

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me;  
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;  
And at each step in my onward path  
He makes new scenes to arise,  
And every joy he sends me  
Comes as a sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me,  
As I tread on another year;  
But the past is all in God's keeping,  
The future his mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance  
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future  
Has less bitter than I think:  
The Lord may sweeten the waters  
Before I stoop to drink,  
Or, if Marah must still be Marah,  
He will stand beside the brink.

It may be he keeps waiting  
Till the coming of my feet  
Some gift of such rare blessedness,  
Some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my lips shall only tremble  
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!  
'Tis blessed not to know.  
It holds me in those mighty arms  
Which will not let me go,  
And hushes my soul to rest  
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing:  
I would not if I might,  
I would rather walk in the dark  
With God  
Than go alone in the light.  
I would rather walk with him by  
faith  
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials  
Which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow  
But what the dear Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tears back  
With the whispered words, "He knows."  
—Mary G. Brainard.

## RELIGIOUS FAMILY LIFE.

It is a familiar proverb that an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy. It would be interesting and suggestive, probably, if we could know how many of us, gathered here, owe our conversion, not to the Church nor the pulpit but to the home. The family is the first institution, and lies at the basis of everything that is good in society. All the best possibilities of society commence to unfold themselves at the hearthstone. The family is the first church, and it is also the first state.

This being so, we can only regard with exceeding anxiety any indications that the home is losing its meaning and power. There are many grounds of encouragement to those of us who are laboring for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the development of a finer type of living; but there are grounds of discouragement as well, and one of these is just this decay of family life. The family does not mean what it did fifty or even thirty years ago. There really is not a great deal of home life. This is especially true in the city.

There is not that stability of residence that there used to be. Most of us have two homes—a city home and a country home; and between having two, we are pretty likely to miss having any. This semi-annual break in the thread of our living works disastrously, especially in the young and formative period of life. There are certain ele-

ments that accrue to character only by virtue of fixity of surroundings. Some of us who are adults feel to-day the solidifying effects of those early years of ours, that we passed quietly and consecutively in the midst of an unaltering environment. There is a uniformity in texture that pertains only to deposit formed in still water.

Other influences are also operating to work the relaxation of the home bands. Social usages drive the rude share through the soil of the home and tear and strain the tender roots that are trying to toughen and extend themselves there. In this way the relation between the child and the mother is weakened. The mother's interests and loves and ambitions are not engrossed with her children. The home is no longer the mother's little world.

I hear a great deal said by mothers in regard to the heavy tax that society lays upon them. I wish I could see, in general, more signs that their families are a continual tax upon them. Mothers, with their social engagements, are wearing themselves nearly to the extremity of their strength, and giving to their children the lag end of interest and affection, and it is clear enough why the attachment of the children to the home falters and family life breaks down. Mothers farm their children out to the nurse, physically, intellectually, and morally. God and nature intended that mothers should take care of their own children. Women complain that they have not the strength to do so. Women used to have strength, and there is nothing to hinder their having it again if they will live as they ought to and be as respectful to the laws of nature as most of our mothers were.

The fathers are also chargeable with similar fault. With them it is the club room that usurps the place of the home. Of course there are other places which fathers frequent and other engagements which engross the interest and the regard that is due to the home circle. I mention the club for example's sake. I think that the club as ordinarily constituted, is a device of the Devil for undermining the stability of the home, chilling its temperature and breaking its power. I do not believe there is a live business man among us who, when his daily duties are discharged, has any more time left him than is due to his wife and children.

It is a sad moment for a child when he begins to suspect that there is anywhere in the world a dearer, sweeter place than home; and mothers immersed in society, and fathers steeped in the club, are starting that suspicion in their children and fostering it every day of life. He is an unhappy man who cannot look back to the home of his childhood as to a centre around which everything gathered, the axis upon which the whole world turned.

And when family life, tense and warm, is charged with heavenly influence, the mate-

rial and promise of manhood, Christianhood, and the potency of every blessing, is in it. Something has been said here this afternoon about evil effects produced upon the young by sceptical teaching and infidel literature. But it is with boys as it is with trees in a storm, a question of root and fibre, and warm Christian homes are just the manufactory which God has expressly set up for the production of root and fibre, personal stamina and tenacity. Infidelity in the world will not break down the boy whom faith inside the home has built up.—REV. C. H. PARKHURST, D. D., in N. Y. Observer.

## JOHNNY APPLESEED THE KINDEST OF MEN.

"Johnny Applesseed" would appear to deserve the name of "the kindest man." His real name was Jonathan Chapman, and he was a native of Boston, having been born there in 1775, the year before the Declaration of Independence. He drifted to western Pennsylvania when a young man.

In 1801 he visited Ohio with a cart-load of apple-seeds, which he had gathered from the cider-presses. He planted the seeds on the fertile spots along the banks of the Licking Creek.

In 1806 he was seen by a settler drifting down the Ohio River in two canoes lashed together, and loaded with apple seeds.

He often planted a bushel of seed in one locality, and then inclosed the place with a brush fence. The seeds were carried through the wilderness in leather-bags, sometimes on old horses, and sometimes on his own shoulders. In that way he scattered blessings throughout the wilderness along the Ohio River, and, at this day, thousands of fruitful apple-trees are growing where he dropped the seeds.

He was so kind-hearted that he could not bear to inflict pain even on an insect. Once he refused to build a fire to keep off mosquitoes, saying, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of His creatures."

