

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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CRUMBS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

BY MRS. ENOCH TAYLOR.

I made a call the other day
On Mrs. Smith, across the way;
And as we in the parlor sat,
Indulging in a social chat,
There came a beggar to the door,
Which led us to discuss the poor.
Now, Mrs. Smith belongs to church,
And seems to be in daily search
Of souls to save, and good to do—
And I think her heart is honest, too;
But when it came to charity,
I then could very plainly see
She had but little she could spare,
Although she had a liberal share
Of this world's goods; but then, you
know,
It's hard for some to let it go!

Said she, "I pity all the poor,
And hate to turn them from my door.

It almost makes my bosom bleed
To look around and see the need
That daily stares us in the face—
Just see this lovely Brussels lace
I bought to trim my grenadine,
The handsomest I think I've seen.
I often think I'll try to see
If I can, through economy,
Save enough to give the poor
A portion of my worldly store.
I think I'll wear a cheaper hat—
But, Mrs. Jones, I can't do that;
And then I want a seal-skin sack—
I've not a mantle to my back.
I must get what I need to wear—
They say these people over there
Are starving more than half their
time—
I'll send John over with a dime!

"Go down, Mary, and tell the cook,
If she will in the pantry look,
She'll find some steak—a little
tough,

But they will think it good enough;
Go, take it to those hungry boys,
I hope that that may stop their
noise."

I can't help thinking of the poor—
I saw down town, in Stevens' store,
Such a lovely Paisley shawl,
And just the thing, as I am tall—
There goes the bell—who is it, John?
Tell the beggar I have none—
I can't give every thing away!
But let me see—oh, here, John,
stay!

I think I have some cast-off shoes,
Do take them to those can longer use;
Go give him these, they're in my
road,
And tell him he should trust in
God!

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, I've made a raise,
A brand-new satin polonaise;
Do tell me how to have it made
To cast Kate Cooper's in the shade!
I must to-morrow send some tracts
To post those folks in Bible facts;
For paupers, as a general rule,
Will never go to Sunday School.
Just see my lovely ostrich plume,
It's long enough to dust a room;
They say that poor man was a clerk,
But for a year has had no work;
I'd really love to give them aid,
But I must have my velvet made."

"Now, Mrs. Jones, don't rise to go;
Why can't you stay and help us sew
For those poor children over there?
Oh, dear me, I do declare,
I quite forgot that I'm to dine
With those wealthy friends of mine;
I'll have to let the children go,
For really I've no time to sew;
I'm sorry they've no clothes to wear,
And only wish I'd some to spare.
How sad it is for us to see,
So much of want and poverty;
So many sinners proud and vain—
It always gives us Christians pain.
The carriage waits—I must away—
Do call again another day."

Feebleness of means is, in fact, the feebleness of him that employs them.

THE BROKEN CLOCK.

There was a poor family living in one of the large forests of Germany. The father was often at work a good distance from his home, and if anything went wrong in the cottage, the mother was unable to leave it to go to the town to get the help she needed.

One day she was sorely vexed to find that some of the children had been tampering with the clock, and put it out of order. This made it impossible for her to order the ways of her household as regularly as she wished to do, for she was a most methodical woman, and liked doing everything properly to time. However, she quickly called to mind that her old uncle was a clock-maker, and she got one of the boys to go over a great distance on foot, to where this old man lived, and persuaded him to come over and mend the time-piece.

It was some time before he could do so; and when at last Karl Hans, the uncle, came, the whole household assembled to watch him at his work; for they had a great respect for his intimate knowledge of the insides of clocks, which were nearly as queer as the insides of human beings. Karl was not a very talkative man, but he had the reputation of being very knowing, and taking in what was going on around him, when he appeared to have one if not two eyes shut.

"Have you got anything else which wants mending?" he asked, as he half shut his eyes, and peeped sideways into the most mysterious part of the clock.

"Not that I know of," said Mrs. Schmidt; "and I should not like to trouble you, uncle, if I had."

