

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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NO TIME FOR HATING.

BY A. J. DUGANNE.

Begone with feud! away with strife!
Our human hearts unmating;
Let us be friends again! This life
Is all too short for hating!
So dull the day, so dim the way,
So rough the road we're facing—
Far better deal with faithful friend,
Than stalk alone uncaring!

The barren fig, the withered vine,
Are types of selfish living;
But souls that give, like thine and
mine,
Renew their life by giving.

While cypress waves o'er early
graves,
On all the way we're going,
Far better plant where seed is scant,
Than tread on fruit that's growing!

Away with scorn! Since die we must,
And rest on one low pillow;
There are no rivals in the dust—
No foes beneath the willow,
So dry the bowers, so few the flow-
ers,

Our earthly way discloses,
Far better stoop, where daisies droop,
Than tramp o'er broken roses!

Oh what are all the joys we hold,
Compared to joys above us!
And what are rank, and power, and
gold,

Compared to hearts that love us?
So fleet our years, so full of tears,
So closely death is waiting—
God gives us space for loving grace
But leaves no time for hating.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The visit of the Presidential party to the Yellowstone Park having called special attention to it just at this time, the following account of some of its marvels, taken from the *London Times*, will be read with special interest:

In attempting to describe the extraordinary wonders of the Yellowstone district it is almost as difficult to know where to begin as where to leave off. It is an immense upland district, no portion of which lies less than 6,000 feet above the sea. It contains snowy peaks, innumerable rivers, streams and cascades, and a water-falls, countless lakes and mountain tarn, with volcanic phenomena of incredible variety and strangeness. Its natural forms surpass the wildest efforts of the imagination in their grotesqueness, and the coloring of its rocks and cliffs, of its waters, streams, and pools, is represented by observers as baffling all description and almost defying credibility. The centre of the park is occupied by the Yellowstone Lake, about thirty miles long by twenty wide, broken into deep bays like the thumb and fingers of an outstretched hand, of unknown depth in many parts, but shallowing towards its shores, which are dotted here and there with the cones of hot springs filled with boiling water. The lake abounds with trout from one to two feet in length, and many visitors are said to have succeeded in catching a fish in the lake and cooking it in one of the hot springs without detaching it from the hook—a feat which presupposes a stoutness of tackle unknown to English anglers, unless the explanation be sought in the weakening of the trout by the parasitic

cal worms with which most of them are found to be infested. The lake stands at an elevation of over 7,700 feet above the sea, and is therefore, with one or two possible exceptions, the highest considerable sheet of water to be found in the world. It is drained by the Yellowstone River, which passes through several gigantic "canons," as they are called, and makes several tremendous leaps—one over 250 feet—before it quits the region of the park.

The word "canon" is apparently somewhat vaguely used to signify either a narrow gorge excavated by the action of extinct glaciers or a mere rift between almost perpendicular walls wrought by the erosive action of the river itself. Both species are to be found on the Yellowstone, but there seems no doubt that what is known as the Grand Canon is a true canon of the latter kind. It is over twenty miles long, and in some places 1,300 feet deep, its sides being almost perpendicular. In many cases these sides are occupied with still active geysers, the mineral deposits from which emblazon the rocks with the most vivid and varied coloring. In other parts of the canon the rocks are splintered and riven into fantastic towers and pillars, while the tributary streams form innumerable cascades of infinite variety and beauty.

So far it may be said we have ascribed to the Yellowstone Park nothing more than the ordinary features of mountain scenery, constructed on a scale proportionate to the vast extent of the American Continent and the titanic architecture of the Rocky Mountains. Crag, rock, and cliff; lake, river, stream, and cascade, are things inseparable from the structure of a mountain district, and their vaster proportions do not necessarily render them more beautiful than similar phenomena on a smaller scale. We have, however, by no means exhausted the wonders of the National Park. No brief description could even pretend to do so. We can only select one or two of the most remarkable points of interest, and among them we will mention the so-called "Goblin Labyrinth" in the Hindoo district lying east of the park, first explored by Mr. Norris, and described by him in his report for 1880. Travellers in the Alps will recollect the singular pillars of indurated mud, each capped by a huge stone, to be seen near the village of Useigne, in the Wald' Anniviers, near Sion. A still more remarkable collection of similar pillars is to be found in the ravine of the Finsterbach near Botzen, and is described by Sir Charles Lyell in his 'Principles of Geology.' Such pillars are formed by the action of rain water eating away the easily soluble soil, while the boulder on the top serves as a protection to the pillar which supports it. The "Goblin Labyrinth" is a similar but still more remarkable collection of long, slender, tottering pillars, shafts,

