

## The Orphans' Friend.

FRIDAY, -- NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

### THANKSGIVING.

There is a tendency in some minds to dwell upon the afflictions and the deprivations to which they have been subjected, to the exclusion of thought about blessings received. It seems well therefore that attention be called to our positive blessings. It is proper that the people be called together steadily for the purpose of recounting the mercies of life and of acknowledging the agency of the Great Giver of all goods in bestowing these things. Our attention is first attracted by the material blessings God has given us—our food, raiment, shelter, life, health, ability to labor and the success attending our labors.

Social blessings also have been given us, we have enjoyed kind friendships and congenial companionships, abundant and constantly increasing educational privileges, intercommunications between states and nations, facilities for transmitting intelligence, the interchange of commodities, a continual advance in utilizing natural forces for human convenience and ever increasing enlightenment. It is a matter for profound gratitude that we live in the nineteenth century and have seen the year of grace 1883.

Our civil blessings are not to be forgotten. A wise and just form of government, which guarantee freedom of speech and liberty of conscience, and protects its citizens in the pursuits of peace and happiness, is one of the great blessings vouchsafed to us in this land. Domestic tranquillity and peace with other nations have prevailed, and the different sections of our own country have been drawn together in the ties of friendship and fraternity.

Chief of all are our religious privileges. The work of God has gone forward. At no period has greater activity characterized the labors of the militant church, and perhaps greater success was never realized. Upward and onward is the watchword of the various denominations, and this sentiment has developed greater zeal in the work of Missions, Sunday Schools, church buildings, christian education and all the departments of church work.

We have had our sorrows, too; losses in some instances, bereavements, afflictions. "How can I give thanks," says one who has drained the bitterest cup. God is not unkind in anything nor does he make any mistakes. "Good when he gives, supremely good, nor less when he denies." We should not desire to undo anything God has done. Even our sorrows are, by the Divine alchemy, transmuted into blessings.

The best return that we can make to the Almighty is gratitude. Ingratitude is proverbially mean and base.

Gratitude itself should be manifested by thanksgivings and by a proper use of the blessings received. Has God given temporal prosperity? Let us remember the poor, let us not withhold that which is due to the cause of Christ in its various claims, let us be careful not to spend our substance in the gratification of selfish lusts, but rather for more glorious ends. Has God given liberty? Let us be careful lest it degenerate into license. Has he endowed us with national existence and given us opportunities for development? Let us not be neglectful of these privileges. Do we have the gospel and all the blessings pertaining to it? Let us be faithful, and use them to our salvation and God's eternal glory.

### GRAND LODGES.

As the Grand Lodge of Masons will soon assemble, the following extract, culled from the works of Mackey, may prove interesting reading to the craft:

The present organization of Grand Lodges is by no means coeval with the origin of our institution. Every lodge was originally independent, and a sufficient number of brethren meeting together, were empowered to practise all the rights of masonry without a warrant of constitution. This privilege, as Preston remarks, was inherent in them as individuals. The brethren were in the custom of meeting annually, at least as many as conveniently could, for the purpose of conference on the general concerns of the order, and on this occasion a Grand Master, or superintendent of the whole fraternity, was usually chosen. These meetings were not, however, called Grand Lodges, but 'Assemblies.' This name and organization are as old as the fourth century of the Christian era; for, in a MS. once in the possession of Nicholas Stone, a sculptor under the celebrated Inigo Jones, it is stated that 'St. Albans (who was martyred in 306) loved Masons well, and cherished them much. And he got them a charter from the king and his counsel, for to hold a general counsel and gave it to name Assembly.' The privilege of attending these annual assemblies was not restricted, as it now is, to the Grand Officers, and Masters, and Wardens of subordinate lodges, but constituted one of the obligatory duties of every Mason. Thus, among the ancient masonic charges, in possession of the Lodge of Antiquity, at London, is one which declares that 'every Master and Fellow shall come to the assembly, if it be within fifty miles of him, and if he have any warning. And if he have trespassed the craft, to abide the award of Masters and Fellows.'

The next charter granted in England to the Masons, as a body, was bestowed by King Athelstane, in 926, upon the application of his brother, Prince Edwin. 'Accordingly, Prince Edwin summoned all the Masons in the realm to meet him in a congregation at York, who came and composed a General Lodge, of which he was Grand Master; and having brought with them all the writings and records extant, some in Greek, some in latin, some in French

and other languages, from the contents thereof that assembly did frame the constitution and charges of an English lodge.' \* \* \*

The first notice that we have of Freemasonry in the United States, is in 1729, in which year, during the Grand Mastership of the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Daniel Cox was appointed Provincial Grand Master for New Jersey. I have not, however, been able to obtain any evidence that he exercised his prerogative by the establishment of lodges in that province, although it is probable that he did. In the year 1733 the 'St. John's Grand Lodge' was opened in Boston in consequence of a charter granted on the application of several brethren residing in that city, by Lord Viscount Montacute, Grand Master of England. \* \* \*

These Grand Lodges were, until the close of the Revolutionary War, held under the authority of Charters granted either by the Grand Lodge of England, or that of Scotland. But, on the confirmation of our political independence, the brethren, desirous of a like relief from the thralldom of a foreign power, began to organize Grand Lodges in their respective limits, and there now exists such bodies in every State and Territory in the Union.