"O, don't mention trouble," said old Karl; "only I thought it might be as well for the young people to mend their manners, and then perhaps they would not go meddling with things too high for them like the clock."

The boys did not know which way to look, as Karl said this, so stared at the walls and ceiling as if they were guilty of having shown bad manners.

"It's astonishing how few folks understand how to mend their manners," Karl continued; "they don't seem to see that if they do things which are out of place, they are sure to put other people out, and in the end make things uncomfortable for themselves. Very many hearts are broken past mending, by not having the little cracks patched up, so to speak, by soft words, before they have gone very deep. People should make it their business in life to mend these two things, first to be sure and not break anything themselves, and secondly, to be sure and look out for what other people have broken, in order to try and mend these things. There's a deal to be read in the Bible about "repairing" and setting things to rights; and I am never more happy than when I have undone some one else's mischief."

Karl did not say much

for some time, and indeed it would have been of small-use if he had done so; for the baby having succeeded in ramming the spoon, given her to play with, half way down her throat, had a great choking fit, and every one's attention was given to thumping her on the back.

When peace was restored, Karl had nearly finished his work.

"Now boys," he said, "the insides of this clock, the works I mean, are set right; so you will find the hands will point to the true time without your helping them along with your finger and thumb. Clocks and people are very much alike, they go right or wrong according to the state of their insides, where the works are. There are some folks would make you believe that the outside of a clock is the most important part to have handsome looking; but a very bad clock for telling true time may have a very fair face. And there are some folks who want to get everybody to look fair on the outside, to act like respectable people, and do this and not do the other, they are always jogging away at the hands of the clock, so to speak; but they forget that the great matter is for every one's works to be clean, their inside heart I mean. David did not say, "O Lord make me a respectable man." "Keep me from drink." "Keep me from swearing." He said, "Give me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me." He knew if his heart were clean his way would be true, just as the hands of the clock point true, if the works inside are going on rightly.

"And God knows when we carry a fair face and act like Christian men, whether we do so from being shoved on, so to speak, by some one else's fingers or from right feeling.

"He doesn't care for a new face when the clock of your heart has got the old works. He wants new works—that is the first and all-important point.—Renew a right spirit within me," says David. Then no matter what ups or downs come, your inside clock, your heart, will make your hands go right. You may be shaken one day, kicked down the next, and lifted up the third, but you will still go right.

"But if you have only been helped to go right by your fellow-man, and not by God's Spirit which is the oil of grace then your hands will tumble about any how, if you are but in a crooked place; they will fall back to the lowest point they can, for there will be nothing behind to hold them up."

In this way old Karl tried not only to mend the clock, but to set the boys to thinking; for he was one of those who had what is better than all the head-knowledge of scholars,—he had some of the wisdom which comes from the Lord, and which is as necessary to guide people through life as a compass is to the sailor at sea. And no one of the family, who saw the old clock day by day, ticking steadily on the walls, forgot anything which Karl

had said whilst mending it so thoroughly.

RESTLESS FRANCE.

Ever since the warlike star of France paled before the tread of German invasion, that theatrical and vain-glorious people have been thirsting for an opportunity to recover their laurels. Too cautious to provoke the heavy arm of Germany, or of other European military nations, they have been gentle as cooing doves where there was danger, but fierce as the screaming eagle among the ill-armed and unwarlike races of Asia and Africa. In south-eastern Asia is situated the Empire of Anam, whose area is three times as great as the State of Missouri, and whose population is estimated at 15,000,000 souls. Anam was once subject to China, but several centuries ago rebelled and established an independent existence, which it retained until a few years since when, it was virtually made a dependency of France. Recently they have pushed their aggressions into the province of Tonquin, on the borders of China, with the result of arousing the hostility of the Celestial Empire, and there seems to exist an excellent prospect for a war of no little magnitude. The Chinese have been conforming their army to European standards, arming it with modern weapons, and it is thought that it has been greatly improved in efficiency. It is not impossible that the latter may receive the sympathy of England and Germany in the event of war, and it is possible that the French may find that they have undertaken all that they are able to accomplish.