One cold night, he decided to sleep in a hollow log. He built a fire at the end of a log hut, finding a bear and her cubs occupying it; he moved the fire to the other end, and slept in the snow, rather than disturb the bears.

Oh, when we turn away from some duty or some fellow-creature, saying that our hearts are too sick and sore with some great yearning of our own, we may often sever the line on which a divine message was coming to us. We shut out the man, and we shut out the angel who had sent him on to open the door. There's a plan working in our lives; and, if we keep our hearts quiet and our eyes open, it all works together, and goes on fighting till it comes right, somehow, somewhere.—Annie Keary.

## IMMORTAL HAPPINESS.

Immortal happiness is nothing more than the unfolding of our own minds, the full, bright exercise of our best powers; and these powers are never to be unfolded here or hereafter, but through our free exertions. To anticipate a higher existence, while we neglect our own souls, is a delusion on which reason frowns no less than revelation. Dream not of a heaven into which you may enter, live here as you may. To such as waste the present state, the future will not, cannot, bring happiness. There is no concord between them and that world of purity. A human being who has lived without God, and without self-improvement can no more enjoy heaven than a moldering body, lifted from the tomb and placed amid beautiful prospects, can enjoy the light through its decayed eyes, or feel the balmy air which blows away its dust. My hearers, immortality is a glorious doctrine, but not given us for speculation or amusement. Its happiness is to be realized only through our own struggles with ourselves, only through our own reaching forward to new virtue and piety. To be joined with Christ in heaven, we must be joined with him now in spirit in the conquest of temptation in charity and well-doing. Immortality should begin here. The seed is now to be sown which is to expand for ever "Be not weary, then, in well-doing; for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not."—Rev. Dr. Channing.

## INEXPENSIVE HAPPINESS.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house, into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear from the rose-bud or clover-leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, here would have been the ideal of home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen.

The years write their record on human hearts, as they do on trees, in hidden, inner circles of growth which no eye can see.—Sae Holm.  
Time enough always proves little enough.

## REMEDIES FOR SLEEP-LESSNESS.

1. Avoid excitement for the hours before retiring; enter on no abstruse investigations; read no stories that will take possession of the mind; engage in pleasant social converse.

2. Cast out solicitude by committing everything into God's hands—so bathing the mind in His peace.

3. Avoid over-eating in the evening, whether or not you have had the grace to do so through the day.

4. Refuse tea and coffee in the evening.

5. Do not retire with an empty stomach; give it a little food to draw the blood from the brain—a tumbler of milk (not full, and with a little salt) and a crust of bread will be helpful to many, though perhaps not to all.

6. A walk of half an hour before retiring may be serviceable.

7. Sponge the body rapidly with water not warm; if the head be hot, lay a wet and wrung-out towel on the forehead and around the back of the neck.

8. Avoid an excess of bed-clothing.

6. After retiring, think of strains of slow, grand music—harmonies, not lively jingles; or, picture to yourself the long grass waving in the wind of a sleepy summer afternoon, or the glancing of waters on lake or sea.

10. Closing the eyes and rolling them around in the head in one direction continuously is advised; but we know nothing of its utility.—Christian Union.

## THE WORD "WIFE".

It was Ruskin who pronounced the word "wife" one of the most beautiful and appropriate in the language. He described it as the great word with which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. "I hope," said he "that the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is, that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deeper sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her: The stars may be over his head, the glow-worm in the night's cold grass may be the fire at his feet, home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—M. Anonius.

## DISCRIMINATING.

The Tennessee Legislature has made gambling a felony, unless you bet on blooded stock. This is a nice discrimination in morals. "Blood" has heretofore had its use in determining social position, but not until now has it been appealed to in adjudicating questions of legal or moral guilt. The courts will now be under the necessity, in certain cases, of searching archaeological records and tracing genealogical lines to remote antiquity to determine the guilt or innocence of "the prisoner at the bar," and the Stock Register will become the companion of Sneed's Reports in the library of the Tennessee lawyer.

## A CAT'S TOES.

"How many toes has a cat?" This was one of the questions asked a certain class during examination week; and, as simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency, the Principal was applied to for a solution; he also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up, when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation, of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When this idea was announced, the class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out and soon returned successful. A returning board was at once appointed, and the toes counted, when, to the relief of all, it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet.—Christian Weekly.

An elderly gentleman, the *London Globe* reports, recently presented himself at one of the entrances of the new law courts of London. "No admittance except on business," said the porter, who did not remember having seen the elderly gentleman before. The latter explained that his name was Gladstone—William Ewart Gladstone. The porter thought he had heard that name somewhere, in a paper likely; but orders were orders, and—finally, however, he was convinced, and Mr. Gladstone went on his way speculating upon sublimity reputations, and the janitor remained wondering that this Mr. Gladstone—or whatever his name is—should insist upon going in that way against orders.

As you do not ask of a tree is it *true*, but is it *alive*, so, with an established Church or system of belief, you look to the work which it is doing. If it is teaching men to be brave and upright, and honest and just; if it is making them noble minded, careless of their selfish interest, and loving only what is good, the truth of it is proved by evidence better than argument, and idle persons may properly be prohibited from raising unprofitable questions about it. Where there is life, truth is present, not as in propositions but as an active force; and that is all which practical men need desire.—Froude