

Arriving at Wilmington we were all kindly cared for at the Manning House, and our big-hearted host refuses any compensation for the havoc we make on fresh fish, &c. Our entertainment is given in Masonic Hall, and Dr. Everett and others are very attentive but the Hall is too small, and the ladies occupy nearly all the room.

It is thought best not to attempt a collection, but to repeat and do so in some more spacious Hall so that all the people may have the opportunity. Still some feel so anxious to contribute that they hand money to Dr. Everett as they pass out at the door.

Early on Saturday we start for Lumberton. Maj. Pope meets us at the train and has all things ready. Our entertainment is given in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. D. K. Bennett prays for the Orphans. The house is soon full and all things pass off pleasantly except that one good brother complains that he is not allowed to appear by clapping with his feet. A different kind of applause is needed and is more appropriate. On Sunday we hear a good sermon from Elder Bennett and rest under the hospitable roof of our esteemed brother, B. Goodwin.

On Monday we are off to Laurinburg.

Leaving so many kind friends in Lumberton is a source of regret, but the train lumbers heavily along and we are off for Laurinburg, as we suppose; but a friend on the train informs us that arrangements are complete for us to stop at Shoe Heel. We give an entertainment in a large Hall and besides the liberal collection, all our bills are paid and many presents are made to the children. Shoe Heel has a curiosity in the shape of a steam saw mill. The mill is only two teeth and will cut 1500 ft in a day. With grateful hearts we leave Shoe Heel, but will visit Laurinburg as we return. Rockingham has been indifferent to the orphan work, and we stop there. The *Pee Dee Courier* and *The Spirit of the South* are published here. We give our entertainment in the Presbyterian Church, but find it too small for the audience. Rev. Mr. O'Bryan prays for the Orphans, and the people are very attentive in spite of a long speech not in the programme.

Richmond County has no Orphan at Oxford. Where are the boys and girls whose parents are dead? Orphans and yearlings have seen hard times since the negroes were set free. But the people are very kind. Now we are off for Wake Forest.

Examples Worth of Imitation.

A correspondent writing to the *Biblical Recorder* from Eastern North Carolina, in regard to Sunday School and Mission work, says of Bethel Church Sunday School: "Although it has not raised as much money as some other schools, it is doing a good work, and is contributing to more than most other schools. Two contributions have been forwarded to the Oxford Orphan Asylum in the last few months."

We clip the following paragraph from the *Recorder* of the 1st inst.:

The Sabbath School of the Main Street (Second) Baptist Church has resolved

the Orphan Asylums at Oxford and Mars Hill—a charity worthily bestowed."

Other Churches and Sunday Schools have recently forwarded contributions to the Asylum. Others are moving, slowly, in the same direction, while many, very many, seem not to have thought of the matter at all. The work will go on; it is God's work and he will sustain it and bless those who engage in it and contribute to its success. It is a matter for every Church and every Christian to decide whether they will have a hand in it or not. Here is the Asylum with the bereaved and destitute Orphans, assembled by God's providence to be taken care of and educated and made to feel that they are not utterly cast off from humanity, without friends and without sympathy. Who desires to be excused from his or her part in this great and good work?

CORN BREAD.

This is a homely subject for a newspaper article but it is a very important one in household economy, and perhaps a good deal more may be said on it than one would at first think. Indeed there are very few of the ordinary cooks who can make good corn bread, whether plain, raised with yeast, or made into what is commonly called "batter-bread."

There are many modes of making corn bread—loaves or pones, hoe-cakes, ash-cakes, johnny-cakes and "corn-dodgers", all of which would be met with, except the johnny cake, (the best of all when properly baked) in a week's sojourn in the country among the farmers, and perhaps we should find the degrees in quality as various as the sorts of bread.

The health of the eater depends a great deal upon the quality of bread he eats, hence it is very important in a family to understand how to make good bread.

