

The Children's Friend.

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LOTTERIES.

Under the head of "Sundry Humbugs," the *American Agriculturist* for March has the following remarks, which we copy as appropriate to the times:

"Within the limits allowed to the Humbugs, we have not much space for the discussion of general principles, or to argue points in morals. We assume that all gambling, in the form of lotteries or any other shape, is wrong, and the great majority of thinking people agree with us. Now and then one disputes this position, and asserts that a lottery fairly conducted, is not gambling, and that one who buys a ticket takes his chances of getting back nothing, or receiving more than he paid, and that as he does this knowingly, there is no harm in it. Let us suppose, what is very rarely the case, that a lottery is conducted fairly, we still find it a pernicious affair. To illustrate: If ten men put in a dollar each, and agree that one of them who draws a white bean, that has been placed in a box with nine black ones, shall have the whole \$10, it would be in the view of these persons, a fair arrangement, and as a lottery, vastly more upright and above board than any lotteries are, and some persons would say that as all went into it understanding the terms, no wrong was done. We look beyond the thing itself, to its influences. We will suppose that these ten men are laborers, or men whose work brings them \$1 a day. Nine of them have received nothing in return, while the tenth man has gained \$9 and done nothing for it; he has not done a stroke of work, exercised a particle of brains, or done anything that the rest have not, to entitle him to the \$10, but blind chance or luck has put them into his hands. The dollar that each put into the game was needed at home, the family of each unlucky one suffers on account of its loss; the losers, half ashamed and half angry, are determined at the very next opportunity to try it again, and get their lost money back with interest, while the winner, having easily made, without effort, what he would have had to work nine days for, is not at all inclined to go to work, he has found an easier method of getting money; he will take a day or two for himself, perhaps console the unlucky ones by "treating" them, and be on the lookout for another chance. Does any one with a fair knowledge of human character, fail to see that the effects of this simple and honestly conducted lottery, must be altogether bad, demoralizing to those taking a part in it, and a source of discomfort to their families. The loss of the money is the least important, but the passions aroused, the whole effect upon these men can not be other than to make them less valuable members of the community. We have supposed a very simple lottery, with trifling sums at stake, but increase the ten dollars to hundreds or thousands, as in the large lotteries, the evil effects upon those who engage in them, and consequent injury to the community in which they are tolerated, will be correspondingly increased.

In the assumed case of the ten men, the whole affair was managed by themselves, and all the money put in was paid out to the lucky man. Let us suppose that another, an eleventh man, proposes the game or lottery to the ten, each of whom puts in his dollar as before, but the lucky one is to have only \$5, the eleventh man keeping \$5 for his trouble of receiving the dollars, providing the beans, and paying out the \$5 to the lucky one who draws the white bean. The result in this case will be that nine men will lose \$1 each, one man gains \$4 without having done anything to earn it, and another man gets \$5 for doing no useful work, but a really harmful one in inducing the others to engage in the game. It is not the least of the bad features of the lottery in all its forms, that it allows a few men who produce nothing, and who instead of promoting industry by legitimate business, carry unhappiness to hundreds of homes; to grow rich at the expense of the industrious. Looking at it in all its bearings, we regard the lottery as pernicious in its effects to those few who draw prizes, as well as to the many who draw blanks; and we include in this all the forms and disguises of the lottery, whether called gift concerts, distributions, or what not, and no matter what charitable, or in itself worthy, object is used to cloak its ugly shape. Indeed, we regard the open and declared lottery more respectable than the scheme that skulks behind some other name, and pretends to be working for a charity, while its whole end and aim is to make money for the managers. But few greater misfortunes can befall a young man just starting in life, than to draw a prize in a lottery. Almost every one who can remember the times when lotteries were not only tolerated, but legal, can recall cases in which men were absolutely ruined by drawing a prize in one of them. The gain of a few thousands in this manner, unfitted them for all useful business ever after, and they ruined themselves in endeavoring to repeat their former luck. Those who do not regard lotteries as gambling, and hold them to be fair investments, do not make very wise distinctions in morals, and they are in a very small majority; the better thought of the community, as expressed in the laws of almost every State, is against them. . . . The extent to which this lottery evil extends, is not generally known, and the unhappiness it causes wives, mothers, and children, who see those they love carried away with the passion for this form of gambling, is most saddening. We every now and then receive

MOST PATIETIC APPEALS

from those whose homes are being ruined, asking what can be done to arrest the destructive influence of the lottery. Some of these letters are so touching, that they would almost reach the heart of a lottery manager. Alas, what can we do to help them! Those addicted to this form of gambling, will resort to every device and subterfuge to gratify their passions. In the majority of cases, they procure their tickets from a

distance by mail. If one is infatuated by this or any other form of gambling, he will find means of indulging in it, and there is no large city in which lottery tickets are not sold."

Her Heart Was Touched at Last.

