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THE SILENT LIFE.

We lead two lives, the outward seeming fair,
And full of smiles that on the surface lie;
The other spent in many a silent prayer,
With thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of gentle pain,
Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone,
The wishes half-defined, yet crushed again,
Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions we may never show,
Gild all this silent life with sweet romance;
That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,
Yet life seems brighter from each stolen glance.

This silent life, we little rock its power
To strengthen us for either good or ill;
Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar,
Or let them wander whereso'er they will.

This silent life not those we love may share,
Though day by day we strive to draw them close;
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,
Save that one eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that eye we do not quail,
Though all the world may turn from us aside,
We own a secret power that shall prevail,
When every motive of our life is tried.

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

Two very simple and axomatic principles go far to solve the much discussed woman question; first, every creature of God has a right to do, a duty of doing, whatever good work it can; ability is the measure of both right and duty. Second, the only measure of ability is experiment; the only way for any class to ascertain what are its powers is to try them.

We have little faith that woman's convention's will ever do much to solve this problem. It is not by asserting, but by doing that women are to prove their right to do. Mrs. Somerville proved the right of woman to the higher education by making herself one of the first mathematicians of Europe. The women who are quietly going on without any flourish of trumpets or waving of banners, in organizing meetings, presenting reports, engaging in discussions, manipulating business, raising money and wisely expending it in Christian work, are doing almost as much for the emancipation of their sex from the shackles of Christian conventionalism as for the deliverance of their sisters from the more intolerable shackles of a heathen conventionalism. Now and then a conservative utters an amiable growl in the columns of a religious newspaper, because they presume to "speak in meeting." Now and then some ancient, who should wear knee-breeches and shoe-buckles, with delightful naivete, proposes, as a distinguished divine did lately in Canada, that the women shall do all the work, and the men hold all the offices. But the Christian world at large accepts the demonstration of success, and honors woman for attempting whatever she can really achieve. The women of this State in quietly reforming our chaotic state charities are doing more to induct women into politics than a dozen woman's conventions; and the work done in behalf of Christian missions by such an organization as that which held its convention recently in Brooklyn, or on behalf of temperance by such a society as that which is to hold a convention in

Newark, next week, reacts on the workers. A Society which expends less than \$1,000 in salaries and room-rent, and does the good that the Woman's Union Missionary Society is doing, demonstrates its right to do its work by the clearest kind of evidence. It is a home as well as a foreign missionary society; and its home work is all the more efficient because it is unconscious.—*Alliance*.

A HASTY SUPPER.

There have been experiments to ascertain in how short a time wool can be cut from the sheep's back and made into a garment. Doubtless these prompted some citizens of Carrollton, Mo., to learn how many minutes it would require to cut wheat in the field, thresh it, grind into flour, and make into bread. A committee was formed, who with watches in hand observed the experiment. Their report is as follows:

The undersigned citizens of Carrollton and vicinity certify that at a trial made this day for the purpose of ascertaining the time in which bread could be made from wheat taken in the field standing, the following time was made by J. F. Lawton, proprietor of the mill: Commenced cutting with the reaper at 3.01 p. m.; finished cutting, 3.02; began threshing at 3.02½; finished one bushel at 3.04¼. Commenced grinding at 3.04¾; finished at 3.06¾. Mrs. Lawton began making bread at 3.08; finished at 3.08½. Griddle cake baked at 3.09½; and biscuit baked and eaten at 3.12; the whole accomplished in 11 minutes. The reaper and thresher and the mill were thoroughly cleaned out before the trial commenced, and not a particle of flour was used that did not come from the wheat cut in the above trial.—The witnesses kept separate time, and in the result all time agreed.—*Youth's Companion*.

MEN WHO COULD PROFIT BY A HINT.

It is worth a great deal to a young man to be quick enough to take the first hint of future fortune, to seize the right "chance" at the right time. One of our New England exchanges calls two illustrations of this to our recollection.

Every one knows Thorburn the seed man. It is said that Thorburn, a young Scotchman, arrived here penniless, and was working at his trade as a mechanic, when one day he bought a few beautiful flowers from an itinerant seller for a mere song. On his way home he was asked by a gentleman to sell them, and the figure named was quickly given. A profit so easily made caused him to think, and soon after Thorburn became a florist, and his establishment has been kept up for sixty years. Fairbanks, the scale maker, once kept a small country store. His scales were primitive and out of order. He made a set to suit himself, and this was the foundation of the great factory at St. Johnsbury, Vt., which now supplies a great portion of the world with its scales and balances.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

We take from an exchange this very beautiful illustration. It is simple, touching and yet thrilling:

"If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! Parents might tell him of its light, its beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sands into mounds and try to show him by stalactites how grass, flowers and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land.

