

DO NOT WISH TO BUY.

Several persons, who hold helpless orphans in bondage, have offered them to the Orphan Asylum for so much money. In other words, they wish to open a species of American slave trade. They seize orphans and so oppress them as to make the benevolent redeem them. Such a traffic may be called a sale of sighs. We do not wish to buy orphans from any such parties; but we appeal to our Judges and Grand Juries to see that these orphans are permitted to enjoy the few rights which our present laws confer upon them. We were present in one instance when an orphan was sold, and we saw the money paid for her; but in that district the Judge has expressed himself against the Orphan Asylum, and the Grand Juries give orphans no protection. This statement is shocking to humanity, much more to civilization and religion; but, alas, it is true, and the proof is present with us. And while these things are so, our lawmakers have time to talk about fish-traps, fox-dogs and birds.

HOMES FOR ORPHANS.

We continue to receive applications for orphans, mostly for girls, who are wanted for nurses, or to assist in general household work, but in very few instances do the applicants state what they intend to do for these children in return for the advantage they expect to derive from their labor, in the way of providing for their comfort and future welfare.

We have more than once intimated that the Asylum was not designed as a nursery for the collection of orphans to be trained and sent out as mere domestic servants. Nor is it designed, on the other hand, to prepare them for professional careers or train them in ideas above a life of labor and usefulness in ordinary pursuits. If we understand the object of those who have labored for the organization of the institution, and contributed and do still so liberally contribute to its support, it is, that the poor, helpless orphan girls and boys of the State may be rescued from the misery of friendless destitution and, often, heartless tyranny in which they have been placed by the death of their natural protectors; give them fair English education; impress on their hearts the importance of honesty and uprightiness and the great and leading truths of Christianity, and then, as far as practicable, to assist them in obtaining homes where, in return for the benefit to be derived from their labor, they may find that sympathy and encouragement, of which they have been providentially deprived, and that kindly taking by the hand and assisting forward in life which is so necessary to success in their efforts to become useful citizens and respectable members of society. It is but reasonable that they and their friends should expect this for them.

Rev. Junius P. Moore preached in the Chapel at the Asylum Sunday afternoon. His subject was the beautiful scene depicted by Isaiah of a little child leading the wild beasts of the forest side by side with the animals they once hunted for their prey. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there were quite a number out to hear him.

OUR HOTELS.

We once improved some of the hotels of our State by simply telling the truth on them. It is our present purpose to improve others in the same way. As our ladies are first at home, first abroad, and first in the hearts of their countrymen, we begin with them. Four of the best hotels in the State are kept by widows. Mrs. Miller, at Turnpike, has comfortable rooms, good fare, and a pleasant location. Single meals 25 cts. Mrs. Yarbrough, at Greensboro, occupies a small house; but her table is equal to any in the State, and her prices are moderate. Mrs. Troy is known to travelers whom she has so often fed at Hickory and the Shops. She now supplies excellent suppers at Morrisville.

Mrs. Tucker, at Franklinton, well, just picture eggs, good bread and butter, strong coffee, rich milk and nice desert.

At hotels kept by widows you are not annoyed by supercilious clerks, nor sent to the seventh story. Widows also give you more vicuals and less crockery than you sometimes find in hotels kept by men. The Kimball House, in Atlanta, has crystal fountains and royal chandeliers, but some of our widows could improve the table. What a hungry traveler generally wants, is a little to look at, and a plenty to eat. David married the widow Abigail; but she had previously fed him and his men, and her bill of fare, as given in Samuel, was enough to tempt a king. But we must pass on, and leave the widows.

(To be Continued.)

How to Keep a Cook.

1. Don't seize a poor orphan girl without kin, and expect to hold her for life. She has had very little to cook and nothing to season it with. She will give you hard fare. Besides, if she should become desirable, somebody will desire her. Possibly she may desire herself and assert her inalienable right.