During the last war in this country, one of the men forced to bear arms was an old turkey-hunter named Carwiles. He had passed his life hitherto in the mountains of West Virginia, and knew a great deal more about wild turkeys than about shot and shell. As old soldiers say, shell fired from cannon fly through the air with a peculiar fluttering sound. In fact, these flying shells are called "wet geese." When Mr. Carwiles went into battle for the first time, his regiment was placed in a certain piece of woods. While the troops were there, the opposing troops began to shell the woods, and the huge projectiles screamed over the trees-tops. As the first shell went over Mr. Carwiles' head—"flut! flut! flut!"—the old turkey-hunter looked up, exclaiming: "My gracious, boys, what a gobble!"

The vernacular of the Boston girl is becoming shockingly unesthetic. A Beacon Hill belle was accosted by a friend who said, reproachfully: "Emilly, this is the third time you have been engaged since we have returned from Nantucket last fall." "Yes, Mollie," was the reply, "I'm not throwing anything good over my shoulder this season."

Mr. A. A. Miller, Armfield P. O., N. C., says: "My wife has proven your medicine to be good for nervousness and general debility."

A SILVER RULE.

You all know the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you." Here is a rule which we will put by itself, and because of its value call it the silver rule: "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning the bad qualities." You can not conceive how much such a course will heighten your happiness and raise you in the esteem of your companions. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly or cross to their faces or behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make them better for you to talk or think about it, while it makes you love to dwell upon the faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller and become like the fowl bird that prefers carrion to food. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality of your mates.—*American Farmer.*

HELP YOURSELF.

People who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for something to lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go.

Once down they are as helpless as capsize turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and cannot find their feet again without assistance.

Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their own energetic action by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone.

SYMBOLS.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things. Little words not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom makes up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning, the waters of Shiloh "that go so softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of the river, great and many, rushing down in torrent, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little foibles, little indiscretions and imprudences, little indulgences of self and flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Horatius Bonar.*

RECREATIONS.

"Your recreations, of which you have given me a brief sketch, are doubtless innocent, especially if they occupy no more of your time than a due attention to health, and the wants of your nature demand. Although you have often reproached me with being too austere, I am far from thinking that religion forbids the use of innocent recreations; because being indifferent in themselves, they become useful when they are necessary for the relaxation of the body or the mind. I am not at all shocked at the tradition which informs us that St. John sometimes amused himself with a partridge which he had tamed. Happy are they who, as far as they are able, endeavor to turn their own recreations to the advantage of others, which may certainly, if not always, sometimes be done.—*Fletcher.*

THE VALUE OF MAN.

Man, as a rational being, is allied to the divine; the imaged likeness, though frightfully deformed, is still discernible to the all seeing eye; God recognizes this distant relationship as He sees him lying in spiritual ruin, and then when he believes, the distance is gone; it is his faith which brings him near to the Infinite One, and makes him, in some sense, a partaker of His infinity. This is his value. Hence the power of that glorious scriptural anthropomorphism. The Almighty Shepherd leaving the ninety and nine to seek the one that is lost in the wilderness.—*Taylor Lewis.*

A quiet man traveling a short time ago by rail, in England, was annoyed by the noise which two or three men in the same carriage were making. One of them had been telling tremendous stories about himself, in a loud voice, and had tried once or twice to draw out the quiet man, but in vain. At last he turned to him and said, rather offensively: "I fear, sir, that our noise has rather inconvenienced you." "Not in the least," he replied. "I thought," returned the noisy, "that you did not seem interested by my stories." "Quite the reverse, my dear sir," said the quiet one: "I was very much so—in fact, I am a bit of a liar myself."

The time has almost come when the politician who winks at vice that he may make votes will miss his mark. The majorities will be on the other side, and self-stultified men will no longer crawl into high places with their moral backbone broken. Speed the day!

Mr. J. D. Suttentfield, Reidsville, N. C., says: "My wife has never felt her neuralgia since she used Brown's Iron Bitters. It improved her health greatly."

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