

The Orphans' Friend.

FRIDAY, --- AUGUST 10, 1883.

THE CARE OF ORPHANS.

One of the most pitiable conditions to which the young of our race may be subjected is that of helpless orphanage. The ordinary sensibilities of our nature should prompt us to pity and to relieve. The teachings of Christianity give additional weight to the claims of this class of our population. God has taken their parents to himself, and they become objects of Christian sympathy and benevolence. Every destitute orphan left among us affords opportunity to exercise those graces of the Christian character.

There is no higher motive that can be presented to lead us to any line of conduct than that it is according to the spirit and will of Christ. But there are other motives that should lead us to care for our orphans. We desire in this article to present one of them: It is the most hopeful class, for society and for the country, whose wants we are asked to relieve. There is more to be expected from this class of beneficiaries than from any other for whose support the State makes appropriations from its treasury.

The pauper element is quite large, and taking the State over, quite a sum is expended annually for their maintenance. This is right. Indeed it is doubtful if we are taking care of the poor as we should. We would urge to greater care and liberality in their behalf. But society can hope for little from them. They are mainly aged or infirm persons who will probably linger for a while in the poor house and then pass away. There is no probability that they will go out into society and become valuable members thereof. The same may be said of the insane. It is right that these unfortunates be cared for, that they be treated for their maladies and if possible restored; but how few are actually cured, so that they may bear the burdens of civil, social and domestic life. We thank God that any are healed; but what a proportion pass their days in the Asylum built for that purpose, in a state of hopeless insanity. So, in a great measure, with regard to the deaf-mutes and the blind. They are all proper objects of sympathy, benevolence, and aid, but there can be no great out-come for society in either of the classes. Not so with the orphan class of the population. We confidently expect to bring them up under such conditions and influences, that they may enter the arena of life with proper equipage, physical, mental and moral, to enable them to be valuable members of society. We present, therefore, the claims of the orphans from a patriotic standpoint, as well as one of a philanthropic and Christian character. Left to themselves, there is little hope that any considerable proportion of them will grow into useful and noble men and

women; but with proper help, under God, we may reasonably expect them to develop in a proper direction; and the fact is that a very large proportion of those who go out from the Asylums of the country, do well. We hope to see the day when they will be put upon an equal footing with other objects of benevolent effort and care.

MASONIC PICNIC.

In a private note from Miss Smith, our canvassing agent, we have an interesting account of the grand picnic, near Mocksville, N. C., under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. An immense crowd was present and the exercises were of the most interesting character. Good music, excellent dinner, and a superb address. A handsome amount was realized for the purpose for which the picnic was given, and we believe much more good done by calling public attention in a most emphatic manner, to the claims of the orphanage, and work that the Asylum is doing. The address was delivered by Hon. M. H. Pinnix, of Lexington.

We have read it with great pleasure in the Davidson Dispatch, and regret that we have not space to lay it before our readers. We have room only for the following extract:

Perhaps I have wandered too far a field in pursuit of an idea. I will endeavor to atone by bringing that idea down to an immediate practical question—the important question of the maintenance of the orphan children of North Carolina, by the encouragement and support of that benevolent institution known as the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

I will endeavor to show to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that there is not a man or woman in your midst who is not personally interested in the fate of that institution. In the first place, however affluent may now be your circumstances it is possible that, among the many vicissitudes of life and fortune, some little child with your blood in its veins, may need some day to find shelter within its kindly walls.

But there are other and more salient reasons why you should be interested, not only in the life and prosperity of the institution itself, but in that of each and every one of those little ones now under its sheltering wing.

Who knows what statesmen and scientists, and heroes, in embryo, may be learning their alphabet there to-day, instead of being instructed in the alphabet of crime, which in very many instances, would be their fate, but for the intervention of this most beneficent institution. They are the raw material—these fatherless little ones—out of which must be fashioned good men and true women for the coming generation, or else, bad men and bad women—a blessing or a scourge.

Again I say, there is not one man or woman among you, who is not personally interested in the result.

Asylums pay better than penitentiaries, and many a hardened criminal now within state prison walls, might never have been there, but for a forlorn, neglected childhood,

wherein the seeds of evil were sown, when no kind hand was there to eradicate them, and plant instead the germs of virtue.

But ladies and gentlemen, the cause which I stand before you to-day to advocate, has higher and holier claims upon you, than such as may arise from politic and prudential considerations.

I am almost ashamed, as I look upon the faces around me, beaming with kindness and benevolence, to have given such prominence to the least noble of the many considerations which commend that asylum to your favor and patronage.

The orphan children of North Carolina have a hold upon the hearts of every father and mother in the land. They need urge no other claim, I am sure, than that of their pathetic helplessness, to stir the tenderest emotions in your bosoms, and elicit your warmest encouragements and support.

Is there on earth a sight more pathetic than an orphan child? No mother kisses for little bruised fingers—no father care—no tender parental patience over little faults—no infinite parental love and help over the rough places of life!

Not all the wealth of all the Stewarts, and Vanderbilts, and Rothchilds that ever existed can compensate for the absence of this great heart wealth.

Poor indeed is the orphan even though rich in gold and lands. How poor then, when possessed of neither—without father, or mother, or money or friends!

I never look upon the face of such a little one, without seeing in the back ground a death-bed scene—that saddest of all death-beds, where parental love has nothing but its dying blessing to leave to the little ones, so soon to be orphaned. The agony of such an hour! More terrible than any form of physical suffering—more awful than the very pangs of dissolution—must it be!

