

For the Children's Friend.  
**"The Children's Friend."**

Let every ear attend,  
 And him that heareth, send  
 A dollar to "The Friend".

Let earnest prayer ascend  
 And each his influence lend,  
 His labors ne'er suspend—  
 To help the "Children's Friend."

Let zealous hearts contend,  
 And willing hands extend,  
 And every effort bend—  
 To aid "The Orphan's Friend".

Let all, though late, intend  
 Past failures to amend,—  
 If need, their jewels vend—  
 To take "The Children's Friend".

Let each, now, comprehend  
 His duty to defend.  
 And let his actions tend—  
 To be the Orphan's friend.

Thus blessing shall descend,  
 Success our hopes transcend,  
 And happy fates portend,  
 The Orphan and "The Friend".

May each, in dying, vend  
 Where happy spirits bend,  
 And bliss shall never end.  
 Amen!

UNCLE AL.

**Mother's Way**

Of within our little cottage,  
 As the shadows gently fall,  
 While the sunlight touches softly  
 One sweet face upon the wall,  
 Do we gather close together,  
 And in hushed and tender tone  
 Ask each other's full forgiveness  
 For the wrong that each has done.  
 Should you wonder why this custom  
 At the ending of the day,  
 Eye and voice would quickly answer—  
 "It was once our mother's way?"

If our home be bright and cheery,  
 If it hold a welcome true,  
 Opening wide its door of greeting  
 To the many, not the few;  
 If we share our Father's bounty  
 With the needy, day by day,  
 'Tis because our hearts remember  
 This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow  
 Weary,  
 Or our tasks seem very long;  
 When our burdens look too heavy,  
 And we deem the right all wrong,  
 Then we gain a new, fresh courage,  
 As we rise to proudly say:  
 "Let us do our duty bravely,  
 This was our dear mother's way."

Then we keep her memory precious,  
 While we never cease to pray,  
 That, at last, when lengthening shadows  
 Make the evening of our day,  
 They may find us waiting calmly  
 To go home our mother's way!

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable woe in the far ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed.—A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write words or names in the smooth, white sand which lies spread out so clear, and beautiful as your fancy may dictate, but the running tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the eternal good or evil of your child, which neither the floods nor storms nor earth can wash out, nor death's cold finger can erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of herself in the treatment of her child. How prayerful, how serious and how earnest to write the truth of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God!—Southern Home.

Dead in a many way with the trials of the present, and the future will not fail to be generous to you.

**A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

I'm not sure that Mr. Bergh is needed to go into families, and prevent cruelty to children. Surely the cruelty exists.

The tradition is, that step-mothers are the only ogres in the family. This is a curious mistake. These, often from the bad name which precedes them, are the most zealous to be just to the children who have come under their charge. But it is of parents, more especially, of whom I now complain.

Fathers and mothers are often most cruel to their offspring; and the tortures are as varied as those to the inquisition. The mind of a child is acutely sensitive. We hear much of "careless, happy children." Who hears of the sharp suffering a child may feel? Yet, if we reflect a moment, we will remember by our own experience that they suffer as keenly as the enjoy. Don't we remember slipping into the creek, and then spreading our wet stockings on the bank in the sun to dry, while we sat beside them in utter wretchedness because of the reproof we would get when we reached home? Do we not remember when the privileged nurse slapped us across the ears till they rang and burned, and called us a contemptuous name, and we went down into the cellar, and sat upon a potato bin as stiff and tearless as a stone, and wished we could kill her? Do we not remember the hour we had to amuse the baby seemed a year; and the nursery was a prison; and no convict ever chafed more under his chains? Then, when we were released, to have the freedom of the fields! How wildly we flew, with the sense of liberty and complete happiness. But soon, even as the wing of a bird droops, we tired, and sat down upon a stone, and wondered if there was not something more. Liberty did not satisfy our wants.

Do we not remember the task thoughtlessly given beyond the capability of a child, and the dreadful sense of hopelessness that came over us on attempting to do it? And then we remember going home from school with a friend, without permission, to spend the night. And, while all the household were asleep, we lay in the darkness with eyes wide open, suffering because a wayward will had disobeyed a sensitive conscience. Ah, truly, children are only men and women in epitome! Their sensations are just as varied and keen as ours—far keener, because they have not yet become callous. We look to God to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." Why are not people equally tender of the lambs under their own care?

