

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

Ah, when they said that you must die to-morrow,
How did you feel?
Did through your frame a thrill of solemn sorrow
Unbidden steal?
A prayer, "Oh Father, let this cross be taken,"
Murmured you then?
Or did you send to God with faith unshaken
A glad amen?

Ah, when they told me I must die to-morrow,
I cannot tell
Whether it was a thrill of joy or sorrow
Upon me fell.
The prayer I uttered with white lips of anguish
I do not know,
Whether it were, a while in pain to languish,
Or quickly go.

But, now that night is past and you are living,
How do you feel?
Does through your heart a thought of deep thanksgiving
Unbidden steal?
A prayer, "Oh Father, for this gracious blessing,"
Murmur you now,
"I thank Thee, and my wickedness confessing,
Humbly I bow!"

Now, that the night has passed and I am living,
I cannot tell
Whether alone my thought is glad thanksgiving
Or fear as well.
I only know this prayer I'm Heavenward sending,
On bonded knee,
"Oh, teach me how to live, each day depending,
Saviour, on Thee."

DISRAELI'S COURTESY TO A YOUNG MEMBER.

A little incident which happened to Mr. Fawcett shortly after he took his seat in parliament is worth noting. He had ordered his dinner in the dining-room of the house one evening, when some one came up to him and said: "Professor Fawcett, as you appear to be alone, have you any objection to my dining at the same table with you?" Mr. Fawcett replied, "Certainly not," but with a rather puzzled expression. He could not imagine who he was, for he failed altogether to recognize his voice. His unknown companion, noting his perplexity, said quietly: "I see you do not know who I am. I am Disraeli." Mr. Fawcett could hardly believe his ears, and for once in his life was fairly taken aback. This little act of friendly good-nature on the part of the great Tory leader toward a young member whose views were so utterly and irreconcilably at variance with his own touched Mr. Fawcett very much, and in spite of their political differences and their passages of arms in after years, the recollection of Mr. Disraeli's graceful courtesy on that occasion always remained vividly in his mind.—*London Truth.*

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by meditation upon them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight becomes an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

AN ENGLISH ORPHANAGE.

It has been my pleasure since I last wrote you, to be able to visit the "Royal Female Orphan Asylum." The Honorable Secretary (who has been a daily visitor for more than forty years), kindly showed us over the institution. This Asylum was established in 1839, and from the first the Queen has been a constant supporter. It is intended expressly for the orphans of Sailors, Soldiers and Royal Marines from all parts of the Empire; it is therefore essentially a National Institution. A distinctive feature of the charity is, that on the occasion of all military and naval events involving loss of life, the committee admit at once a corresponding number of orphans; thus more than one-half of the children elected since the foundation, lost their fathers in actual service. The building is situated on high ground, and commands a fine view of Plymouth Sound and the Cornish Hills. There are at present 166 children (all girls) in the Asylum and they are trained for house servants. More than one thousand girls have passed through the Asylum, and are filling respectable positions in life. The house has the usual number of dormitories, a large school room where part of the day lessons are learned, and then the girls are taught sewing. All the work is done by young girls, many of them scarcely more than fourteen years old. They make for themselves every article of clothing except hats and shoes and some of the sewing is most beautifully done. We were shown through the wash house, it being Monday, and there chatting and laughing were about twenty girls, elbow deep in soap-suds, "pretending to work very hard" as the genial Secretary laughingly observed to some of them. There was only one woman directing the work. The laundry, which had just been completed, is a roomy, airy building fitted with all the modern contrivances for hanging and drying clothes, and a record is kept every week in the laundry book of the pieces washed.

The kitchen displayed half a dozen girls under the direction of a cook. One girl was the "chief" for the day, and had the direction of the cooking of that day's dinner. In the lavatory is a wash basin for every child. The basin is stationary, a towel, with a bag containing brushes and combs, hanging from a peg on a narrow shelf above it, on which stood the unbreakable, but excellent substitute for a water bottle and glass; this contained the tooth-brush and the necessaries for the toilet. Monday afternoon being a half-holiday the friends of the children are allowed to see them, and are permitted to bring with them any little luxury, such as cake, fruit &c., and as there are a number of little ones without any friends, these goodies are equally divided. Around the winter play-rooms are ranged a lot of "lockers" or little keyless

cupboards, each bearing the name of the girl who uses it. These keyless lockers tell a worthy tale; they prove that every girl may be trusted not to pilfer from her neighbor. They are miniature cupboards, come-at-able at all times, yet in all the experience of the Asylum only two cases of theft have been recorded and those many years ago. The culprits in both cases were visited with the only punishment provided, instant dismissal. The girls are thus placed on their honor, and the principle works without trouble. I was very much pleased with this institution, and the children all looked well and happy.

