

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little windows where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But, now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups
Those flowers made of light!
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as
fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now.
And summer pools can hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Tom Hood.

REMEDY FOR GOSSIP.

Some time since we were much impressed by a sage observation of one of our best writers, to the effect that a "woman of culture skims over gossip or scandal like a bird, never touching it with the tip of a wing." Our attention has been lately diverted into the same channel, and we are thoroughly convinced that it is to this culture and refined association alone we are to look for the suppression of the temptation to deal out gossip-stings.

Many well-meaning persons say disagreeable and injurious things about their neighbors simply because they do not know it is wrong. They wish to while away an idle hour, and individual concerns and interests, however delicate, are all they have to think about, and these matters must be discussed regardless of the effect.

When one is addicted to this vice he must be either malicious or ignorant, and often both. If the latter, and his instincts are gregarious, give him books and a change of range; if the former, transport him to Botany Bay, or any other place for criminals, until a change of heart shall reform life and lip.

There are villages and country communities in which the mania for gossip detraction rages like small-pox; and its effects are as loathsome and deadly. At happiness, character, even life itself, the blow is often aimed, and all cannot escape its blight.

One is never secure with such persons, and should never lay aside defensive weapons when in their society, for they are ever watching for some vulnerable point to attack, and the shaft will be hurled at some unguarded moment.

A pure-hearted, well-bred person will never speak freely of another's private concerns; he deems it an impertinence or breach of decorum in the indulgence of which he would hazard his reputation for refinement and decency.

Gossiping is a low, debasing,

dangerous business; even churches have been rent by its blasts, and whole neighborhoods been thrown into commotion by its bombshell.

How many sleepless nights have these mean, unlooked-for attacks caused the sensitive and virtuous; and how many aching eyes and hearts can bear testimony to the endless torture of that poisonous sting inflicted by this class of persons, whose name is legion.—*Baltimorean.*

A NEW NAME.

"And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." Probably this name was first given them in derision; but it soon passed into a term of honor, indeed of moral glory.

Farrar well and strongly says that the introduction of the word *Christian* into human language marks an epoch in the history of the world.

"More, perhaps, than any word ever invented it marks the watershed of all human history. It signals the emergence of a true faith among the Gentiles, and the separation of that faith from the tenets of the Jews. All former ages, nations, and religions contribute to it. The conception which lies at the base of it is Semitic, and sums up centuries of expectation and prophecy in the historic person of One who was anointed to be for all mankind a Prophet, Priest and King. But this Hebrew conception is translated by a Greek word, showing that the great religious thoughts of which hitherto the Jewish race had been the appointed guardian, were henceforth to be the common glory of mankind, and were, therefore, to be expressed in a language which enshrines the world's most perfect literature, and which had been imposed on all civilized countries by the nation which had played by far the most splendid part in the secular annals of the past. And this Greek rendering of a Hebrew idea was stamped with a Roman form by receiving a Latin termination, as though to foreshadow that the new name should be co-extensive with the vast dominion which was destined to sway the present destinies of the world."

It was a notable achievement when the great Washington telescope was born. We were casting guns then instead of glass. In fact the glass of these huge lenses is not cast in this country, but has been a secret for many years in Europe, and the story of it lies in dark and dusty treasure corners. But the delicate fashioning of these superb products of human skill is now almost monopolized in this country. Like the departed genius of the Egyptians the handicrafts of Europe are waning, they have harrowed its fields till they yield no more, a new son has risen in the West, a new and a Christian world, and the lost arts are coming again with new blood and a new race. When the news came that England had beaten Germany, France, the whole world with a telescope, the effect upon our own astronomers was intensely exciting. A commission was

sent over to England to view the wonder. Old heads absorbed in their favorite science were tossed with amazement and envy. Young students of astronomy marked out fanciful pictures of the astronomer's dreams. Then came the crowning exploit of Mr. Alvan Clarke, who had been a poor Boston portrait painter, but had turned optician and astronomer. By just an inch he succeeded in excelling the famous Newhall telescope. It is a dozen years since this gigantic instrument was set up in Washington. Thousands of visitors have gazed wonderingly at its great ominous eye. An inch on one's nose is said to count as much as a mile, and so with these enormous telescope lenses their value increases like rubies and diamonds in compound ratio as a mere thread is added to their size. A hundred thousand dollars is spoken of as the price of the Russian glass of thirty inches that has been attempted by the same poor painter of Boston, who at an advanced age presides over his works of world-wide celebrity. The world's greatest telescope now reposes in stately pomp in the Imperial observatory at Vienna. But M. Bischoffliem at Nice will soon place one an inch higher in his own new and magnificent observatory, high on that beautiful site where the old tourist-road winds along the steep ascent on the way to Mentone and Genoa, in full view of the Villafranche and St. Jean and the charming valley at the foot of Monte Sembro.

DIAMONDS IN THE FIRE.

