

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Price, \$1 a year.)

OXFORD, N. C., OCTOBER 26, 1883.

(VOL. IX. NO 23.)

To the Business Public.

The Friend visits about FOUR HUNDRED Post-Offices in North Carolina, thus giving advertisers the advantage of a general circulation.

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TO BE A MASON.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

"What is it," says an earnest man,
"What is it to be a Mason?"
It is to do what good we can,
To fill with usefulness life's span,
And practice on the ancient plan,—
This makes a man a Mason!

It is to emulate the dove,
By exercising law of love,
As practiced in the Lodge above,—
This makes a man a Mason!

It is to seek another's weal,
For others as for self to feel,
And only unto God to kneel,—
This makes a man a Mason!

It is to walk in innocence,
Avoiding every low pretense,
And haughty pride and insolence,—
This makes a man a Mason!

It is to part upon the Square,
When leave his cruel arms shall bare,
And leave the loved one's to God's care,—
This makes a man a Mason!

A SOOTHING SHEPHERD'S WAIF.

A carriage was being rapidly driven one summer day some twelve years ago over a rough mountain road in Argyleshire, Scotland, when suddenly there was a tremendous lurch to one side, and it was almost overturned. A lynchpin in one of the wheels had been broken, and the wheel had come off. What was to be done? The nearest blacksmith lived three miles away, and until he could be sent for there was no hope of moving the vehicle. The occupants of the carriage were a child, the daughter of the laird, and her nurse. The latter was much distressed and unable to suggest any plan. At length the coachman settled the matter by sending the footman, who had been ignominiously jerked from his place on the

box when the wheel came off, to fetch the blacksmith. The wheel was temporarily replaced, and while the footman went on his errand the coachman went comfortably to sleep on the box and the nurse settled herself in a corner inside and followed his example.

That proceeding made it dull for the child, who from the window of the carriage could see the bright open country all aglow in the sunshine beckoning to her. Childlike, she opened the door and went out. The novelty of wandering alone whither she would, unchecked by her nurse, was sufficiently delightful, and she ran and walked hither and thither far away from the path. She had been amusing herself for more than an hour before she felt tired, and then she thought of the nurse and the carriage. Neither were in sight, and after running a few yards in one direction and then in a nother the little girl realized that she was lost, and sat down to cry. Her distress, however, did not continue long; for she was thoroughly tired, and soon fell fast asleep on a mossy bank.

How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by a dog's cold nose against her face, and she raised a scream of terror, whereupon the colliest up a series of barks in chorus. Soon she saw the bonnet of a Scotch shepherd on the hill above her, and then the wearer came in sight, a man with a grave but kindly face and carrying a shepherd's crook, who looked at her in silent wonder. But he was quickly at her side, and gently raising her and calling off his dog, asked her how she came in such a place.

"Mamie, Mamie, I want Mamie," was all the little girl could say through her sobs. The shepherd looked on in bewilderment. A lost lamb he would have known what to do with, but a lost child puzzled him. At length, telling her, "nae ta gret," he picked her up and carried her up the hillside to look for Mamie. Who Mamie was, and where she might be found, Dugald Morrison had no idea; so, comforting the child as best he could and holding her easily on his arm, while she clung to him convulsively, he strode on with his dog at his side to his hut near the sheep pens. There he gave her warm milk, and having soothed and quieted her he laid her down on his own bed, assuring her that Mamie would soon appear.

Dugald sat at her side, and, looking at the long, fair hair of the child and her delicate complexion he wondered what would have happened to so delicate a creature had he not providentially found her. He took down his Bible, it was the only book he had or carried to have, to read his evening portion. Instinctively he turned to that grand old story the Master told of the sheep lost on the mountain whom the shepherd left his ninety and-nine sheep to find. He read it again, and as he turned

to look at the sleeping child he wondered if she would in the years to come ever be found of the Great Shepherd when she wandered in the paths of the world. A strange yearning over the old shepherd's heart, and he knelt down and prayed for her.

He prayed long and earnestly, for his solitary monotonous life was seldom broken in upon by any incident, and this had stirred him deeply. It was quite dark when he rose from his knees and looked out. Far down the hill he saw lights, and presently recognized that men with lanterns were ascending. He expected they were searching for the child, and so, the better to guide them, he flung open his door and let a flood of light stream out into the darkness.

A few minutes passed, and a question was asked and answered, and then the golden-haired child was clasped in her father's arms and smothered with kisses. The laird listened with a grateful heart to Dugald's account of his providential discovery, which with characteristic modesty he credited to his dog. It was of no use offering the old man a reward; he would accept none. He was glad, he said to have found "the bairnie."

The father tenderly carried the child away. His heart was too full to utter many words, but he hoped that Dugald would understand that his silence was not caused by a lack of appreciation of his kindness. He held out his hand at parting and shook Dugald's hand as that of a friend, a mark of delicate kindness the old man would be sure to value. Then with his golden-haired child tightly clasped in his arms he hurried away.

Dugald still occupies his mountain hut, but it has been repaired and refurbished. A large picture of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb in His arms is on the wall, and a beautiful bound Bible with large type occupies a place of honor on the old bureau. The collie dog is stretched across the doorway, but round his neck is a handsome collar bearing an inscription. The shepherd's life is not quite so monotonous now, for he has a frequent visitor, the laird's daughter, now a golden-haired lady, whom he thinks the best and loveliest woman in the world as she smiles and blushes as he reminds her of the day they first met, when he carried her in his arms and soothed her to sleep.

