

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL. III.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1877.

NO. 49.

JOHN MAYNARD.

BY ANONYMOUS.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.
Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue
waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?
A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low;
The captain's swarthy face grew pale.
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
And clear his orders came,
No human effort could avail
To quench th' insidious flame.
The bad news quickly reached the
deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked on the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore;
"But one," the captain made reply—
"To run the ship on shore."
A sailor, whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal—
By name John Maynard, eastern born—
Stood calmly at the wheel.
"Head her south-east!" the captain
shouts.
Above the smothered roar,
"Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"
No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"
Three hundred souls—the steamer's
freight—
Crowd forward wild with fear,
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.
John Maynard watched the nearing
flames,
But still, with steady hand,
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard," with an anxious
voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that daunt-
less heart
Responded firmly, still
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help I will!
The flames approach with giant strides,
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side,
Ah, he is conquered now!
But no! his teeth are firmly set,
He crushes down the pain—
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.
One moment yet! one moment yet!
Brave heart thy task is o'er!
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful voices rise
In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from th' engulfing sea.
But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their
task,
He sunk beside the wheel.
The waves received his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him! Hero never had
A nobler funeral pyre!

We copy three more of the letters received in answer to our circular because many will wish to see what others have said:

We, the undersigned, having been appointed a committee by New Lebanon, No. 314, to report upon and answer questions relative to the Orphan Asylum, as requested by J. H. Mills, Supt., in his circular addressed to our Lodge, beg leave to report as follows:

Answer to question 1st. We fear the present system of supporting the Orphan Asylum may not be sufficient to carry on the work. We therefore suggest that the Grand Lodge, at its next annual meeting, appoint a committee to wait upon the next General Assembly of our State and urge upon that

body the claims of the destitute orphans of our State, and ask that suitable appropriation be made for their relief as provided for by our State Constitution, as in our opinion the indigent orphans are entitled to as much consideration as adult paupers.

Answer to question 2nd. We do not think its operations should be curtailed, but enlarged if possible.

Answer to question 3rd. Our Lodge has contributed since the last annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, \$12.38. All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. A. SPENCER,
FRANCIS N. MULLEN, } Com.
JNO. M. HINTON,

FRANKLIN, N. C., Nov. 21, 1877.

Bro. J. H. Mills:—By order of Junaluskee Lodge, No. 145:—I send you the following response to your inquiries:

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Junaluskee Lodge, No. 145:—

The committee to whom was referred the subject of the Orphan Asylum, at Oxford, N. C., have duly considered the address of Bro. J. H. Mills, Supt. of the Orphan Asylum, directed to this Lodge, and respectfully report that the address sets forth a fair success for the past five years, considering the means at his command, with encouraging prospects for the future, and propounds three distinct questions, to which he expects answers from this to lay before the Grand Lodge. Your committee conclude that our best report will be to suggest answers to these several questions such as will be appropriate thereto, and meet the approbation of the Lodge.

1. "Do you prefer any other to the present plan of supporting the Orphan Work?"

Answer: Our position in relation to the Asylum is so remote, and our knowledge of its operations so limited, that we have no suggestions to make in reference to changes.

2. "Ought our operations to be curtailed or enlarged?"

Answer: We think they should be so enlarged as to meet the demands of the indigent within the means at the command of the Institution.

3. "How much has your Lodge contributed since the last communication of the Grand Lodge?"

Answer: Nothing. Our Lodge has but a small amount of funds, and our dues to the Grand Lodge have heretofore been quite as strong a drain upon our treasury as our resources will justify. Nevertheless we will cheerfully cooperate with our brethren under the same jurisdiction, in any benevolent enterprise, for the education and training of our destitute orphans, as far as we can in justice to the claims of others of a similar character and nearer home, and such as would not likely leave their mothers and relatives, and go so far from home as to receive the benefits of the Asylum located at Oxford. Respectfully submitted.

H. G. WOODFIN, } Com.
J. S. MOORE,

The foregoing report was unanimously adopted in open Lodge at its regular communication in Franklin, N. C., Nov. 20, 1877, and ordered that the Secretary forward the same under seal of the Lodge to Bro. J. H. Mills.

