ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Price, $1 a year.) OXFORD, N. C., AUGUST 10, 1883. (VOL. IX. NO. 12.

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Travelling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you,
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love,
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore *your* love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win,
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall,
Do you take them to the Saviour,
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible,
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer,
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside,
Does it bring a holy comfort
With his people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your *all* is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

USE OF BIG WORDS.

"He goes on his own hook," has been rendered more elegantly, in deference to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: "He progresses on his own personal curve;" and a barber in London advertises that "his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one half-penny." "One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might hear the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket handkerchief;" and as it is somewhat vulgar to say "pitch darkness," it has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity." Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say that he is "constitutionally tired;" and "Nominate your poison," is the poetical way of asking, "What will you drink?"

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympana." Then again we have that old-fashioned saying, "The more the merrier," delightfully translated in this way, "Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinatory hilarity." It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady "with the pearl-drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek." He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionlly launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote: "He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause."

Quite recently a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but "the flakes dwindled to flocculi" and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a pot full of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was "expended in rendering its own heart latent in the indispensable fluid." Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eye-balls, is an epileptiform affection of the cerepellular oculomotorial centres;" and he added: "Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a 'nystagmus' is.'

"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word "periphrasis;" would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he. "It is simply a circumlocutory and plenastic circle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." As this explanation was received in solemn silence we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.

London possesses phraseology of its own, and is at times rather amusing than otherwise. Two pedestrians were recently accosted in terms the most magniloquent by a street-beggar: "Good gentlemen, will you kindly administer the balm of consolation to a wrecked and debilitated constitution?"

"Our 'buses," said a conductor in answer to an inquiry made, "runs a quarter arter, arf arter, quarter to, and at!" A young man from the country, while exploring one of the quiet lanes in the city for a dinner, had his ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill voice from an eating-house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon; "Biledlamancapersors, Rosebeefrosegcos, Biler a b b itbileporkanonionsors, Rosemuttonantaters, Biledamancabbagevegetables, walkinsirtakeaseatsir!'

Sometimes, in ordinary conversation, we find people very apt to make use of a particular sentence, or a somewhat puzzling word even, with merely a vague idea of its proper meaning. Take the lowing as an instance. A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said: "He is a *paragram* of politeness." "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a paralleolgram?" "Of course I do," immediately replied the lady. "How could I have made such a mistake?"

It is well, by the way, to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's which runs thus: "It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to." The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution: "My dear boy," said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, "does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm; sdad ays he's agoin to set me to work in the tater-field."

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of O'Connell. In addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse he stopped for a word, and then added, "This naufrageous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he "thought it sounded well." By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using "mixed metamorphosis;" and of an afflicted widower who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the "meretricious mother of fourteen children."—*Chambers Journal.*

From the New York Observer.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

William Bradley was the name given to a parentless, friendless waif, picked up and placed in the care of the Children's Aid Society. In 1866 he was the last, rejected specimen, out of a lot of forty, who had been forwarded to La Crosse, Wis., that they might be located and brought up among the people of that country. A kind Presbyterian elder, out of sheer pity for a child whom nobody would accept, carried him to his quiet, thrifty farmers home. Under tender treatment the puny, deformed, irritable and unknown child grew, and beneath a faithful Christian teaching he came to know and love the Son of man, who came to seek and save that which was lost. After a weary, painful struggle through all his life with inherited disease, William was laid to his rest a few months ago by mourning acquaintances. But he had learned the lesson of giving. From his frugal savings he sent back one hundred dollars to perpetuate the good done by the agency that picked him up and saved him from infamy. Another benefaction he left to aid a Christian school near him, the Galesville University. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these,' etc.

The reason given by the colored man for not going too near the hind legs of a famous roan mule was so satisfactory that we can afford to adopt it as an excuse for not doing a great many other things. "De reason," he said, "why I nebber 'proach dat roan mule from de rear is dat I'm too fond of my family an' don't belong to any Church nudder."

LIES ON THE WITNESS-STAND

'It is amazing how many persons have not the least regard for the sanctity of an oath,' said Judge Allison, in charging a jury. 'They will come on a witness-stand, and swear to the most flagrant falsehoods. They do not seem to have the least appreciation of the enormity of the offence which they commit. We had an illustration of that to-day. A defender was alleged to be the owner of a valise in which had been found a number of burglar's tools. He went on the witness-stand, and solemnly swore that he knew nothing whatever about the valise. Witness for the Commonwealth were emphatic, however, in their declaration that the article belonged to him. After the defendant had been convicted, and when the face of his ownership could no longer injure him, he had the impudence to claim the valise as his property. A jury must use their judgement in determining whether or not a witness is to be believed.'