2. Don't try to bumbag some old negro who has never heard of Lincoln's proclamation. She will hear of it some day, and desert you most unexpectedly.

3. Don't be tardy, irregular, or parsimonious in your settlements. Never pay off in old clothes. If you do, the cook will get sick and go home and never be well enough to return.

"When the old robin-redbreast shall visit your cot,
And the icicles hang at your door,
When your bowl smokes with something reviving and hot,
Then you ought to remember the poor."

St. Paul puts Charity as the chief of the Christian Virtues—even above Faith and hope. Acts of benevolence flow out as naturally from a heart filled with Charity as light does from the sun. We have all read what the Scriptures say of the man who professes to love God and yet hates his fellow-men; and we have read also what the Savior said of those who neglected to feed and clothe the hungry and naked and to visit and minister to those who were sick and in prison. How can those who read these plain declarations as to our duty toward the poor and destitute, close their ears and hearts and pockets to their cries for sympathy and material aid? It seems that any one ought to be afraid to sit down in the enjoyment of the abundance which the providence of God has blessed him without first liberally contributing to those in destitution, for fear the curse of God should be visited on him in some shape for such flagrant neglect of his command.

For the Children's Friend.

My Dear Young Friends:—I have lived eleven-fourteenths of the age allotted to man; can you tell how old I am? Well, if you have found out my age, I will tell you of a few of the changes I have witnessed since my childhood, in things that you see and hear of almost every day.

When I was a boy there were no cast plows used by the farmers in this country, and very few farmers had iron traces for plowing as they do now. The plows were made of wrought iron in the blacksmith shops of the country, and they used what was called shaft plows, and very poor work they did. Some people use the same kind of plows now for oxen.

Then there was no such thing as a railroad in the South. People traveled in private conveyances and stage coaches, and the cotton and tobacco were carried to market, and goods brought back, in large road wagons drawn by four or six horses. Letters were carried by stages and horse mails, and the postage on a letter of one sheet was twenty-five cents, and twenty-five cents for each additional sheet. I have known the postage on one letter to be as much as a dollar. Then there were no envelops to put letters in, but they were folded together and sealed with a wafer or sealing-wax.

There were no telegraph lines in the country then. Now you can sit down in a telegraph office in Raleigh and send a message to New York and get an answer in a few minutes, but when I was a boy you could not send a message there and get an answer back under two or three weeks.

There were no photograph galleries when I was a boy. Nobody in this country had ever thought or dreamed of taking a picture of a person or anything else, in half a minute, by means of the sun-light. Now you can have a dozen pictures of yourself taken to give your friends, for three or four dollars; but when I was a boy it would have cost ten or fifteen dollars for one of the same size painted on ivory or some other surface, and if it were life size on canvass, it might have cost a hundred or two hundred dollars.

Lucifer matches were not in use when I was a boy. I remember giving twenty-five cents in silver for the first box I ever saw, and burned them nearly all, showing my schoolmates what a wonder and curiosity they were. Then, when the fire went out, it was started by sparks struck with a flint and steel on tinder, or by going to the nearest neighbor for a "chunk."

But I cannot now speak of all the inventions of the last fifty years, that have come into such common use as to be considered absolute necessities of life. I may speak of some others hereafter. These that I have alluded to are among the most prominent and familiar, and they are all the result of brain-work. The men who invented the cast plow and its fixtures; the railroad engine and the telegraph; the discoverer of the property of light in picture taking, and the chemical combination of the friction match, were once little boys like many who may read this letter. Many of them had not the advantage of good schools, and nothing like the good and useful books that children may now have, but they studied and worked patiently and the world has been vastly benefited by their labors.

But science and art are thought

by many to be yet in their infancy, and that many and great discoveries and inventions are yet to be made. Which of my young readers have sufficient courage and ambition to resolve that their names shall be written among those who are yet to benefit mankind by their labors and studies in the useful arts and sciences? JACOBUS.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

"The lady members of a Grange in Edgecombe county have decided to buy only calico dresses in the future."