We remember, with mouth inclining to moisture, the large brown loaves of "risen bread" our mother and grandmother used to make. How they made it we do not know, but how we relished it with a bowl of good milk as an accompaniment, is a distinct recollection. There are a few of the thrifty, old-fashioned housewives in the country who make this sort of bread yet, but it is going out of vogue, and perhaps we may never face a loaf of it with the keen relish and hearty satisfaction we felt in partaking of it in boyhood.

Perhaps the best corn bread ever baked in this country used to be made by the negro women of the South, before the days of emancipation. (The weather is too hot or too cold for them to do so since.) The way they did it may be understood (perhaps) from the following receipt given by some old aunt Dinah to a young lady who inquired her method of making good cornbread: "Why, darlin', sometimes generally I take a little meal, and sometimes generally I take a little flour, and I kind o' mixes 'em up with hot water, and I puts in eggs enough, and a little salt, and I bakes it just long enough, and ef you'll do joss so you can make it as good as I do." Practice makes perfect, and it was Dinah's long practice, no doubt; that enabled her to make palatable and healthy bread.

To make good corn bread, it is essential to have good meal. Then the dough must be made to a proper consistency—neither too stiff, nor too thin—worked until every

baked, as aunt Dinah says; "just long enough," and you will have bread fit for christian people to eat. The subject is not exhausted but the weather is too hot to pursue it further today.

Venus and Sol.

It is well known to our readers with how much interest and care the transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disc, which occurred last year, was observed, in order that the sun's distance from the earth might be finally determined. The important material obtained by the numerous expeditions sent out to observe the transit has not yet been averaged and published. For this reason, the question of Sol's remoteness cannot yet be fully satisfied.

Prof. Heis, of Munich, however, writes that a preliminary and approximate conclusion may be obtained, on the basis of two successful observations at Peking in China and the island of St. Paul in the Indian Ocean.

According to these observations, the sun's parallax is 8879 seconds or 8.88 seconds. This is so nearly correct that the second figure or first decimal will not need any alteration. The old value given by Eukle was 8.571. This is said to agree wonderfully with the experiments of Cornu on the speed of light, and also with the results of the observations by Galile, in Breslau, on the planet Flora.

Prof. Heis accordingly calculates the mean distance of the sun to be about 91,819,855 geographical miles. This mean distance is somewhat nearer than the old calculation of 95,000,000, but it is the one generally adopted in these days. Venus has thus notified us that old Sol is so much nearer; though, judging by the weather lately, we should have supposed him farther off than ever. 91,000,000 miles is, however, quite a respectable distance.

Mr. Proctor says if an infant had an arm just that long, so that he could touch the sun with his finger, he would of course get his finger burnt; but he would have to live to be 135 years before he would feel the pain, according to the calculated rate of nerve motion. If, however, he could see his finger on fire, he would become aware of it in eight minutes.

SWEET OLD LOG.

The Meade County (Ky.) *Mirror* gives this account of an old log, which, on being cut up, was found to contain a most unexpected treasure of sweets:

We have frequently read of "sweetness wafted on the desert air," but the best illustration of this saying was brought to light recently on Blue River Island. For ten or twelve years past, drift-wood has been accumulating on said island in such large quantities as to necessitate its destruction. Accordingly the owner of the island, Mr. Elijah Daugherty, fired the huge pile. The top of the drift burned very readily, but at the bottom lay a huge sugar tree, half buried in the sand, and so rotted and water-soaked as to prevent it being destroyed very easily. This old tree, or log, scabbled and smoked for several days, and seemed determined not to burn. Finally Mr. D. determined to break it up, and thus assist in its destruction. After splitting it open he discovered in its centre about ten feet of the purest honeycomb, perfectly preserved, and nice-looking honey as was ever seen. On tasting of it he found it to be a little strong.

There is no way of ascertaining how long the honey had been in the old tree, as it was on the island many years before the present owner came into possession. It had doubtless floated down during high water from some place above, and landed on the island. This same old log had for years been used as seats for picnic parties visiting the island. Probably this accounts for "sweet" enjoyment lovers

Crosses.

A story is told of an old man who lived long ago. Forebible was the way in which he spoke of the struggles he had to carry on. A friend asked him the cause of his complaints, since in the evening he so often complained of great weariness and pain. "Alas! I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why this is only folly," said the friend; "no man has all these things to do at once."