Yesterday I went through another Asylum of only fifty inmates, but was not very favorably impressed; it did not look tidy and nice.—*Cor. of Orphans' Friend, Albany, N. Y.*

LOUIS JOHN RUDOLPH AGASSIZ

No man has ever lived who has studied nature with as much care and thought, and who has contributed more to the solution of natural problems than did Louis Agassiz. At an early age he began the study of science and his work was laborious, but he labored in love to solve the intricacies of science and therefore endured an amount of work that would have wrecked the health of an ordinary man.

He was a man of great mental and physical power, intense tenacity of purpose and keen observation.

Louis Agassiz was born in the parish of Motiers, Switzerland May 28th 1807, his father being a Protestant minister in charge of the parish. Up to the age of ten years his education was in charge of his mother who is said to have been an estimable and intelligent woman. He attended the schools of Bienne, and Lausanne and the universities of Heidelberg and Munich. At the latter place he formed the acquaintance of some of the most intelligent and prominent men of Europe, and pursued the study of mineralogy and philosophy under competent teachers. Subsequently, he prepared for publication the ichthyological department of Martin's great work on Brazil, in such a manner that placed him in the front ranks of naturalists.

His next important work was the "Natural History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe," then came his "Fossil Fishes," which filled five volumes and a folio atlas. These publications were considered of great value to the scientific world and Agassiz found himself justly appreciated by the learned men of Europe. From 1836 to 1845 he studied the glaciers of the Alps, and the geological phenomena which they produce. These researches were published in 1847, and established the fact that the immense bowlders seen in the many parts of the world were conveyed to the places where they are now found, by bodies of floating ice. In 1846 he came to this country and explored the Lake Superior

region and the Atlantic coast, and, in 1852 accepted the professorship of anatomy in the medical college of Charleston, S. C. Afterwards he went on an expedition to Brazil, which was rich in scientific results, traversed the Rocky Mountains, and in 1875 made an ocean voyage around Cape Horn, in a coast survey steamer, for deep sea dredging, the result of which proved important in the study of ocean animals. His next great work was the establishment of a science school at a point on the North Atlantic coast; in which he continued to teach till his death, in 1873.—*School Journal.*

WALKING IN SHADOW OR SUN-LIGHT.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

I was walking along the street the other day when I saw a young girl, whom I knew, and a little tot of three years, crawling along disconsolately on the shady side of the way. It was a side street, and no one was passing, so I called out, "Come over in the sun, Mollie!"

The girl looked up, crossed over, and we walked on together, the child dancing along in the happiest manner.

"Why, how pleasant it is on this side!" exclaimed Mollie. "I had no idea it was so warm and cheerful. We were half frozen, and I was going to turn back."

How like that is to many a Christian life. How many find the "narrow way," cold and dreary, and are inclined to turn back and give it up entirely.

And, yet, there is the Sun, and they might walk in His light; there is the bright, sunny path of entire and full consecration, of unwavering faith, of perfect submission to Him who "knoweth the way that I take." Let us see if we can find the way out of the shadow into this sunlight.

The very darkest coldest shadow comes from want of faith. You are wrapping yourself up in your feelings, your attainments, your understanding of God's Word. No wonder you shine dimly, and that the way seems cold and dark. Look across; see such as Frances Ridley Havergal, or Hannah Smith, and, I trust, some among your own personal friends, walking in bright sunlight, never thinking whether they feel aright or have yet attained to anything, never questioning God's Word. It is enough that Christ has been perfect for them, that He leads them.

"Ah! but," says one, "some lives are full of shadows—full of trouble."

Thank God, lives are not like houses—they can be brought into the sunlight; and we know that even this created sun has power to break away all shadow—how much more the Uncreated Sun who longs to shine full upon us! I do think we look upon trouble in a very unscriptural way nowadays. I am quite sure that in the apostles' time there were many in the church who were enduring great sorrow and affliction, apart from the fierce persecution which raged, for it

may be that great persecution brings with it an exalted state of mind, so we will not consider that at all. But I am sure that many a mother, in the apostles' time, was mourning the loss of her darling, many a wife was dragging through years of devotion to one who was blind to all her self-sacrifice, many a man was beset by terrible business difficulties. Yet, did not the apostles pity them, and wish it in their power to take the load of sorrow, or sacrifice, or anxiety off? "Behold," says St. James, "We count them happy which endure."

