

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Price, \$1 a year.)

OXFORD, N. C., MAY 25, 1883.

(VOL. IX. NO. 1.)

## A HEART SEEKING GOD.

O give me back a world of life;  
Something to love and trust,  
Something to quench my inward  
strife,  
And lift me from the dust.

I can not live with nature dead,  
With laws and causes blind,  
Powerless on earth or overhead  
To trace all-guiding Mind.

Better the instinct of the brute  
That feels its God afar,  
Than reason to his praises mute,  
Talking with every star.

Better in childhood's thoughtless  
trust  
Than manhood's daring scorn;  
The fear that creeps along the dust  
Than doubt in hearts forlorn

And knowledge, if it cost so dear,  
I such be reason's day,  
I'll lose the pearl without a tear,  
And grope my star-lit way.

And be toils of wisdom cursed  
If such the mead we earn;  
If freezing pride and doubt are  
nursed,

And faith forbid to burn.  
—From "Tempted to Unbelief."

## TOMMY'S "DAY OFF."

BY BESSIE PEGG.

'Botheration!' said Tommy Trent, as he slammed the door very hard.

He was playing marbles with Jim Coe in the front yard, and his mother had called him in to amuse the baby a few minutes before school-time.

'I wish a feller could do as he's a minter,' he continued, giving a flog to his cap.

Mrs. Trent looked pained, but made no reply. The baby sat on the floor, with his big blue eyes fixed upon Tommy.

'Who yer starin' at?' ejaculated that amiable young gentleman, contorting his freckled countenance until he resembled a Chinese idol.

'Tommy,' said Sister Sue, who was writing her grammar exercise, 'if you do not keep your hands out of your pockets, I shall sew them up.'

'The hands, or the pockets?' queried the incorrigible Thomas, withdrawing one grimy fist, in order to throw a worsted doll at the baby.

'You're a dirty, bad boy!' retorted Sue.

'You needn't put on airs and pretend to be so awful good,' answered Tommy. 'Jim Coe and me, we seed you an' Rier Mills—There! you needn't make eyes at me, neither. We seed you eatin' choklit kallermeels behind the blackboard yesterday, when you wuz copyin' sums.'

'I wouldn't be a tell-tale,' said Sue, loftily.

'Children!' said Grandfather Trent sternly, lowering *The Morning Intelligencer* and pushing up his spectacles.

Mrs. Trent dropped her sewing, to pacify the child, and the school-bell began to ring.

'You needn't wait for me, Tommy Trent,' said Sue, with rather suspicious sweetness.

'Whose a-goin' to?' replied Tommy, catching up a dilapidated 'Greenleaf' and a cracked slate, and scrambling over the back of the sofa for his cap, which, when last seen, was flying rapidly in that direction.

'Thomas,' said his mother, when he emerged, with a very red face, 'what is the matter with you?'

'I don't see why I can't ever do as I druther,' grumbled Tommy, rattling the door-knob. 'I never was havin' enny fun yet, but I had to quit, and run errands, or tend the baby, or go to that mean old school. I hate errands, and the baby's a bother, and I can't bear school. Our new teacher's got one glass eye; but he sees more with that than most folks do 'outer two good ones, and there ain't no chance to sling paper wads. Then I can't never sit up nights, and I know there's apples and nuts just the minute you think I'm asleep; but I wuzrent. I peeked through the stove-pipe hole. And then in the mornin' everybody hollers at me to get up. I hate to get up. I wish I wuz big. Big folks don't have to mind.' And Tommy kicked up the corner of the rug, by way of variation.

Mrs. Trent had been gazing thoughtfully out into the garden. When Tommy ended his remarks, there was a faintly perceptible smile about her mouth, as she replied:

'Grown people do not always please themselves, my son; but I am sorry that my little boy has such a hard life. All overworked people should occasionally have a day off, so I have decided that from sapper-time to-morrow night you shall do nothing but 'have fun.' You shall sit up as late as the rest of the family, lie abed in the mornin', and stay home from school. If you like, you may throw paper wads at the chickens.'

Tommy looked puzzled.

'Do you really mean it?' he said.

'Certainly I do,' she replied. Grandpa's eyes were twinkling behind his paper.

'How jolly!' exclaimed Tommy. 'Hold on, Snapper!' he cried in the next breath, as he saw one of the school-boys passing the house.

There was a rush, a slam, and he had gone.

'What shall I do with him?' said poor Mrs. Trent, turning tearful eyes toward Grandfather.

'I think Car'line,' said the old gentleman, as he slowly polished his glasses on his silk handkerchief—'I think you've fixed him this time.'

'I hope so,' sighed the weary mother.

'Now,' said Tommy, that night, at the tea-table, after he had finished his fifth biscuit and drank a third glass of milk—'now I'm goin' to have fun.'

