

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## MY LITTLE PLAYMATE.

I can see her now in her calico frock  
And her old sunbonnet brown,  
With her merry face and her gentle  
eyes,  
And her gold hair falling down;  
Though 'tis many a year since she  
used to wait  
For me when the school was  
through,  
And I'd hasten to join at the end  
of the lane  
My little playmate, Sue.

There were other girls in the school,  
perhaps,  
Who were prettier far than she;  
But there never was one with merrier  
ways  
Or one more kind to me.  
If my play grew rough, I was  
checked at once,  
By a look from her eyes of blue,  
For she governed me by the law of  
love,  
My little playmate, Sue.

She always stood at the head of  
the class,  
And how hard I used to try  
To learn my lessons and get ad-  
vanced

In order to stand near by!  
And however heavy my task might  
be,  
'Twas an easy thing to do;  
For more than the teacher's I held  
the praise

Of my little playmate, Sue.  
Together we'd wander through the  
field.

Her little hand in mine;  
We'd watch the butterflies flit by  
day

And at night the fireflies shine;  
We were friends in work, we were  
friends in play,

And how fast the moments flew!  
For I was happiest by the side  
Of my little playmate, Sue,  
You ask how it is I recall her so,  
And remember her face so well,  
After all the years that have come  
and gone?

But the reason's not hard to tell.  
For the little girl that I played  
with then

Became, when she older grew,  
The dear, true wife who is by my  
side—  
My little playmate, Sue.

## THE WRECK ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

It is a Saturday afternoon.  
The scene of my story is a  
large seaport on our coast that  
shall be nameless. A number  
of boys and lads, mostly of the  
better class, are trooping into  
a moderate-sized school room.  
In they come till the room is  
well filled, but our young  
friends do not enter laughing,  
playing, and joking in their  
usual style; they seem quiet  
and serious to-day, for they  
are come together for a school-  
boys' meeting near the close  
of one of our large missions.

We sang some of our beau-  
tiful hymns, and I had a  
short, homely talk with them  
about the happiness and man-  
liness of true Christianity,  
when an elderly gentleman  
seated on my right said,  
"Mr. Banaster, may I tell the  
lads a short story from my own  
experiences?"

I gladly consented, for I  
knew the gentleman to be an  
earnest Christian merchant of  
that town. The story which  
followed from his lips thrilled  
us all, and I can but think our  
readers would like to hear it  
too, so I will give it as nearly  
as I can in the speaker's own  
words:

Years ago the firm to which  
I belonged had its headquar-  
ters in London, and, engaged

in our employ as a sea  
captain, was a young man of  
great industry and persever-  
ance. He made many suc-  
cessful voyages to Western  
seas, and always returned in  
safety to bring back valuable  
cargoes of foreign fruit and  
other produce.

I found he was saving every  
penny he could from his wag-  
es, and the object of his  
chief desire turned out to be  
not only to command a ves-  
sel, but to own it as well. In  
a few years he put together a  
considerable sum, and, by  
borrowing from a few friends,  
he had at last enough to jus-  
tify him in ordering a splen-  
did fast schooner, to be built  
especially for his own use.

Among the various ship-  
ping companies there is a sort  
of friendly rivalry, to see  
which can bring back the first  
cargo of oranges or raisins,  
and almost every year im-  
proved vessels are built, out-  
sailing the old ones entirely.  
Well, the new ship was to  
combine every advantage a  
ship should possess, and sail  
faster than any craft then  
afloat.

One day the captain came  
into my office. He looked  
happy, almost excited, as he  
said, "I must be soon leaving  
you now, my ship will be  
ready after our next voyage."  
I congratulated him warmly,  
wishing the young fellow ev-  
ery success in his new under-  
taking.

A year passed away, and  
again I saw my friend. His  
ship was finished, her crew  
complete, and he begged  
me to come with him to the  
docks and see her off.

I parted with him by the  
vessel's side with a shake of  
the hand, and at once they  
were towed down the Thames.  
On board was the young cap-  
tain, his little son, and ten  
sailors, making twelve in all.  
"I shall be just in time for  
the first raisins," shouted the  
captain, and those were the  
last words I heard from him.  
They got out to sea in due  
course, and so the new ship  
started on her first—and, alas!  
on her last voyage.

