

The Children's Friend.

VOLUME I.

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Keep.

Keep to the right as the law directs.
 Keep from the world thy friend's defects.
 Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes.
 Keep from thine eyes the motes and beams.
 Keep true thy deed. Thy honor bright.
 Keep firm thy faith in God and right.
 Keep free from every sin and stain.
 Keep from the ways that bring thee pain.
 Keep free thy tongue from words of ill.
 Keep right thy aim and good thy will.
 Keep all thy acts from passion free.
 Keep strong in hope no envy see.
 Keep watchful care o'er tongue and hand.
 Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand.
 Keep true thy word, a sacred thing.
 Keep from the snares the tempters bring.
 Keep faith with each you call a friend.
 Keep full in view the final end.
 Keep firm thy courage bold and strong.
 Keep up the right and down the wrong.
 Keep well the words of wisdom's school.
 Keep warm by night, and by day keep cool.

Bowing To God's Will.

Whatever God wills, let that be done
 His will is ever wisest;
 His grace will all thy hope out run.
 Who to that faith arisest.
 The gracious Lord
 Will help afford;
 He chastens with forbearing;
 Who in God believes,
 And to him cleaves,
 Shall not be left despairing.
 My God is my sure confidence,
 My light and my existence.
 His counsel is beyond my sense;
 But stirs no weak resistance;
 His Word declares
 The very lairs
 Upon my head are numbered;
 His mercy large
 Holds me in charge
 With care that never slumbered.
 There comes a day, when at His will,
 The pulse of nature ceases;
 I think upon it and am still,
 Let come whatever he pleases.
 To Him I trust
 My soul, my dust,
 When flesh and spirit sever;
 The Christ we sing
 Has plucked the sting
 Away from death forever.

"The day is a-wasting, wasting, wasting,
 The day is a-wasting—night is near;
 Lord, in the twilight, Lord, in the deep
 night,
 Lord, in the midnight, be Thou near!"

Mistaken in the Sex.

An Irishman having taken his child to be christened, (the mother not being able to go with him,) became frightened at the crisis, and could not think of the baby's name. He blundered and stammered, until the priest, a little weary, said, "Call him John." Call him John, and forthwith baptized it. Poor Pat went down the aisle evidently very much disturbed, and muttering to himself, "Be gorra! I don't know what the old woman will say to this, for we've got another John at home, and this is a girl!"

WHAT IS HIS CREED?

He left a load of anthracite
 In front of a poor widow's door,
 When the deep snow, frozen and white,
 Wrapped street and square, mountain
 and moor,
 That was his deed;
 He did it well;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and store,"
 In sitting down and rising up;
 When more he got, he gave the more,
 Withholding not the crust and cup;
 He took the lead
 In such good task;
 "What was his creed?"
 I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
 Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
 Not like the noisy winds that blow
 From shivering trees the leaves a pall
 For flower and weed,
 Dropping below;
 "What was his creed?"
 The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
 For hungry people, young and old;
 And hope inspired, kind words he said
 To those he sheltered from the cold,
 For we must feel
 As well as pray;
 "What was his creed?"
 I cannot say.

ONE AND ONE.

Two little girls are better than one;
 Two little boys can double the fun;
 Two little birds can build a fine nest;
 Two little arms can love mother best;
 Two little ponies must go to a span;
 Two little pockets has my little man;
 Two little eyes to open and close;
 Two little ears and one little nose;
 Two little elbows dimpled and sweet;
 Two little shoes on two little feet;
 Two little lips and one little chin;
 Two little cheeks with a rose shut in;
 Two little shoulders, chubby and strong;
 Two little legs running all day long;
 Two little prayers does my darling say;
 Twice he kneels by my side each day;
 Two little folded hands, soft and brown;
 Two little eyelids cast meekly down;
 Two little angels guard him in bed—
 "One at the foot and one at the head."

ONE evening a lady who belongs to the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies in New York had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the Heights in Brooklyn, but a short distance from Fulton ferry, it was not much of a venture to go home without escort, and so she started. On the boat, standing outside, enjoying the refreshing breeze after a day's toil, she perceived a gentleman (?) in rather close proximity to where she was leaning over the guards, but said nothing.

"Are you alone?" said he, as the boat neared the ship.
 "No, sir," said the lady, and without further interruption, when the boat touched, she stepped off.
 "I thought you were alone," said the fellow, stepping to her side again.

"I am not," replied the lady.
 "Why, I don't see any one; who is with you?"

"God Almighty and the angels, sir. I am never alone!"

"You keep too good company for me, madam. Good-night;" and he shot for a Fulton Avenue car, then nearly a block away.

The heroic woman was permitted to "keep to the right, as the law directs," and enjoy that full measure of quiet satisfaction one always feel from keeping good company.

THE BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

Isaac and his Cousin Paul came home from school at four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course they were hungry, as school is a hungry place, they say. Isaac went directly to the dining-room cleft, with Paul at his heels.

"Mother puts some cookies on the shelf, if she has any for us. I hope we shall find some," said Isaac, opening the door. There was not a cookie to be seen, but two crackers. The boys looked disappointed.

"There is cake in that tin trunk," said Isaac, pointing to a corner in the closet; "but it is not to be had."

"Is it locked," asked Paul.

"O no, not locked," said Isaac. "Then can't we take a piece?" whispered Paul; "auntie would not care, and she might never know it. We can forget to tell her, you know."