Nobody appeared to pay the slightest attention to his remark. Papa Trent was discussing politics with Grandfather. Mamma Trent was listening patiently to an old lady who had 'dropped in' to tea. Sue sat twirling her napkin-ring in the absent-minded manner which she sometimes adopted when she wished to impress her brother with an idea of his utter insignificance; but Tommy was not easily impressed. As the family ad-

joined to the sitting-room, he went and stood by a window. The old lady gathered up her knitting and departed. Tommy repeated his remark; but with the same result as before.

Sue had her history for half an hour's study. Tommy felt almost overpowered by his new independence. What to do with it he didn't know. How he wished Sue would ask him if he had done his multiplication sums, that he might wither her with a word; but no. Sue was rocking backward and forward, tying her apron strings into hard knots, and muttering: 'America was discovered in fourteen-hundred and nine-two—fourteen and nine-ty-two, and two—and ninety-two.'

Tommy felt that each moment he stood there idle he was losing dignity. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He would go down to the village. Perhaps Sue would say he'd better not go, and ho! the joy of walking away from under her very eyes.

It was raining fast as he slipped into the hall, took his hat and umbrella, and returned to the sitting-room.

'I think,' he said, faintly. Nobody looked at him. He gathered courage. 'I think I will go down to the village.'

Unconsciously he imitated his father so perfectly that the family nearly spoiled the effect by a burst of laughter; but Grandfather did not raise his eyes from the 'Life of William Pitt'; Mamma lost not a note in the lullaby she was humming to the baby; Sue continued to discover America in 1492; and Papa simply replied, 'Very well, my son.'

The truth of the matter was that Tommy was a great coward and terribly afraid of the 'dark,' and there was not the least danger of his carrying his threat into execution. The thought of opposition was all that had braced him to make the venturesome decision. How he wished that umbrella back in the rack. He stood a moment or two, quaking inwardly. Sue began to look sarcastic. She evidently thought he was afraid. The idea was madness. He would go into the hall, anyway. So he went, leaving the sitting-room door open a few inches. He heard Sue say:

'Papa, mayn't Tommy shut the door? I feel a draught.'

'Close the door, Thomas!' said Papa.

Poor Tommy obeyed. How gloomy the hall was! What was that tall, dark thing in the corner? Ugh! Tommy began to tremble. Hark! he thought he heard Sue laugh. That was enough. He hurried to the front door, opened it, stepped out, shutting it with all his might, and stood alone on the wet, dark verandah, with the wind rattling the leafless vines and the elms tapping the roof with their long, bony fingers. He thought how pleasant it was inside, and how nice it had been to sit beside his father, with his slate and book. No, he would not cry, not for a hundred agates. Somebody came up the path. It was Maria Mills, who had agreed to spend the

night with Sue.

'Why, Tommy Trent,' she said, 'what are you doing?'

'Wanted to see if 'twas goin' to clear off,' said Tommy.

He went in with Maria, and Sue asked him what he saw 'down to the village.' She hadn't forgotten the 'kallermel' story.

Perhaps it was his hearty supper or his subsequent adventure; but somehow Tommy was very sleepy and the clock had only just struck eight. Mr. Trent brought out the backgammon board, for a game with his wife. Sue and Maria were playing duets and the Grandfather nodded over his book. Tommy thought he would make pictures on his slate; but, after delineating a few horses and dogs, which looked like the sole survivors of a prolonged siege, the pursuit lost its charms. Why should his eyelids draw together? He sat up very straight and winked fast. He even pinched himself.

'Having fun, Tommy?' said Sue, whirling around on the piano-stool; but Tommy was fast asleep.

Next morning he woke and saw the sunshine falling across the floor and heard a faint clatter of dishes. There was a pleasant, savory odor of breakfast in the room; but Tommy dozed, and woke, and dozed again, until he felt quite ready to encounter this weary world once more. The house was very still as he went down-stairs. The dining-room was deserted. There was nothing on the table but some work Mrs. Trent had been cutting out. The clock struck 'ten.' Tommy was tremendously hungry. He could have eaten mackerel, which he particularly detested. Bridget was in the kitchen, preparing vegetables for dinner.

'I want my breakfast!' snapped Tommy.

'Hear the boy!' exclaimed Bridget. 'Then why were yez not here to ate it with the rist? Yer mar's gone ridin' wid the babby.'

Tommy wandered into the pantry, and was obliged to content himself with bread and butter and a baked apple. He started out to find a boy to have a game of marbles; but there seemed to be a sudden dearth of boys in the village. How the time dragged. He ventured down to the post-office, and somebody asked him if he were 'playing hook-ey.' He saw his Sunday-school teacher coming, and, turning a corner, to avoid her, met the carriage containing his father and mother and the baby.

'Oh! Papa, take me in!' he cried.

His father stopped the horse.

'What lazy boy is this?' said Mr. Trent. 'All respectable boys are in school.' Then they drove on.

