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"CAST THE NET."—"COME AND DINE."

(John xxi: 4.)

In the early, early morning,
When the weary night was o'er,
All for nought had been the toiling—
Labor long, and sad, and sore,
Light of hope had faded dimly,
Joy had almost ebbed away;
Dark the night, but scarce less darkly
Came the dawning of the day.

Thus, intent on grief, they knew not
Whose the form that came to greet,
Whose the voice across the waters—
"Children, have ye any meat?"
All bereft, unseen, forsaken,
They had deemed their lot unknown—
Nay, the love that never slumbereth
Through it all had watched His own.

On the world's wide, troubled waters,
Many fishers through the night,
Vainly casting, vainly toiling,
For they do not seek aright,
They may ply their craft full bravely,
But the hours are drear and slow,—
Doth life yield them satisfaction?
They can only answer, "No."

Hearken, then, the word commanding,
Wise, reliable, and true,
Cast the net to His directing,
For the Master speaks to you.
Do His bidding, ye shall know then
Whose the form upon the shore;
Wealth of treasure He will show then,
From the deep, unknown before.

Then they drew them in and counted;
Thus soul-fishers of to-day,
In the heavenly rest remaining,
Shall the spoils of earth display.
Here we number them not wisely—
Joy reserved till work is done—
There the glory His forever,
As we count them one by one.

Oh, the glad, glad feast awaiting,
Thirst and hunger gone for aye;
Heart's delight for heart's own feasting,
Through the long eternal day.
Closest union and communion,
Feasting on for evermore;
When the Master's voice saith sweetly,
"Come and dine," upon the shore.
A. A. M.

THE POWER OF THE DOLLAR.

For evil or for good the dollar has a mighty power, and few there be who have studied the subject. Knowledge is another power, the advantage of which the Romish Church does not admit, for she strives to keep the masses in ignorance, for do we not find her in this favored Republic denouncing and destroying the public schools? The power of education like money is often perverted to base ends. The unfortunate Tyndall has knowledge and education, but he does not know how to use them any more than many of the millionaires of this and other lands who know not the proper use of the dollar.

Knowledge and money are both good things when rightly used. It is their misuse and not their possession which entails misfortune upon their possessors. Knowledge and money do often puff up and tempt men to think more highly of themselves than they ought, and when men or women get into that unholy condition their usefulness has departed. The wise man shrinks from poverty and riches, for both are alike in their numerous and fatal temptations. The worst thing one can do for a weakling is to give him money. The best thing one can do with money is to aid those who are doing good.

When a child gets a few pennies it starts for the candy shop and buys colored poison. The

dollar of the adult goes for that which ministers to pride, than which there is nothing worse to cultivate, unless it be the gross habits of the flesh, which debase and debilitate so many. What is the matter with this young man? How is it that he is always borrowing and never able to assist the destitute and the worthy? How is it that he never makes presents to his sister, and is unkind of his mother, and never has a dollar for the charity collections of the church?

The case is a very plain one. On his own poor useless body he has wasted his salary. His dollar has gone for rings and canes, for rum, tobacco, and the kindred follies of riotous living. He must attend the theater, and go to the horse-race. These expenditures require more money than the liberal salary, so the demented creature borrows and steals. Providence has given this lad his full share of talents and opportunities, and he takes the shortest cut for the swine and the husks. His progress can be marked every day. Instead of distributing and expending the dollar wisely the fast young man and the silly young woman expend every cent upon themselves. They have not the slightest idea seemingly of the power and purpose of the dollar. These wasters are not building up, they are tearing down, destroying themselves and society by pouring their money into the lap of vice.

The wise young man who, with his salary, provides things honest and lovely, is the contrast to the stupid spendthrift whose expenditures never get beyond himself. St. Paul had trouble in his day with a class of people who made a god of their belly and had no substance left with which to serve God and mankind. The young man of thrifty habits, full brain and large heart (we have too few of them, which is chiefly the fault of mothers), puts the dollar, which in his hands is a mighty power for good, to a very different account. He considers the poor. In the Bible he is described as the man who scattereth and yet increaseth. His dollars are all placed where they will really do the most good.

When a fellow clerk falls out of employment he stands by him in the gap with words indorsed by cash. He has the acquaintance of the city missionary, and through him gives bread and garments to the blind, the sick and the needy. The money which common fools spend in tobacco, lager and rum, this uncommon young man uses to repair the damage inflicted upon society by dollars ill-spent. Mothers, can you not send out into the world more of such young men? Men and money consecrated to God—what power equals these?—*N. Y. Witness.*

We assume that it takes at least five thousand bales of cotton to furnish the farm supplies of Edgecombe county. We further state that the county, as appears from the census, produces a greater home supply than the cotton country generally.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

HARD TIMES AND THEIR OBLIGATIONS.

Now and then we hear of families starving, not off on the plains, but at our very doors. And this deplorable condition of things is as often attributable to the unwillingness of the sufferers to make known their wants as it is to the selfishness of those who have the means to relieve them. One dishonest beggar or borrower inflicts a world of injury upon honest poverty. Most people when once deceived by a lazy fellow draw tight their purse-strings for ever. They conclude that every applicant for aid is an impostor. This conclusion is reached with ease, for it soothes their acquisitiveness, whatever it may do with their consciences. These are very hard times, and almost every one whose income goes regularly on has some friend or acquaintance out of work who needs brotherly assistance. Are we dividing the loaf with them in this crisis? Have we the hungry on our minds at all? Are we going about doing good?

