

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## EAT AND BE FILLED.

"And they did all eat and were filled."  
*Eat and be filled, no scant is here;*  
Welcome, brave Knights, to ample cheer!

The hand Divine hath blest our bread,  
Freely partake—for you 'tis spread!

*Eat and be filled, come thickly now,*  
"The more the merrier," we vow!  
his day to us is blest and bright—  
Praise God for this most goodly sight!

*Eat and be filled, let merry jest*  
Betray the joy of every guest;  
Let mirth abound and lightsome song  
Our glad festivities prolong.

*Eat and be filled, may He who fed*  
Ten thousand with the fish and bread,  
Enlarge our knightly store to feed  
Earth's starving millions in their need!

—Masonic Review.

## CAIN'S HERITAGE.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

"I'll make you sorry for that, girl, see if I do not."

"Come and do it now, then, I'm ready—but you know well enough I did not mean to step on your book."

"Boys, boys, what is wrong; what unkind, angry words, Harry."

"Well, mother, only look at my new scrap-book, two pages just finished, and now ruined by Jack's muddy boot, its too provoking."

"Mother, I'm very sorry," interrupted Jack, "but you see the room is dark, with only the firelight, and I did not notice the book on the floor."

"It seems you never notice anything," added Harry, still cross and angry.

"Mother, when Jack or any other boy treats me so I just hate him, I want to strike right away, only you say we mustn't."

"I am very, very sorry, my son, to know that even for a moment you harbor such sinful thoughts."

"Well, mother, I just can't help it, there's no use trying."

"I quite agree with you, there is no use trying so long as you rely upon your own strength, but God is our refuge and strength against our sins and temptations as well as in our sorrows; with his help you surely could overcome this, your most grievous fault. Will you be better able to control an evil, unreasoning temper when it has grown with your growth and strengthened with indulgence? Let me tell you of a boy who said just as you do, when angry, 'I cannot help it,' and allowed his temper to become his master. The story is such a sad one it pains me even yet to dwell upon it, and has always seemed too distressing to be told my boy, but the remembrance of Will Ashton may aid you. The story is a true one."

"We were friends, he and I, at the village school, good friends, though I was two years older. He was bright and quick at his lessons, and pleasant and lovable, so long as not angry, but the most unreasoning, ungovernable creature when his temper was aroused I have ever known."

He was generous and selfish by fits and starts, indolent and industrious as his inclinations led him, but quick-tempered and passionate always. Of course I do not mean that his temper had been always so unruly, that is never possible; it had increased with his years, and through neglect had gone quite beyond his power of control. Sometimes I begged him, "Oh, Will, be more patient with the little ones," for he was very harsh with them and easily angered; and often after some outburst of passion, he would exclaim, petulantly "Oh, I can't help it, there's no use trying."

"There came one year to the school a little stranger, Bonnie Thruston; he was the child of a widow whose home was twenty miles away and Bonnie was to live with a neighbor of ours and attend school. He was quiet and gentle, small for his years and from the first was ridiculed by the other boys, but most especially by Will Ashton, who, though a year older than Bonnie, resorted to the wicked practice of teasing and aggravating him. One day Will was more annoyed than usual and there was a scuffle between the two in which Bonnie, by some chance, tripped him. It was a hard fall and hurt Will, who sprang up vowing vengeance."

"I'll teach you to try that again!" he said fiercely. "I'll be thrown by a baby, wont I; you dare not meet me in the hollow beyond the village; see the coward."

"I will not take a dare!" Bonnie answered promptly.

"Come on boys," called Ned Staunton, "let's see fair play."

"It was late in the afternoon and school had just been dismissed, but the boys were not allowed to remain on the grounds and six or seven of them hurried off to a beautiful place just beyond the village, where we frequently went on picnic excursions in the summer. Here there was some parleying after the fashion of boys; then suddenly Will cried out: "Well, let's give him a chance to escape; I will stand here; I will not touch him unless he crosses that path; he need not do it unless he chooses, if he does, we fight."

"But suddenly Will drew from his pocket a pistol; 'now let's see if he will take a dare!' watch for the white feather."

