

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## UNKNOWN HEROES.

We see them and we know them not,  
So plain in garb and mien are they;  
So lowly in their thankless lot,  
We hear not what they do or say.  
And yet for weary months and years,  
Without a murmur, 'plaint or cry,  
Thousands who eat their bread in tears  
To daily duty pass us by.

A sickly mother, wan and worn,  
Bereft of cheerfulness and light,  
From longed-for rest and joy is torn,  
To work from early morn till night.

To steal one hour from dreary fate,  
Or falter in the hardest tasks,  
Would make some home, disconsolate  
And so no peace or joy she asks.

A little child, faint with its fears—  
A girl, untimely old and gray—  
A man bent down by weight of years—  
All bravely go their bitter way.

We see them, and we know them not,  
So plain in garb and mien are they;  
So lowly in their thankless lot,  
We hear not what they do or say.

Heroes unknown—through weary years  
They make no sign or outward cry,  
But eat their bread with bitter tears  
And we, in silence, pass them by.  
—Canada Presbyterian.

## AN EDUCATIONAL DEFECT.

The system of public school education in New York contemplates a seven years' course, from the entrance of the child upon the lowest primary grade to its graduation from the highest grammar school grade. Of these seven years, three are spent in the primary and four in the grammar school, or department, the curriculum embracing a thorough course of English study, with some instruction in German, French, drawing and music. A young person, who has gone through the common school in this city is as well taught as the graduate of any academy in the country, of a similar grade. As a matter of fact, however, a very insignificant proportion of those who enter the primary schools go through seven years, while the majority do not even take the grammar school course. Over one-third, indeed, of those who are enrolled in the lowest primary grade in any one year, drop out during that year, while at the end of three years, when the child is ready to enter the grammar school, barely one-half of the number that originally entered, remain. This number, as shown by the Board of Education reports, may be said to be about 20,000. Of these, then 10,000 drift away in three years, having gained no more education than the elementary principles of arithmetic—as far perhaps as multiplication—writing and easy reading; while of the 10,000 who continue their career and are graduated into the grammar school, only 2,900 go through to the end. That is to say,

scarcely fifty per cent. of those who enter the public schools take more than a three year's course, while only twelve per cent. avail themselves of the opportunity to pursue their studies for seven years.

Now, if only from the economical point of view, this is a serious matter. There is no reason why the State should pay for grades of instruction which the public does not use; and it is worth while asking whether the fact that they are not used does not prove their uselessness. If the public does not employ them, is it not an evidence that the public does not want them? American fathers and mothers are not blind to the advantages of education. Nowhere, indeed, is it more highly esteemed, and nowhere do parents make larger personal sacrifices to enable their children to attend school. But, with all this popular appreciation, the fact remains that the higher grades are practically unused, and that the vast bulk of the children leave school for business before they get anything but the most rudimentary instruction. It can only be inferred that there is something wrong with the system—that the children leave because they do not get what they want in school, and because the store or trade offers them the more obvious advantages. If the school, for instance, qualified the boy for something else besides an accountant or a scrivener, if it took into account the mechanical bent of the child's mind, and taught him to use his hands as well as his head, if it opened a way to the vast fields of industrial employment, which offers so wide an opening to the young, but for entering upon which so few are prepared—the parent would not fail to see its superior advantage, the children would not drift out into the world before they knew how to cipher in long division, and the schools would fulfil the purpose for which they are designed.

Under the present system, however, the tendency of the curriculum is all in the direction of clerical or professional employment, and the scholars who take the whole course represent the survival of the fittest for such pursuits.