And yet, though he longed to behold it, when it came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals and rock hewn rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright and blue and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him and see how poor were all the fancies and interpretations which were made within the cave of the things which lived and grew without; and how he would wonder that he could ever have regretted to leave the silence and dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where Spring growths are, and where is eternal summer, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

THE HEBREW BROTHERS.

When our great Teacher told his hearers, in the Sermon on the Mount, that they ought to make up their quarrels, and forget their mutual hatreds before performing an act of worship, probably many of them felt their hearts respond to his words. Any Jew who brought his "gift to the altar," could know from his own scripture, that the *form* of prayer is nothing without the right frame of mind.

There is a true story from the Netherlands, that two Hebrew brothers, Joseph and Isaac, affectionate, but naturally high-tempered, one day had a difference, and parted with hot anger.

It was the day before the Sabbath, and as evening drew near, Joseph's wife observed him walking to and fro, looking uneasy and unhappy. She finished and laid aside her weekly work, and waited for him to come in and make the usual preparation. The sun went down, but he still moved about, and seemed to grow more nervous and gloomy every minute.

She spoke to him. "Husband, it is almost dark. Will you not light the Sabbath lamp?"

But Joseph paid no heed. Presently she called him again. "Dear husband, why do you not come in? The Sabbath has already begun. Behold! overhead the Lord has lit His stars. But

our lamp is dark."

Then Joseph, looking more troubled than ever, suddenly seized his staff and walked away, leaving his wife in anxiety and wonder. He was gone, however, but a very short time, and when he returned, his face and manner were entirely changed.

Calmly he offered the Sabbath prayer, and then, with a smile, he lit the Sabbath lamp. His wife still wondering, questioned him.

"Rebecca, my beloved," he said, "I could not worship till I was reconciled with Isaac. It is done and now I am at peace."

"But," said she, "how could you go to Isaac's house and come back so soon?"

"Ah, Rebecca, my brother could not rest any more than I, and he met me on the way, and there we embraced and wept together."

"Be angry and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," is a Christian precept. But more primitive worshippers of God, who have never owned that the New Testament is the perfect blossom of the Old, are found to obey this as a pious obligation, proving that the law of love is as ancient as the Creation.

A grandson of Joseph and Rebecca became a Christian minister, the eminent Dr. Capadose, of Holland, who, while living, often related the above story with delight and gratitude.

TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

The true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincy pictures a woman sailing over the water, awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after another by our carelessness, like pearls from a string, as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of the golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such loud exclaim.

There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight; drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing, consume and waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as useless and worthless lives as themselves. Were every man and woman an honest toiler, all would have an abundance of everything and half of every day for recreation and culture. The expenditure of a few dollars on taste is a small matter in comparison with the wasting of months and years by thousands who have every advantage society can offer, and exact every privilege it affords as a right.

GIVE YOURSELF.

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times, I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections, that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself."—*Ex.*

COURAGE.

"There is a moral courage which enables a man to triumph over foes more formidable than were ever marshalled by any Cæsar—a courage which impels him to do his duty; to hold fast his integrity; to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man—at every hazard and sacrifice, in defiance of the world and of the prince of the world. Such was the courage of Moses, of Joseph, of Daniel, of Aristides, of Phocion, of Regulus, of Paul, of Luther, of Washington. Such was the courage which sustains every good man amidst the temptations, allurements, honors, conflicts, opposition, malice, cruelty, persecution, which beset and threaten him at every stage of his progress through life. It is not a noisy, obtrusive, blustering boastful courage, which pushes itself into notice when there is no real danger, but which shrinks away when the enemy is at the door. It is calm, self-possessed, meek, gentle, unostentatious, modest, retiring, but when the fearful arrives, then you shall behold the majesty of genuine Christian courage, in all her native energy, breathing the spirit of angelic purity, and grasping victory from the fiery furnace or the lion's den, when not one of all the millions of this world's heroes would have ventured to share her fortune.

"I fear God, and I have no other fear," is the sublimest sentiment ever felt or uttered by mortal man."

There are some preachers who can manage to deliver a sermon and leave out Christ's name altogether. Surely the true believer will stand like Mary Magdalene, over the sermon and say: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have taken Him."—*Spurgeon*.