That very night a fearful  
storm came on. As the ves-  
sel neared Deal, the wind in-  
creased with such fury that  
sail could no longer be car-  
ried, and so, instead of beat-  
ing up against the storm, the  
ship drifted to leeward, and  
late at night stranded on the  
Goodwin Sands.

The accident was seen by  
the coast guard, and soon the  
life boat was ready and  
launched to rescue the crew.  
Into the storm she went, dash-  
ing through the huge waves,  
now white as snow with the  
foam, now black as ink in the  
darkness. At length the life-  
boat arrived, and with a glad  
hurray the crew ran her un-  
der the bowsprit of the wreck.  
One sailor dropped into it, and  
he was safe. Another and  
another followed, till the cap-  
tain and his son, and two of  
the crew, were the only ones  
left on board. After some  
persuasion, the boy left his  
father and dropped into the  
boat.

"Now, captain, come along,"  
called the life-boat men.  
"No," was the answer, "I

shall stick to my ship."  
"Are you mad? No vessel  
can live on the Goodwin  
Sands."

"I shall stick to my ship,  
because I can trust my ship,"  
he replied. "She is new; her  
plates are firm; she will weath-  
er the storm and float at high  
water, and you will have to  
bring my crew back to me in  
the morning."

Again and yet again they  
urged him to quit the doomed  
vessel, but it was of no use;  
still he stood in the driving  
spray, looking down on the  
life-boat, and the two sailors  
determined to share his fate.  
At last, with heavy hearts,  
they had to leave them there,  
and in a short time the other  
sailors and the boy were safe-  
ly landed and taken good care  
of by kind and loving hands.

The morning dawned. Anx-  
ious eyes were turned to the  
sands, but the strongest glass  
failed to show any trace of  
the vessel. *She was gone!* A  
party of men walking on the  
shore found a corpse lying on  
the sand. *It was the young  
captain's body.* He had trust-  
ed his ship and lost his life.  
He had plenty of faith, but it  
was a craft unable to stand  
the furious storm.

Boys, are you safe in the  
life boat yet? Like the new  
ship, you may get on all right  
in the fair weather of life, but  
perhaps a storm is nearer  
than you think. There are  
rocks and sand-banks all  
around you; *they will destroy  
both body and soul if you get  
wrecked on them.*

When the merchant finish-  
ed his story we were all spell-  
bound. It was told so earn-  
estly, and made so deep an  
impression, that I scarcely  
dared to break the stillness  
which followed. We shall  
never forget the story of the  
young captain and his new  
ship.

Earnestly I would ask our  
young readers, "Are you safe  
in Christ Jesus, safe from the  
storms of life—yes, and the  
storm of death?" When the  
ship "Arctic" went down on  
the coast of Newfoundland  
the boats would not hold the  
passengers, and only a few  
were saved; but thank God  
there is room in the life-boat  
Christ Jesus for all of you;  
"yet there is room." But if  
you neglect and reject the one  
Life-boat, your little craft  
must sink in the dark waves  
of eternity.

## TENTATIVE PRAYERS.

What are tentative prayers?  
Perhaps they ought not to be  
called prayers. They have  
the form of prayers. In re-  
ality they are experimental  
exercises in regard to spiri-  
tual matters. In regard to many  
material things men try ex-  
periment. A man sinks a  
well in the hope that he may  
strike a vein of water. A man  
desires a favor of another.  
Possibly his request may be  
granted. He will try the ex-  
periment. In the same spirit  
men offer prayer as they su-  
pose. They need certain  
things: They know that it is  
proper to ask God for them.  
They have God's promise  
that they shall receive if they  
ask not amiss. Instead of  
striving for a proper state of

mind, and then asking with  
the expectation of receiving,  
they ask thinking it possible  
that they may receive. Their  
utterances are spiritual experi-  
ments rather than prayers.  
The experiments are never  
successful. God answers  
prayer; but he does not favor  
experiments. His promise is,  
'ask, and you shall receive.'  
It is not 'ask, and you may  
possibly receive.' We are to  
ask with the expectation—  
the belief that we shall re-  
ceive, provided our petition  
is in according with the will  
of God. When our prayer is  
offered aright, it is answered  
whether we receive the thing  
asked for or not. If we receive  
it, we have our answer. If  
we do not receive it, we have  
our answer; for the Gethse-  
mane formula is a part of every  
true prayer—not my will but  
thine be done.