A set of diamonds in the fire caused a panic in a lady's breast recently. A Pennsylvania journal states that a short time ago a gentleman and his wife were staying in a hotel at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Before retiring the lady wrapped her diamond earrings, valued at \$1,000, in tissue paper, and placed them on the bureau. Next morning, after completing her toilet, she was arranging things on the bureau, and, seeing the tissue paper, picked it up and threw it into the open grate. As she did so it flashed through her mind that her diamonds were wrapped in the paper, and she made a snatch for it as the blaze caught and consumed it. One of the ear-rings was pulled out with the blazing paper, but the other remained in the midst of the red-hot coals. The lady forgetting her pain, picked the jewel from the fire with her fingers, burning them considerably. The diamonds were rescued in time, thanks to the lady's promptitude and courage; but the gold setting was spoiled. This kind of heedlessness is going on in many families where the existence of something far more precious than diamonds is involved. Mothers are throwing their children into the fire of temptation from which, when they realize the danger, they cannot rescue them, even though they brave personal peril themselves. (1 Sam. 3; 13.)—*Christian Herald.*

HOME AFTER WORK HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in the pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait abit" thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and has a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old easy seat before we are aware of it; these, and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toil the anxiety, the mortification and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes; and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fire-side. The sober and industrious man's home should be made a happy one.—*Dela-warean.*

NOT ALONE.

We do not labor alone. However feeble our hands, that Mighty hand is laid on them to direct their movements and to lend strength to their weakness. It is not our speech which will secure results, but His presence with our words, which shall bring it about, that even through them, a great number shall believe and turn to the Lord. There is our encouragement when we are despondent. There is our rebuke when we are self-confident. There is our stimulus when we are indolent. There is our quietness when we are impatient. If ever we are tempted to think our task heavy, let us not forget that He who set it helps us to do it and from his throne shares in all our toils; the Lord still, as of old, working with us. If ever we feel that our strength is nothing and that we stand solitary against many foes, let us fall back upon the peace-giving thought that one man against the world, with Christ to help him, is always in the majority; and let us leave the issues of our work in His hands who will guard the seed sown in weakness, and whose smile will bless the springing thereof.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than have others so.

There is a blind beggar who stands on the way to the railway station here. As I passed him this morning, he said, "Drop a copper into a poor man's hat." To see the effect. I dropped a shilling, which on fingering he recognized immediately. "Good luck to your anner," said he "and may the blessing, etc., etc." "Sure an' it's the first piece of silver I've touched for a month." "Come now," I remonstrated, "say a week." "No, by the holy Sire, it's morn a month. May the blessings, etc." Coming back from the station, I was met by the same appeal, and this time I dropped a sixpence into the out stretched hat. "Long life to your anner, it's the first bit o' silver I've touched for a week," exclaimed the old sinner in the accents of the purest truth and the deepest gratitude. "Why, you humbug, I gave you a shilling myself this morning." His face underwent a change, but he instantly answered in a deprecating tone, "Are you the gentleman that gave me the shilling; sure now, why didn't you say so, and I wouldn't have told the lie?"

I read a very pretty story the other day, about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the boy said, "Go in, Jim and get her. It isn't over your ankles; and I've been in after her every time."

"I darn't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you; but I can't go in there: she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died.

Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats; and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I'm not, only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

GIRARD COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.

The body of Stephen Girard lies in a sarcophagus, in the vestibule of the main college building—which is built after the model of a Grecian temple. Its thirty-four Corinthian columns measure six feet in diameter, and are fifty feet high, and cost \$15,000 each. The college opened with ninety-five pupils in 1848, and the running expenses were but \$47,000 a year. The will of Girard contemplated only 800 pupils; there are at present 1100 boys in the institution, and it requires \$365,000 a year to maintain it, or \$1000 a day. This pays all salaries of teachers and officials, and provides the heat, light, food and clothing of the inmates—in fact, every expense. The first year there were five teachers; now there are thirty-nine.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

In contrast to Col. Ingersoll's funeral orations is the following letter which Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol sent to his people in Boston: "For the first time, when at home and in health, I am not at my post for the Sunday service. My companion has ceased to draw that breath on earth which mortals ignorantly call life. Her spirit passed away yesterday toward night. Connected by blood and marriage with three worshiping generations, and with as many ministers, of the West church, for nearly half a century she has been herself, as much as her husband, your minister, and identified with you all in a constant love and service. It is not enough to call her pure and sincere; she was incorruptible and incapable of untruth. In dying she had no knowledge of death, but was translated; not perceiving the chariot in which she sat. She slept on her way. Pain stayed back from her pillow and she was all herself, smiling to the last. Her individuality of nature and character suggests immortality, as her being here was nothing but duty."

A DEAD-LETTER BOX.

An English paper tells a laughable story of the use made of an old pump. The pump having become decayed, the handle was taken from it. After remaining thus for some time, the authorities concluded to repair the pump; and on setting at work, not fewer than twenty letters were found inside which had been dropped into the slit from which the handle had been removed by the intelligent neighbors, who mistook the old pump for a letter box. And thus was explained numerous complaints of the miscarriage of posted letters.

There is a story of a school-master who on every available occasion eloquently denounced cruelty to animals. One day when out with his class botanizing, he saw at a distance one of his scholars catch a bird and immediately let it go. Radiant with pride and delight at this proof of successful moral teaching, he pointed out the noble little lad's goodness to his school-fellows, and hurrying up to him patted his head, and said: "So you restored the poor little captive to his native freedom, my dear child?"

"Yes, and so would you, too, if you'd been me," returned the boy. "Look here, where the little beggar stuck his beak into me!"

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