

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## PRAYER OF AN UNFORTUNATE.

Father, come to my bed-side to-night,  
For I'm dying and there's no one in sight—  
Dying uncared for, unloved and alone,  
Come to me, Father, and call me your own.

Witness the penitent tears which I shed,  
Whisper forgiveness before I am dead,  
And kindly waft on the fair wings of love  
A prayer to the angels, bright angels above.

Once I was fair as a half-blown rose  
Unfolding its leaves to the breeze as it blows.  
Kissed by the sunlight, dripping with dew—  
I once was as pure and as beautiful too.

I gazed on the world and my heart was light,  
I thought it fair as it seemed to my sight;  
Never once dreamed of the false or untrue,  
Drinking life's sweets as a blossom the dew.

My wanton destroyer came in disguise,  
With flowers in his hands and tears in his eyes,  
With words on his lips that were burning in tone,  
Bowed his face close to mine and whispered  
"My own."

I heard him; believed him; loved him, and fell—  
Fell like an angel from heaven to hell—  
Fell beyond hope or aught to dispel  
The sorrow of loving unwisely, too well!

Such was my fate, to be led thus astray,  
And cursed and abused and driven away;  
Yet great as my sin was considered to be,  
His and the world's were as great against me.

For when I had blessed him with love undefiled,  
With love as pure as the prayer of a child,  
The knave's and the villain's heart was so small  
He betrayed my trust and accomplish'd my fall!

The world grew cold—though light was my blame,  
They smiled on him, and branded my name;  
And doomed me to wander with no where to go,  
An outcast e'en shunn'd by the mean and low;  
Backed at by the dogs, and scorned by the high.

Still dreading to live, yet fearing to die—  
Thus sentenced for years to do penance alone  
For a sin that was his and but little my own.

## THE LONDON "EVANGELICAL SOCIETY."

BY GIDEON DRAPER, IN "CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

London, the four-millioned city, is the center of unparalleled Christian effort. In this paper we wish briefly to notice its "Evangelical Society." It is claimed to be the first of the kind that has ever had an existence. While there have been solitary and detached evangelists and separate evangelistic labor, there has not before been a company of men associated for this purpose. Other organizations which have been formed for the preaching of the Gospel have been either a part of the church work of some Christian body, or have consisted of missions to the heathen. But this is an association, irrespective of denominational lines, to preach the Gospel in a Christian land. The object is to reach the heathen at home—those who are not found in church or chapel; those whom the missionary, the Bible-reader and the tract-distributor have passed by.

The society is under the control of a committee among whom are some of the best known names in the English Christian world, and is entirely undenominational in character.

It is sought to bring the Gospel by the living voice to those in towns and country districts who are without its saving power—those who would not read the printed page, and can only be impressed by the loving sympathy of

a brother man. The appeal in person strikes home as the appeal in print never can.

The territory is entire England, and it extends its operations to Ireland and to adjacent islands. The expenses are met by voluntary contributions.

Evangelists are sent according to request, and labor for a certain number of days or weeks or months, as circumstances may require.

The work is not carried on independently, but in connection with Christians in any given place. Those who find spiritual destitution in their own homes or neighborhoods, unreached by other agencies, take the initiative step, and apply to the office of the "Evangelical Society," in London, for preachers. They are sent in part or entirely at the expense of the society, if necessary. The meetings are held on neutral ground—in barn or school room, in tent or hall, in theater or in the open air; a place to which those for whom the effort is made will come; a place where all denominations of Christians can unite.

It is only the work of the evangelists. The simple Gospel is preached—salvation through Christ. No sectarian doctrines or extraneous truths are promulgated. Local Christians, without distinction or name, aid in the work, and converts join the church of their choice. It is God's message to the godless.

Candidates for the position of evangelist are admitted only after careful inquiries, and then go through a process of training for the work. This consists in a course of reading, of examinations and of lectures. And year by year, for the past nine years, their number has increased, and the sphere of their operations has enlarged. The educated and the workingman are alike employed. The latter, if a humble, devoted Christian, is found more successful among workingmen. They will come more readily to hear one of their own class, and the familiar speech finds its way more quickly to the heart.

The results have been exceedingly satisfactory. We have before us a record of two hundred and fifty-five principal places, not including those of lesser prominence, where this work has recently been carried on with great success; also, letters from clergymen of different churches, testifying to the immense good done, the salvation of those who were beyond the influence of other instrumentalities, and applying most earnestly for the further aid of this faithful co-workers in Christ.

In the lists of contributions are the names of many who remit a "thank-offering," either for their own conversion or for the conversion of a friend through the agency of this society.

It is an organization that meets a felt want. It is pushed with vigor. Captain W. E. Smith, its Honorary Secretary, at its office near the Strand, a business center of London, is indefatigable and enthusiastic in labors in its behalf. This society is the offspring of pure love for souls. It

is Christ-like in its spirit and in its aim. It unites Christians; it strengthens and enlarges the churches; it supplements, not supplants, other agencies in the field. The seal of God's blessing is evidently upon it.

A similar organization in the city of Boston, for New England; in the city of New York, for the Middle States, or for the Empire State alone; in the city of Chicago, for the West—and in others of the great capitals of our widely extended land—could but be productive of similar good. It would systematize evangelistic work. It would give it permanence. It would furnish for it a center and a watch-care. The number of evangelists would be increased, and the places confessedly in need of such labor, applying for and receiving this supplemental aid, would be vastly multiplied.