Thus, in the public schools of Boston the question was lately submitted: "What is my school doing for me?" Thirty-one of the compositions answering the question were printed, and it is stated that the striking fact in regard to them was that the writers were all looking to mercantile and professional life for their future occupations. Only one—and that a girl—alluded to the possibility of getting a living by trade while an Irish boy expressed the ingenuous hope of being lecturer, orator, "representative," and perhaps president of the United States. This is of course a laudable ambition, but it is not an ambition which children should be taught to entertain; what the country needs is hands to aid in its material development. No-

where is the supply of skilled labor equal to the demand, while the market for clerks is always overfilled. Not long since the Board of Education of Chicago advertised for a number of persons to take the census of the public schools, at \$2.50 per day. Immediately five hundred persons applied to do the work; though, at the same time, factories were standing idle all over the city, for lack of hands, who might easily make from \$3 to \$5 per day. It is so in all our cities; the brain-workers, trained by an injudicious system of public instruction, are superabundant, the hand-workers, to whom the largest opportunities present themselves, are few. A New England manufacturer declares that it is far easier for him to get a clerk in his counting-room capable of making a good translation of the Iliad or the Aeneid than it is to get a workman in his factory capable of running the machinery.

It is this defect of the school system which parents have come to remark, and when a child has received the elements of an education he is taken away and put into a machine shop, or a printing office, or a foundry, or very likely a store, where he will get a special education that will be of more practical service than the training afforded by the school.

A useful treatise upon this general subject by Prof. John S. Clark, calls attention to the fact that "the social needs require the expression of thought concretely by the work of the hand in labor, particularly in the productive employments, and abstractly by the use of language in the other employments; and further, that the activities which require its expression by the use of the hand in labor, are as fundamental to the best interests of the organism as those which require its expression by language. It follows from this," he goes on to say, "that the educational training of our youth to-day should include a training to express thought by the labor of the hand as well as a training to express it by language." Institutions where this idea is carried out are not lacking, though it has not yet been adopted as a part of the public school system. It is the most prominent feature, for example, of the work among the Indians at Carlisle and of the Normal Institute at Hampton; in Boston, the students of the School of the Mechanic Arts devote nine hours every week to shop-work; the Manual Training School of Washington University, St. Louis, gives a three years' course in the use of tools; in Prof. Adler's Workingmen's School in this city, 150 pupils, from 6 to 14 years of age, work four hours a week in clay, wood or zinc, while pursuing at the same time the ordinary school branches; the Washburn machine shop at Worcester, Mass in connection with the Technical School there, sends its manufacturers all over the

country; while classes in the industrial arts exist in the schools of Gloucester, Mass., Jamestown, N. Y., and in the Dwight Grammar School in Boston. In Europe the idea has been even more extensively worked out, and in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Germany, Holland and France, industrial schools are an established part of the school system. In Germany the cry is: "Education for labor through labor;" in Sweden each pupil of the State schools spends six hours per week in the shops, besides the twenty-six or twenty-eight hours given to regular instruction; in Finland manual instruction is compulsory for boys from nine to fifteen years of age, while in Paris alone there are 42 schools where industrial training is combined with elementary instruction.

If this matter receives so much attention in countries whose industrial resources are so far less than our own, what importance ought it not to assume here? In the United States opportunities of every kind await the trained hand; only the hands are wanting to improve them. It is a matter for every educator—and that includes every parent—to consider whether the present system of public instruction in this country, handed down from an age when everything that appertained to manual labor was despised, is not ill adapted to our time and needs; whether we have not been magnifying the intellect at the expense of the hands and whether a far more judicious expenditure of our school moneys cannot be made by substituting for some of the highest grades a rudimentary course of industrial training.—*New York Observer.*

## THE YOUNG CHAPLAIN.

One night in 1825, a clergyman was taking tea with John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War. Suddenly, Mr. Calhoun said to his guest:

"Will you accept the place of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at West Point? If you will, I will appoint you at once."

The clergyman was Charles P. McIlvaine, then but twenty-five years of age, and subsequently known as the Bishop of Ohio. He accepted the appointment, because West Point then had an unsavory reputation. There was not a Christian among officers and cadets. Many of them were skeptics, and the others were coolly indifferent to religion.

He was received as gentlemen receive gentlemen. But no one showed the least sympathy to him as a clergyman. For months his preaching seemed as words spoken in the air. His first encouragement was an offensive expression.

He was walking home from church one Sunday, a few feet in advance of several junior officers. The chaplain's preaching is getting hotter and hotter," he heard one of them say.

In a few days, he received another bit of encouragement. He was dining with a company at the house of an officer. A lieutenant, a scoffer, hurled

a bitter sneer at clergymen. The chaplain left the table.