and spires, from fifty to two or three hundred feet in height. The sharp-cornered fragments of rocks of nearly every size, form, formation, and shade of coloring are attached by a peculiar volcanic cement, sidewise and endwise upon the tops and sides of the pillars, and apparently unsupported, upon each other, so that they represent every form, garb, and posture of gigantic human beings, as well as of birds, beasts, and reptiles. "In fact," says Mr. Norris, "nearly every form, animate or inanimate, real or chimerical, ever actually seen or conjured by the imagination, may here be observed;" and the figures given by him fully justify his description.

But the unique and unrivalled feature of the Yellowstone Park still remains to be described. The whole district is a very Tophet of strange volcanic agencies. It is without exception the most remarkable region of geysers and hot springs in the world, its only possible rival being that of Waikato, in New Zealand. Besides the cold, pure water springs which are abundant throughout the district, Mr. Norris enumerates the following distinct varieties; cold medicinal springs; warm mineral, often poisonous, springs; warm medicinal springs; foaming or laundry springs; terrace building springs; and pulsating or spouting geysers. The latter are literally innumerable, and found in every variety and in every stage of development and decay, incipient and distinctive, active and quiet, mud-geysers and "paint-pots," where the mineral deposits dye the contents of their natural receptacle with every conceivable variety of color, and geysers of the ordinary intermittent type, which constantly send forth a column of water and steam to the height of 250 and sometimes 300 feet. Even these are not so remarkable, perhaps, as the terrace-building streams, which are formed by the issue of water heated by volcanic action through tortuous passages in cretaceous limestone. The water becomes charged with dissolving portions of the rock, and on reaching the surface it is discharged in pulsating throbs, each of which deposits a thin, corrugated lamina of the calcareous substance held in solution. This, slow but ceaseless process has resulted in building up beautiful scalloped bathing pools along many thousands of feet of terraced slopes which occupy the mountain-side. Traces of iron held in solution tint these formations with their own peculiar coloring in vertical banding, and the whole effect is described as beyond conception beautiful. The Mammoth Hot Springs, on the banks of the Gardiner River, are the most remarkable active springs of this kind to be found in the Yellowstone Park, but there are many others on a smaller scale, and even the Mammoth Springs themselves are insignificant compared with those now extinct, which in some far dis-

tant time have covered the Terrace Mountain and enormous ranges of cliff along the Yellowstone with the crumbling remains of similar pools on the most gigantic scale.

BISHOP WILSON'S VIEW OF THE VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

How is a wandering, fallen and depraved world to be recalled to God, without that day which celebrates the works, and word, and grace of God—that day which recognizes his authority over man—that day which proclaims man's intellectual and accountable nature, his future, his eternal hopes? The Sabbath interposes a space between total irreligion and the conscience of man; it puts in the claims of God upon the human heart. Nor is the temporal welfare of mankind less concerned than their spiritual, in the observation of the Lord's day. Man was created for six days' work, not for seven; his faculties cannot bear an unremitting strain. Children, and servants, and the laboring classes of mankind (by far the more numerous, and the most liable to be oppressed), require—what this institution gives—a day of repose, of refreshment, of religious recollection and peace. The whole world rests and is still, that God may speak—that conscience may resume her sway—that the exhausted body and mind may recruit their powers, and be fitted for a more vigorous effort. The utmost productive labor of man is in the proportion of rest and exertion ordained by his merciful Creator. The best prevention of diseases, the prolongation of human life itself, depends on the like alternation of toil and repose. The springs of pleasure are thus augmented and purified. The satiety, the sameness, the weariness, the uniformity of human life is broken; and a blessed, halcyon period for religion is interposed. The interval between these seasons is neither so distant as to be ineffectual to its end, nor so near as to injure the real interests of our worldly callings; but, like everything else in God's revelation, unites the prosperity of the body and concerns of man. How great, then, is the importance of every one's falling in with the designs of this institution! Can any one estimate adequately the soul, eternity, heaven and hell, God, Christ, salvation, pardon, hope, happiness, the whole intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of man as he was formed after his Creator's image, has fallen from it by sin and is called to the renovation of it by the blessings and duties of the Christian Sabbath!

