

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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## THE MOTHER.

By a lone and cheerless hearth,  
Waits a widow for her child—  
Waits her only son's return,  
From the haunts of comrades wild.

Like a statue, pale she sits,  
Burning thoughts within her  
brain,  
Listening for his well-known step,  
But, alas! she listens in vain.

She heareth but the mournful wind,  
Sighing, wailing as it goes;  
And the tapping of the rain,  
Which louder at the lattice grows.

No refreshing balmy tears,  
Now uprising to calm her grief,  
Years of sorrow have drunk up  
Those pearly treasures of relief.

Bitter now her cup of life,  
And, like the basin at the spring—  
Hourly drunk from—ever full,  
Yet to life she still doth cling.

One, two, three, comes on the wind  
In strange foreboding tone—  
Slowly as a funeral march,  
Faintly as an infant's moan.

Still she sits, but heareth not  
The bell-notes, nor the wild wind  
roar;  
Nor her son's impatient knock,  
Of repeated at the door.

Her long, patient spirit,  
Long to pain and sorrow wed,  
Hath taken flight, to dwell with  
Him,  
Who for a sinful people bled.

## BEING OVER-NICE.

BY L. W. ROSE.

Refinement is a quality which gentlemen and ladies are constrained to admire. Vulgarity and buffoonery are to be deprecated even when encircled by the halo of genius. No man has any warrant for making a fool of himself unless he be clown in a circus, and even in such case there are certain proprieties which he must need observe.

We take still higher grounds. We would appeal to apostolic authority, and say with St. Paul: "Let all things be done decently and in order."

But, mark you, we would have a little discrimination in this matter. Give us, if you please, the order, not of death, but of life, and if you seek for refinement in us seek not for over-nicety and namby-pambyism. We would not, on any account, be set down as "laudibly faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." Our aspirations lie in an entirely different direction. If we are to choose between the imbecile elegancies of Blair and the rugged periods of Chalmers we will take Chalmers every time.

You are acquainted with people, I suppose, good people, amiable people, who make it the first, second and third rule of their lives to be proper—be proper—be proper! They got their early training in the school of Mr. Turveydrop, and reflect credit upon their *alma mater*. Now, while we seek to cultivate a catholic temper, and to be as best we can all things to all men, if by any means we can please them for their good edification, when we have to deal with connoisseurs in the arts of propriety we ever find ourselves at fault! We have to imitate Agag, and approach them "delicately," though we are far from having Agag's assurance, for sure we are of being in the end "hewed in pieces" by the battle-axes of criticism.

The whole subject may be summed up briefly. Let it be understood, first of all, that we wish to bear without reproach "the grand old name of gentleman." Our ideas, though, may not always coincide with the ideas of society as to what constitutes a gentleman. It may be in the line of duty to deviate into some irregularities. If in such case proprieties interfere, why, so much the worse for the proprieties. Truth and life must conquer, and the sooner we divest them of the grave-clothes of a vapid sentimentalism the better for them and for us.

"Rev. Rowland Hill called his horses Order and Decorum, saying he rode on the back of them. But these things had become deadly sins, so much decorum and so very orderly that the church had become like a vault, in which the dead lay in his place, and none dared to move them or to lift his voice loud enough to be called a voice." The essential characteristics of Mr. Hill's day remains the same. I know of a good woman whose fate it was to be tabooed by most of her social circle because she descended so low as to become matron in a Magdalen Asylum.

It is a twice-told tale that you cannot please everybody. The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Your goodness must have some edge to it or it is no goodness. Try to please everybody, and you will meet with the luck of the man *Æsop* tells us about, who in seeking to be man-pleaser lost his mule. John the Baptist comes neither eating or drinking, and they (i. e., the same people who had condemned John) say, Behold a gluttonous man, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners! So inconsistent is that chameleonic thing we call human nature.

To live and to be useful are to be synonymous terms with us. We are not to run into any stone wall we see merely to gratify our natural propensity for butting. We are to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves—politic for Christ's sake, seeking to please, and avoiding what tends to offend wherever such a course is practicable and expedient. But we do well to bear in mind also that all that would live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution of one sort or another, and if it comes to the worst we must be willing even to be accounted fools for Christ's sake.

## Distillery, Infirmary, and Cemetery.

(Central Methodist.)

As you approach the city of Louisville from the east an impressive scene is presented to the view. Just beyond you, in the valley, are huge distilleries, with a capacity for hundreds of barrels of whisky per day. Farther out to the left, on an elevation, is the city infirmary, where the victims of this business are cared for at public expense. A little farther on, and in full view, is the cemetery, where lie the bones of thousands of victims of the whisky curse;

## WHAT IT COSTS.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousand of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lamp-black, sawdust, colts-foot, plantainleaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life.

A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03, by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—*Rev. Dr. Talmage.*

Our sun is shining, therefore, we argue, our day shall linger,—and we plan more, and do more, and Time's meshes twine thicker round our hearts,—and it's all a mistake!—we are reckoning by the sun, and not by Him who controls the sun,—and in the midst of our work, and the many things we say *must* be done, lo! our sun goes down—while it is yet day! Incomplete—sudden—unexpected—-it is always so. Our watches never mark the appointed hour. They reckon by the sun and the sun reckons to God. "To-morrow!" we say,—

—And to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time."

Mrs. E. Solomon, aged 83 Oxford, N. C., says Brown's Iron Bitters gives her a good appetite and makes her food digest well.

