

Cool Treatment.

A large number of the friends of the Orphan Asylum in Oxford treated us very coolly last week. On Wednesday a number of wagons, that had been engaged for the purpose, drove up, loaded with ice to put in our ice-house, and they continued going and returning until the house was entirely filled. This will prove a most valuable donation to the institution, next summer, especially in cases of fever, from which we cannot hope to be entirely exempt, and we all feel very thankful to our friends who contributed the means of procuring this valuable provision for the sultry summer days that are coming, and especially to those who were active in getting up the contributions, and having the work done.

We have a special reason for wishing to know the names of the members of the Committee of each Lodge, on the Orphan Asylum. Surely the Masters, or Secretaries, can spare the time to inform us.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

We transfer to the columns of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, the following article from that able and dignified paper, the Wilmington Journal. No charge of egotism, on account of the copying of the second paragraph will rest, when the fact is known that the Superintendent is now absent in the eastern part of the State, and the article is selected and inserted by those in charge of the paper in his absence. The statements and sentiments of the entire article are sensible and just, and we commend it to the attention of the Legislature and to our readers generally:

"North Carolina has no institution within its borders which has so strong a claim upon its people as the Orphan Asylum, situated at Oxford. Founded under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Masons, it has and is extending its advantages in all directions. Sustained by the voluntarily contributions of the subordinate Lodges, and by the liberality of the people generally, its beneficial influences are already being felt by the destitute and deserving orphans of the State.

Under the auspices of a gentleman, of qualifications of heart and head so well fit him for the responsible charge which has been entrusted to him, the Orphan Asylum is no longer an experiment, but an institution, firmly rooted in the sympathy and affections of our people, and destined to bestow credit and honor upon the State.

No charity appeals more strongly to our feelings and our self-interest. We cannot afford, if we so desired, to allow our indigent orphans to grow up in ignorance. The evil consequences would involve every interest in the State. Its baneful influence would pervade every moral, social and business circle, and leave its damning record upon the prosperity and happiness of the whole people.

It gives us pleasure to note the very general interest which is manifested throughout North Carolina in the growth and prosperity of this Asylum, and we do hope its claims will not only attract the attention of the charitable, but our legislators will extend such aid as the public exigencies will justify. The Orphan Asylum should become the pride of the State."

"Now that the success of the Gift Concert Association is assured, and a full drawing will undoubtedly take place on the day fixed, we recommend all who desire to try their luck to invest at once, as the possessor of the fortunate number will be, by the investment of a solitary dollar, made happy by securing the \$50,000 prize."

That is about the style of many paragraphs we find in the newspapers of our State—newspapers supported by subscribers whose ancestors looked upon lotteries and lottery ticket dealers with such disfavor as to pass laws not only against lotteries, but against even the sale of lottery tickets in the State, and so severe were the penalties and so thoroughly were these laws backed by public sentiment, that for years prior to the late war, there was no such thing known among us as a deposit of lottery tickets for sale. But times have changed, and we see a different state of things now. How long it will be before we see something like the following announcement in the local columns of our public journals we cannot tell; but, according to the present progression in that direction, it may not be very long:

"Mr. Skin'em will open his faro bank every evening this week at his rooms in the Feedwell Hotel. He has the reputation of being a fair dealer, and we advise all our readers to adventure a few dollars in the purchase of 'chips' at his table, as some one might, accidentally, with a good run of luck, win a fortune in one night; especially since so many have, of late, bettered their pecuniary condition by 'fighting the tiger.'"

Nobility of Labor

Hardly anything is more contemptible than the conceit which rests upon social position; the conceit of those who imagine that they are thus divorced from the clay of common men; of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work, as something that degrades by its contact and yet who, very likely, owe their present position to some not very remote ancestor who recognized his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work which glorified their ancestors more, with their soiled aprons and black gowns, than they with their fine ribbons and flashing jewels. It might be a fine thing to be like the lilies, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing as if we were lilies. Advantageous position is only a more emphatic call for work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterizes their own work, and therefore it is equally honorable.

Good Wives.

In the olden time a good wife was considered one who revered and obeyed her husband. St. PAUL exhorts women "to submit themselves to their husbands—for," he says, "the husband is the head of the wife." And also, "as the church is subject unto CHRIST, so let the wives be to their own husbands, in everything." Husbands are exhorted to love and cherish their wives—but women to reverence their husbands. It is

to be regretted that many women now-a-days neither believe in the Good Old Book nor regard its teachings. There are getting to be so many "woman's rights women" in this progressive age that, if they are allowed to go on as they have been going on, and as they will go on, if not stopped in setting a bad example, I am afraid there will be but few modest and amiable women left whom men may love and cherish, c. h. c. Sycamore Villa.

"I Cannot Help It"

Do you ever make use of this phrase, young folks? You will all plead guilty we fear; and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Rathie; the dressing bell rings, and she hears it;—she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that all will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies with folded hands, for a little more sleep and a little more slumber.

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproaching looks with "I cannot help it; I mean to get up but before I know it I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and of course Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says, and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

Harry and Josie are in a hot dispute. Now they forget themselves entirely; Josie's vexing words are uttered without restraint, and Harry in a towering passion, gives her a fierce reply and rushes out of the room.

