

From time immemorial Friday has been frowned upon as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate, on a day so inauspicious, to begin an undertaking of momentous import, and how many brave mariners, whose hearts unquailed could meet the wildest fury of their ocean home, would blanch even to bend their sails on Friday. But to show with how much reason this feeling is indulged, let us examine the following important facts in connection with our settlement and greatness as a nation—and we will see how great a cause we Americans have to dread the Fatal day:

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, Jan. 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 12, 1494 he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. Friday, March 5, 1495, Henry VII. of England, gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. Friday, Sep. 7, 1569, Maldred founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States by more than 40 years. Friday, Nov. 10, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbour of Providence town, and on the same day signed that august compact, the forerunner of our glorious constitution. Friday, Dec. 22, 1629, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth rock. Friday, Feb. 22, 1732, George Washington, the Father of American freedom, was born. Friday, June 19, 1776, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such a powerful influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. Friday, Sep. 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, the surrender of York Town, the crowning glory of the American arms. Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion was made in Congress by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were and of right out to be free and independent.

Thus, by numerous examples, we see that however it may be with other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.—*The Patriot and Flag.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the trampling surf of life. Those little twilight in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the shadows, and faces, changed long ago, smile sweetly—again in the hush when one remembers the old arm chair, and the little brother that died and the little sister that was translated.

Saturday nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to before the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes

with a clash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock; it is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes after him, and the world is shut out! Shut in rather. Here are the treasures after all, and not in the vaults and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

May-be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty, then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are nothing to you, just as you are nothing to any thing. Get a wife, blue-eyed, or black-eyed, but above all, true eyed—get a home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get two or two and a half in it, on a Saturday night, and then read this garagraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step homeward bound. "Saturday night," freely murmurs the languishing, as she turns wearily upon her couch; and is there another to come?

Saturday night, at last! whispers the weeper above the dying; "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and to-morrow!—*Patriot and Flag.*"

PRETENDED ARISTOCRACY.

There is a great deal of humbug and shameful deceit in the world now-a-days, and we have been not a little amused by the pretensions made to rank and title by some whose ancestry were not unwilling to own that they earned their daily bread by the 'sweat of their brow.' Those who assume for themselves a superiority over their fellows, are generally descended from parents who claimed no preëminence for their high birth or degree.

By fortune favored they have been placed in a position in life to command respect—for their money, and believing gold to be the title to Aristocracy, they assume a haughty demeanor, and say to those less fortunate than themselves, "I am holier than thou." Strange that those that, in their younger days, were wont to associate with the offspring of common people, should arrogate to themselves superiority over the honest mechanic and laborer, the very support of our country. The true nobleman is to be distinguished by his manners and not by the number of his ducats.

True, what the good poet said, That gentle mind by gentle deed is known, For man by nothing is so well betrayed As by his manners in which plain is shown Of what degree and what face he is gown.

We honor and respect the man who strives to maintain the dignity of whatever station he may occupy in life, but there are so many whose pride is the basis of their claim to aristocracy, that we cannot but smile as they exhibit their weakness. Low birth is no crime, and he who calls the poor seamstress—mother is equal in all respects—provided he is a man who was reared in the cradle of luxury.

Titles of honor add not to his worth, Who is an honor to his title.

Beneath the homespun raiment of the hard fisted son of toil, there may beat a heart as sensible to high and noble feeling as can be found back of the silks, satin and broadcloth of wealth. The germs

of greatness are hidden in the recesses of labor, and from time to time develop themselves to startle and astonish the world. All the great men of the laud, in early life, were poor and without position. The innate spirit of nobleness that finally claimed acknowledgment from the people, was not the result of title or proud position. It sprung from the heart of honor and virtue, unadorned by wealth or fortune, or by rank.

Who'er amidst the sons,  
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue,  
Displays distinguishments, is a noble  
Of nature's own erection.

A Sermon From a Pair of Boots.

There lived forty years ago in Berlin a shoemaker, who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbors who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish in which the shoemaker lived heard of this, and felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way. He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came he said to him, 'Master, take my measure for a pair of boots.'

'With pleasure, your reverence,' answered the shoemaker. 'Please to take off your boots.'

The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, and noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room.

But as he was putting up the measure the pastor said to him, 'Master, my son also requires a pair of boots.'

'I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young gentleman's measure?'

'It is not necessary,' said the pastor. 'The lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last.'

Your reverence, that will never do,' said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise,

'I tell you, master, to make my boots and my son's on the same last.'

'No, your reverence, I cannot do it.'

'It must be—on the same last.'

But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit,' said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him.

'Ah, then, master shoemaker,' said the clergyman, 'every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last—of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either.'

The shoemaker was abashed.

Then he said, 'I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to judge my neighbors less harshly for the future.'

An Eloquent Pleader.

The most touching scene in Walter Scott's novels is the picture of Jeannie Deans pleading for her guilty sister. No pathos could be more tender or melting. The following incident in a New York court will remain every reader of Scott of the masterpiece:

A short time ago, in the New York Court of Special Sessions, a boy ten years of age was arraigned for stealing, and pleaded guilty. As soon as he appeared at the bar, his little sister, about nine years old, who was on the other side of the room, commenced crying, bitterly, and was about to rush to her brother, but was restrained by the mother, who was also bathed in tears.