A great many of our so-  
called prayers are useless, and  
worse than useless—sinful.  
We sometimes ask for im-  
proper things; we sometimes  
ask for proper things from  
improper motives; we some-  
times ask for proper things  
when we have no real desire  
to have them. When we ask  
for the right thing in the right  
way, God's word is pledged  
that we shall receive it.

The art of prayer is the most  
important of all arts. More  
depends upon its right exer-  
cise, than upon the exercise  
of any other art. Few study  
this as it should be studied,  
and consequently few be-  
come skillful and mighty in  
prayer.

## THE COUNTERFEIT QUARTER.

Four boys were standing un-  
der a tree, looking at a bad quar-  
ter which the father of one of the  
boys had taken the day before.  
"Father thinks it came from  
the apple-man: he bought apples  
yesterday, but he cannot be  
sure, for he had several others in  
his pocket-book. It is good for  
nothing any way so he gave it  
to me to play with."

"You wouldn't catch my fath-  
er losing money that way. He  
would shove it off on some one.  
You could spend that in several  
ways if you like. Give it to me  
Freddy, and I will go down to  
Aleck and get a hat-full of chest-  
nuts for it. You might as well,  
it is of no use to you. If Aleck  
finds it out after he gets it, he  
will pass it on somebody, so  
there'll not be any harm done  
any way."

"What of the next one who  
gets it?" said Freddy.

"Oh he must pass it off as we  
do," laughed Phill; come let us  
try any way."

"Not I, Phill," said the other  
stoutly: "my father says it is  
stealing to pass counterfeit mon-  
ey when you know it, and a very  
high crime. I don't mean to be-  
gin that business, even in a  
small way. Come to think of it  
I guess the best thing I can do  
with it is to pitch it into the  
mill-pond. I might lose it, and  
somebody find and pass it. Get  
some pebbles, boys and let's see  
which can pitch the farthest."

The old counterfeit was bur-  
ied in the deep mill pond where  
it was never likely to tempt any  
one to dishonesty, or to make  
any one suffer loss by its means.  
—*Child's World.*

## SELF-RELIANCE.

There is nothing more like-  
ly to result in the successful  
career of a young man than  
confident self-reliance. It is  
astonishing how much more a  
youth will accomplish who re-  
lies upon himself, than one  
who depends upon others for  
assistance. Having first as-  
certained the direction, in and  
the means by, which his ob-  
ject is to be reached, let him  
put his whole energies to  
work, and, with unflagging in-  
dustry, press forward. The  
young man who spends his  
evenings on the corners, or in  
the companionship of those  
who are wanting in laudable  
ambition, rarely ever wins a  
position of honor, or achieves a  
reputation above that en-  
joyed by the common masses.

In a country like ours,  
where the avenues to honor  
and wealth are open alike to  
all, there is no reasonable ex-  
cuse that can be offered for a  
man's failure to achieve one  
or the other, or both. Ill-  
health, or extraordinary mis-  
fortune, may keep him down,  
but these are the exceptions  
that establish the rule. Few-  
men know of how much they  
are capable until they have  
first thoroughly tested their  
abilities. The amount of la-  
bor, literary or mechanical,  
which a person in vigorous  
health can perform, is almost  
without limit, if a systematic  
method is adopted, and the  
proper spirit incited to the ef-  
fort. An hour of each even-  
ing spent with some good au-  
thor, or the study of some  
branch of useful science, will  
in the course of a few years,  
give to a young man who  
thus devotes the small por-  
tion of his time an amount of  
information (literary or scien-  
tific) which cannot fail to fit  
him for positions to which  
he could never properly as-  
pire without this attention to  
study.