An old woman died in a lone house on Croghan street Monday night. No one knew it until yesterday, when everything looked so grim and silent around the house that the door was burst in, and they found the old woman dead. She had lived there for years and years. People knew her, yet no one knew her. Some called her "Old Nan," and some thought her a witch. She never left her yard, never spoke to anyone except to snarl and growl, and a lone sailor drifting about on the ocean could not have been more distant from love and sympathy. She did not die in her bed. She might have been ill for three or four days, but she did not call out and ask for assistance. Perhaps she felt that her time had come and not a human hand could aid her, and as she felt the weight of the shadow she was a woman again. There were longings in her heart, new feelings in her soul, and no one could say that she did not weep. She crept off the bed, made her way to an old chest, and from its depth she pulled up an old and tattered Testament. Between its leaves were two cards. On one was pinned a lock of hair, tied with faded ribbon—a brown, curly lock, such as you might clip from the head of a boy of five. In a quaint old hand was written on a card the words: "My boy Jamie's hair." On the other card was pinned three or four violets, so old and faded that they looked like paper. She sat in a chair, holding the book in her lap, and her stiffened fingers held those cards up to her blind eyes. Thus they found her—a card in either hand and the holy book lying open in her lap! The men, women and children who had crowded in with the officer saw how it was, and some of them wept. She must have been a mother once, and had a mother's tender feeling. No doubt she was loved and happy when she severed that brown curl from its mates and wrote on the card: "My boy Jamie's hair!" They removed the precious relics very tenderly, and when they came to look into the face they saw that it almost wore a smile, and that the hard lines had all been rubbed out by the tenderness which flowed in her heart as death was laying his hand upon her. Who pulled those violets? Where is Jamie? Truly the greatest mystery of life is life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CAR-LOAD OF FROGS.—We are told that New York City eats five hundred pounds of frogs' legs every day during the "frog season." Of this supply, Canada sends the greatest part.

At Ganoune, Ontario, they ship frogs to New York by thousands. Frog catching is now a regular business. The frogs are caught and placed in salt bags. The bags are spread out flat on the bottom of the car and sufficient room is allowed each frog to crawl about a little, but no hopping is allowed; a watcher stands by to see that no hopping is done, and that they do not wriggle together or crawl over each other. Riding on the cars may be fun amonnet, but most likely the frogs enjoy hopping about on the ground at Ganoune the most.

BEHAVIOR TO ONE'S SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

"True happiness consists not in a multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice."

—Ben. Jonson.

"To bear and forbear" is always and everywhere the secret of good manners. Gentle words and kindly smiles are the social cement which bind together the social fabric. Let each of us contribute as far as we can towards the perfection of the edifice! Considering at how slight a cost we may promote one another's happiness, it is wonderful that we should so closely hug ourselves in our selfish reserve and churlish impatience. To lend a book or a knife, to employ conciliatory language, to answer civilly a civil question, to render information where it will be useful—these are duties which, surely, it is not difficult for any school-boy to discharge. It should always be our object to assist, comfort and oblige our comrades; when we can do so without violating the discipline of our school, or breaking through moral and divine laws. There is a pleasure in obliging and being obliged: it is only mean natures that resent a favor or refuse one. *Be cautious, however, in forming friendships.* Civility to all does not imply intimacy with all, and in a school, as in the world, there are always natures which will not harmonize with your own,—spirits whose influence it is your duty to resist. A boy may be free-hearted and free-handed, lively of tongue and bold of heart, and yet be no suitable friend,—in fact, it is such boys with whom you must be on your guard, lest their vivacity and dash and specious liberality carry you away "in a rush," beyond the bounds of duty. The friendships contracted at school have always a powerful effect upon our after lives from the influence they easily exert upon a mind half cultivated, and a heart as yet unsuspecting of evil. Always endeavor, then, to seek for a friend a person superior to yourself,—an example to imitate, a guide to follow. "If thy friends be of better quality than thyself," says Sir Walter Raleigh, "thou mayst be sure of two things: the first, that they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast: the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for that which thou dost possess." *Do not be too sudden in your intimacies.*—Study well the characters of those with whom you associate; and put them to the test of experience. "Let friendship creep gently to a height," says Fuller: "if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath." Do not oblige your friend at the expense of your conscience. Let me especially warn my young readers against the vice of bullying—the tyranny of the strong over the weak—of bone and muscle over the mind and heart. A bully is the butt of a school, for he is necessarily of a mean, selfish, braggart, cowardly nature. Mean, because he takes advantage of his victim's weakness; selfish, because he consults his own will at the expense of others; braggart, be-

cause he boasts of his physical strength, which is after all an accident of nature; and cowardly, because he only attacks those who cannot defend themselves. Finally, let me entreat you to preserve an equable temper in your relations with your school-fellows. Make it a habit to *think twice* before you *speak once*. Avoid all irritability and peevishness of temper. Do not allow your comrades to speak disrespectfully of your masters, and do not let yourselves indulge in unjust aspersions. Never abet a school-fellow in a wrong action, nor consort with him the means of deceiving your tutor. And above all, thank God for his mercies, upon your bended knees, both night and morning, and urge your friends and companions to follow your example—remembering in your prayers the friends of your school life, and the loved ones who are praying for you at home."—*W. H. D. A., An Englishman.*

Child-Conversion.

This doubt in regard to child-conversion does not come from the nature of the case. There is no obstacle on the part of God; there is none on the part of the child. A very young child can understand what it is to love and be loved; what it is to sin and be forgiven. Especially is this true among children who have enjoyed Christian instruction in their homes and in Sunday Schools all their lives. The average child in our church schools knows more of God and Christian truth than did the jailor and his family, and many others of the converts baptized by the Apostles. Indeed childhood is the most favorable time for conversion. This thought is true. It is the great staple of Sunday School speeches, and yet practically we forget it. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Jesus. Children have hope, love, faith—the very qualities which mark the Christian. What is needed is, that these be lifted up from earthly things and fixed on God. Their hearts have not yet been dulled by unbelief, nor hardened by sin. They have not yet learned to substitute self for God, as have older persons. Surely it requires no more knowledge to obey than to disobey. If old enough to sin they are old enough to repent. What sad memories they are saved from when they become Christians in early youth. Sin stains the soul through and through. Even the blood of Christ cannot wash away the remembrance of early guilt. God may in his mercy forget, but we cannot. We never really forget anything. In our holiest hours these sins return in memory. The child saved in early youth is saved from these fearful and sad memories.—*MacArthur.*

To-morrow may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any title deeds. The man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations.—*Chapin.*