

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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ROBERT E. LEE.

BY FATHER RYAN,

Go, glory! and forever guard
Our chieftain's hallowed dust;
And, honor! keep eternal ward;
And, fame! be this thy trust.

Go! with your bright, emblazoned
scroll,
And tell the years to be
The first of names that flash your
roll,
Is ours—great Robert Lee.

Lee wore the gray! Since then
"Tis right's and honor's hue;
He honored it—that man of man—
And wrapped it round the true.

Dead! but his spirit breathes;
Dead! but his heart is ours;
Dead! but his sunny, sad land
wreathes
"His crown with tears for flowers.

A statue for his tomb!
Mould it of marble white—
For wrong, a specter of death and
doom—
"An angel of hope and right.

But Lee has a thousand graves
In a thousand hearts, I ween,
And tear-drops fall from our eyes
in waves,
That will keep his memory green.

Ah! muse, you dare not claim
"A nobler man than he;
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee.

CRIMINAL REFORMATION.

In the year 1877 a new departure was taken in the treatment of criminals in this State by the establishment of the Elmira Reformatory. It had long been felt that an injustice was done to young and susceptible offenders by imprisoning them along with hardened criminals, and the law under which this institution was created undertook for the first time to separate the two classes, and give the former a satisfactory chance of reformation. Under the act the courts cannot fix or limit the period of imprisonment, and the release of prisoners by the managers is to be when and only when, there is a strong or reasonable probability that they will be released live at liberty without violating the law. To guard against undue detention it is provided that the term of imprisonment shall not exceed the maximum term provided by law for the crime for which the prisoner was convicted, and sentenced. The law enacts also the principle of conditional release, whereby the prisoner is released on parole—an arrangement similar to the English ticket of leave. The duration of his detention thus depends upon himself. A "mark" system prevails in the institution, and if his conduct as indicated by the marks be deserving, he may be released conditionally—whatever the gravity of his original offence—in one year, and absolutely in a year and a half. In this way a powerful incentive is supplied for the prisoner's hearty and willing co-operation with the law, and the chronic antagonism which naturally exists in every prison between the convict and his keeper finds here no place at all. The idea, indeed, is not that of a prison, nor even a juvenile

reformatory; but rather that of an industrial school in which the young men are criminals and the training compulsory. The efficiency of the school is limited, it is true, by the inadequacy of its curriculum. In the judgment of the Superintendent, there are too few branches of labor taught, and they are either unremunerative when followed in free life or are unsuitable for many of the men. But this may be remedied, as the Superintendent suggests, by erecting another building fitted with facilities for the instruction of the inmates in such useful arts as promise for the pupil respectable associations and reasonable income.

After five years' experiment the results accomplished by the Institution in the way of the protection of society can be measured with some accuracy. Of the 1,205 felons entered in the Reformatory since its establishment, society enjoys good protection against 91.3 per cent; while of the 646 sent out on parole, 81.2 per cent, have become with reasonable certainty and permanence self-supporting and law-abiding citizens. This is certainly a gratifying exhibit, especially in view of the character of the subjects and the previous conditions out of which they have been developed. As a rule the Superintendent's report states they "come from the classes of society that breed criminals." Thirty per cent, he estimates have had, "if not criminal connections of one grade or another, then such criminal contact and conduct as carries them beyond the rubicon of crime, while sixty per cent, are contaminated and criminally inclined, and the remaining ten per cent, are so constituted as to become easily contaminable." Under these circumstances the success of the Reformatory during its brief history is the more marked, and we cannot but concur in the Superintendent's conclusion, that "a unified and effectual administration of the reformatories of all grades, together with laws applying the principles and practice of the law of 1877 to all the prisons in the State would, within a few years, materially diminish the volume of crime as now shown by the criminal records of the Commonwealth."—*N. Y. Obs.*

I read of three brethren who had to carry on a college when funds were running short. One of them complained that they had no help, and could not hope to succeed; but another who had more faith said to his brother, "Do you say that we are so few? I do not see that we are few; for we are a thousand at least." "A thousand of us?" said the other, "how is that?" "Why," replied the first, "I am a cipher, and you are a cipher, and our brother is a cipher; so we have three naughts to begin with. Then I am sure the Lord Jesus is ONE; put him down before the three ciphers and we have a thousand directly." Was not this bravely spoken.—*Spurgeon.*

THE USELESS HAND-WASHING

From the New York Observer.

