

The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME II.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1876.

NUMBER 51.

THERE'S ONLY ONE.

There's only One on whose dear arm
We safely lay our thoughts to rest;
There's only One who knows the depth
Of sorrow in each stricken breast.

There's only One who knows the truth
Amid this world's deceit and lies;
There's only one who views each case
With just, unselfish, candid eyes!

There's only One who marks the wish,
Nor cruelly, severely blames;
There's only One too full of love
To put aside the weakest claims.

There's only One, when none are by,
To wipe away the falling tear;
There's only One to heal the wound,
And stay the weak one's timid fear.

There's only One who understands
And enters into all we feel;
There's only One who views each spring,
And each perplexing wheel in wheel.

There's only One who will abide
When loved ones in the grave are cold;
There's only One who'll go with me
When this long painful journey's told.

O blessed Jesus! Friend of friends!
Come hide us 'neath thy sheltering arm;
Come down amid this wicked world,
And keep us from its guilt and harm.

PLATO'S CAVE.

There are few Sunday School children who do not understand what is meant by the word caves. They know they are hollow places under the ground, and imagine many wonderful things concerning them; especially do they delight in the anticipation of exploring one of these subterraneous caverns. This romantic interest in the unknown, in the strange and mysterious, is not implanted in our natures merely to give us pleasure, but to compel us to study and search out the hidden things not only in and under the earth, but in heavenly places.

There are few who have not heard of the Cave of Adullam, where the youthful David hid from his enemy, and of the cave "on the other side of the Little Hermon," inhabited by the Witch of Endor; also of the Cave of Machpelah—the double cave—where the "Friend of God" buried his wife, Sarah.

Many children take unceasing delight in reading of the magnificent caverns, blazing with gold and jewels, so frequently mentioned in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." There is a wonderful charm hanging about the cave of the Forty Thieves and the magic words "Open sesame." The Cave of Mammon is one more marvelous still, where this money-god tried to entice the elf-knight, Guyon, to bow down and worship him. He led him through room after room in his cavern, each exceeding the others in quantities of gold, and also in the dreadful scenes that met them at every turn. The doors opened of their own accord, the roof, and floor, and walls were all of gold; but every evil passion dwelt there in horrid form, and but a "narrow stride" divided it from a place deeper, darker, and yet more dreadful. The gentle knight could not be tempted to accept Mammon's "offered grace," but boldly answered,

"Another bliss before mine eyes I place—
Another happiness, another end;
All that I need I have: what needeth mo
To covet more than I have cause to use?"

I do not wish to describe any of these more particularly now—not even the celebrated Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, which the children would call a sure-enough cave—but there is one about which I would like to tell every

Sunday School scholar. It is the largest, darkest, and most dismal cave in the whole world. There is some light, but it is the light of smoking, evanescent torches, or of pitiful, glimmering fires. There are no open ways through which a man may walk uprightly; there is no firm, solid ground upon which he may tread, feeling that his pathway is secure. There are no glittering gems of Truth; no crystallizations of Beauty; no sweet, trickling streams nor sparkling cascades of Purity; no broad arches nor strong columns of Knowledge; no wonderful arcades, no far-reaching aisles of Fancy; and, alas! no deep, clear rivers of Thought. And yet this cave is full of human beings! It is Plato's Cave of Ignorance. That wise, good man said, many hundred years ago, that men without education are like beings confined in such an underground dwelling as this. From childhood and upward they have been confined there, with chains upon their necks and legs, so they have the power of looking forward only. They hear nothing but the echoes of their own inharmonious voices, and see nothing but the shadows that fall from the fire on the opposite side of the cave. These shadows—distorted images as they are, now brightening now fading with the changing, flickering light of the fire—are the only exhibitions of life they have; and here they must stay just so long as they will to do so. "There is a power abiding in the soul" by which every person can lift himself up out of this cave, and "Know thyself" is the "Open sesame" written over the temple door of each human heart, so that "he that runneth may read it."

Education is, literally, the process of leading the mind out of such a cavern as this into the warm sunlight of Knowledge, and the clear, breezy atmosphere of Truth.

How many Sunday School children will strive against sliding down into the Cave of Ignorance?—Selected.

A GENTLEMAN.

When you have found a man you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

A gentleman is just a gentleman—no more, no less—a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetite. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knight-hood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of

cool spring water which was to quench his thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorts the Philippian Christians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barlow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world." He who can look up to his God with the most believing confidence is sure to look most gently on his fellow-men; while he who shudders to lift his eyes to heaven often casts the haughtiest glances on the things of earth.

Live that the radiance of thy life may be
A light to wanderers on life's storm-swept sea—
A light that ever shineth through the dark,
Warning from a treacherous sands each human
bark.

ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

A correspondent of the New York Observer writes: "I was surprised to witness the intelligence of some of these useful animals. They are employed on the public works, and their enormous strength enables them with apparent ease to draw stones of great magnitude, and what is more, to place them where needed. They are used in the construction of bridges, and will work in the water all day. They will push a stone as carefully as a gang of men. It is interesting to see these huge animals move about until they get a secure place to stand, and then exert their amazing strength in moving a stone just as the mason waves his hand. In the large timber-yards of India these useful animals are very extensively used. It is only necessary to watch one for a little while to be satisfied of the wonderful strength as well as sagacity of these animals. They are employed in drawing and fitting the huge logs used in ship-building. They will draw large logs over very rough roads from the forests. They will take up a log weighing two tons on their tusks and hold it in its place with their proboscis, and carry it apparently with more ease than fifty coolies would. When one of these sagacious animals has brought you a log from a pile, you may send him for the next log by merely pointing at it, and he will toil patiently all day and make piles of logs, and as nicely as a gang of men could do. They are always very careful not to injure their tusks, especially not to break them near their heads. One man, who had a large lumber and timber yard, said it took over a year to teach his elephant the lumber business;

bat, he added, he never forgot. These trained elephants will bring in India from five hundred to three thousand repees each, depending upon the sagacity of the animals."

SONG OF THE STARLING AND BOBOLINK.

If California has no mocking-bird, like the South, and no bobolink, like New England, it nevertheless has a starling. The song of the bobolink is a sort of ecstasy—"pure rapture," as Ike Marvel says—the inspiration of its favorite clime is the Carolinas, and it sings never so well as when swaying blithely on a wind-rocked bush. The mocking-bird, too, sings with a Southern abandon, shaking from his little throat "floods of delicious music." But the starling has the richest voice. It sits all the morning in the modest place it loves—generally hidden in the bush—and from the fullness of its own deep and quiet joy pours forth the incomparable sweetness of its orisons. It needs no spurts and jumps of coquetry, no flitting and swinging on the bush, and flashing of gaudy colors in the sun, to trill forth its peerless song. In my opinion the California starling is the one perfect singer of our continent. France has never produced a contralto singer, and Italy can boast but little more; but ice-bound Scandinavia gives us Jenny Lind and Nilsson. The flippancy songsters of the sunny South (for the bobolink is nearly Southern) can never compare with the starling, dwelling in the cool and changeless mountain-valleys of California.—Selected.

WEDDING IN BORNEO.

On the wedding-day the bride and bride-groom are brought from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is to be performed. They are made to sit on two bars of iron, that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous may attend the pair. A cigar and a betel leaf, prepared with the areca nut are next put into the hands of the bride and bridegroom. One of the priests then waves two fowls over the heads of the couple, and, in a long address to the Supreme Being, calls down blessings upon the pair, and implores that peace and happiness may attend the union. After the heads of the affianced have been knocked against each other three or four times, the bridegroom puts the prepared leaf and cigar into the mouth of the bride, while she does the same to him, whom she thus acknowledges as her husband.

None but the eye of Omniscience can pass a fair and just judgement on the issues of life. Our unfruitfulness is great, our sins greater, but God's mercies greater than both.

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said, "It's of no use; I was cut out for a loafer."

"Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out, understood his business."

ADVICE GRATIS.—A quack doctor advertises to this effect: "Cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture, you can't."

"I take my text dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat portion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Foesions."

"Home's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night.

"That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?" "Certainly not, my child; why do you ask that question?" "Because I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

The approaching marriage of the Earl of Rosebery with the only child of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild has raised a slight flutter in the higher circles of English society. Among the Hebrews, especially the rabbis, who regard with marked disfavor. Mixed marriages between Jew and gentile are their abomination. This will be the third marriage contracted between a female Rothschild and a member of the British aristocracy. Sir Anthony Rothschild's daughter married a brother of Lord Hardwicke, the Hon. Eliot Yorke, M. P. for Cambridgeshire. It is conceded in England that the Earl of Rosebery is the most rising peer on the Liberal side in the House of Lords. The late baron was a great sporting man, and was very much attached to Lord Rosebery, who is now to take to himself one of the most amiable, if not the handsomest, of all the Rothschild ladies, who, by the way, is the richest heiress in the world. He left eight millions of money, and his daughter, being his only child, received seven out of the eight under her father's will.

The bust of Charles Kingsley has just been unveiled in the baptistery of Westminster Abbey. This is becoming a second, 'Poets' Corner,' the statue of Wordsworth and the busts of Keble and Maurice being already placed there, and the stained widow through which the light shines on the brows of Kingsley and Maurice has in it the figures of George Herbert and Cowper. The ceremony was very simple. Mr. Maurice Kingsley drew the cloth away in the presence of a small group of the family and some few intimate friends, and Canon Duckworth, who succeeded Mr. Kingsley in his canonry, said a few graceful words as an *éloge*. The bust itself is an extremely fine work, equal to anything Mr. Woolner has done. It is fitly placed hard by that of Maurice, and the presence of Keble also only serves to point the fact that all theological controversies are are stilled in the grave, and that the fiery soul which fretted Charles Kingsley's body, and the sweet singer who was an acrimonious controversialist are both at rest, where beyond these voices there is peace.