

The Orphans' Friend.

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BRIDE, WIDOW AND MOTHER IN ONE YEAR.

The white orange blossoms are twined in her hair,
The silvery white drapery hangs over the fair,
The light-hearted groomsmen stand near by her side,
While blushes and bright smiles enliven the bride,
And fondly he whispers, my darling, my pride,
And a soft voice, like an angel's,
Was heard then to say,
Be happy, my sweet one, be happy to day.
'Twas a voice of a mother,
That poised by the way,
Just lingering to speak and then passed away.

The vows on the altar by each now are laid,
The bride and the bride-groom their pledges have paid,
Hesitates and she weeps, while father has blest,
Dear friends have greeted and sisters caressed,
But sadly she stands there and sobs on his breast.

Then a low whisper so tender
And sweet met her ear,
Like the voices she had heard, so soft
and so dear,
That she knew a kind mother
Was hovering near,
Who came as an angel to dry up each tear.

I saw her again in their cottage so neat,
He had done what he could her joy to complete,
Striving like lover every care to abate,
No sorrow as light, no joy ever so great.
A true husband was he, a kind loving mate.
By night and by day, whether
Waking or sleeping,
An angel spirit her vigil was keeping,
And oft as a fear, like dreaded
Serpent was creeping,
Would hush every sigh and still all
her weeping.

A few full moons had waxed and waned,
Five times, I think, had graced the sky:
Their sorrow came, her heart was pained—
O, snail grief! the loved one must die—
She prayed, but no it could not be,
'Twas Heaven's divine and sad decree.
She heard a voice like angel near,
That some sweet voice of mother dear,
"Look up, my child, for God is nigh,
And he will hear the widow's cry."
Then she paused not, but sped as on the
swift lightning's wing,
The comfort she needed from God's throne
to bring.

Now, sable clad mourner, O, why art thou
sad?
There is consolation and joy to be had,
Come, look up to heaven, thy heart shall be
glad:
This earth has its darkness and sorrow as bad,
Look up to thy God and thy soul shall be
glad.
The golden chain that bound you, now
Seems broken in twain,
Thy God has the link to unite it again,
In darkness and bitter sorrow,
He come not in vain—
With the sweet little cherub, He mends the
chain.

GRANDFATHER.

THE BRAIN WORRY.

Many of us pray to be delivered from sudden death, and do we worry ourselves into it? To most of us it is not given to choose our lives, to avoid the rough places, to gently shoulder to one side disagreeable facts. We must climb over the rocks, though they hurt us sore, and the difficulties, however they may annoy us, must be met with brain fret and wear, until they are conquered, or we have passed them. They are as real, living, annoying as any tangible ache or pain could be; as bruising and irritating as the peas in the shoes of the pilgrims of old. Nervous health is quite another and different thing. Calm and steady mental work is conducive to long life, but nervous emotion, mental work that is a constant urging, and, at the same time, is an unchanging of the even tenor of the mind, eats away the brain faster than any mental labor, no matter how hard, that is systematic. As men do not really die of heart disease as often as supposed, but of apoplexy, or congestion of the lungs, so they do not die of brain work, but of brain worry.

CIRCULAR LETTER FROM THE GRAND MASTER.

OFFICE GRAND MASTER OF MASONS,
Wilson, N. C., May 29th.

To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Lodge:—The time approaches when Masons throughout the world meet to celebrate the anniversary of one of the patron saints of the order, when in every Lodge room the pure principles of our order will be rehearsed and every Mason feel proud that he marches under the banner of Charity and Brotherly Love.

It is meet that we should on these occasions indulge somewhat in a practical exemplification of the principles and teachings of our order, and show to the world that our professions are more than rhetoric, and high-sounding declamation. It is true we should not publish to the world our deeds of charity to be seen of men, but such is the position of our benevolent work in regard to one of its objects, that publication is inevitable. Let us then make such an exhibition of attachment for our Asylums as will verify the sincerity of our professions. Let such an impetus be given the work as its importance and sacredness demand, and our duty and obligation require.