"There was an exclamation from the other boys, but before any one could speak Bonnie sprang across the path; a shot rang through the valley; a wild cry went up from the knot of boys; Bonnie had fallen. A jet of blood spurted out from his side, dyeing the beautiful golden crocuses which grew where he lay."

"Oh, Will! Will! you have killed him!" cried Ned Staunton; "run, Ernest, get Doctor Wells quickly, his heart is still beating."

"It was almost dark when the doctor dashed up and springing from his horse knelt by the poor boy. Will was there too, his face pressed against the wet grass, his hands clinched."

"Oh, Doctor, save him, save him, I did not mean to shoot,

only to frighten him."

"A few moments there was silence, then very sternly the doctor answered. "He is dying!"

"A hush, solemn and terrible had fallen upon the group, a silence in which each heard his own heart beat; and each seemed to keep time with the slow, unsteady throb of that other from which the life was surely ebbing."

"Suddenly one of my little brothers rushed through the gate crying wildly, "Oh, sister, Bonnie Thruston has been shot! he is dying! he is dying!"

"I was sitting on the front gallery in the twilight and sprang up quickly when the frightened voice fell upon my ear. "Where, Ernest? How?"

"They are bringing him now," he gasped.

"Not waiting for more I hurried away with him, not really understanding anything about it, but thinking some one might be needed."

"The moon was just rising and the village street looked white and ghastly in the clear light; soon I saw approaching, down the empty, silent road, a dark object. Oh, I can never forget the sight upon which the moon shone that night. A rough board upon which lay the poor murdered boy, supported by six of his awe-stricken schoolmates; and walking behind, with the physician, Will Ashton. His head was bowed, his arms hanging listlessly, his eyes bent upon the ground; I could not speak for horror, but turning and walking silently by his side laid my hand upon his. For one moment his face was lifted to mine, and I pray God never again to look upon such a countenance; white, livid, the eyes blood-shot, the lips colorless, and the cheeks so blanched that they seemed suddenly to have grown sunken and hollow."

"We followed those who bore the corpse to the house where Bonnie had been living, and later when he was dressed and laid upon a couch, I went in and brushed the brown silken curls, arranged the little white tie at his throat and smoothed into a natural position the small delicate fingers. Will knelt there the whole of that terrible night, he could not be persuaded away and nothing could comfort him nothing lessen his pain."

"I was wild with anger!" he said, again and again, "that was my sin, I did not mean to hurt him, indeed I did not."

"Had Will learned to control his temper, had he been more gentle and forbearing this fearful crime would not have been committed; had he not in jest pointed the deadly weapon, worn in disobedience to his father's command, Bonnie might yet be alive."

"The dead boy was carried to his mother the next day. Will went off with his father, and I have never known his fate, but do you suppose he could have led a happy life?"

"Ah, Harry, learn in time that your deadliest enemy is this sinful temper, that it may wreck your happiness here and hereafter, and that only by the aid of the Holy Spirit

can it be overcome. Take for your verse this week, "Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering, and let the peace of God rule in your heart." And when it seems hardest to conquer, remember the words, "The Lord is the strength of my life."

Lostest of dying, the Jewish body shows increasing vitality. They cannot be stamped out, nor swallowed up. They pass from country to country, to become practically masters wherever they go. They get the land in Germany and in Hungary; and grow rich in Russia; they are the great bankers in London and Paris and the centres of European commerce. In ten (recent) years the Rothschilds furnished \$500,000,000 in loans to England, Austria, Prussia, France, Russia, and Brazil. Baron Lionel de Rothschild compelled the British Parliament, after a struggle of some years, to admit him to take a seat in the House of Commons without taking the oath "on the faith of a Christian." They increase faster than the Christians—in the ratio of 5.5 to 3.8. Only 89 Jews die in the 100,000 to 143 Christians. In Prussia it is shown by statistics that out of 10,000 Jews 1,132 are directors in banks against 509 Christians out of 10,000. Thirty per cent. of the sons of Jews are in the High Schools of Berlin, and Jews edit or control the majority of the German newspapers. In New York they have a synagogue costing over \$1,000,000, and every American city has one or more synagogues—controlled by the legislative code of the man Moses. During the late Confederate war, it is stated, that "all the gold in the Confederacy was in the hands of the Jews and their agents." Their hospitals and almshouses are said to be the finest in the world.