Tommy went towards home. School was just out.

'Hello, Trent!' cried several voices. 'You missed it this mornin'.' Snapper got a lick-in.' He hollered awful.

'Had a good time?' said Sue, at the dinner table. 'Played marbles with Bridget or the cat?'

Tommy could bear no more. 'You shut up!' he said.

'Thomas, leave the room!' commanded his father.

Poor Tommy! He hadn't finished his roast beef and there was a delicious *meringue* puddling in the near future.

'Weren't you rather hard on the child?' said Mamma.

'No, my dear; he was getting quite unbearable.'

Tommy longed to go to school; but he was too proud. He spent most of the afternoon on the side steps, the pangs of his solitude being somewhat soothed by an immense dish of pudding which Sue had purloined, in a sudden moment of penitence.

About four o'clock he disappeared. When the supper-bell rang, he took his place at the table, with a pair of very red eyes.

As Mrs. Trent turned over her plate, she found a tear-stained, blotted, and dirty piece of paper, which read thus:

'My Dear ma i think this iz plaide Out. I druther do az you druther i aint Had no Fun please Forgive me and i will be a Better boy i wuz goin To ask you to do Suthin to su but i Changed my mind for Sue iz A brik.

'P. S. i like the baby kinder  
'P. S. i Hed just az leaf go on erants of you want Enny rayzons,  
'P. S. i doant Want to stay Away from Schule Enny moar. a tellar got licked today and i Did not see Him.

'P. S. Wuz thair Enny moar uv that Pudn left this Noon.

your Lovin sun  
'tomas e Trent.'

—Independent

## MUSIC.

'Where singing is not the devil enters,' is an old German proverb, and there is much truth in it. We hear persons often say: 'I have no voice for singing—no talent whatever for music.'

Did they ever try to develop the little they have by moderate culture? 'My lungs are too weak,' says another. 'I dare not strain them.' Do they never scold or exclaim loudly under any species of excitement? Every human being has some music in himself whether voiced or not, and by a proper training, and wholesome exercise of the dominant faculty, who can tell what wondrous melody might be extracted to entrance the listening ear?

In our schools of education the divine gift of song is almost entirely neglected, and its culture at best deemed a secondary thought of little value.

The homes of Germany are all musical, for there vocal and instrumental music belong to an essential department of the schools for mental discipline, and this harmonizing influence has had much to do with the temperance reform, which, since the introduction of music in the schools, has been steadily on the increase, and will eventually expel King Alcohol and his cohorts from the land.

Would that every home in our country boasted a piano, or that some inventive genius would produce some instrument of equal power and compass on a cheaper scale, so that it would be within the reach of the masses, who now

complain that their narrow means will not justify the expense. Surely the world would rank such a man among her common benefactors.

Let the demand for outside pleasure be diminished by furnishing means of enjoyment at home. Have a piano, organ, violin, flute, or some musical instrument, whose softening and refining influence will be felt and confessed as a domestic blessing, whose benign effects benefit an entire household.

What sight could be more beautiful and inspiring than to see a family group—father, mother, children, all—blending their voices in one of Weber's or Mozart's fine compositions, or in some simple native melody, better known and loved.

The mother takes her seat at the piano, and conducts the accompaniment, the father gives the fine, rich bass, and the little ones furnish the alto and soprano with fine effect. Surely no practice or relaxation is better calculated to make the young love their homes and seek it for pure rational enjoyment and profit. If you have no piano, extract the sting of care or sorrow from a heavy heart with a song. When trials crowd your path, sing them down; it is true philosophy to do so. The angels sing in Heaven, and the little robins just before retiring sing a tribute of grateful praise to God. They dream of music, and sometimes at the midnight hour startle themselves by some spontaneous outburst of melodious joy and praise.—*Baltimorean*.

## A PREACHING RAILROAD.

Col. Bennett H. Young, of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, has taken a new departure in railroading. He orders that as far as possible no work shall be done, or trains be run on that road on Sunday. The only passenger train that will be run on that day is that carrying mails, and efforts will be made to discontinue it. In cases of perishable goods or live stock, freight trains will run when necessary only. The order further says:

'You will in future run no excursion trains of any kind, for any purpose, on the Sabbath. This order applies to camp-meeting trains. If Christian people cannot find other places for worship; this company will not violate the divine and civil law, and deny its employees the essential rest of the Sabbath to carry them to camp-meeting grounds. I am also informed that a number of the company's employees have conscientious scruples against any work on the Sabbath. There are likely others who do not feel so strongly on this subject. Under no ordinary circumstances must any employee who objects on the ground of his religious convictions be ordered or required to do any service on the Sabbath. If any difficulties arise in the execution of this regulation you will please report them to me for consideration and you will also notify the employees of their rights on conscientious grounds to be fully protected in the observance of the day of rest.'