Let such immediate contributions be made as will materially aid in the sustentation of the orphan work, and such measures adopted as will insure systematic, regular, reliable support.

Insist on the continued persistent work of your Orphan Asylum committees. Urge them to regular effort, if the duty is unpleasant. The receipt of small sums regularly every month from every Lodge committee would show to those engaged in the work that in every Lodge the cause was alive, and inspire others to greater exertion.

Encourage the ladies and children to organize Orphan Aid Societies. They will, while adding to the strength of the orphan work, benefit those engaged in them, by ennobling their feelings, developing the benevolent spirit, and improving their own minds by devising and carrying out the plans of the societies.

Let the 24th day of June 1876 be the starting point for such a revival of interest in the orphan work as will put beyond a doubt its firm establishment in the hearts, of not only the masons but all the people of our State; when the poor friendless orphans may be assured of the protection which has been withdrawn by the striking down of their natural protectors. None of us know but that our children may need the fostering care of the Asylum, no one knows the hour of his departure.

And may God bless you all, my dear brethren, and enable you so to work and walk, that our Institution may be strengthened, our Grand work supported and our Temples adorned by the beautiful fruits of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

GEORGE W. BLOUNT,
Grand Master.

What by duty's voice is bidden, there where duty's star may guide,
Thither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.

TRUE DIGNITY.

Lofty ends give dignity to the lowest offices. It is, for instance, an honest, but you would not call it an honorable occupation, to pull an oar; yet, if that oar dips in a yeasty sea, to impel the life-boat over mountain waves and through the roaring breakers, he who has stripped for the venture, and, breaking away from weeping wife and praying mother and clinging children, has bravely thrown himself into the boat to pull to yonder wreck, and pluck his drowning brothers from the jaws of death, presents, as from time to time we catch a glimpse of him on the crest of the foaming billow, a spectacle of grandeur which would withdraw our eyes from the presence of a queen surrounded with all the blaze and glittering pomp of royalty.

Take another illustration, drawn from yet humbler life. Some years ago, on a winter morning, two children was found frozen to death. They were sisters. The elder child had the youngest seated in her lap, closely folded within her lifeless arms. She had stripped her own thinly-clad form to protect its feeble life, and, to warm the icy fingers, had tenderly placed its little hands into her own bosom; and pitying men and weeping women did stand and gaze on the two dead creatures, as, with glassy eyes and stiffened forms, they reclined upon the snow wreath—the days of their wandering and mourning ended, and heaven's own pure snow no purer than that true sister's love. They were orphans; homeless, homeless beggars. But not on that account, had I been there to gaze on that touching group, would I have shed one tear the less, or felt the less deeply that it was a display of true love and of human nature in its least fallen aspect, which deserved to be embalmed in poetry, and sculptured in costly marble.

Yes, and however humble the Christian's walk, or mean his occupation, it matters not. He who lives for the glory of God, has an end in view which lends dignity to the man and to his life. . . . Live, then, "looking unto Jesus;" live for nothing less and nothing lower than God's glory; and these ends will lend grandeur to your life, and shed a holy, heavenly lustre on your station, however humble it may be.—Dr. Guthrie.

THE ORIGIN OF CLASSICAL PHRASES.

TO PASS THE RUBICON

Is a phrase which means to engage in an enterprise with an irrevocable decision. The Rubicon was a little river which separated the Roman empire from Gaul. The expression has referred to Cæsar, who crossed this boundary line and marched against the Roman Senate, after that body had ordered him to disband his army, which he had in Gaul. On arriving at the famous stream, Cæsar hesitated, being impressed with the awful consequences that would follow, and said to one of his Generals, "if I pass this river what miseries I shall bring on my country; if I do not I am undone." Soon after he exclaimed,

"The die is cast," and rushed across the Rubicon.

SUB ROSA.

