

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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IN GOD'S BOOK.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

With rosy faces saddened,
"Neath sunlight warm and bland,
Two boys who mourned for mother
Were walking hand-in-hand.

They knew why every passer,
Along the leafy road,
And those beside their windows,
Such looks on them bestowed,

Tender, pathetic, tearful,
Each kindly glance they read,
And understood its meaning,
"Dear boys, your mother's dead,"

"Oh, Artie!" sobbed the younger,
A bright-eyed, chubby lad,
"The neighbors have forgotten
That we've been rude and bad!"

"All boys are naughty sometimes,"
The eldest one replied;
"And mother dear forgave us
And blessed us ere she died."

"Last night," said Elver, slowly,
"I promised God in prayer,
That I would be His faithful child,
If he would for me care,

"I mean to act so every day
That He with joy can look
Into my heart, and write my name
Within His Holy book,

"And, Artie, only think, some day,
Upon those pages fair
With smiling eyes mama will look,
And see it written there."

Ah, reader! could philosopher
More precious thought express?
Our God, who surely answers prayer,
Will little Elver bless,

And many an anxious soul to day
Will hope, with true delight,
That angel eyes have real their
names
In lines of living light.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

A merchant who was a God-fearing man who was very successful in business, but his soul did not seem to prosper accordingly; his offering to the Lord he did not seem disposed to increase.

One evening he had a remarkable dream. A visitor entered the apartment and quietly looked around at the many elegancies and luxuries by which he was surrounded, and with out any comment presented him with the receipts for his subscription to various societies and urged their claims upon his enlarged sympathy.

The merchant replied with various excuses and at last grew impatient at the continual appeals. The stranger arose and fixing his eyes on his companion, said in a voice that thrilled his soul.

One year ago to-night you thought your daughter lay dying; you could not rest from agony. Upon whom did you call that night?

The merchant started and looked up, there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eyes were fixed upon him with a calm penetrating look as he continued;

Five years ago, when you lay at the brink of the grave and thought that if you died you would leave a family unprovided for—do you remember how you prayed then?

Pausing a moment, he went on in a still more impressive tone:

"Do you remember, fifteen years since, when you spent days and nights in prayer: when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that you sins were forgiven—who listened to you then?"

"It was my Savior and my God!" said the merchant, with a sudden remorseful feeling "Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has he ever complained of being called on too often?" in a voice of reproachful sweetness. Say are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of him, if he, from this time, will ask no more of you?"

"Oh, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet.

The figure vanished, and he awoke; his soul stirred within him.

"Oh, God and Savior, what have I been doing? Take all—take everything. What is all that I have done, to what thou hast done for me!" —Sel.

IS DRUNKENNESS A DISEASE.

A recent issue of the St. Louis Republican had a well written editorial, with the above caption, taking ground against the theory, for some time so prevalent, that drunkenness is a disease, and claiming that a man's free will had a great deal to do with his drinking to excess or abstaining from doing so. A correspondent of the Republican refers to this editorial approvingly, and claims to have had opportunity to observe a large number of cases of patients treated for inebriety in the asylum a

Binghamton, and that the trouble with most of them was not that they could not be cured, but they did not want to be. The Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin says: "The truth that drunkenness is voluntary in 999 cases out of 1000—is itself a crime, and ought to be considered an aggravation of every offence committed under its influence." That is sound doctrine. It is not a disease any more than a tendency to theft or any manner of vice or crime is such. Pity the drunkard as you pity any other vicious or criminal character, so as to desire his reformation and aid him in any honest effort he may make to redeem himself. But he should betwixt too see the fact that he is not incurring an amiable weakness, to be passed by with a pleasant jest, but committing a crime against himself, his family, society, and God. Men occasionally, in their theories and plans of humanitarian character, become wiser and better than God and Scripture, but soon or late, stubborn facts convince them of their error. God's Word ranks drunkenness as sin, classes it with gross and heinous sins, and denounces the same terrible penalties against it as against the rich. Let God be true, though all human theories be proved to be false by his truth. —Southwestern Methodist.

Beautiful Tribute to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to women, but this is the finest we ever read: "Place her among the flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a beetle or the rattling of a window sash at night, and is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then—how strong is her heart! Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, call forth her energies to action and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune hurts her not; she wears away a life in silent endurance, and goes forth with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the hands of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the centre from which radiates the charm of existence."

When I dig a man out of trouble, the hole that he leaves behind him is the grave where I bury my own trouble.

HER FIRST STORY.

We all naturally feel a curiosity to know how a favorite author came to be an author. Accident generally plays a part in it, particularly in the case of the greatest writers. Indeed few have any adequate conception of their powers and capabilities until they have been tested, though indications of what is beneath the surface generally "crop out" very early in life. George Eliot was thirty-five years of age before she had so much as thought of writing a story. She and her husband were just settling down, after a summer holiday on the Continent to a winter of literary hack-work in London. Their circumstances were straightened, she having a revenue of eighty pounds a year from her father's estate which she may have doubled by her pen, and he earned a very modest income by contributing to Blackwood and other periodicals.

One day her husband said to her, "My dear, I think you could write a capital story"

The words sank into her mind. A short time afterwards, as he was preparing to go out to dinner, at which she was expected, she said to him—

"I won't go out this evening, and when you come in don't disturb me; I shall be very busy."

