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THE WINE OF LIFE.

The poet may sing of the blood-red wine,
He may chant the charms of the purple vine;
But the wine I prize all others above
Is the wine of life, and its name is love.

From a ruby chalice this wine o'erflows,
Purer than crystal, as sweet as a rose;
It gladdens the soul, yet never can dim,
Though thousands quaff, it is full to the brim.

It bubbles and sparkles with inward fires,
Which kindle to fame of noble desires;
It strengthens the weak, makes the timid bold;

On the darkest lot 'tis a gleam of gold.
Makes sad hearts gay, is the rainbow of tears,
Giving hues of hope to the opening years,
O rarer and dearer this wine of wine,
Than any that flows from the purple vine.

Ye who have tasted the juiciest of the wine
Whose clusters are hung thick by the River
Rhine,

Or have sought to quicken lives again
In draughts of Tokay, Madeira, Champagne.
And have found the nectar ye crave and drink
Like apples which grew on the Caspian's brink,

Could ye taste this wine 'twould new life impart;
'Tis the wine of love—its chalice the heart.

DYSPEPTICS TO THE FRONT.

We have just read the announcement that as last summer there was a meeting of hay fever victims in the White Mountains, so we are this summer to have a convention of dyspeptics. Most appropriate. If there are any people whom we pity, these are they. May something be done by the approaching meeting for their alleviation! Some man, no doubt, with three breakfast undigested, will be chosen as chairman. He will rise, with his hand on the pit of his stomach, and say: "Gentlemen of the convention, come to order immediately, or I will fling this gavel at your head. The sexton will please peremptorily pick out all who are not dyspeptics. Put those sleek, fat, and glaucous men out of the house. But all ye cadaverous and thin and wasted and choleric people will take your seats." It will give snap and explosion to the meeting if there be no ventilation. The sexton will keep the doors and windows closed.

We can imagine what the spirit of the resolutions will be. When the subject of Health is proposed, some one will rise and say:

"Resolved, first, that man is a failure, and the inheritor of innumerable ills for which there is no medicament. He comes into the world with a pang and goes out of it with a groan.

"Resolved, secondly, that everything is out of joint: the sky too blue, the earth too green, the morning too gaudy, and the night too dark; and the sooner the torch is applied to the world for its final conflagration, the better.

"Resolved, thirdly, an everlasting war against chicken salad, lobsters, spices, clams, lemon pie, and gravy.

"Resolved, fourthly, that these resolutions be sent to all the boarding-house keepers in the land, and also published in *The Grumbleton Advocate* and *The Hardscrabble Observer*."

If the subject of Temperance should be presented for discussion, there will be an exciting scene. Some one may rise and offer the following:

"Resolved, first, that temper-

ance lecturers are a nuisance, and that all teetotalers drink when they get a chance; and that entire abstinence is unscriptural. Paul having advised Timothy, with a dormant liver, to take a little wine for his stomach's sake.

"Resolved, secondly, that the land is full of drunkenness, notwithstanding the labors of these reformers, and that if they are going to clear the land of intemperance, it is high time they do it.

"Resolved, thirdly, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to John B. Gough, John Stearns, and all other temperance fanatics, and also be published in *The Jugtown Inquirer* and *The Brandywine Chronicler*."

If the subject of Religion should be brought before this convention, some one may rise and offer:

"Resolved, first, that the church is a collection of hypocrites, and ministers preach only for the salary paid them, and that church property ought to be taxed as well as any other property.

"Resolved, secondly, that the world is getting worse and worse under the preaching of ecclesiastics, and that the Millennium is a humbug.

"Resolved, thirdly, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the 'Tom Paine Club,' of Boston, and the Frothinghamite infidels, of New York, and a copy published in *The Beezebub Spy* and *The Darwinian Herald*."

O if some skilled Christian humanitarians could break in upon that convention, throwing back the shutters to let the sunlight enter, and would give the delegates a brisk horseback ride between the sessions, and take them through a course of healthlifts and gymnastics, all such resolutions as we have mentioned would be voted down, and the tide of feeling would be turned; and after a breakfast on breakfast the convention would open with the Doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and resolutions of good cheer would pass by acclamation and with applauding hands and feet. They would move something like this:

"Resolved, first, that, through grace, man is a success, and on his way to conquest.

"Resolved, secondly, that reformers are to be encouraged and prayed for and in every way helped, and that their names are to be held in everlasting remembrance.

"Resolved, thirdly, that, in order to good health, it is important to take bright views of things; that the world is a very good place to live in, and will yet become a paradise, and that it is every one's duty to help make it so.

"Resolved, fourthly, that these resolutions be published in *The Morning Chronicle* and *The Hallajah Quarterly*, and that a copy of them be sent, by way of cure, to every grumbler in the universe."

In other words, our view of things is much affected by the condition of our physical health. We can in public assemblages generally make up our mind what kind of a speech a man will make by the appearance of his diaphragm

and the condition of his epidermis. The world, no more than the church, has an interest in the deliberations of the approaching Convention of Dyspeptics.—*Dr. Talmage in Christian at Work.*

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

At a recent Home Missionary Anniversary in London, Mr. Spurgeon, at the close of a powerful address, in which he urged personal devotion to the cause of Christ, and an intense personal enthusiasm in missionary work on the part of every lover of the cause, said:

I will finish with a little story. It is a story that took place at my Orphanage last year. I was sitting down with one of the trustees, and some boys were playing around us. A little mite of a fellow came up and said:

"Mr. Spurgeon, I want to speak to you."

"All right," I said, "what is it?"

"Well," he said, "first I should like to sit on that 'ere chair between you two gentlemen."