## THE BARTHOLOMI STATUE.

[Paris Cor. Binghamton Republican.] Among the ties that bind the lovers of liberty in America to those in France at the present time, even closer than ever is the idea of Republican fraternity embodied in the great Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Lighting the World," soon to be erected in New York harbor and now almost completed in a Paris workshop, or rather workyard, for no building could contain the colossus. The statue itself, rising over one hundred feet in the air, and casting into insignificance the largest of all other existing statues, is itself a wonderful sight. As one enters the gate of the yard, which is near the Monticau Park, he is startled by the immensity of the gigantic image rising before him. Some possible appreciation may have been gleaned from a view of the wrist and hand holding a torch alone rising 30 feet high which stood for some two or three years in Madison Square, but which are now in Paris again. Yet this even gives no adequate conception of the immensity of the thing. Contemplate for a moment these figures: Total height to the top of the torch, 157 feet; height from the heel to the head, 113 feet; forefinger, 8 feet long; 4 feet in circumference at the second joint; finger nail 1 foot 1 inch by 10 inches; head 14 feet high; eye 2 feet 2 inches; nose 3 feet 8 inches long. During the exposition of 1878 about 40 persons were in the head at one time. When erect 12 persons can stand on the torch above the hand at once. The total weight of the statue will be about 500,000 pounds, of which 200,000 pounds will be of copper and 300,000 of iron. It must be remembered, also, that the whole is to be mounted on a pedestal 82 feet high, making the top then stand 235 feet above the ground.

"Next to the blessedness of being free from sin, is that of intense, untiring activity in the service of God. Does the eye of Moses sleep? Does the harp of David hang unstrung and silent in the courts of heaven, like the shields of the mighty in the halls of the dead? Are Watts, Payson, Baxter, Whitfield, Brainard, Dwight, dreaming away the ages of eternity, or spending them merely in psalm-singing? In heaven, as elsewhere, benevolent action is the life of the soul. I could hardly be content to go there, only to sit by purring streams on beds of rose, fanned by fragrant breezes, and lulled to rest by soft music. The nature and laws of the mind must be reserved before mental inaction can constitute the blessedness of heaven. There is rest there;—but it is the rest of high, untiring, untrammelled, persistent energy in the worship and service of God! Has Paul ceased to iterate those heavenly regions, flaming like a comet in the work of his Saviour? Has the mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations into the laws of the universe, and sunk in ingoble repose?"

Mr. J. H. Foster, Smith Grove, N. C., says: "I could find no relief from indigestion until I used Brown's Iron Bitters."

## EARTH'S MARCH.

It is difficult to comprehend that, in addition to the earth's motion around the sun, the latter is also moving through space at the rate of 160,000,000 miles a year. The astronomers of the last century discovered that our solar system was flying through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, in other words, if the spectator were to make a stationary point in the heavens, he would see our sun with its attending planets passing through the space at the rate of 450,000 miles per day. Six thousand years ago, it is computed, our solar system was millions of miles farther from the stars of Hercules than it is to day. The region in which we are entering is more thickly studded with suns of other solar systems, than the heavenly regions we have left behind us. What a marvelous universe we live in! When we travel on a railway car at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it makes our heads swim; but when we call to mind that the earth revolves on its axis once in twenty-four hours and around the sun 92,000,000 miles distance, in 365 days, and that sun is flying through space 160,000,000 miles in a year, human consciousness cannot comprehend the mad whirl of worlds by which we are surrounded. What fairy tale or Arabian Night's story is half so marvelous as the simplest and most ordinary facts in astronomy.

## BLOAT AND MUSCLE.

It is no proof, because a man grows fat, and his face becomes red under the use of stimulants, that he is improving in health. The fattest hog is not the healthiest one; nor is the biggest man the strongest. There is a difference between bloat and muscle; and a man may pickle himself in alcohol, and so retain all the dead tissue that should have been expelled long ago, but he gains in bulk, not in strength; in unwieldiness, not in vigor and elasticity.

The man who is a beer-barrel in the morning, and a barrel of beer at night, may have a tint on his nose that no water-color can equal; but it is not the hue of health, but is rather the token of disease and decay. Wine is a mocker, a deceiver; and all alcoholic beverages delude and destroy. They promise health, strength, and comfort; but they produce sickness, misery, pain, and death. Let them alone!

## DID NOT KNOW IT WAS THERE.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on the condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first

Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"Oh!" said the new enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

Ancient History speaks of two brothers, one of whom, found guilty of a heinous crime, was condemned to death, and about to be led forth to execution; the other patriotic and brave, had signalized himself in the service of his country, and had lost a hand in obtaining an illustrious victory for the State. Just as the sentence of condemnation was pronounced upon his unhappy brother, he entered the court, and silently raised his handless arm in view of all. The judges saw it, arrested the execution and pardoned the guilty one for the sake of the service and the suffering of his heroic brother. So may not our elder Brother, as He appears in our nature before the throne, silently and efficiently pleaded for us by the very scars he bears?—*W. Ormiston.*

To a little Boston girl, some one spoke in the most complimentary terms about her doll, an unfortunate Yankeeism marring the pronunciation of the word. With the most perfect assumption of parental mildness, she answered, "Don't say 'doll'—say doll; and if you can't say doll, say puppet."

A little boy and girl out in the west end of town were discussing the stars. The little boy said they were worlds like ours, and have people on them. The little girl, with all the disdain she could muster, said: "They are not they are angels' eyes, 'cause I saw them wink."

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