'The Judge has only expressed a fact that is as clear as the day to every practitioner in the courts,' said an old criminal lawyer who had heard the charge. 'The amount of untruth unconsciously told or of downright perjury committed on the witness-stand is frightful. A lawyer, as a rule, in the criminal courts particularly, proceeds on the assumption that every witness against him is withholdding something, unwittingly telling what is untrue, or is wilfully lying. No one is surprised or moved any more by seeing a witness tangled in a lie. Perhaps three-fourths of the persons tried in the criminal courts commit unblushing perjury when they take the stand in their own defence. The bench and bar, I am afraid, rather looks for that as the ordinary thing. The man who swore that he had never seen the valise, and afterwards claimed it as his property is only a type. Many people who would not steal or cheat don't hesitate to twist the truth when under oath. I don't speak now of those who are so agitated by their feelings or regard for their interests that they perhaps unconciously prevaricate. They make up another class. Perhaps if more care were taken to impress witnesses with the importance of telling the exact truth, and if court officers would administer oaths in a befitting manner, and not run them off like an auctioneer knocking down an old stove, we should have less falsehood on the witness-stand. Most of all, clear cases of perjury ought to be visited with swift and severe punishment."

As a tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of our loved and lost, we scatter flowers upon their graves in humble faith that, though soon to wither to the World's eye, there is in them a living germ of truth and tenderness which cannot perish, but which will clothe them again in immortal years with more of the fragrance and beauty of earth.

JOHN KNOX'S COURTSHIP.

John Knox, before the light of the Reformation broke up, travelled among several honest families in the west of Scotland, who were converts to the Protestant religion. Particularly he visited oft Lord Ochiltree's family, preaching the gospel privately to those who were willing to receive it. The lady and some of her family were converts. Her ladyship had a chamber, table, stool, and candlestick for the prophet, and one night about supper time said to him, "Mr. Knox, I think you are at a loss by want of a wife?" To which he said, "Madam, I think nobody will take such a wanderer as I." To which she replied, "Sir, if that be your objection I will make an inquiry to find an answer against our next meeting". meeting." The lady accordingly addressed herself to her eldest daughter, telling her she might be very happy if she could marry Mr. Knox, who would be a great reformer, and a credit to the church; but she despised the proposal, hoping that her ladyship wished her better than to marry a poor wanderer. The lady addressed the second daughter, who answered as the eldest. Then the lady spoke to the third daughter, about nineteen years of age, who very faintly said, "Madam, I'll be very willing to marry him, but I fear he'll not take me." To which the lady replied, "If that be all your objection I'll soon get you an answer." Next night at supper the lady said, "Sir, I have been considering upon a wife for you, and find one very willing." To which Knox inquired: "Who is it, Madam?" My young daughter, sitting by your side at the table."

Then, addressing himself to the young lady, he said, "My bird, are you willing to marry me?" She answered, "Yes, sir; only I fear you will not be willing to take me." He said, "My bird, if you be willing to take me you must take your venture of God's providence as I do. I go through the country sometimes on foot, with a wallet on my arm and a Bible in it. You may put some things in for yourself, and if I bid you take the wallet you must do it, and go when I go, and lodge where I lodge." "Sir," said she, "I'll do all this." "Will you be as good as your word?" "Yes, I will." Upon which the marriage was concluded. She went with him to Geneva. And as he was ascending a hill she got up to the top of it before him, and took the wallet on her arm, and sitting down, said, "Now, good man, am not I as good as my word?"

LANGUAGE OF THE UMBRELLA.

One of the funny writers of the day has said that there is language of umbrellas as well as of flowers. For instance place your umbrella in a rack, and it will indicate that it is about to change owners. To open it quick in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be put out; to shut it that a hat or two is going off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, means courtship: when a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To punch your umbrella into a person and then open it means, I dislike you. To wing your umbrella over your head signifies I am making a unisance of myself. To trail your umbrella along the footpath means that the man behind you is thirsting for your blood. To carry it at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To open an umbrella quickly, it is said, will frighten a mad bull. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies exchange is no robbery. To purchase an umbrella means I am not smart, but honest. To lend umbrella indicates I am a fool. To return an umbrella might mean something if anybody ever did it. To turn an umbrella on a gust of wind presages profanity. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies I am a woman. To press an umberlla on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it; I would much rather you would than not," signifies telling a fib. To give a friend half of your umbrella means that both of you will get wet. To carry it from home in the morning means it will clear off.

Just after the war I was passing the Sabbath at a hotel in a place of great summer resort in the midst of a romantic region of country. Attending the village church, at the close of the service the pastor greeted me kindly, and presently said, 'We called your name out loudly a few Sundays ago.'

'Ah,' said I, 'and why?'

'We named a child after you—it made a great sensation.'

'O the name, the whole name, I repeated the whole name, all the names.'

'Indeed, and pray what names were they, for I have not heard?'

'Samuel Irenæus Prime Abraham Lincoln Robinson.'

'And the child lives?' I asked. He said it does, and I went to see it. It was a beautiful babe. I hope it has grown up to be as good and loving a young man as it was lovely in its cradle eighteen years ago.—*Dr. Prime in N. Y. Observer.*