Soon she was able to show the opening portions of her first tale, "Amos Barton," which amazed him, high as had been his estimate of her genius. He sent the completed story to Blackwood, in which it appeared not long after.

Other stories followed, and finally, "Adam Bede," a fully developed novel, was published, which gave her a rank among the greatest writers of fiction.

During this long period Mr. John Blackwood had never met his brilliant contributor, and still supposed that George Eliot was a gentleman—probably a clergyman. On one of his visits to London, he was invited by Mr. Lewes to dinner, "to meet George Eliot."

He came. Dinner was announced; no one sat down except Mr. and Mrs. Lewes and himself. Conversation proving very interesting, he made no allusion to his disappointment, until the dinner was over, when he said how much he regretted that George Eliot was not present.

"Here he is," said Mr. Lewes, pointing to his wife, who sat quietly enjoying the climax of their little comedy. Mr. Blackwood shook hands with his contributor, and the evening passed very happily.

At a microscopic exhibition in Boston the sting of a honey bee was shown upon the screen, and it was so sharp that the point could not be seen. A fine sewing-needle was shown at the same time, and the point with the same power of the microscope was five inches across. "God can make a fine point," said the exhibitor, "but man cannot."

ASKING A BLESSING.

There is nothing which it is right for us to do; but it is also right to ask that God would bless it; and indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can convert it into the most sad calamity, or his smile exalt it into a most memorable mercy; and there is nothing we can do, but its complexion for weal and woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it.

It is said of Matthew Henry that no journey was undertaken, nor any subject or course of sermons entered upon, nor book committed to the press, nor any trouble apprehended or felt without a particular application to the mercy-seat for direction, assistance and success.

It is recorded of Cornelius Winter that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer.

The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of any undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance.

A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three maxims of his father's, the last and best of which was, "Always pray for your patients."

KIDNAPPED BY A BEAR.

In the famous millennial prophecy in the Bible, the mention of "a little child" with savage beasts brings together innocence and ferocity in one beautiful picture. Real situations like that are so rare that they seem accidental, but every story like the following somehow makes us feel that even a wild beast may be disarmed and made harmless by the companionship of a child. A baby eighteen months old, the child of James Vaughan of Gentle Valley, was playing near its mother recently, says the Oxford (U.) Enterprise, when all at once she missed the child, and commenced searching for it in every direction, but could not find it.

She then alarmed the neighbors, and seventeen of them went in search of the infant. No trace of the child could be found, and the frantic parents almost concluded that it had fallen a victim to some beast of prey. The searchers at length found the tracks of a huge bear, and traced them through the fields.

Becoming tired they returned to their houses, concluding that the child must be dead, and perhaps eaten up.

At the break of next day they started on their search from the spot left on the night before, and at about ten o'clock, A. M., found the baby curled up in a bunch of weeds and grass in the bushes, sound asleep, with its little tattered and torn dress thrown over its head, while close beside the sleeping child was the warm bed of what must have been a very large bear, which had abandoned its captive on the approach of the men in search.

Wonderful to relate, yet the fact is vouched for by truthful men who have seen the child, not a bruise or injury did the child receive except a slight scratch on its little bare foot

although the child had been carried by the bear three or four miles into the mountains over rough places and through bushes.

HOW RAY RAN AWAY.

Little four-year-old Ray was very angry as he sat by the window looking at the carriage full of merry children who were starting for grandpa's to a Thanksgiving dinner.

Why he had not been allowed to go with them I hardly like to tell you; for the fact is, he had been a very naughty boy, and his punishment was to stay at home with mamma, who was too ill to go.

"I don't care, I'll run away," muttered Ray, kicking the plastering with his copper-toed shoes.

"I will," he added, a moment after, as sliding down from the chair he seized his cap and started down the lane.

Away across the brook, up on the great hill, the beech-nuts grew, and Ray knew it. To be sure it was rather late for beech-nuts, but he did not stop to think of that. On he went, his face red with the run and his eyes dancing at the thought of the nuts and mamma's fright.

But suddenly, as he had almost reached the top of the hill where the beech-trees grew, he heard a noise in the bushes, and without waiting to see what it was away he went towards home. Oh, what a long way off home was! Would he ever get there? The raspberry bushes scratched his hands and tore his dress; and the stones and logs were always in the way to trip him up. While behind him the quick feet were coming nearer.

Once he looked back, only once, he did not dare to look again, for he saw something black among the bushes.

Surely it was a bear. Ah, if he had looked back, he would have seen—what do you suppose?

Into the house he went, and slamming the door, peeped through the sidelights and saw his own Smut, the lamb he had petted all summer.

He did not tell, oh no; but mamma had been watching him all the while from her window up stairs. She told me the story as I tell it to you. *Youths' Companion.*

Oh! thrice fools are we, who, like new-born princes weeping in the cradle, know not that there is a kingdom before them. Holiness is not blind illumination is the first part of sanctification. Believers are children of light.

We unhesitatingly condemn in others the very same faults in which we indulge ourselves. Were we as lenient to their faults as we are to our own, if it did not make us better, it would make us at least less censorious.

If the children are not taught, trained and brought up to Christ, the conversion of the world will tarry long, weary ages. Here is our battle ground. Let the whole Church take a part—not one in ten.