## COLERAINE, N. C.

June 1st 1883.

MR. EDITOR:—There was a  
Sunday School Picnic at the  
Coleraine Baptist Church yester-  
day, in which the old, as well as  
the young, enjoyed themselves  
hugely. Rev. Jos. Leary and  
J. H. Etheridge made addresses  
that were eloquent, instructive  
and entertaining. The teachers,  
and prominently among them,  
Miss Bettie R. Henry and Mrs.  
Watford, are deserving of the  
highest praise. Mrs. Watford  
led the children in singing ap-  
propriate songs while the organ  
pealed forth its sweetest tones.  
And Miss Henry had a table  
spread exclusively for the chil-  
dren—and it was a feast of the  
mind and full banquet of the  
heart to see them enjoy them-  
selves. All the tables were load-  
ed with the delicacies of the sea-  
son, and everybody seemed to be  
in the best of spirits. The young  
gentlemen who assisted in "get-  
ting it up" cannot be forgotten,  
especially Messrs. Beasley, White  
and Leary. We are sure the ro-  
sy, enchanting smiles of the many  
pretty girls amply paid them for  
their labor. Altogether it was an  
enjoyable affair and we trust will  
be more frequent, as they do  
much good in a community.

## "OUR BAIEN THAT'S DEEIN."

The late Dr. James Hamilton  
had a capital illustration of how  
general prayers and "oblique  
sermons" fail to satisfy the soul  
in the emergencies of life. A  
Scotchman who had but one  
prayer was asked by his wife to  
pray by the bedside of their  
dying child. The good man  
struck out on the old track, and  
soon came to the usual petition  
for the Jews. As he went on  
with the time-honored quota-  
tion, "Lord, turn again the cap-  
tivity of Zion," his wife broke  
in, saying: "Eh! mon, you're aye  
drawn out for the Jews; but it's  
*our bairn* that's deein!" Then  
clasping her hands, she cried;  
"Lord, help us, or give us back  
our darling if it be Thy holy will;  
and if he is to be taken, oh, take  
him to Thyself." That woman  
knew how to pray, which was  
more than her husband did.  
And in her prayer she honestly  
poured out her heart's needs be-  
fore God.

An "oblique sermon" is not a  
prayer. An audible meditation  
or a doctrinal dissertation is not a  
prayer. Telling the Lord a hun-  
dred things he knows better than  
we do is not prayer. If persons  
who lead in prayer had as vivid  
a conception of what they want,  
and as earnest a desire to get it,  
as this poor woman, would there  
be as many complaints about  
long prayers as we hear?

## HOW TO BE ACCEPTABLE.

If we could only impress  
upon all mankind the fact  
that a sacred duty which de-  
velopes upon each individual  
to keep himself or herself  
pure, sweet, and acceptable  
to those about them at all  
times, we should feel that we  
had accomplished a work of  
priceless value. Of course we  
cannot do this, nor can we  
expect to influence any large  
proportion of the people, in  
the direction of that cleanli-  
ness which so nearly approxi-  
mates godliness. But we do  
stimulate a select few to  
greater consideration for the  
tastes and feelings of others,  
and in this we have a sweet  
and lasting reward. Thousands  
of our young readers will by-  
and-by reflect that to our teach-  
ings they owe something of  
their good manners, not a little  
of their good morals, and very  
much of their good habits, and  
they will, some day, thank us  
for our earnestness in their be-  
half. So we remember that when  
we preach temperance, and clean-  
liness, and a life of thoughtful  
purity, we are teaching our read-  
ers an all-important lesson, and  
one which cannot be too early  
learned. There is a great deal  
of selfishness in the world, and  
this trait is manifested in noth-  
ing more than in personal habit.

It is asserted that 5,000  
young men and women break  
down every year through the  
excessive strain imposed  
on them in London shops,  
where it is said the average  
hours of labor of two-thirds  
of the shop assistants are  
from twelve to fifteen hours  
daily.

Man should trust in God as if  
God did all, and labor himself as if  
man did all.—*Chalmers.*