The brother and sister meet no more until night, and in the meantime they each feel self-reproached and uncomfortable.

"Well I cannot help it," says Harry to himself; "Josie is so provoking and off I go into a rage before I know it." And Josie is wishing over and over again, that she could recall her teasing words—"But then it is just my nature, I cannot help it!"

Most likely all of our young readers are conscious of some habit of wrong doing which they feel to be just such a "band of sin" tying them down, so that they really cannot help doing just so.

And no wonder; for these habits of evil are just like strong bands, holding us back from the service and obedience which we owe to God. And every time we indulge the habit of wrong doing we strengthen the bond, as it were; by another thread.

And as Josie says "It is our nature—we cannot help it."—*Biblical Recorder.*

Don't Scold.

For the sake of children don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaint and faultfinding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted, and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashing. As they are always getting the blame of wrong-doing, whether they do it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the faultfinder, since they see they always

arrive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.—*Tobacco plant.*

Orphans or Worse than Orphans.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, writes as follows of the outcast children of New York:

"If fathers and mothers, who have happy homes filled with loving children, only thought how many little outcasts, with faces as fair and hearts as innocent as their own dear ones, were forced, by no fault of their own, to enter, as soon as they came into the world, in the lowest school of vice and infamy—who never knew the blessed influence of a happy home, the sweetness of a mother's smile, and never were taught at her knee night after night to say 'Our Father'—if they did but think of this, they would wish to bring them to the safe, warm shelter of their own homes.

A few days ago, when passing down one of the crowded thoroughfares in our great city of New York, I met one of these outcasts. It was a little girl not more than six years old. Her face would have been pretty if it was not pale, pinched and dirty,—her matted hair could be combed into beautiful ringlets, if kind, loving hands would do the work. Her dress—if such tatters could be called by that name—was no covering at all against the bitter cold. As she stood there she was rudely jostled by the careless crowd, who took no notice of that little outstretched hand, and scarcely heard that pleading voice that asked for "only a penny." I paused, as I was going by, and asked her why she staid out in the piercing cold instead of going home. She looked up wonderingly, as if the word home was a new one to her. Then I asked her why she did not go to her mother.

"Oh!" she said, sadly, "I have no mother;" and added, with a shudder, "I dare not go to my father; he gets drunk, and he would send me out again, to stay all night, if I did not bring him some money."

I dropped a few coins in her hand and reluctantly went by. A little further on I saw a group of boys at a street corner; they were scarcely older than the girl I had just left, and yet their young faces had a sharp, cunning, and I might say, wicked look, as they stood there swearing in a manner fearful to hear from such young lips.

Oh! it is fearful; and yet every great city is full of such little outcasts. If we could only snatch them from the dark career of vice and infamy they are just beginning, and make them, like our own curly-headed, laughing, little darlings at home, we would have something worthy of acceptance to render up to the child-loving CHRIST."

How To Enjoy Life.

It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. Illness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

Let young people heed the above facts, and remember that industry—labor—is not only requisite to success in any calling, but also the great source of health and happiness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A Word for the Children.

Children, make your mother happy;
Make her sing instead of sigh;
For the mournful hour of parting
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy;
Many griefs she has to bear;
And she wears 'neath her burdens—
Can you not those burdens share?

Children, make your mother happy;
On her brow the lines of care
Deepen daily—don't you see them?—
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy;
For henceh the coffin-lid
All too soon her face, so saint-like,
Shall forever more be hid.

Bitter tears and self-upbraidings
Cannot bring her back again;
And remorseful memories
Are a legacy of pain.

Oh, begin to-day, dear children,
Listen when dear mother speaks;
Render quick and sweet obedience;
For your highest good she seeks—

Loves you better than all others—
For your sake herself denies;
She is patient, prayerful, tender,
Gentle, thoughtful, true and wise.

Never, while you live, dear children,
Though you search the rounded earth,
Will you find a friend more faithful
Than the one who gave you birth.

—*Christian Observer.*

Grammar in Rhyme.

1. Three little words you often see,
Are Articles—an, an and the.
 2. A Noun's the name of any thing,
As school or garden, hoop or ring.
 3. Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
 4. Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
 5. Verbs tell of something to be done—
To read, count, sing, laugh, jump, run.
 6. How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill or well.
 7. Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.
 8. The Prepositions stand before
A Noun, as of, or through a door.
 9. The Interjection shows surprise,
As, Ah! how pretty—Oh! how wise.
- The whole are called Nine Parts of Speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking, teach.

Home Influence.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler talks in this wise:—If the father generally talks 'money, money' at home he generally rears a family in worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as the victims upon that altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it.

My neighbor Q—makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But if the father hears the clock strike eleven in his clubhouse or the playhouse, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gaming room or drinking saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in, by-and-by, at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have becomes their foe, the homes become the starting post for moral ruin.

Boys, Read And Heed This!

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities when he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, do they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man; a gentleman.

"What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room and eating luscious goodness at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without letting the gentleman see it; he wants him to think he's out."