"Yes indeed," he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work, in order that I that I may be able to provide for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is ever needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength." The friend listened in wonder, and then said: "Dear brother, if all men labored and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God."—*Nehemiah the Tirshatha.*

From the Presbyterian. A Wife's Protest.

Mr. Editor:—You have a special column for young ladies, and frequently useful hints to wives. I beg leave to send you a line or two addressed to husbands, who I am sure need as many lines upon lines and precepts upon precepts as either of the above classes. I do not mean this for what the world calls bad husbands, but for that class of husbands called "good," who would be shocked at being called anything else. Water wears away rock, not by hard showers, but by continual dripping. I have never been in print before and want it kept a profound secret now, but I have so many complaints from overtasked women, I feel constrained to speak. If I can awaken the dormant consideration of one husband in regard to an uncomplaining and self-sacrificing wife, I am amply repaid. I hope you will not regard it as a strike at your business, although newspapers will be my theme. Newspapers are a most excellent institution in general. Every family should have one or two weeklies to be read aloud for the benefit of the family, by the one most at leisure in the household. I have been thinking for some time newspaper reading was being carried to excess, and becoming a nuisance to some wives who would appreciate under other circumstances a good newspaper as much as their husbands.

These are peculiar and trying times on wives and mothers. They need all the comfort and support which can be rendered from their hus-

bands whose sympathy is worth all the world beside. Servants are very annoying and are needing continually a repetition of orders, which is most trying. In short every thing well done must pass under the immediate eye of the mistress, hence her life is a drudge. Imagine to yourself an over-worked wife hurriedly finishing up the day, duties in order to get ready for the reception of her husband, who has walked, rode, sat on the street conversing with numerous comers and goers, until fully satisfied with social intercourse—in short luxuriating generally as best suits his taste, irrespective of his means. She is done at last, seats herself, the first time perhaps in several hours, to await his return. Her heart gives a bound, as she hears his familiar step. She still hopes against hope for a change in his ways. He enters very carelessly, enquires, "How are you?" mere words of course to break the silence, (perhaps he left her quite unwell in the morning). The reply he never heard, nor glanced at the haggard, anxious expression which was answer enough without a word spoken, throws his hat on the bed, sits down on a comfortable chair, takes a fresh chew, which he rolls like a sweet morsel from cheek to cheek, squirting the juice indiscriminately over shirt-bosom, beard, and a nicely polished grate or andiron, as the case may be—the hearth almost a running stream—and takes out his newspaper, which is one of a half dozen. (The pile sickens the waiting wife) reads *reads*, never once raising his eyes, even when he answers hurriedly and rather curtly some questions ventured by the wife, with a murmur every now and then, "I wish I could read without interruption." She frequently sees him suffused in tears at some part of a pathetic story, not half so pathetic as hers, and wishes he could read her heart, and perhaps charity would begin at home. You must remember she has not spoken one word during the day, except what duty dictated. Her heart is brimful of what should be of mutual interest to both, and she longs to talk with him about it. Hungry and thirsty in the midst of plenty to satisfy her loving heart. At length, every attempt proving abortive, she is wearied out, rises, makes preparation to retire at a late hour, at which movement he starts up (perhaps conscience is aroused) surprised and asks: "What! to bed. It must be early." Gets up with a yawn, looks at the clock, and says, "I had no idea it was so late," undresses himself, goes to bed and sleeps as soundly as though he had performed to the letter his marriage vows to cherish, support and comfort under all circumstances. This, Mr. Editor, is a faint picture of the wear and the tear of many wives in our midst, who live on in spite of neglect, fulfilling all their duties creditably whilst others seek their own amusement at theatres, balls and almost any place that will serve to while away the tedious hours.

These wives when widows, instead of feeling like their lights had gone out, miss them it is true, from their accustomed place, but—shall I say it?—can do without them now, as they did when they were living. Do you relish this picture good husband? If not, MIND YOUR WAYS. P.W.

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