Despite the prejudices against them, in Germany, and especially in France, they have forced their way to leading positions on the bench, at the bar, in medicine, in letters, in the universities. Three of the most notable men of our day have been Jews—or have Jewish blood—Disraeli, Gambetta, and Judah P. Benjamin.

## APPLES AS FOOD.

An exchange states the benefits of apples to be as follows: "A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect upon the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute them for pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctors bills in a single year sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use."

## MANKIND'S MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at day-break and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish the meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To take off proper clothing out of season, simply because you have become heated.

To sleep exposed to a direct draft in any season.

To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases flesh is heir to.—Index.

## PREACHING, EDITING, AND FARMING.

The saying of Horace Greeley, that he had never met a man who did not think himself competent to run a farm or newspaper, in how many other things he might have failed, is well known. It begins to look as if every one now thinks himself fully prepared to preach the gospel, judging from the advice heaped upon clergymen from all quarters, and by all sects of people, concerning the subjects upon which they should preach and the topics they should pass by. And it is not worthy that the ones most ready to give direction to ministers are those who know very little about the gospel, and upon whom its effects, to say the least, are not apparent.

Dr. Chalmers arraigned intemperance in the following words:

"Before God and man, before the Church, the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. I charge it as the cause of almost all the ignorance and poverty, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge which swept over the highest hills, engulfing the world, of which eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this, 'Saul hath slain his thousands, but this David his tens of thousands.'"

Mr. Isham Bridgford, Warrenton, N. C., says: "I had the dropsy and was benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters."

In the first 1,500 years of the history of Christianity [referring to four large colored charts on the wall] it gained 100,000,000 of adherents; in the next 300 years 100,000,000 more; but in the last 100 years it has gained 210,000,000 more. Please make these facts vivid. Here is a staff. Let it represent the course of Christian history. Let my hand represent 500 years. I measure off 500, 1,000, 1,500 years. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? One hundred million. I add three finger-breadths more. In that length of time how many adherents did Christianity gain? One hundred million. In the 300 years succeeding the Reformation Christianity gained as many adherents as in the 1,500 years preceding; but I now add a single finger's-breadth to represent one century. How many adherents has Christianity gained in that length of time? Two hundred and ten millions more. Such has been the marvelous growth of the Christian nations in our century, that in the last 83 years Christianity has gained more adherents than in the previous eighteen centuries. These are facts of colossal significance, and they cannot be dwelt on too graphically or too often. By adherents of Christianity I mean nominal Christians—that is, all who are not pagans, Mohammedans, or Jews. At the present rate of progress, it is supposed that there will be 1,200,000,000 of nominal Christians in the world in the year 2000.—*Jos. Cook*

When a great citizen of Florence lay dying of the plague, deserted by his courtiers, abandoned by his friends and his own family, he appealed to a crowd under the window for some office of charity. "No," said one, "you are not rich enough to buy us. We will not give life for gold." But up started a young man and rushed through the crowd, exclaiming, "I will come in to you not for money but for gratitude; for I am one of those you saved from the death-block." That is the language of true Christian love. It says to Christ, "I will come to thee not for thy great name, not for reward, not for praise, but because I am one thou hast saved from death."

## THE NEW BOYLE ROCHE.

Mr. Kenny, M. P., is one of the most muddled modern manufacturers of mixed metaphors. A short time ago he spoke of Mr. Errington as 'an understrapper; a mere political fly who is acting the part of a snake in the grass, a back stair assassin of the people.' It is to be hoped that the ghost of Sir Boyle Roche will not, inspired by envy, disturb Mr. Kenny's slumbers.

The most influential paper in Japan, edited by a native Buddhist, nevertheless had the frankness to say, in a recent editorial on 'the Jesus way,' as Christianity is called in that land: 'See what blessings this religion confers! Open the map of the world and look at the nations of the earth. There is not a Buddhist nation among them that knows what liberty is. The weakest and most insignificant Christian countries have more liberty than the most powerful Buddhist countries. Is it not time for Japan to advance?'