

GOING EAST.

On Monday morning we went down from Wake Forest to Flat Rock, and found the people waiting. After our exercises, and a good collection, we joined them in a delightful dinner, and then arrived in good time at Franklinton. The children were kindly cared for, and Rev. Mr. Webb prayed for the divine blessing on our work. On Tuesday it rained till 2 p. m. Then we drove down to Louisburg, and had kind attention, and a full house. The orphan work has many warm friends in Louisburg. On Wednesday we are off for Mt. Zion, and find the church plastered and very pleasant. People very kind. Col. Jordan Jones is building up quite a village at what is known as Laurel or Jones' Mill. The location is romantic and beautiful, and he knows how to improve it. At Castalia, we are kindly received, and our entertainment is well attended. At Philadelphia, Pastor Duke prays for the children, and the people are very attentive. We dine at Hilliardston with Messrs. Avera and Arrington, and are at Battleboro' in good time. Here we use a hall, and the seats fail to go around. Some villages hardly able to support one minister, are crowded with churches, while Battleboro really needs a church and nobody builds one; but don't let all of them build at once. Battleboro is certainly supplied with dinner bells and dinner horns. They have something to eat and they make a fuss over it. There was no regular collection at the close of our exercises, but several parties laid contributions on the table. Leaving Battleboro, we travel down the country, crossing Swift Creek and Fishing Creek, and seeing cypress knees and long moss. But here is a long town, reaching from Greenwood to Clarksville. They call it Scotland Neck, and its main street is two miles long. It is beautifully laid out, and the place is growing. The trainway, 7 miles long to the River Roanoke, is a great curiosity. Capt. Kitchen runs a curious old engine and a train of flats over wooden rails, and transports goods. Passengers prefer the dirt road, and the trainway carries freight only. We occupied the Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Nash prayed for the orphans. Collection good. Very kind people. We are obliged to leave them. And now we are at Palmyra. Every house has its own Zenobia, and we are stopped for a splendid dinner. After a few hours of refreshment and rest, we are off again.

At Hamilton Dr. Watts has kindly made all needed preparations, and our entertainment is given in the Methodist church. The attendance is large, and much interest is manifested. On Sunday we rest, there being no preaching in the town. Mr. J. H. Horner once taught here, and they are anxious to hear from him, and would be glad to see him.

THE CROPS

are good and growing finely. Cotton covers thousands of acres and crowds out the corn and other grain. Hundreds of people have planted cotton in their yards and gardens. Oats, wheat, clover, corn, cabbage, and potatoes, seem to be doing their best to make up in quality what they lack in quantity. Corn is some

places is knee high. Clover from six inches to a foot. The old crop of sweet potatoes is still very abundant. But we find lettuce, onions, and some other vegetables, very much neglected.

THE FRUIT CROP

is small; but we have seen trees loaded with apples, peaches, and pears. At this writing we have just seen in the *Biblical Recorder*, that there is "no fruit in Davidson," no fruit in McDowell. Don't always believe even the religious papers, especially when our own eyes tell a different tale.

Now we change our course, cross the ruddy Roanoke at Cook's Ferry. The ferryman charges ten cents for setting us over, and forty cents for waiting for us so long. Here at last is Roxobel. Very kindly received. Good audience, and collection. The new Masonic Lodge is a gem. On Tuesday through rain, mud, and deep swamps, we drive 30 miles to Coleraine; but the people are shut in by heavy rain, and our children are put to bed. On Wednesday we cross the Chowan on the splendid steamer of the same name, and land at Mr. Holley's Fishery. The seine is coming in, seven horses winding it up. It is nearly a mile long and comes in slowly; but at last excitement is on tip-toe when about five thousand herrings and a few bushels of shad are laid upon the sand. This was a small haul, but a beautiful sight to highland children. During our stay on that beautiful shore, Mr. Holley had Orphan Asylum put on some of his barrels. We leave in time for Ballard's Bridge. Mr. William Elliott opens wide his hospitable doors, and a large audience meets us, and at the close of our exercises, kind friends take a collection. On Thursday we are off again, passing Warville and Belvidere, we journey towards Woodville.

HONEY AND FISH.

The Savior ate broiled fresh fish and honey together. I had often wondered how the two would taste. At Mr. Elliott's, in Chowan, I saw upon the table good honey, and fish fresh from the river. I ate the two together and found them pleasant to the palate, and helpful to the stomach. He who made the bees and the ocean, the honey and the fish, knew what was good for man as well as for himself. He ate fish and honey for breakfast, a variety of meats for dinner, and light bread with a kind of beer for supper.

J. H. MILLS.

ASHEVILLE, N. C. }
May 10th, 1870. }

It has been two weeks since the readers of the "FRIEND" have heard from the Asheville Asylum. During that time, or most of it, we have been traveling, singing and talking for something to eat.

On Tuesday, May 2nd, I started with a band of six, for the Fairview, Cane Creek and Shufordville section; passed over the Mine Hole gap, and reached the neighborhood of Cane Creek Church in good time, though the sky was murky and rain fell occasionally, and found comfortable quarters and a kind welcome at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Johnston Ashworth. He was at Asheville Court, but his excellent wife, stalwart sons and beautiful daughters took much pains to make us feel welcome and comfortable. Gave a concert at night to a pretty good crowd, but the collection was small owing to the

hard times and scarcity of money. Good, however was done for the orphan cause for the future, by our visit. On Wednesday, we took dinner on the way with that clever old couple, David Garren and his wife, who, as Judge Watts would say, gave us the best they had in the shop, and it was good enough for anybody. At night we reached the residence of that staunch friend of the orphan work, Dr. George W. Fletcher, where we were kindly taken care of until after dinner next day. The concert in Salem Church, at night, was well attended, and a collection taken up for the orphans.