Look at the evils of the contrary abuse. See man sunk from his real honors to the rank of the brute—see him lost in appetite, vice, lust, pride, carelessness, with nothing to redeem, nothing to call him back, nothing to restore—the Spirit of God departed from him—a reproachful sense possessing and weighing down his soul. The main difference between

heathen and Christian nations is the recurrence and due observation of a Sabbath. The violation of this day in Christian countries is a brand upon the forehead of nominal religion. See the Sabbath-breaker opening his shop, writing his letters, preparing his accounts—see him entering his office—see him imposing upon his servants, his clerks, his dependents, the yoke of unpermitted and unholo labor. Observe him in languid carelessness, idling away the morning hours, and disgracing, by excess and worldly company, the evening. Notice the effect upon his own mind and habits. He boasts of his liberty, his freedom from superstitious fears, his superiority to ordinary prejudices. But he is the slave of covetousness, of pride, of appetite. The violation of the Sabbath draws with it the neglect of all other religious duties—prayer, family religion, reading of the Scriptures. Misery follows in the train. In vain he blusters and protests, and affects independence: the moral judgment of the Almighty overtakes him; the selfish, earthly creature, vegetating rather than living, is lost in shifting speculations; diffuses mischief all around; neglects and corrupts his children and servants; has no corrective to his jealous and irritated temper, no cordial to his drooping spirits, no prospects to enliven the future, no friend, no Saviour to relieve him as to the past. The Sunday journal, the Sunday festival, the Sunday amusements, fail to please. He sinks into lifeless despondency, or frets with infuriated malice—all his noble capacities perverted, because his God has been contemned, and the day of religion abused.

FAMILY EXPENSES.

After religion and politics there is nothing about which intelligent people differ so radically as what they call the cost of living. A skilled man in some departments of business will earn several thousand a year, spend nothing on wine, women or horses, yet always be in debt. Some acquaintance of his, with similar salary and a large family lives comfortably, sends his boys to college, drives a good horse and has a snug little bank account. There are mechanics earning two dollars a day who comfortably feed and clothe a family of half a dozen people, while some of their fellow workmen, married, but without children, live meanly, wear shabby clothes on Sunday and are occasionally ejected from their homes for non-payment of rent. The principal cause of the difference may almost always be found in the family larder, and the family wardrobe. Some families must breakfast either on beefsteak or mutton chops; others will serve just as much meat and make it just as palatable, at a quarter of the expense of choice cuts; because well cooked. Temperament has much influence on the larder. Excitable peo-

ple will eat twice as much without satisfying their hunger, as those of better physical balance, yet they will not do more work.

Some wives will save the price of a ton of coal by renewing for one of the children an old dress or suit of clothes; some others, seeming to be destitute either of tact, skill or inclination, must buy everything new or go without. Economy is a science which quite a number of men and women have mastered by close observation and diligent practice; others do not seem to know of its existence. A few days ago a couple of ladies who had been refitting their parlors compared notes. One had spent just \$150 and the other nearly \$1,500, and the cheaper parlor was the prettier. It takes longer to learn economy than to learn a trade, but when learned it is the most consoling science in existence, no matter how much or how little money its devotee may have.

FIGHTING A GOOD FIGHT.

A stingy Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upward towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself, "I'll give ten dollars;" again he said, "I'll give fifteen dollars." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and he thought he would give fifty dollars. Now the boxes were passed. As they moved along his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to zero. He concluded that he would not give any. "Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. This covetousness will be my ruin."

The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during the above soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it, "Now squirm old nature!"

Here is the key to the problem of covetousness. Old nature must be going under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket-book may, by and by, get the heart into the charity box, and then the cure is reached. All honor to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, besides pointing a paragraph for the students of human nature—Ex.

A Brahmin wrote to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not as good as your Book. If your people were only as good as your Book, you would conquer India for Christ in five years."