## HENRY CLAY AND GOV. METCALFE.

A relative of Gov. Metcalf has furnished us with the following incident, which will illustrate the habit "Old Stone Hammer" had of playing practical jokes. Some time before the introduction of railroads, Gov. Metcalf represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas county was a part. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State under President John Quincy Adams. It was the custom to make the trip to the National Capital in private conveyance. It was in the days of Mr. Clay's greatest popularity that the two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Gov. Metcalf's carriage; and all the arrangements perfected, they started together for that city. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. Clay told Gov. Metcalf that he had received intimations that in a certain town they were approaching, he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens (they like thousands of his fellow-countryman, loved him, but had never seen him.) Just before coming to town, Gov. Metcalf, who had all along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines and drive, as he himself was tired. Mr. Clay readily consented, whereupon the Governor took the back seat in the carriage. The honored statesman drove the team successfully into the town, and was met by a large concourse of people. Gov. Metcalf alighted from the carriage, and being asked whether he was Mr. Clay, answered yes, that he was glad to meet them, etc.; and at this the crowd fairly hoisted him upon their shoulders and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception. Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage, somewhat nonplussed, the Governor cried; "Driver, take those horses to the stable and feed them." The merriment of the crowd, when the joke was discovered, can better be imagined than described, Mr. Clay himself as heartily entering into it as the rest. Frequently afterwards he would refer to it, and said it was one of the best practical jokes he ever heard played off on a fellow.

## THE USE OF MEMORY.

"What's the use of remembering all this?" pettishly cried a boy, after his father, who had been giving him some instructions, left the room.

"I'll tell you what; memory is of great service, sometimes—indeed always," said his cousin; "for you are not obliged to tell everything you remember, and it is very awkward when you forget anything. Let me tell you a little story about a dog, to show what use was made of his memory."

"My father had a dog called Dash, and he was stolen from him once. After being absent for thirteen months, he one day entered my father's office, in Manchester, with a long string tied round his neck. He had broken away from the man who had kept him a prisoner, and though he had only been to the office two or three times before, yet he remembered it again, and jumping up at my father, expressed his joy in the way dogs do who love their masters. A man followed poor Dash into the office, claimed him as his own, and brought up several witnesses to prove the dog had been in his possession a long time. At last my father called a policeman, and charged the man with stealing his dog, and they at once proceeded to the magistrate's court. The mayor, who was presiding, asked my father if he could give any satisfactory proof of this dog being his property. My father at once placed his mouth close to the dog's ear; then giving him a knowing look, and whispering a little something well understood between them, Dash immediately reared upon his hind legs, and went through a series of maneuvers with a stick, guided by my father, which set the whole court in a roar of laughter. My father's evidence was deemed sufficient: the thief got fourteen days' imprisonment; Dash was liberated, and amid the cheers of the people, within and without the court, he bounded merrily homeward with my father, to be loved and caressed by us children.

"There, now," said the cousin, "don't you think that dog's memory was of some service?"

"That's right," said the boy's mother, who had been quietly listening to the story; "think of this, Charlie; if remembering his master's instructions served a dog so well, how much more likely is it to be important for a boy to treasure up the instructions of his father, which are given him in pure love."

The little boy, after hearing the story, could not rest till he had obtained permission from his mother to go and see Dash, and the cousin having found out the mysterious instructions given by his father, placed the walking-stick in the dog's fore paw, and uttering the magic words, the faithful animal went through his performance as he had done in court.

There are in London 8,000 children dependent on poor law relief, having either no homes at all, or no shelter but wretched dens that cannot by any euphemism be called homes.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Theo. N. Ramsay Esq. before the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of North Carolina:

"What a mighty conqueror is old king alcohol! He carries a black banner, and he takes no prisoner. He digs a ditch across our continent, and rolls sixty thousand of his slain into it annually. He marshals under his black banner an army of five hundred thousand drunkards. And this army was raised in our land, illumined by the light of fifty thousands, churches. An army of five hundred thousand drunkards in Christian America! Great God! what a sight. Look at his army as it staggers on down the broad road to ruin—broken, ragged, with blood-shot eyes and swollen limbs—tramping on to their awful doom. The only music that rolls along their shattered lines is the plaintive cry of fathers, mothers and children. Oh God, pity this multitudinous throng of whiskey-scarred, ruin-ridden, perishing humanity."

## DON'T HOARD YOUR SILVER.

The reappearance of silver, though in a very limited quantity, has caused some of our people to be seized with a mania for procuring and holding it. This is especially so among old women. Some of this class would rather burn a bushel of fractional currency than to spend a dollar in silver. This is not only foolish, but dangerous in this season of the year. Foolish because it is not worth any more than greenbacks, and dangerous, because it attracts both lightning and rogues. We are informed that during the storm which prevailed Friday the house of an old country lady, a few miles from this city, who had hoarded a few hundred dollars of the metal, was struck by lightning and badly damaged, the old lady suffering a severe shock herself. Scientists in the neighborhood say that the silver, concealed back of a bureau, attracted the lightning.—Exchange.

## WHITWASH EQUAL TO PAINT.

The following receipt for whitewash sent out of the Treasury Department to all lighthouse keepers, makes an article that answers on wood, brick or stone nearly as well as oil paint and is much cheaper: Slake half a bushel of lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt; dissolve in warm water three pounds of ground rice, put into boiling water and boil to a thin paste; halt a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash, thus prepared, in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on hot, with either painters' or whitewash brush.

Don't fail to make things clear to the little people. A child told her mother that she did not wish to be one of Christ's lambs, for the sufficient reason that she did not care to go on four legs and eat grass.