When Henry, Duke of Norfolk (the Protestant of the family before the late Duke), was attending James II, in his duty as Earl Marshal, to the Popish chapel of the Court, he stopped short at the door, and making his bow to the King, suffered him to pass on without accompanying him. The King was piqued, and turning round, observed, "My Lord, your father would have gone farther." The Duke made a lower bow than before, and replied, "Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far."

Mr. B. O. Harris, Littleton, N. C., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given me great relief from kidney disease."

GIVING THAT BRINGS JOY.

"I wish the good old times would come again," said Mary Lamb to her brother Charles, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor, but there was a middle state," so she was pleased to ramble on, "in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph when we coveted a cheap luxury, and oh! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those days; we used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then when we felt the money we paid for it."

A bit of tender philosophy this, and full of consolation for those in straitened circumstances, and more true even of giving for objects of benevolence than in purchasing little luxuries, or even necessities for one's self. When to make a gift to some good cause one had to plan and arrange and sacrifice, the giving becomes more than giving; it is, indeed, a triumph, such as few rich people know anything of or have a chance to enjoy. That the poor may know more of the joy and blessedness of giving than the rich is perhaps news to some, but so it is, and it is but one of the blessed points of that great seed truth, spoken by the Saviour, when he said that "it is more blessed to give than receive." No one can ever know what this means until one gives as to the poor—give till they feel it.—Good Words.

A name scratched out of a Bible recently prevented the restoration of a girl to her home. The girl was arrested by the police, for wandering abroad and having no settled abode. Her mother appeared and acknowledged she was her daughter, but said she was ir reclaimable. She had more than once taken her home. The judge suggested that the mother should give the girl one more trial. The mother said she dare not, as the father "had scratched her name out of the family bible." The girl was committed to jail by the judge as a vagrant. It may be supposed that the father of the girl must have finally given her up before he thus erased her name from the family record. The girl may yet learn that though her name does not appear on the fly-leaf of the family Bible at home, entitling her to be received in the family circle, yet she may find herself through repentance and faith in Christ included in that all comprehensive "whosoever," and so secure an entrance into the circle of the washed and forgiven above (Rev. 22: 17).

Why is it so many suffer from rheumatism, aches, pains, kidney diseases, liver complaints, heart affections, etc? It is simply because they will not come and be healed. All diseases begin from a want of iron in the blood. This want of iron makes the blood thin, watery and impure. Impure blood carries weakness and distress to every part of the body. Supply this lack of iron by using Brown's Iron Bitters and you soon find your old enjoying perfect freedom from aches, pains and general ill-health.

THE HOUSEHOLD SUNBEAM.

Children, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it, and when mother is tired and weary, or father comes home from his day's work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them, and do what you can to help them. Very often you can help them most by not doing something; for what you would do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you act or speak, and say to yourself, "Will this help mamma?" or "Will this please papa?" There is something inside of you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide, when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss which will then greet you. One thing remember always—the effect of what you do lingers after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or cheerful word which you gave your father or mother, or the little act which you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they will talk about it, and thank God for their little household sunbeam.—Anon.

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first and pout with vexation afterward.

"I do wish there was no such a thing as a thistle in the world," she said pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it they engrave it on the national arms," said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out," said Minnie. "I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds." "But the thistle did them such good service once," said her mother, "they learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss."

"Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation," said Minnie thoughtfully.

Lately, while an Edinburgh auctioneer was holding forth upon the merits of a piece of cloth, one of the company expressed a desire to have the goods measured, and to this request he of the hammer replied: "Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will excuse me in this matter, as my yardstick has been mislaid to night." At this point however an elderly matron was heard to remark to a friend, "Losh me, the man might use his tongue instead."

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

Professor Lightenbug found himself one evening in the society of bores from which he wanted to make his escape, and was proceeding towards the door when one of the company stepped in his way and said: "Now, professor, we must have a joke from you, or we shan't let you stir from the spot." The professor replied: "Then I will tell you a little story. One evening at dusk a thief entered a church and when all the people had left, set about filling his bag with all the valuables he could lay hands on. Laden with his booty he came to the door which, to his surprise and disgust, he found locked. Seeing a stout rope hanging near the wall he laid hold of it, hoping by its help to reach one of the windows. The rope, however, communicated with the belfry, and on being pulled set the large bell ringing, which brought a number of people to the church, who caught the thief red handed before he had time to make his escape. The delinquent, on being led away said, shaking his fist at the bell (here the professor looked significantly at his interrupter, and suited the action to the words): 'It is all your fault, with your empty head and noisy tongue, that I could not get away.' And now, sir, I wish you good evening."

A dog at the telephone received and sent a communication satisfactorily a few days ago. A gentleman who possesses a remarkably intelligent dog, between whom and himself there exists strong affection, recently lost the animal in the city streets. Jack was happily found by a friend of his owner, who recognized him immediately, and at once called up his friend by telephone. "Have you lost your dog?" "Yes, have you seen him?" was the reply. "Suppose you call him through too telephone." The dog was lifted up and the ear-piece placed at his ear. "Jack! Jack!" called his master. Jack instantly recognized the voice, and began to yelp. He leaped the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line, the gentleman recognized the familiar barks, and shortly afterward he reached his friend's office to claim his property. The believer, whose communion with his God is close and constant, hears Him speaking to him continually in all the events of life, and recognizes a voice unheard by the world. With him faith is the evidence of things not seen (John 10: 3-5).

The surest way to make ourselves agreeable to others is by making them feel that they are so to us.

Mr. Nettle was recently married to Miss Thorn. That's what you might call a "prickly pair."

Dr. Jas. B. Mills Saltmarsa, Ala., says: "Several of my patients have used Brown's Iron Bitters for chronic indigestion with benefit."