benefit, too, the other night."

"Oh, indeed! Did it net him much?"

"I don't think it did. You see it was a sort of surprise party. His parishioners called upon him in a body, ate up everything there was in the house, and left him presents to the amount of sixty cents."

Private liberality is doing noble work in the world. Thrones are trembling, and science and charities are receiving at the hands of uncrowned subjects more princely legacies than royal patronage ever bestowed. Enormous fortunes have been making these latter years. They soar far away from the wealth of kings and Indian nabobs. The treasure of rubies and jewels that Clive carried home to England sounds gorgeous in the extravagance of narration, but if compared with standard values in that age and this, it is really humbled beside the vast wealth squandered by the deposed Khedive of Egypt. We complain of money kings and fear their power in this free country. But God is silently moving the hearts of these money gatherers into broad channels leading to his glory.

TRAVELLING BY ELECTRICITY

When steam was first brought into general use as a motor, a great deal of attention was paid by inventors to the problem of making its use universal instead of confining it to certain conditions that had to be prepared expressly for it at great labor and expense. They felt it was desirable to make it a draft force upon common highways, as well as upon railways but the weight of the machines that would have to be used and the difficulty of making engines that would traverse the natural obstructions of ordinary roads were found to be so great that no satisfactory results were ever obtained. But steam is looked upon in its turn as too cumbersome and too slow and, leaving that to do its work in the channels where it is now operating, the inventors have

dashed out upon the plains of science and lassoed that more powerful and fascinating force—electricity—and they are now engaged in taming it and teaching it the tricks that are in demand in the great arena of human industries. They gain thereby, force, swiftness and delicacy, and as their understanding of the action of the new servant broadens and deepens man is to be made the gainer in ways little dreamed of now. The great value of the new force in all its possibilities of development will be its universal application to common things. Let it be known to you, happy and fortunate lad of the not remote future, that it will churn the cream, rock the cradle and turn the grindstone, among its more prosaic duties, and it will utter no complaint of aches in its back, or weariness of the limbs. *The Pall Mall Gazette* recently said: "Electricity is now entering the field against the horses as a means of traction. Two eminent electricians claim to be able to bottle up 12 horse power in a strong battery, weighing 300 weight and they promise in a few months, a perfectly practical electric tricycle, capable of running 15 or 20 miles without recharging the accumulators, and able to ascend all such hills as are now possible for the foot tricycle, and even steeper gradients, if auxiliary foot gearing be used to help the electromotor, when the incline is great." This is no measure of what is coming. It is merely a hint of what science expects to accomplish. But the youth of to-day will not be an old man before he can see the public traveling over suburban roads, up hill and down hill drawn by an unseen but not an unknown force. The horse has qualities that will make him a favorite, no matter to what more capable and tireless servant his burdens may be transferred, but he will not long remain the necessity that he is to day. Electricity is awakening the world and giving an impulse to the development of a grand civilization that has never before been available.—*Ec.*

Twenty years ago at the London Exposition one might have noticed two huge, circular blocks of rough glass, almost as large as the end of a hog'shead, and perhaps two inches thick. It took thousands of pounds of sterling gold to purchase these great disks, although any such extraordinary value put upon them would have been scouted by ordinary sight seers. An elderly gentleman one day sauntering along the corridors spied these neglected trophies of one of the rarest arts of the old world. The old gentleman hailed from the same town where De Foe wrote "Robinson Crusoe," which has come to be modernly famous for grindstones, glass bottles, and tubular bridges and ship anchors. The more this visitor pondered over the great glass blocks the more mutely eloquent they seemed to appeal to his munificence; like Benjamin Franklin when he first heard John Wesley preach. Thus the

great glass blocks became his property—a decidedly queer and costly investment. The next year a noted firm in York, Eng., devoted fifteen hundred and sixty hours, or nearly five months in the aggregate, to the exquisite work of grinding and polishing these enormous lenses, until clear of blemish, limpid as running water, and glowing with virgin purity and prismatic radiance, they were at length fixed in this place in a mammoth, cigar-shaped thing known as the great Newhall telescope at Gateshead. This was then the largest and most powerful telescope in the world. The lens measured twenty five inches in diameter. It was a great glory for the astronomers, who wanted it transported to Malta, in the clear Mediterranean atmosphere. But in befogged England it rested. It is old Mr. Newhall's pride, he loves its fame, and takes innocent pleasure in reverential stargazing at a cost to his purse that brings to mind what Horace Greeley complained of his strawberry patch.

The use of the word *struck* for *surprised* or *impressed* is not elegant though well enough. A writer in *Chambers Journal*, describing the ponderous steam hammer, says he "was struck which its operations," which is very probable if he was struck at all, for its weight is twenty tons. Again, he was "struck with the workmanship." And a third time he says "a happy idea struck" him; and finally he writes "he was particularly struck with the excellence of a large wrought-iron marine engine." As these four strokes befell the writer within four pages, it is to be feared he suffered much.

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