The above item we find floating around in several of our exchanges. We are rather at a loss whether to regard it as a hoax or not. If it is true, we consider it as an important move on the part of some of our ladies in the right direction, and sincerely hope it will be followed by others. We are no Quakeress, (though we have always admired the neatness of their costume) yet we are constrained to believe that a great deal might be saved for the church, the Orphan Asylum and other benevolent enterprises.

If our ladies would observe more economy in their articles of dress, we believe it would contribute to, instead of detracting from their charities. L. K. W.

WANT.

Few words in our language are more frequently misapplied than the word want. It falls daily from the lips of those who have never felt the need of anything except the habitual superfluities which, Paley says, will become wants; but the luxurious elves that minister to pampered desires cannot be made to resemble the grim spectre that haunts the abodes of poverty, pinching the inmates with cold and hunger. "Nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches as to conceive how others can be in want." The poor are a legacy left by our Savior, and it is a duty entailed on all his followers, to minister to the wants of the needy; nor is it sufficient to relieve only those whose sufferings chance to come under our observation; we must seek them in obscure corners, and instead of saying, "I do not know a case of distress in my neighborhood," we should be able, after careful investigation, to say, "there are none."

"Oh for a Lodge in some vast wilderness," sighed the poet Cowper, oppressed by the wrongs of his race; too many echo the sentiment and retire to their comfortable firesides and there muse, perhaps, on some gigantic scheme of philanthropy, which is destined to perish without lightening the load of a single over-burdened fellow-creature. Of what use are benevolent feelings if we do not give them vent in action? It does not feed the hungry or right the oppressed, because we wince at the recital of their destitution or flush with indignation at their wrongs.

The most charitable people are their own almoners; when they see poverty and destitution, they seek most earnestly to relieve it; after visiting a starving family, it is not easy to sit down to a well spread table without first sending something to the sufferers; furs and flannel will not keep the chill from the heart while gazing at the poorly clad child of poverty, shivering in the wintry blast; daily contact with ignorant, degraded children will so impress one with the necessity for edu-

cating them that some means will be devised for sending them to school. Such views of want and distress are the surest check to extravagant desire, for we are apt to forget selfish ends in ministering to others; discontent and benevolence are rarely found in the same individual; if we cultivate the latter, the former will never trouble us. L.

OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD.

The last number of this monthly magazine contains some very interesting articles, and such a periodical deserves success. Col. Pool, (the Editor,) invites contributions on both sides of several very important educational questions. We will tell him a story: When J. M. Stone was a candidate for the Legislature, he took the stump in Granville, and generally opened his speeches by saying, "Fellow-citizens: In the first place, I will tell you what I am for, and in the second place, I will tell you what I am agin." When he closed, the people knew where he stood. So we want our Superintendent of Public Instruction to go before the Legislature with an educational programme of his own, and fight it out on that line. Let him tell us what he is "for" and what he is "agin."

Home Influences.

The influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of the earth; and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, mis-governed and disorderly home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sorrow and sadness, the contentions and scrifes and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows;" while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men that disturb and disorder and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early lives have been a scene of trouble and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.—*Rural New Yorker.*

See that all is Right.

It is always bad to start on a journey without having looked to the harness and to the horse's shoes; and it often happens that the time saved by omitting examination turns out to be a dead loss when the traveler has advanced a little on his journey. Not one minute, but a hundred minutes may be lost by the want of a little attention at first. Set the morning watch with care, if you would be safe through the day; begin well if you would end well. Take care that the helm of the day is put right, look well to the point you want to sail to, then whether you make much progress or little, it will be so far in the right direction. The morning hour is generally the index of the day.—*Spurgeon.*

A man has no more right to say an unwell thing than to act one; no more right to say a true thing to another than to knock him down.