

The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME III.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1877.

NUMBER 2.

THE TWO REAPERS.

There went two reapers forth at morn,
Strong, earnest men were they,
Bent each at his appointed task,
To labor through the day.

One hid him to the valley, where
Ripe stood the golden grain;
He reaped, and bound it into sheaves,
And sang a merry strain.

And lo! the other takes his stand,
Where rolls the battle's tide,
His weapon, late so clear and bright,
With sanguine gore is dyed.

And furiously he tramples down
And lays the ripe corn low;
He is death's reaper, and he gives
A death for every blow.

To which of these two earnest men
Most honor should we give,
He who destroys, or works to save
The food, whereby we live?

And by the mighty Judge of all
Which, think ye, is abhorred?
Which deems He best for men to use,
The sickle, or the sword?

THE KINGS OF BUSINESS.

Who are these Kings of Business—those uncrowned monarchs of the modern world? What are they? Where do they originate? By what means do they accumulate these great resources? In what respect do they differ from the men who attempt a similar career and fall out of the course disabled and defeated? Is it their virtue or their want of virtue that gives them success? These are interesting questions, because these men are the masters of our modern world. They carry the purse and pay everybody, and it is apparently a law of nature that the hand which signs the check wields the power.

As a rule, these Kings of Business begin life near the bottom of what is called the social scale. They generally begin very poor. Crabb Robinson records that the late Lord Southampton applied to the Bishop of Landaff for advice how to bring up his son so that he would get forward in the world. "I know of but one way," replied the bishop: "Give him pains and poverty." "Well then," said the father, who was noted for his free living, "if God has given him parts, I will manage as to the poverty." Another English nobleman, Lord Derby, mentioned a curious circumstance in regard to a gentleman in Australia. At a gaming table in Australia four people were sitting, three of whom were members of a sheep farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, and the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep his own accounts. But I venture to say he knew sheep, knew land, knew markets, knew wool. It is an unquestionable fact that both in Australia and America these founders of huge business are, as a rule, unlettered men, whose college was a rough, hard, long grapple with material things.

It is also true that they usually take hold, very early in life, of some plain work that lies under their noses, and keep to that until it issues into a splendid and magnificent.

It is essentially the same story with all these Kings of Business. They learn how to do some one

thing superlatively well, and then they keep on doing it better and better. Near Pittsburg there is the great Cambria Iron Works, which employs seven thousand persons in making steel rails and iron—a great town of people, all in the service of one Company. "What is the secret of such a development of business as this?" a visitor asked of the President and rallying spirit, Daniel J. Morrell. His answer was: "We have no secret. We always try and beat our last batch of rails. That's all the secret we've got, and we don't care who knows it."

In Philadelphia, Henry Dexton & Sons sell five tons of saws every day—an immense quantity, for a saw is very thin and light. Forty years ago he landed on these shores, aged fourteen, with his father and sister, and, two days after landing, the father died, leaving those two orphans alone in a strange land. He got work in a saw shop, and by and by began business for himself in a small cellar. The simple secret of his marvellous prosperity is that he worked saws to the very utmost, both theory and practice, and learned how to make better saws than had ever been made before.

Why are the Rothschilds the first bankers of the world? Because in a business career of one hundred and two years, they have never failed to keep an engagement. Why is the Chemical Bank in New York the most solid and profitable bank in America? Because in the panic of 1837, when all other banks ceased to pay gold for their notes, that bank did not and never has. When gold was at 286, if you presented one of its fifty dollar notes at the counter, and asked its equivalent in gold, you got fifty dollars in gold. Why is the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford the first of its kind in America? Simply because, after the great fires of New York, Portland, Chicago, Boston, it did what it had undertaken and engaged to do—paid its losses. When Cornelius Vanderbilt, at eighteen, learned that to him had been awarded the contract for surveying supplies to the different forts in New York Harbor, he started with astonishment. He had declined to compete with the other boatmen in price, but had offered to do the work on just terms. The commissary, observing his surprise, said to him, "Don't you know why we have given this contract to you?" "No," replied the youth. "Why, it is because we want that business done, and we know you'll do it."

In the whole world I do not believe there can be found a business fifty years old which is not founded on the principle of rendering an equivalent for all that it receives. Honesty is the rock upon which all enduring success rests.

Make money, therefore, by any honorable means within your reach and your ability. But when you have won independence, withdraw and make room for younger men. Then set up, not a carriage merely, any one can do that, but a hobby, suited

to your powers and means. Choose it well. If you have a turn for improving the breed of sheep or pigs, do that. If you dote upon a horse, raise a colt to beat Dexter. If it is in you to write a book, write it. If science attracts you, pursue your favorite branch. If public life and immortal fame allure you, run for Congress. If nature has gifted you with social talents and a friendly heart, throw open wide your house and entertain people rationally and handsomely. If the sorrows of the poor and the orphan move you, pass happy days in helping them help themselves. If you desire to found an institution, do it. Don't have it done after your death. If you bequeath money for public objects, give it without conditions, to an institution which has shown some right to exist by having existed. Then may it be written upon your gravestone, or your urn, if you prefer cremation: "This person having fairly won the right to his fame, set up a noble hobby, and rode it worthily all the rest of his days."—James Parton.