I then put him upon a stool, and he delivered himself in the following way:

"Spose now, sir, there vos a orphanage, and there vos a lot o' little boys that lived there."

"Yes, Bob,"

"Well, once a month their mothers come'd and their aunts, and brought 'm some oranges, and some apples, and sweets, and some pennies."

"Yes," I said, "that's very nice."

"But 'spose there was a little boy there that hadn't got no mother, nor no aunt, nor nobody, and ever so many times when people come'd and gave the other boys something, nobody never gave this boy nothing. Don't you think, Mr. Spurgeon, somebody ought to give him a penny?"

"Because, Mr. Spurgeon, you know that's me." [Much laughter.]

I wiped (and so did my friend) a little drop out of our eyes, and gave the boy a sixpence, and then he was as happy as a bird in the air. He had given me a good story, and I should like, whenever you hear that Jesus Christ has saved a soul, that you should be able to say, "That's me," and that when it is said "Therefore that soul ought to love Him," you might say "That's me." I should like you to feel, if there is anybody in the world that is under an obligation to the Saviour, "Ah, that's me." And so, if there is anybody here that means to do much for Christ, to bring others to Him, to spend and be spent in His service, I should like you to say "I am that one; I desire to do it, and by God's help I will."

SAVING AGAINST STAVING.

A Young man, a bank clerk, applied to a distinguished merchant and asked him for his influence to get his salary raised. The merchant said to him: "How much is your salary now?" "Twelve hundred dollars," was the answer. "How much do you save a year?"

"Not one dollar; with a wife and two children I can only just make both ends meet."

"What! don't save anything?"

"No, sir; I can but just exist."

"I make it a rule to assist no one who does not save something every year. No matter how small his pay, something should be saved. How many cigars do you smoke—and their cost?"

"Well, some three a day; costing, together, about twenty cents."

"Do you go to the theaters, and how often; and how many persons with you?"

"I go half a dozen times during the winter, with my wife and sister, costing, including railroad fare, say \$30."

"Do you drink ardent spirits, wine, beer, etc.?"

"I generally take two glasses of whisky daily and some times a glass of ale, with my wife, at the gardens in the evening."

"Do you say you cannot save anything? while your unnecessary yearly expenses for cigars, drinks and amusements, by your own showing, cannot cost less than \$200. Until you begin to save, raising your salary would do you no good. Begin to-day to save, if only five cents a day. Try saving for six months and report to me the result."

At the end of the time the young man, brought the merchant his expense book, showing a clear saving of \$104.20. This induced the merchant to take him cordially by the hand, down to the institution, and urge the president to increase his salary from \$1,200 to \$1,500. In another six months his savings amounted to almost \$300. The merchant on this showing said to him: "Young man, you are now on the road to wealth and position." This young man is now worth some \$30,000—all due to the savings of the first \$100.

LIFTING EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKES.

Another feature of these phenomena is the upheaval of the ground observed during the prevalence of most earthquakes, which is one cause of the sea retiring, another being the suction of the approaching wave when the centre of the convulsion has been removed from the shore. During the great earthquake at Lisbon the bar at the mouth of the Tagus was laid bare by the upheaval, and the master of a vessel, lying in that river at the time, stated that his large anchor was thrown up from the bottom, and seemed to swim on the surface of the water. Other results of the upward movement during this catastrophe were observed elsewhere. The water in a pond at Dunstal, in Suffolk, was jerked up into the form of a pyramid. At some places the water was tossed out of the wells. At Loch Lomond a large stone was forced out of the water. Rocks were raised into the air from the bottom of the Atlantic, and on a vessel, about forty leagues from the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies, the anchors, which were lashed, bounced up, and the sailors thrown a foot and a half perpendicular from the deck, the ship

sinking into the water immediately afterward as low as the main-chains. At Riobamba, in South America, on the 5th of January, 1797, the bodies of many of the inhabitants were thrown, by this vertical action, upon the hill of La Cullea, which is several hundred feet high and on the opposite side of the river. During some of these convulsions in Italy, paving-stones have been tossed into the air and found with their lower sides uppermost; and at the time of a late convulsion in South America, the rising of the ground caused the sea to retire, which returned like a wall in appearance, carrying before it inland vessels, that had only a few minutes before been left dry, town and people being overwhelmed by the resistless recoil.

NORTH CAROLINA AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

An honor of no ordinary magnitude belongs to Wallace Bros., of Statesville, N. C., for one of the largest exhibitions of the Medicinal Plants of the State, that has ever been seen at any of the exhibitions; first is 650 pressed plants, giving their locality and time of flowering, the parts used medicinally, and their medical properties, besides some 300 varieties of the fruits of the above plants; 150 varieties of medical timber, showing each section of wood, bark, etc., besides 400 varieties of the cule materials taken from their general stock; also, Mosses, Ferns, and Botanic curiosities, the whole forming a beautiful display of the Materia Medica of the Old North State. From their courteous exhibitor, Mr. M. E. Hyams, I learned that new articles are constantly discovered in that State, and made available by the Pharmacists of the world. Such a novel display is creditable to this firm, and will give them a world-wide fame, which they truly deserve. North Carolina can be proud of these enterprising gentlemen, who have spent a great deal of means and of time to get up this Medical exhibition, to their interest, and the interest and welfare of the State. Their sales last year exceeded one million eight hundred thousand pounds of roots, herbs, barks, seeds and flowers, which has proved a large source of revenue to the State.—*D. K. in Masonic Journal.*

A HAPPY FIRESIDE.—Home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves—for children to love, and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle, to see a happy fireside.

Illinois has 200 cheese factories, to which 2,000,000 milch cows make daily contributions.

A simple flower may be shelter for a troubled soul from the sterns of life.