"Oh, I say, Aunt Sallie, do please tell us a story," said James Horto, as he rushed, in boisterous boy fashion, into his aunt's room.

A fair-haired, bright-eyed woman looked up smilingly and said, "Why do you want a story? I thought Robert and you were to spend this rainy afternoon in the play-room, teaching your sister Beth how to use her parlor skates."

"So we did and we all went right up there after lunch, and oh, Aunt Sallie, it was real fun, you just ought to have seen how Beth toddled along," and Jamie burst into laughter at the remembrance of his sister's ungraceful efforts.

"I hope you did not laugh at her and hurt her feelings."

"Of course I didn't make fun of her."

Aunt Sallie's stories were always interesting to the children. She was a woman of an honest, wholesome, kindly nature, which was strengthened by a strong religious faith, and so was always ready to do all the good that she could in the world. She kept the warmest corner of her heart for those helpless little mortals, for whom there seems to be not much room in many homes. Often has she made upon children's minds the clearest distinction between good and evil, between the wisdom of a rich choice and the folly and unhappiness of a wrong one, simply by an apt story.

"What shall I tell you? Oh, I know," said Aunt Sallie, glancing at Jamie's dirty fingers, "I'll tell you of a man who carefully washed his hands but could never make them clean."

"Who on earth could that be," exclaimed Jamie, all the more astonished as he saw a serious look steal over his aunt's face, "I don't believe I ever heard of him!"

"You will know about that better when you have listened to the story," replied his aunt.

"They must have been very dirty," said Robert.

Soon the children were in their accustomed seats in their aunt's room.

"We must take a long journey first, for this man did not live in America."

"Oh, will we go to Europe?" said Beth, with delight, for Europe had been a fairy land to her ever since she had received a beautiful Paris doll.

"Yes, to Europe, but far away from Paris, and this time we would have found no dolls there, for down in that queer boot-shaped piece of land was Rome, the great city of the world then, and what we call France now, was then only a wild country, which had been conquered by Rome's greatest soldier—"

"Julius Caesar," said Jamie, "I know all about him."

"Yes, but he had been killed years before this and another Caesar was ruling the world. He had sent a Roman governor to this small land where we shall stop, still farther to the east. In the largest city of this country one day the governor sat in

his judgment hall and before him stood a prisoner bound. He was a poor man, and all his relatives and companions were poor people, but he seemed to have great influence upon his followers, and the people said, "Never man spoke like this man." He walked about through the streets and fields always doing good. Once a man, who had been born blind, met him and begged that he would restore his sight, for he had heard of the wonderful things which he had done. This good man listened, and put clay on the poor man's eyes and said, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." The man obeyed and came back seeing. Some said that he could heal the sick and could even raise the dead to life, and while many believed on him, there were others who were rich and proud and jealous and wicked, who did not like to hear of these wonderful things.

Beside all this he had preached in their synagogue, and had explained their holy books as their priests could never have done, and had said that he was the Saviour who had been promised thousands of years before. All this was making excitement in the land, so these people who hated him tried to find some way to kill him. They asked the blind man, "What he did to thee? How opened he thine eyes?" The poor man only answered, "I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing."

"Of course these wicked men could find no answer; for that, nobody can. The simple truth can never be conquered. So they tried in many ways to take him, and at last found that a thief had joined with the company who followed this good man, and for a few pieces of silver he told them where he was. Even then they had to get the Roman governor's permission to kill him, and they brought him to the judgment hall.

"The governor asked, 'What accusation do you bring against this man?'

"They said, 'If he were not a bad man we would not have brought him to you.'

"Then the governor said, 'Take him yourselves and judge him.'

"But they had no power to kill him, and they were determined that he should die, so they shouted to 'Crucify him, crucify him,' like a wicked, cruel mob. The governor knew that for envy they had delivered him, and he saw 'no harm in him.' His wife, too, sent to him in his judgment-hall, and said: 'Have thou nothing to do with this just man, for I have suffered many things in a dream this night because of him.' Yet it was all of no use. The people were strong in their hate, and they cried, 'If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend.' This man had said plainly, 'My kingdom is not of this world; for this cause came I into this world, that I should bear witness of the truth.' But what if a false story should go to Rome, and

Caesar should take away his power, perhaps punish him? Ah, then the Roman governor was a coward, and he dared not protect the innocent, god-like man, but he pitifully took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person.'