It is written that the man who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel, and there are a few conditions worse than that. In this class we place the spendthrift and the drunkard, who obey no other obligations but those of self-gratification. These wasters of treasure and opportunities have never learned, theoretically or experimentally, the philosophic truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive. When a great warrior returns from military victories he receives the honors of his countrymen; but that is empty satisfaction compared with that of the large-hearted philanthropist who enjoys the praises and blessings of the poor. The majority of us—even men and women inside the Church—know no rule so well as that making ourselves comfortable. We take it for granted—which is a very great mistake—that every one is able to take care of himself. The sailors, when they discover a man in trouble on the wide ocean, forget everything else and go for him. The sign of distress stirs their souls with brotherliness. On the land we are not as forward as that in kindness. We enjoy ourselves while our neighbors in the same street are without food. What we need is more of the self-sacrificing spirit.

In these trying times, when so many are unable to find employment, the first question with generous individuals and families should be: Is it well with all our friends? Men are still falling among thieves as they journey through life; are the Samaritans on the increase or decrease? This world wants nothing half so much as the brotherliness exemplified by Christ, whose mission was the welfare of the bodies and souls of men. When we do meet a Christian we find a man who is spending and being spent in these divine acts of self-denying charity.

The most effectual way of reforming the depraved and the scoffing is to be found in liberal acts of self-sacrifice. Faith and works are never separated. The

man who has been habitually helping others through life may, in his day of need, ask assistance with boldness and confidence; but who authorizes the penurious arm to be stretched out for returns where the seed of liberality was never sown? What right has a man to expect assistance in his day of trouble from friends or strangers who never lifted his little finger when they were calling for help?

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Reader, hunt up those who are ready to perish.—*N. Y. Witness.*

FLOWERS NOT REVEALERS.

As flowers emblemize our mortality, so they likewise symbolize our resurrection. Flowers perish, yet they live again and are thus symbols of our revival from the dust of the earth. It is true, they do not reveal the resurrection. The Bible alone does that. Even in those civilized lands of antiquity on which its celestial light never shone, the most observant and imaginative men did not from the return of flowers infer the resurrection of the dead. We find an ancient poet singing of the revival of flowers, and yet utterly hopeless of any resuscitation from man:

"The meanest herb we trample in the field,
Or in the garden n r use, which its leaf
In autumn dies, forbodes another spring,
And from brief slumber wakes to life again:
Man makes no more! Man, peerless, valiant,
wise,
Once chill'd by death, sleeps hopeless in the
dust,
A long, unbroken, never-ending sleep."

Flowers then are not revealers, only symbols of the resurrection. It is exclusively the province of the gospel to "bring life and immortality to light;" and therefore to those who believe it the return of flowers each spring has a new and a deeper meaning than it ever contained to men who were ignorant of the gospel. How different from the mournful lines of the pagan poet, just quoted, are these verses of a Christian one:

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like
wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

To every man who has accepted the gospel, the revival of flowers thus makes an appeal. Every opening bud tends to keep thoughts of our own resurrection fresh and forceful in our minds; and all such thoughts exert a healthful influence on our lives.—*Evangelical Magazine.*

A cactus has a form destitute of beauty. No man unaware of the fact would imagine that a plant so rugged in appearance and of such slow growth would, at the appointed time burst into such magnificent bloom. On some back shelf in the conservatory for years, it enjoys its share of water and sunshine, and continues its slow and rugged growth almost unnoticed. But by and by crimson buds appear on every part, and all the past culture is repaid by an affluence of beauty that delights each beholder. Let not any one despair of making life glorious.

THE CONVERSION OF INDIA.

A very interesting meeting of missionaries and their wives, from different parts of the world, was recently held at the Baptist Mission House in London. Among those present was Rev. J. Allen of India, whose remarks made a deep impression upon all who heard them. He said he had now passed through the three stages which every thorough-going missionary must experience: First, that of ardent zeal and confident expectation of success following upon work; secondly, that of despondency, caused by the feeling that you have made a grand mistake, and that India is not prepared to accept the Gospel; and thirdly a hopeful revulsion, arising from a clearer perception of the difficulties of the case, and of the work that was really being done. Ten years had elapsed since he entered into the third stage, and the revulsion has since deepened in his mind and heart year by year. "I can say now," continued Mr. Allen, "that I have more hope to-day of the speedy success of missions in India than I had when I entered upon the work; and this hope is founded not merely upon my own experience, but upon the testimonies of the natives themselves." Among other illustrations of the native feeling, he told of a meeting of educated natives, none of whom were Christians, who for five Sundays in succession met to discuss the question, "Is it likely that Christianity will become the religion of India?" At the close a vote was taken, and it was unanimously decided in the affirmative. They seemed thunderstruck with the results of their own deliberations. One of the gentlemen, the head-master of a government school, got up and said, "Then what are we here for?" This question was echoed by all present. The result was that they broke up and never met any more. The strong current of Western life and thought is silently at work under the surface of Indian society, every fiber of it replete with antagonism; to Hindooism and Mohanmedanism; and some day, perhaps not distant, the uprising will come with a rush. Then there will not be men enough to show inquirers the way. It will be far more difficult for the Christian Church to direct that movement than it is at present to direct the work in Madagascar.

The monument erected by the Methodist women of New England to the famous old Methodist preacher, the Rev. Jesse Lee, was dedicated at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, July 11. The monument stands in what is called "the preacher's lot," a plot where a number of distinguished Methodist ministers lie buried. It is of Scotch granite, and bears upon one side the inscription "New England Methodists erect this tribute to the memory of the Rev. Jesse Lee, on the 86th anniversary of his first sermon in Boston, preached under the old elm, on the Common, July 11, 1790.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault was on one side only.