DANGER OF VICE.

When men first enter upon a vicious course, there may be nothing to excite their fears. The Niagara river, above the rapids, is as smooth and quiet as a summer sea.

Launch your bark on that river. It is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow. The silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly, some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you." "Hail! we have heard of the rapids, but we are such fools as to get there, if we go too fast, then we shall strike the shore; we will hoist the sail, and speed to land." "Then, boys, don't be alarmed; there's no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The rapids are below you."

"Hail! we will laugh and quaff; all raring delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may. Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware, beware! The rapids are below you. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like wildgeord upon the brow! Set the mass! hoist the sail!"—Ah, ah! it is too late, too late!—Selected.

EARLY IN THE MORNING.

The first hour of the morning is the radder of the day. Men commit a grave sin against themselves who sleep away and stupefy the early hours of the day. If

the very first of your thoughts and feelings on waking in the morning have been trained to rise to God; you bathe upward, and come down cleansed, cool, calm, and poised in spirit, you will find it easier all day long to go right, and to keep a sweet mind; you will be more likely to remain children of light through the whole of the day. But if, morning after morning, you go on without preparation, without definite aim, without communion with God, little by little you will get dulled on the spiritual side, and more and more fiery on the worldly side; you will be swept away by daily excitement; and by and by you will have a long and doleful repentance, and in trying to get back from your blackslidings will go through the experience which is so needless and so unbecoming, but unhappily so common, in the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Take the earliest hours of the morning from day to day to see things in their large relations, in a spiritual light, and in the pure, clear atmosphere of the conscious presence of God.—Church Union.

THE POWER OF MEN TO GROW.

We can all become larger than we are. The men that have capacities, the men that have energies, the men that have propulsive, forceful power to them, have the ability, as it seems to me, to enlarge themselves and to enlarge themselves in noble directions. I don't think that any of us are to day just where we were yesterday or shall be tomorrow where we are to-day. I think mankind are enlarging. I think we are growing better larger in our sympathies; I think the great splendid sentiment of humanity is at last coming to give the true definition of men's thoughts. The good angels are coming in—angels of pity, angels of mercy, angels of affection—and these represent more than they used to represent in older times.

Now the father in a family is under the law of growth, as young trees in the centre of groves are under the law of growth—for all men when they seem old to you, when they seem old with the age of forty years, or of fifty years, or of sixty years, or of seventy years, are but nursery plants in the great world of being; they are not tinged yet in any measurement of their years. Now, you may take the father of a family, and he can grow crabbed or he can grow agreeable; he can grow gruff, or he can grow suave. He can advance in the ways that are sweet and amiable and pleasant, or in ways that are the reverse.—Church Union.

REPAIRING AN ACCIDENT.

Most of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the anecdote of Newton and his pet dog, Diamond. After the publication of his great work, the "Principia," Newton turned his attention to chemistry, spending a long time in its study, and writing out his observations and discoveries. One day, when the philosopher was at

church, Diamond turned over a lighted candle, which set fire to all the papers on which his work was written.

When Sir Isaac returned and found the charred heap, he exclaimed, with admirable self-command, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little thinkest the mischief thou hast done!" But the philosopher's grief at the loss of his work is said to have affected his brain, for though he lived forty years after the accident, and published several editions of his works, he never made any more great discoveries.

We have recalled the incident in order to contrast its effect with the influence of a similar accident on an American jurist.

In 1821, the Legislature of Louisiana elected Edward Livingston to revise the entire system of criminal law of the State. Accepting the trust, he gave himself for two years to the preparation of a code of criminal law, in both the French and English languages. He had given the final touches to the manuscript. A copy, for the printer, had been made, fifty or sixty pages of which were in his hands.

One night, Mr. Livingston sat up to one o'clock to finish the task of comparing the two papers. He retired to rest, and in two or three hours was awoke by the cry of fire. He rushed to the writing-room, where it had broken out, to find both drug and copy of his code reduced to ashes. Great was his dismay, though outwardly the serenity of his demeanor was unruffled. He soothed his wife and daughter, who were in the greatest distress at the loss, and the night after the accident sat up until three o'clock, working to reproduce the burnt code. He was then sixty years of age, but in two years he had completed the reproduction of his great work of which an English jurist said that it showed Livingston to be "the first legal genius of modern times."—Youth's Companion.

SINGING TO COWS.—Cows are sociable, and understand more than we suppose. The way I came in possession of this choice bit of knowledge, Tim and I used to sing to our cows. They knew very quick when we changed from one tune to another. We have tried them repeatedly. When we sang sober church hymns, they'd lop their ears down, look serious and chew their cud very slowly, reminding me—no irreverence meditated—of nice old ladies in church, listening to the words of the preacher, yet all the time munching cloves. Then we'd change to some quick air, "Yankee Doodle" or the like, and they would shake their heads, open their eyes, blink at us as much as to say, "Stop, don't you know we are the deacon's cows?" But when we would stop entirely, every cow would turn her head, as if asking us to go on with our singing. If it was pleasant, we generally sang together through the entire milking. I love the dear animals that add so much to our comfort. Boys, will you not be kind to the cows!—Canada Farmer.