There is much domestic despotism. The worst despots, of course, are weak, selfish, undisciplined characters. Some, also, are despots through mistaken notions; others through ignorance. Many want their children to bow servilely, and without question, to their every mandate, be it ever so whimsical. Any opposition shows will; so that will must be broken. They strive to break the will, and succeed only in breaking the temper, and almost breaking the heart!

Some aspire to have their children good and quiet, like mummies, and make them prisoners. Others wish their offspring to be "smart." They crowd, and crowd, and crowd them until knowledge has not a zest, it is only so many chips to be piled in the storehouse. They can not assimilate

when laboring to stuff, so they wearily crowd.

Many torture the little ones by wounding their pride. They tell their faults to others to shame them out of them. An outraged feeling possesses the child, and he thinks he will never again attempt to do right. Says the mother, "Oh, Aunt Sue, you don't know what a bad boy he is; some day will be taken to an asylum as a lunatic, he gets in such a raging passion." The mother sighed, the child looked abased. He said not a word, but by-and-by, when Aunt Sue, whom he loved, was alone, he crept up to her and put his arms about her neck, and wept, and said:

"Oh, Aunt Sue, she don't know how I try to help it. The other day I prayed to God to help me keep my temper, and He did until to-day,—I guess He forgot about me to-day. Don't you think you could go to the druggist's and get me some medicine to keep off the mad?"

A child is insubordinate, and the parent would rob it of its toys, its treasures, (and so, of its individuality,) as a punishment. The boy questions her right. "You and your toys are mine until you are twenty-one," said the mother. The child was silenced. He thought, "How long to wait for liberty; until twenty-one!" Suddenly a thought struck him: "But if you have a right to me, why haven't I a right to you?" So some persons take the self-dependence and self-respect from their children.

I have seen people watch with most sedulous attention, the temperaments, habits and wants of the plants in their windows, while they treated their children either as puppets to amuse them, or as objects of spasmodic caresses, or as victims of their despotism.

There are those who treat their animals with the tenderest care, while others treated theirs with systematic cruelty. Happily, most parents are instinctively what they should be. Unhappily, others are selfishly, ignorantly cruel to their offspring. It is only for the latter class I suggest the supervision of a Mr. Bergh.

There is a steadfast, patient love that can look beyond a personal ambition—beyond a love of ruling beyond the child act to the child motive; beyond even the child motive to the physical, mental and moral constitution which those parents have entailed upon the child. Truly, it takes wisdom to be a true parent; a wisdom from on high.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**What we Eat and Drink.**

It is alarming to think of the havoc a man makes of provisions during a long life:

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 8-0 days, amused himself 4,900 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, namely: Water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 square feet surface, and three feet deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate. And all this solid and liquid material passing through a human being in fifty years! Verily, there is after all some truth in the story of the ogre who drank a lake dry, to catch the fugitives that were sailing over it. Any man can do the same,—only give him time.—*Youth's Companion.*

—An old bachelor is a traveler upon life's railroad, who has failed to make all the proper connections.

We publish below a list of the counties now represented in the Asylum at Oxford:

Alamance, Anson, Beaufort, Bertie, Bladen, Brunswick, Butecombe, Cabarrus, Camden, Carteret, Caswell, Catawba, Chatham, Craven, Cumberland, Davie, Duplin, Edgecombe, Forsythe, Franklin, Gaston, Granville, Greene, Guilford, Harnett, Haywood, Iredell, Jackson, Lenoir, Martin, Mecklenburg, Moore, Nash, Northampton, Orange, Perquimans, Rowan, Richmond, Robeson, Stokes, Union, Wake, Warren, Wilson.

One of the most pleasant things related of the late Prof. Agassiz is that when he was offered large sums of money to deliver a series of public lectures he replied: "I have not time to make money." It was nobly said. The man of science had a higher vocation than the business of making money; a loftier aim than the accumulation of wealth. The pursuit of wealth as a means may be ennobling: as an end it is far otherwise. John Ruskin said, in reference to art, "when a man thinks more of his fee than he does of his work it is a sure sign that he is unfit for his work." All honor to the scientist who resolutely adheres to his work and refuses to be bought off from it.

In a similar spirit and for higher reasons Spurgeon refuses to come to America on a lecturing tour. He declines the tempting offers made by the Boston Lyceum Bureau and says:

"It is not possible for me to leave my work except for a short interval to rest. I have no one to occupy my pulpit, preside over my church, look after the college, govern the orphanage, superintend the colporteurs, edit the magazine, etc. I must keep my hand on the oar till I die. I see no hope of visiting America, much as I would like to greet the brethren there. Compensation is not an item of consideration."—*Biblical Recorder.*

**Politeness to Servants.**

From Scribner's Monthly.