Ah! there is the shadow, and beyond, looking at the unseen things, shines the clear light of that Sun which is risen with healing—healing for wounded, tired, discouraged hearts—in His wings. Is it not foolish,—no, is it not wicked,—to walk shivering in the shadow, when by one step, into full faith and acceptance of God's will, you may be in the warmth of his presence?—*S. S. Times.*

HELP FOR THE POOR.

Georgia certainly never saw a more imposing funeral than that of her most distinguished citizen, the late Governor Stephens. The interest of the occasion centred in the address of Gen. Toombs, who for some minutes was unable to begin for emotion at the loss of his friend. That was the most eloquent address; but the highest eulogy of the eminent man was spoken by Chief Justice Crawford, who said that out of his limited means Mr. Stephens had educated 122 poor young men, and that a green country boy went to Crawfordville to solicit aid of Mr. Stephens, and forgetting his name, asked: "Whar does the man live that oddicates poor boys?" and every hand in the crowd pointed the boy to Liberty Hall, sitting on an adjacent bill.

We wish to commend this illustrious example to all who have means as not only one of beneficence, but of wisdom. There can surely be no stronger appeal than that of the youthful mind which, with just enough light to yearn for more, cries out to the generous for help as it struggles out of the darkness. To bestow one's benefactions upon mind culture is wise; for with due care in the selection of the subject, no investment is so secure and none yields a richer harvest.

One of the things which oppress those who travel in North Carolina in the interest of education is the large number of worthy and poor young men who long for an "education," but know no Alexander H. Stephens from whom to get aid.—*Wake Forest Student.*

The true glory of the Church is its spirituality. The Garden of Eden was planned and planted by God himself, with its bowers, and flowers, and fruit, and birds, and breezes, and golden rivers, and tree of life, in utmost perfection, and man placed in it, the glory of creation; but man lost his spirituality, and Eden withered. The Temple of Solomon,

built after the divine pattern, was the most splendid edifice of earth, and cost more than all the Churches in America; with its ark of the covenant; in it the two tables of stone, quarried in heaven, and inscribed by the fingers of God with the moral code to govern the world, the wand of Moses, the rod of Aaron that budded, and the pot of manna gathered in the wilderness, the golden mercy-seat on the ark of the covenant, and the resplendent cherubim at each end of the mercy-seat, and the Shekinah hovering over the cherubim, and the celestial fire flaming on the altar, and the oracular responses of the Urim and Thummim; yet abandoned by the Spirit, the celestial fire expired, the Shekinah returned to heaven, the Temple sunk to ruins, and the Jews were scattered to the four winds, where they are in exile unrepealed. The Apostolic Church was framed by immediate inspiration, in utmost simplicity, without a symbol, and "filled with the Spirit," and, because filled with the Spirit, expanding throughout the world in a single generation; yet, when abandoned by the Spirit, it degenerated into the colossal papal Church, a warning to the Church to the end of time; And, last, take heaven itself, built by God himself, with its walls of precious stone, and gates of solid pearls, and streets of gold, and mansions of glory, and thrones of light, and crowns and harps of gold, and robes of white, and rivers and trees of life, and sea of glass, and golden altar before the throne, and great white throne itself, that city of God, let it be abandoned by God, and it is nothing!—*Rosser.*

Judge X, of Arkansas, had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost; and, so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his Honor slowly, and with genuine feeling, addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go the penitentiary. You are required to give up, for a long time, every thing which the great world values—your family, and, instead, to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your home, and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; your will, and so to be subject to the order of men who have no sympathy with you. Even your ordinary clothing you exchange for"—here his Honor, raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index finger of his right hand—"striped clothes, the stripes not running lengthwise, like those, but so—round and round, like a coon's tail."

Dr. Johnson, when making his tour of the Hebrides, was asked to take a little wine. "I cannot," was his reply: "for with me moderation is excess." "But certainly you can carry off one glass," urged the tempter. "No madam," said the Doctor, "it would carry me off."