As Christ, in the death throes of crucifixion, is said to have suffered the accumulated sorrows of all mankind for all time, even thus, I should think, would such a dying father or mother suffer in anticipation, for their help less babes, the sorrows and desolation of orphanhood. The inevitable neglect—the harsh words, perhaps blows—the privation and hardships, and bitterness that too often make up the orphans' life—all these I should think, would pass in panoramic view before the gazing eye, and shut out the very light of heaven.

Poor dead fathers and mothers! I invoke your memory to-day. Come from the spirit-land, and unseen and unheard, though not unfelt, touch the hearts of these happy fathers and mothers around me in behalf of your desolate little ones. Whisper to them of the long hours, upon a bed of pain, when, "what will become of my children?" was an agony that no opiate could put to sleep—no narcotic lull.

And, dead confederate soldiers, speak to your old comrades in arms as did the dying Hood. "I leave my children to the care of the confederate soldiers," said he; and how nobly have they responded to the call. Not one of the Hood orphans but is amply, munificently provided for.

The child of many a confederate soldier has found refuge in the Oxford Orphan Asylum. It was mainly for

the soldiers' orphans that the asylum was instituted, although it owes its existence to the philanthropic order of freemasonry.

I cannot forbear, just here, to say a few words in regard to that time-honored society, the oldest philanthropic order of which there is any record in history—that antedates christianity itself, dating back to the building of Solomon's Temple. Old in years and good works, it survives among us to-day—blesses this nineteenth century of ours with its deeds of active beneficence, and tireless, Christlike charity.

The principle of life seems strong within it. At different periods of the world's history, strenuous efforts have been made to suppress the order; papal bulls have been issued against it; acts of parliament and stringent statutory laws have been enacted against it; anathemas of potentates have been hurled against it, and the curses of the wicked and superstitious have been heaped upon it; but all in vain. Empires and dynasties have arisen, flourished, and fallen; political and religious seats have had their day and then their death; but the venerable order of freemasonry still exists in a green old age, its hoary head bearing a crown of glory, the jewels whereof are its own good deeds, whose lustre shineth greater, as the days and years roll on.

But pardon this digression. I will return to the subject that brings us together—the subject of these poor little orphan children.

In their name, I return thanks to you, ladies and gentlemen, for your presence here to-day, attesting, as it does, your interest in the benevolent cause of their nurture and education.

Especially to the ladies are thanks and acknowledgements due, for upon their efforts mainly the success of the occasion depends.

AN EVEN CHANCE.

When a saloon-keeper emphasized the expression of his convictions by offering to bet his 'soul against a rotten apple,' a crusty old customer grunted out his satisfaction at finding one man who was not always trying to get the better of others, but was willing to be fair, and make an even bet!

There are many people who are not so fair who, in truth, are never willing to be fair. They are always trying to get on the inside track; and they always have some little plans and schemes of their own by which they try to obtain special advantages.

They are not many and above-board in their transactions, but are ever endeavoring by indirect means to overreach their fellows. In politics they work their way in among party leaders; in law they have an understanding with judges and juries; in ecclesiastical affairs they pack committees, control caucuses, manipulate nominations, concoct resolutions, and always manage to keep in office. If any man offends them, they crush him if they can; not in open, manly conflict, for they meet him with a smile as bland as that of Joab, when he said to Amasa, "Art thou in health, my brother?" and took him by the beard to kiss him, at the same time thrusting his sword under the fifth rib. They are as courteous and polite as was Judas Iscariot when he said, "Hail, Master, and kissed him." But beneath this sweet, bland,

smooth exterior, lurks the slanderous tongue, the envious glance, the vile institution, the sly, the sneer, and the open falsehood, with which these men slay those for whom they profess great friendship and regard. One can arm against open enemies, but what armor is there against the stratagems and devices of professional friends, who will tell falsehoods with more unctious than ordinary men can command when they speak the truth; who call a man 'brother' while they assail him as a liar and a knave; and who dignify this duplicity under the title of 'Christian meekness,' and accuse the honest men who denounce it of being actuated by 'a bad spirit?'

It may be well to remember that while both Christian and Satan are represented under the figure of a lion, the figure of the silent, gliding, creeping serpent is reserved for Satan alone. And while a man with the spirit of Christ may be both bold and gentle, the deceptive, crafty, insidious spirit of the serpent belongs to the adversary, the devil.

Let Christians see to it that they imitate their Master, and not their enemy. Fairness, justice, and righteousness, are characteristic of the blessed Christ, and those who aim to be his imitators must have something more than mere softness of speech, and meekness of expression, to justify their claim. They must have honesty, uprightness, truth, fidelity, and fair-dealings, if they would be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ in this world, and sharers of his royal glory in the world which is to come.—The Christian.

"What Mason is there of all who read or listen to this Sermon, who does not know of instances where the peace of society has been broken up by the influence of even a single mischievous man! The power of harm possessed by the meanest person in a community is incalculable. A slanderous word may blast the long reputation of the purest woman, or the noblest man. As a torch in the hands of the lowest and most despicable creature will do its full measure of harm, and produce conflagration of the largest dimensions, so with the slanderous tongue. How many a church, how many a family, how many a lodge has been broken up by such influences."—Grand Chaplain's Sermon.

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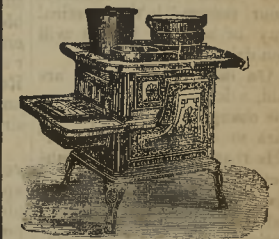
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