### THE DOWN GRADE.

[From the Charlotte Observer]

Col. J. J. Owen, editor of the San Jose Mercury, gives the following photograph of a class of young men in that Californian town, accompanied with some wholesome advice to them. Possibly there may be other places where a similar class of young men may be found, to the heart of some one of whom the question which closes Col. Owen's article may find entrance:

'There are scores of young men in San Jose—intelligent, active and really industrious young men—who are on the down grade, going straight to hell by the through Liquor Line. They are now only moderate tipplers, though seldom without the taint of liquor on their breaths. They are social and convivial young fellows. They do not like the taste of liquor particularly, but because it is the custom of young men of their kind to visit the saloons and treat each other; and when they go away on a picnic, excursion, or get off together for an evening, to get themselves 'full,' as they term it, and have a regular carousal, and wake up next morning with a splitting headache.

'Many of these young men are clerks and mechanics, with good situations, who should practice habits of economy and thrift, and lay by something of their weekly earnings as a nest-egg for their start in business sometime; or, if they ever expect to marry, as most of them do, as something with which to procure a home. But instead of this they live up to their last cent, and often incur debts besides that they find very difficult to pay. But the worst feature of the business is they are cultivating habits of thriftless extravagance and dissipation that will work their utter ruin, and that in no distant future.

'These young men are hale fellows now, full of that life and energy which, if properly directed, would make them, in time, the foremost men of business in the community, and the best members of so-

ciety. But the demons Evil Habits and Ill Health are toying with their morals and their vitals; and a few years hence we shall find them bloated and loathsome drunkards, broken down gamblers or already dead and rotting in their graves.

'God pity the young woman who marries one of them! There is before her a life of such unutterable wretchedness as no pen can describe. Her only ray of hope is in the possible strength of soul that will enable her to rise up in her womanhood, ere it be too late, and cast aside the worthless vagabond who would drag her and her children down to everlasting despair.

'And yet there isn't one of these young men who might not, if he would, break loose from his evil associations, throw off the straight-jacket that the demon of drink and dissipation is weaving around his limbs, and go forth to a noble and manly life.

'If they only knew the misery in store for them—the agony of soul,—the physical torture, if they could realize the degradation and shame they are bringing upon others, as well as themselves—the scalding tears that will be shed in their behalf—the breaking hearts, the blighted lives—and all because of their unworthiness, it would seem that they would sooner thrust their right hand into molten iron, and hold it there until only the charred bones remain, then raise it to their lips bearing a draught of that subtle poison that at last biteth like a serpent and stings like an adder.'

'Is there one of this class, who may read these lines, who has enough manhood left to try?'

### A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married in early life, before he had attained fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, distinguished more for the excellence of her character than for her personal charms. After eight years of a happy wedded life, during which she became the mother of three children, she died. A few days after her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a friend, depicting the character of his wife in the following terms:

'I was guided (he observes) in my choice only by blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman, who by the tender management of my weaknesses gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period in my life she preserved a coolness in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasionally re-

sentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments) she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and inouled our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor I lost her, also! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.'—*Home Journal.*

### The Indian Summer of Life.

In the life of a good man there is an Indian Summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian Summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian Summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone and the buds and blossoms are changing to the sere and yellow leaf; when the mind of the good man, still vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon the bright spring summer which await within the gates of Paradise evermore.

### THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

If a man commits an offense against us, misrepresents us, insults us, injures us in any way, what are we to do? Brood over it? That is what some Christian people nearly always do. It is wonderful what care they take to get all the pain and suffering out of an offense they can. They might have brushed it away at once and have done with it; but, no, the hasty, bitter word, the selfish act, they lay upon their memory; and they will not forget it, whatever else they forget. \* \* \* If a man injures you, do not brood over it. Nor must you talk about it to everybody you meet.—What is your motive for speaking about the injury? Do you want to get your friends to take sides with you against the offender? You ought to want to make the offender himself take sides with you against the offense. The more people know of the wrong, and the stronger the feeling you can create against the wrong-doer, the harder you make it for him to acknowledge his fault.—*R. W. Dale, in "Good Words."*

### A great Nation with no Language.

Until ours, there never had been a great nation with one language, without dialects. In England, hardly larger than the state of New York, a Yorkshireman can hardly talk with a man from Cornwall, while in our country five thousand miles change not the sound of a word. We owe it to Noah Webster. His dictionaries and his sixty millions of spelling books have educated two generations. Only two men have stood on the new world whose fame is sure to last—Columbus, its discoverer, and Washington, its savior. Webster is, and will be, a great teacher; and these three make our trinity of fame. Of his great Dictionary—said to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, the largest volume published—applied has it been suggested that "Every farmer should give his sons two or three square yards of ground, well prepared, with the avails of which they may buy it. Every mechanic should put a receiving box in some conspicuous place in the house, to catch stray pennies for the like purpose," thus furnishing the whole family with an ever present and reliable schoolmaster.

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