Under the rose. What is said or done privately and secretly among confidential friends. The origin of this term is said to be the following: Cupid, it is said, gave a rose to Hippocrates, the God of Silence, and from legend arose the practice of suspending a rose from the ceiling over the table while eating, when it was intended that the conversation must be kept secret. This custom gave rise to the phrase *sub rosa*.

ULTIMA THULE.

Means "the utmost extent." Literally the extremity of the earth. "Ultima Thule," was the most remote island in the Northern parts known to the Romans.

RARA AVIS,

(a rare bird) is a term used by Juvenal to signify a prodigy for something wonderful. To say of a man that he is a *rara avis* means that he is singular, eccentric, &c.

BRUTUM FULMEN,

Empty thunder. When any one delivers a speech full of sound and fury, it is called Brutum Fulmen. A boastful threat, or an absolute law which no one respects is also called Brutum Fulmen.

HOW TO SLEEP.

Prof. Ferrier of King's College has been an attentive student of sleep and dreams, with a view to reducing these phenomena, at once common to all mankind, to distinct and logical natural laws; and in his lecture he makes known the results of his studies. These have led him into very fascinating paths of observation; and they are especially valuable as Dr. Ferrier, rejected altogether what he regards as the doubtful wisdom of the ancients on the subjects of dreams, and putting aside as idle speculation the curious guesses of Epicurus and the more subtle theories of Plato, avails himself of the recent discoveries and lights in science. He has been bold enough to draw analogies from not only the animal but the vegetable creation, thus availing himself both of the Darwinian and the Huxleyan philosophy.

Not the least valuable use of his lecture is the practical guidance it gives to the action of daily life. Assuming as a foundation that "no living being is capable of continuous and unintermittent activity," and that sleep, or repose, is the process by which the waste of the physical and mental energies is repaired, he derives the lesson that, in order to induce natural and healthful sleep, such methods are to be adopted as will abstract an excess of blood from the brain. This may be accomplished by exercise, which draws off the blood to the more weary organs; while a well-ordered digestion demands the blood that keeps the brain in too great an activity for the stomach, where it is needed. To sleep well, too, according to Dr. Ferrier, one must, if possible, rid himself of all care, anxiety, and disturbing thoughts, as the natural season of repose approaches. A brisk walk toward the close of the day, and when the brain has been overtaxed, is commended to us. But

Dr. Ferrier warns us—and it were well if he could be heard everywhere and heeded—from opiates as "dangerous ground." They do not produce sleep so much as torpor. If you cannot get sleepy methods which nature itself dictates, he says, it is full time to call in the family doctor. Among Dr. Ferrier's conclusions, that respecting the heart is not the least curious. This organ is sometimes said to be in constant activity, unlike the other organs. But Dr. Ferrier says that this activity is not constant but rhythmic, "a term of action being followed by a pause or rest, during which the heart is to all intents and purposes asleep." Summing up the pauses and beatings of the heart on this theory, he maintains that the heart sleeps eight hours in the twenty-four—the period which he regards as most healthy duration for the repose of the whole body.—*Appleton's Journal*.

SIZE OF COUNTRIES.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindoostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and is three times as wide as from New York to Rochester.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about two-thirds the size of Hindoostan; one-twelfth of China, and one-twenty-fifth of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten miles the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk or Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in each of them more than fifty times.

The following bodies of water are about the same size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea. Hudson Bay is rather larger. The Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf and Aegean Sea, half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

Take kindly the suggestions of others. A celebrated sculptor wrought long and hard and carefully on a statue. The day came when his statue was raised to its column and unveiled. "What do you think of it?" said he to a friend, who knew far less of art than himself. "The nose is too large," was the reply. With consummate tact the sculptor caught a bit of marble-dust and his chisel in one hand and his hammer in the other. Ascending the ladder, he affected to chisel the nose of the statue, and as he did so, let fall the marble-dust in his hand. "What do you think of it now?" "Very much improved," was the reply.