"Now, can you see how his hands might be forever washed, yet never clean?" said Aunt Sallie to her group of listeners.

The children quietly bowed their heads, silenced by the sad old story.

"And was he innocent?"

"No, no, no," were the earnest answers; "he knew better." "Yes, he knew better. And what was the name of this wicked, cowardly man?"

"Pontius Pilate," said Jamie, soberly, "Of course I knew about him, only somehow I never thought of his washing his hands before."

In all these eighteen hundred years since it happened, many people have thought about it, Jamie. In Switzerland, from the shore of the beautiful Lake of Lucerne, there rises a mountain so grim and stony it has been called Pilatus. There is a story, too, that in the stormiest nights, when the thunder rolls and sharp lightning flashes around its summits, from the lake near by there rises a pale, human form that seems to be washing and rubbing its hands in agony.

"Oh, Aunt Sallie, do you s'pose really it does?" whispered Beth, fearfully.

"No, my dear, that cannot be, but let us all remember that we also do wrong when we know better, and the stains of our sins can no more easily be washed away than were Pilate's. It is only through repentance and faith in that same prisoner, the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the renewing of his Holy Spirit, that we can be made clean.

BITTERSWEET.

All beauty of thought, passion, affection, force, sound, color, and touch, whatever stirs one's mortal and immortal frame, not only comes from, but is centered in, God, in his unspeakable perfection. This we believe to be the only morality, but in its widest sense, philosophically true, as the white light rays itself out into the prismatic colors, making our world what it is—as if all we beheld were the spectrum of the unseen Eternal.—*Dr. John Brown.*

What roundabout ways people take to raise money for the Lord's cause! We read of missionary calves, and missionary hens. Every man who gives the Lord a calf or ox ought to take out a life insurance on the beast, so that the Lord will not lose anything if it should die. This way of dealing puts off the giving, and puts on the Lord all the risk of loss. Put your hand in your pocket and take out the money that the Lord has put into it and devote at least a tithe of it to his cause.

Ruin is the only cure for ruin with some people; there is nothing but the recoil which comes of disgrace that will save a man from vanity and egotism.

NEGLECTED.

A member of Congress not long since quoted in a speech part of the sublime description of the fall of Babylon in Revelation, and was surprised to hear from a fellow-member,—

"Come, come, C——! That's enough of your Emerson now!"

At a dinner-party in New York, a gentleman, apropos of some story which was told, said, "Charity beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

His neighbor, a brilliant and well-known woman of the world, listened eagerly, and exclaimed, "That's very good, Mr. A——! Really, that is very fine! I never heard you so epigrammatic before!"

"It is not my own wisdom," stammered Mr A——. "It is Paul's."

"Paul? Oh, William, I suppose? Now, I always thought that Paul family rather stupid!"

This story, which we know to be true, is more surprising from the fact that the lady has achieved a good deal of notoriety from her writings.

At a club meeting, where most of the members of the senior class of one of our largest colleges were present, the question of the authorship of the first two books in the Bible was started, and not one of the men present could answer it.

Such incidents as these are constantly happening around us, and prove how much the Bible is neglected in the home training of American children in the present day. Every middle-aged man and woman of the better class, can recollect how constantly the Holy Book bore its part in their daily lives when they were boys and girls.

There were the morning and evening chapters read at family worship; there were the texts which they repeated in turn at the same time; there were the chapters committed for Sunday school and Sunday evening at home.

No doubt these tasks were irksome at the time. But words thus made familiar in youth are never forgotten, and the boy and girl with this childish training, entered mature life having in the main correct views of the truth which Christ taught, and with a store of these oracles of divine wisdom in their minds, ready to give them strength in temptation and comfort in trouble.

Nowadays the child is usually sent to Sunday school, and there learns from strangers a smattering of religious truth, or of Jewish history, which is not all the same thing. But at home even the mother's Bible too often lies unopened on the shelf. Yet these mothers profess to believe that Jesus Christ came to save their children from sin and from its penalties. How can He save them if they do not know Him? And how can they know Him of whom they are never told?—*Youth's Companion.*