The officers threatened to send the lieutenant to "Coventry," if he did not apologize. He called and asked the chaplain's pardon.

Another officer took offence at one of the chaplain's sermons, and wrote him a bold avowal of skeptical opinions.

The chaplain, seeing in these evidences that the chronic indifference was giving way to opposition, persevered. But opposition was all the encouragement he received during the year.

Not a cadet had visited him or even sought his acquaintance. But one Saturday, the only day on which the cadets were allowed to visit an officer, without special permission, one of the most popular of the cadets knocked at the chaplain's door. He wished to begin a Christian life, then and there, and asked for counsel.

In a day or two, another cadet called on a similar errand; then another, and another. Then several officers came. A meeting for prayer was appointed, twice a week. It was the first public prayer meeting held at West Point.

Officers and cadets crowded in, though all who came professed thereby to begin a religious life. At first, it required as much courage to enter that room as to lead a forlorn hope.

One of the cadets was Leonidas Polk, afterwards Bishop of Tennessee. Intelligent, high-toned, and commanding in person, he was the conspicuous cadet. Seeing that it was his duty to make a public confession of his faith in Christ, he asked for baptism.

After baptizing him, the chaplain made a brief address, closing with a charge to be faithful. "Amen," responded Polk, in a voice that rang through the chapel. The "Amen" was from the heart. Immediately, the baptized cadet became a missionary to his comrades.

A solemnity pervaded the Academy during the two remaining years that the devoted clergyman served as chaplain. Half the corps became Christian men. Several of them, leaving the army, were promoted to the ministry. Many of those who entered the army rose to eminence. They adorned their profession and the Christian religion.

This era in West Point was created, through the divine aid, by a young man who simply did his duty, patiently, and left the result with God.—*Youth's Companion.*

I do not know that knowledge amounts to anything more definite than a novel and grand surprise, on a sudden revolution of the insufficiency of all we had called knowledge before, an indefinite sense of the grandeur and glory of the universe. It is a lighting up of the mist by the sun. But man cannot be said to know, in the highest sense, any better than he can look serenely and with impunity in the face of the sun.—*Moreau.*

Mr. J. C. Steel, Walkersville, N. C., says: "My wife has used Brown's Iron Bitters and she esteems them very highly."

## DECAY OF CHRISTIANITY.

The perpetual din about decay of Christianity, and the dying out of the creed, which is kept up in our periodical literature by writers, big and little of a certain class, has now become a species of anti-religious cant which is as senseless and quite as offensive to all right-minded people, as anything that ever emanated from the narrow and bigoted sectaries of less intelligent ages. It is really a reproach to the current literature of the time, which ought to be the conservator of truth and righteousness, instead of constantly going out of its way to insult thousands of the most intelligent people in the land, who hold nothing more true or more vital than the great truths of Christianity. Why should such truths be thus caricatured, misrepresented and maligned? And why should the conductors of our reviews and magazines lend the sanction of their great journals to a class of writers who insult the whole Christian people by this silly cant of caricature and misrepresentation and malignity.—*Interior.*

## THE VIRTUE OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

In one of the board schools, in a densely populated district of Glasgow, on the morning immediately succeeding the short vacation at the New-Year time, the young lady and gentleman teachers at the head of the "infant" section were made the delighted recipients of a present from their young charges. The gifts which were entirely unlooked for, consisted of two of those highly ornate short cakes with appropriate sentiments in sugar which we were all as children familiar with, and which, as "old fogies," we do not entirely taboo. The purchase doubtless had been made at one of the neighboring confectioners, and the young donors laid their offerings blushing and in childish fashion without a word before their teachers. Both were alike astonished, but the gentleman managed to stammer out some thanks. The young lady's delight was more lingering, and she, blushing, inquired what she had done to merit such kindness. For a time no response was made, until at last a chubby boy on a back bench chorused out, "Cause you're aye smilin', miss." It was a day of smiles after that. "Teachers! does this incident convey any lesson to you?"

J. C. Hester, Kittrells, N. C., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic for general ill-health and found them good."

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