Is there not, or at least ought there not to be, a code of etiquette for the kitchen as well as for the parlor; for conduct towards inferiors as well as equals?

We make our plea for politeness in the kitchen on the following grounds:

1. No lady can afford, for her own sake, to be otherwise than gentle, thoughtful and courteous in the administration of household matters. If she reserves her best manners for the parlor, where so small a portion of the average American housekeeper's time is spent, it is likely that they will not always be easily put on. The habitual deportment leaves marks upon the countenance and the manner which no sudden effect can produce.

2. For the sake of family comfort we must have comfort in the kitchen. Willing and unwilling service are readily distinguishable by every member of the household. We can all of us remember how the atmosphere of a dinner party has been suddenly chilled by a few words of unnecessary blame to a servant. To mortify a person is not usually to reform him. On the other hand, how delightful to a guest are those homes where the relation of masters and servants are friendly; where short comings on the part of the latter are delicately excused in public, and judiciously investigated in private.

3. For the sake of your servants themselves, we must pay them due politeness. Humanity, says Bacon, is sooner won by courtesy than by real benefits. If one would make thorough and efficient servants out of raw material, it must be done by patience and long suffering. Did you ever find that scolding

made an order more intelligible, or caused anything but broken dishes and ill cooked dinners? Then try gentleness a little while: if that will not accomplish anything, send away your servant, and try another. You can not afford to lose your temper; and a person on whom consistent kindness is thrown away, can render you no intelligent or permanent service.

We put it to the common sense of our readers, whether self-preservation, comfort and duty, do not all require of us a little more attention to kitchen etiquette?

**Curious Names.**

Persons take queer notions sometimes. A collection of singular names has, we believe, never until lately been made. A gentleman who has applied himself to this branch of science sends his list to "Notes and Queries." If it had been published some years ago it might have saved Dickens and Balzac some trouble. Dickens, as is well known, was very peculiar about the names of his characters, and was a month often in suiting himself. The felicity of many of them well repays the pains taken. His works are a perfect cabinet of nomenclature. Balzac was equally if not more scrupulous. It is said that he wandered about the streets reading the signboards to find names to suit his characters. The writer on "Notes and Queries" has certainly gotten together a comical collection. Here are Mr. Alchim and Mr. Appleyard; Mr. By the sea, and Mr. By the way—probably a forgetful gentleman—with Messrs. Baby, Barefoot, Butler, Bellanger, Christmas, Camanille, Cibusia, a florist; Colbledick, who should be a shoemaker; Death, Deadman, Drawwater, Drinkwater, members of the temperance society and Drunkall, who believes in Anicson; Eves, Eatwater, G In; Gray Gose Gotoe; Ghost, Gansomebody, Hezelana, Hallowbread, Mackerel, Oysters, Punch and Pigeon, and these are only a smattering.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

**Coffee Growing.**

Do you drink coffee? Then you may want to know how it grows. You see only coffee-seed in the store, and likely have never thought much about it, like the city girl, who thought cucumbers grew in slices, just as she saw them on the farmer's table.

"Coffee comes from South America and the West Indies. It grows upon low, bushy trees. These would grow tall like a peach-tree, but are clipped at the top to make the fruit hardy. Like the orange-tree, they have blossoms and ripe fruit on at the same time. The blossoms are white; the berries are green, red and purple, according to their age. We get only the seed of the berry. Its outside is much like the cherry,—sweet and good. The leaves are a bright fresh green, and the tree is lovely."—*The Children's Friend, Richmond.*

Gen Perkins and Tom Marshall were once canvassing the State of Kentucky, in a hotly contested election. Perkins, among other means for catching the elects, was in the habit of boasting that his father was a cooper by trade, in an obscure part of the State. He (Perkins) was one of the people. He didn't belong to the "old-gloved aristocracy." His great failing was his fondness for Old Monongahela whiskey, and therefore he drank the prouder he was of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact he had been making the most, when Marshall in reply to his speech, while looking at him with great contempt, said:—"Fellow citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper—I don't deny that—but I do say, gentlemen, that he put a mighty poor head in that whiskey-barrel."

MEX AND TUM.—"I am come for my umbrella," said the lender of it on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower, "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—what am I to do?" "Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella and walked off, "do as I did—borrow one."

—Ardent spirits drowned more people than all the waters in the world.  
 —Many persons feel an irreconcilable enmity towards those whom they have injured.