On Thursday night we gave a concert at New Salem Schoolhouse. The collection was small, but a good impression was made for hereafter. When the concert was over, the moon shining brightly, the weather being pleasant, and being only seven miles from home, we concluded to tumble our own mattresses for the balance of the night, and consequently reached home about low twelve.

On Monday night before starting on the above trip we gave a concert at the M. E. Church in Asheville, but the evening was rainy and few attended. I was not satisfied with the result and, by the advice of friends, put out notices for another concert here, which came of last night. It was given in the chapel of the female college, which was crowded. His Honor, Judge Dick, delivered an address in behalf of the orphans and a splendid collection was the result.

We are at this moment hurrying to get ready to start to Marshall, the county seat of Madison, where we are advertised to give a concert to-night. We return to-morrow, to be present at the Masonic convention here on Friday 12th.

I would like to write more and speak of the handsome and appropriate present of Mr. Shelton to the Asylum, (see list of contributions,) and many other things of interest, but time presses and I must stop. I will close by saying that I don't believe the people of this section will let the orphans starve.

JAMES H. MOORE,
Steward.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN.

1. *Train the children!* Their hearts are soft and plastic now—the springs of life are bubbling up in crystal freshness and beauty—the saplings are straight and tender.

2. *Train the children!* and they shall go forth, with the charm of winning ways, and the power of goodness to touch the wandering soul, and turn the hearts of some of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.

3. *Train the children!* for by-and-by they will go into thronged cities, and crowded marts; or they will emigrate to the Great West, or to Canada, or Australia, or New Zealand; and there they will take the noble messages, and be "living epistles known and read of all men."

4. *Train the children!* they are to be the fathers, and masters, and guardians of the next generation; they will plow the land, and sell the corn, and build the ships, and write the books, and guide the destinies of a universe.

5. *Train the children!* then shall it be almost impossible for lost, and wretched, and perishing men to fling up wild arms in the mad vortex of passion, crying out,

as in despair, "No man cared for my soul."

6. *Train the children!* and the vices will be shriveled up, the Church strengthened, the cause of God uplifted; and those who have looked with sadness at the apathy and neglect of the past, shall shout with joy: "The little one has already become a thousand, and the small one has become a great nation."

FAILURE NOT A FAILURE.

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything; no matter what happens to annoy, let it all glide along easily, and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible.

Little inconveniences will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to be master of every situation is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in a constant broil over what amounts to nothing; and, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a whole household. We cannot have everything just as we want it in this world, and the sooner a person understands that fact, the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness.

It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and if disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled. Do the very best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strive with his best knowledge and untiring energy to accomplish a certain object, working with skill and patience, he is a success, whether the scheme fails or succeeds, and he ought to reconcile himself to failure if it was inevitable. If his labors have been of brain and hand, he is the better fitted to succeed in other undertakings.

A Beautiful Figure.

Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers which make it so much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, sufficient to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth, and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate to its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying, first tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding the truth is so probably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay into heart! We see our friends and neighbors die; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts, that our knell may next give the warning to the world.

"Every man, according to an ancient legend, is born into the world with two bags suspended from his neck—one a small bag in front, full of his neighbors' faults, and a large bag behind, filled with his own faults. Hence it is, that men are quick to see the faults of others, and yet are often blind to their own feelings."

Language shares in all the vicissitudes of man. It reflects all the changes in the character and habits of a people, and shows how they progress or retrograde. The sense of a word gets altered by imperceptible degrees, until in time, it comes to express a reverse signification. It is well known that the word PREVENT, in its Latin etymology, had the sense, of anticipation, getting the start of, and not to oppose, to obstruct, as it now signifies. To LET has turned completely about since the received version of the Bible, when it meant to oppose; now to permit. QUAIN, according to original usage and derivation, meant scrupulously exact, elegantly refined; now it is applied to what is odd, affected, and fantastic, a violation of the natural and tasteful. Words get degraded. Thus SIMPLE, not double, took a strange metamorphose in giving us simpleton; SIMPLICITY still holds its charm. We elevate words from their physical relation to mental and spiritual ones. TASTE, as applied to the sensibilities of the palate, has risen to express a fondness for chaste ornaments, neat arrangements, love of the fine arts, and belles lettres. We also think of intellectual pyrotechnics and moral gymnastics. We enlarge the circumference of words. CIVILIZATION once applied only to the inhabitants of a city; VILLAIN, one living in a village. We limit and restrict the meaning of words. MEAT was once applied to all kinds of food, but now only to flesh. ACRE meant any field, of whatever size. FURLONG was a furrow of any length. YARD denoted no exact measure. PECK and GALLON were vague and unsettled quantities. Words that were used for both sexes are applicable to only one. NEPHEW stood for grandchildren and lineal descendants. GIRL designated all young persons.

HEART'S EASE.

What contentment can do in its own way, so also can diligence and the unwearied performance of duty. Few things help more towards true heart's ease than keeping the mind employed, and all our duties on the right side of the great day-book of life. No one can have heart's ease whose duties are lying in an unordered mass at his feet, and those things left undone which it is his special business to do. Pleasures are all very delightful while they are going on, but when they are over we have no solid residuum left, perhaps in the toil created by those duties left unfulfilled which ought to have been done, while we were amusing ourselves, and by the neglect of which we are distressed, and others are hindered for days after. And what heart's ease can there be when we are assailed with reproaches from without and full of self-reproaches within, when we have not a smooth inch of rope left for the running, but only a mass of knots and kinks, all made by ourselves, and some of which we can never undo?—*Selected.*

To educate the mind when the body is in a nervous, feeble condition is a fruitless and useless task. The first thing to be sought is a sound body with physical vigor. This should take precedence of everything else; without this, any acquisition can be of but little avail.