"Not for the world," said Isaac; "my mother trusts me, and I never touch her cake or sweet-meats without leave."
 "Pooh!" cried Paul, "they are as much yours as hers; and she would never find it out. You are a fool to be so squeamish."

"Paul," said Isaac squarely, "I call such a thing stealing, and I shall not do it for the best bite in the world."

"Every person to their choice," cried Paul, carelessly. "I only know what I should do, and what I do do at home."

"If you steal, so much the worse," said Isaac.

"I do not call it stealing," cried Paul, snappishly; "no such thing."

"We had best call things by their right names, Paul," said his cousin gravely.

"You to your choice, I to mine," cried Paul.

And that is what we are always at—choosing. Life is made up of little choices. Remember, boys, as you choose while a boy, so will you be as a man; noble or sneaking, upright or deceitful—showing Christian manliness or worldly selfishness.—*Child's Paper.*

Correct Speaking.

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult the language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is, very properly, doomed to talk slang for life.

Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best of speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE DUTIFUL DOG.

A shepherd in the county of Norfolk had a favorite dog, which had been his favorite companion for many years. One day, this shepherd went to remove a flock of sheep from one fold to another. They had to pass by a gap in the hedge, where the shepherd told his faithful servant to watch, saying, "You stand there, Jack!"

After the man had led his sheep to their new fold, he went about other work, and thought no more about the dog until the evening; but then, when he was sought for, he was nowhere to be found. The next day, the shepherd chanced to remember what he had told the dog to do the day before. He immediately set out to the place where he had left him, and, to his delight, found him at his post of duty. The poor animal was much pleased to see his master, but he did not move from his post until he was called. Might not many children learn a lesson of obedience and steadfastness in duty from the shepherd's dog?

A Monkey Cured of Riding.

A gentleman once checked a duck's fondness for a distant pond, by fastening a hook and line to his leg, which caught a big pickerel. There was a hard fight between duck and fish, but at length, by the gentleman's aid, a four-pound pickerel was landed on the shore, and the duck never cared to go near the pond again. A monkey was cured of a mischievous habit in the same way:

The desire of riding seems to be naturally implanted in the monkey mind. Not long ago, a gentleman, who rather prided himself on a very fine stud of hunters, found that the horses did not appear properly refreshed by their nightly rest.

One of the grooms, on being desired to keep a strict watch, discovered that a tame monkey, belonging to the house, was accustomed to ride on the horses' backs all night, preventing them from sufficient rest. His master, on discovering his penchant for riding, and being averse to killing the monkey on account of his horsemanship, succeeded in curing him effectually of his love of horses.

The next time that the hounds met, he had the monkey put into a full hunting suit, and secured by a strap to the saddle of his most spirited hunter, and took him away to the meet.

When the fox was found, the horse pricked up his ears at the well-known sound, and started off at once.

The chase happened to be a particularly long and severe one; the monkey, of course, from his light weight, being far ahead of the legitimate huntsmen. A countryman, who was coming from the direction which the fox had taken, was interrogated by some of the sportsmen who had been thrown out as to the position of the hunt, and told them that the fox was looking tired, but that none of the huntsmen were near, except a little gentleman in a yellow jacket, who took his leaps beautifully.

Sure enough, master Jacko

was in at the death, but did not by any means appreciate the honor. After the fox had been killed, there was a long ride home again, by the end of which time the monkey seemed thoroughly wearied out. After the experience that he had of a day's hunting, he was never known to mount a horse again.

A Long Promise.

The *Kennebec Journal* contains the following incident: An old farmer, in the vicinity of Augusta, about twenty years ago, after concluding a "trade" for a large bill of goods with an Augusta dealer in furniture, as he was about to drive off, hailed him with, "If yer will throw in a looking-glass, I will bring yer down a barrel of nice apples." The mirror was "thrown in," and this was the last seen of the farmer until a few days since, when an aged farmer backed his "apple-cart" up to the sidewalk opposite the furniture store, now occupied by sons of the former owner, opened the door and shouted, "Here's yer apples!" The surprise of the sons were great; but the father, who was present, remembered the circumstances of the trade and heartily greeted his old acquaintance, who, after a lapse of twenty years, had not forgotten his promise.

Little Kind Heart.

One cold, stormy morning, a little girl of two years was standing on a chair near a window, looking at the few people who were hurrying along through the mud and rain.

"There is a poor little dog; he has no umbrella to keep the rain from wetting his shaggy coat," said her mother.

"I'll lend him mine, mamma." "But he has no hands; he can't carry an umbrella," her mother replied, wishing to know what her little daughter's active and ever fertile mind would suggest.

"I'll *wide* him, mamma; I'll get on his back," the little tongue quickly answered, whilst the bright eyes looked thoughtfully and wistfully towards the poor wet dog.—*Selected.*

TEXAS FEVER.

A good many years ago the "Texas fever" was the prevailing epidemic. A good old lady, not over well posted in matters pertaining to geography, had an only son who was badly afflicted with it. So high did it run that nothing short of a visit to the "land of promise" was likely to prove efficacious as a remedy. Go he would, much as it was against the old lady's wishes. The next day one of her neighbors, without knowing her cause of trouble, paid the old lady a visit. She found her in inconsolable grief, and when she would find comfort her by asking her cause of grief, the old lady sobbed out—

"O my son John, he's left this world!"

"Your son dead?" exclaimed her neighbor, in surprise.

"O no!" again gasped the old lady; "he isn't dead, but gone to Texas."—*Lawiston Journal.*