Justice Dowling told her to come up, and she ran up so the little prisoner, the tears streamed down her cheeks, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, while sobs almost choked her voice,—

"O! Johnny, Johnny, what brought you here?" and they wept in each other's arms. The girl then turned to the justice, and falling on her knees, held her hands up, beseechingly, and prayed, "O, judge, judge, let my brother go!" The mother stood inside the bar, weeping and there was not a dry eye in the courtroom. Justice Dowling, who was deeply moved, could not resist the affecting appeal of the child, and said, "Take him with you, my girl!"

She ran to the gate to meet him, clinging to him, they reached the mother, and the three left the court, objects of the sincerest sympathy, and a sign of a relief appeared to issue from every bosom as they passed out of the room.

Praying and working.

I like that saying of Martin Luther when he says, "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day that I have only three minutes for prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic: may we understand it! "Praying and provender hinder no man's journey." If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a far more serious kind.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A SPARROW'S WINTER HOTEL.—One of the most thickly populated sparrow haunts in Newark, says the *Courier*, is under a sort of shed that extends along almost the entire front of the large brick building at the junction of Center and River streets. In the framework of the shed, close to the wall, the sparrows have woven about a quarter of a ton of hay. Think of the industry of these little architects, who have built this immense family hotel, strand by strand, just as the bricklayer laid one brick upon another to form the building whose walls shield the sparrows from winds and storms. In this long line of hay there are thousands of holes, and on a sunny morning you may see tiny heads peering out, indicating that the sparrow lives at home, warm in its downy nest, oblivious to miners' strikes and the high prices for coal. The fiercest storm that ever raged in these regions could never reach that retreat. It is protected from the winds, it is opened to the very warmest rays of sun that, from the position of the haunt, are unobstructed by any intervening building. From here the sparrow has a wide prospect. He can sit in his nest and look across the river, over the meadows, and down the bay. The first rays of morning sunlight fall upon his home and waken him from his slumbers. They have so arranged their little city that it seems impregnable against the assaults of naughty boys, and no prowling grinnalkin would ever have the temerity to attempt to climb that little fortress where Gen. sparrow and his army, with their wives and little ones, rest from their toils in stormy weather, bask in the delicious sunshine, and enjoy the results of many a foray among ash boxes and around kitchen doors.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—We learn that there is a negro boy 7 years old, son of Tom Taylor, who lives on the land of Mr. G. W. Littell, in this county, who is a considerable curiosity. The boy is a natural singer and can sing any song he ever heard. His hair is as white as cotton and so nappy that it cannot be combed without great pain to the boy. He is quite small to his age—His father was offered \$2,600 for him by a showman, as he is such a curiosity, and another man offered \$200 per month for him, but his father is unwilling to let him go.—*Carroll News.*

"Refreshment Saloons."

In no city are the means of intoxication lacking, but New York provides them on the most gigantic scale. The N. Y. Times gives some startling figures regarding them. The licensed saloons amount in round numbers to 7,000, graded from \$250 to \$50 fees each, per annum, and yielding last year a total revenue to the city of \$527, 380. The average daily receipts to keep up with rents and other heavy expenses cannot be less than \$20 probably that is a small average, but it represents a daily total of \$140,000 per day paid for drinks. Carrying this through the 365 days that make up the year and the alcoholic aggregate is \$51,100,000. But in addition to these saloons, which pay for their privileges, there are at least 5,000 unlicensed saloons in the city which will bring the total expenditure for stimulants up to more than \$65,700,000, or a fraction over \$60 for every man, woman and child in the metropolis. Of the hundred dollar grade of licenses there are 3,958 which mark the places frequented by the poorer classes in search of spirituous liquors. In addition to these there are 2,053 places that took out ale and beer licenses only at \$40 each, and these are the resorts of persons of moderate incomes. It is estimated also that four out of every six dollars wasted in intoxicants come from those who depend upon their daily toil for subsistence.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who mighty? He that can conquer himself. Who rich? He that is contented? Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND is published every Wednesday, at the Orphan Asylum, in Oxford, N. C.

It enters a field occupied by no other paper, representing no party in politics and no sect in religion; but helping all parties and all sects to unite in promoting the judicious education of the young, and the continuous improvement of the old.

It discusses the duties and privileges of parents and teachers, and defends the rights and denounces the wrongs of children.

It gives special attention to poor orphans, and tells them how to escape their present degradation, how to grow up into wise and virtuous men and women, and how to secure liberal wages for honest work. The object of the paper is to help all our people to be good and to do good.

Price, one dollar a year, always in advance. A few cash advertisements will be admitted, at ten cents a line for the first insertion, and five cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

The same advertisement will not be inserted more than thirteen times, as a live paper can not afford to ring any one song forever. All friends of the young are requested to forward subscriptions at once.

Address: THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Oxford, N. C.

Form of Application for Admission to the Orphan Asylums.

.....N. C., .....1875

This is to certify that .....

..... is an orphan, without estate, and.....years of age. H..

father died in 18.....; h...mother

..... I, being h.....

..... hereby make application

for h..... admission into the Asy-

lum, at.....; and

I also relinquish and convey, to the

officers of the Asylum, the manage-

ment and control of the said orphan

for..... years, in order that.....

may be trained and educated ac-

ording to the regulations prescribed

by the Grand Lodge of North Car-

olina.

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Approved by.....