H. G. WOODFIN, Sec.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Nov. 23, 1877.

J. H. Mills:—Dear Sir and Bro: Your printed circular was received and laid before our Lodge at its Oct. meeting.

Answer to question 1st: we think the question of endowment might be agitated with advantage; also to apply to the Legislature for State aid, by the proper persons, might not be fruitless. We approve the present plan. Answer to question 2nd. We prefer to enlarge if possible. Answer to question 3rd. We forwarded for the benefit of the Orphans for the masonic year just closed \$7.50. I am authorized by the brethren to say that our efforts in behalf of that Noble Charity shall be doubled in the future; our Lodge is young and at present is laboring under a heavy debt. Yours Fraternally.

CYRUS MURPHY,
Sec. Lock's Creek Lodge, No. 333.

LABOR FOR FUTURE RESULTS.

One of the most eminent and successful teachers of the present century once remarked to a pupil, who was restive under some

well-merited discipline, "I care far less as to what you think of me and my treatment now than I do what you will think of me and my management twenty years hence." The teacher referred to was at the head of one of the oldest and best academies in New England,—an honor to his chosen profession, and highly esteemed by the community in which he lived and labored. Several years have passed since he was called to his reward, but the student to whom the remark was made is still living, and is a highly respectable and useful member of the clerical profession. Though at the time the remark was made, he felt not its force, he has lived long enough to appreciate its truth and wisdom.

There is a lesson in this incident which we would be glad to impress upon the minds of teachers. The lesson is this: "Labor for the future good and usefulness of your pupils. Let all your instruction and discipline have reference to their usefulness and happiness as men and women in coming years." Probably there is no class of laborers more strongly tempted to gain immediate results than teachers. When the release from some difficult task, or from some well-deserved discipline will secure the temporary good will of a pupil and the good opinion of his parents, the teacher is often strongly tempted to yield to a momentary pressure without considering what the effect will be upon the future of the pupil. In this way many a teacher of moderate abilities has gained an ephemeral popularity, while another of rare powers and marked fidelity has, for a time, failed to secure popular favor. But in "the long run," the strictly faithful and conscientious teacher will "bear the palm" and receive true honor and respect.

The true teacher will keep constantly in view the highest and best good of his pupils, and not allow himself to relax either in rules of study or discipline, merely for the sake of gaining the immediate good will of pupils or parents. Let it be remembered by the teacher that his pupils will soon become citizens and that his great and constant duty is to give them such instruction and discipline as will tend best to prepare them for the duties of good citizens.

If a boy about to go upon a hunting excursion should be excused by an indulgent father from taking the necessary ammunition on the ground that he did not like the trouble of carrying it, he might, for the time, thank his father for the act of indulgence, but how will he feel when he reaches the hunting ground, finds the desired game abundant and himself destitute of the necessary materials for securing the same? Will he not feel inclined to censure his over-indulgent father for allowing him to come without the needed ammunition? Most certainly he will, and he will also feel that his excursion has proved a useless one,—a failure.

It is the teacher's high duty to send his pupils forth into the community well stored with such information and discipline as they

will need to enable them wisely and successfully to discharge the duties and meet the obligations which await all good citizens.

To the teacher we would say,—strive to be strictly faithful in all your duties. Aim not for mere temporary applause but for the highest good of your pupils. In every case let the question be, not how will this or that course best please pupil or parent,—but rather what course will best meet the approval of pupils when they reach the age of manhood. Strive to have your entire dealings with your pupils of such a nature that when you meet them as men they will greet you as one who had been faithful to them and given them such lessons and discipline as had prepared them to "act wisely" their parts in life.

Teacher,—your duty is not simply to perform the "routine" duties of the school room,—but so to labor that you will daily do something, by word or action,—often more by action than by word,—to prepare your pupils for the wise and faithful discharge of the duties of good citizens. How soon the boys of to-day will become men,—powerful in their influence for good or evil! Which is shall be depends largely upon those who shape their early discipline and education. Teacher,—don't forget, that, in no small degree, you decide what the character and influence of the men and women of the future will be. —Charles Northend, in *National Teachers' Monthly*.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

A ragged little errand boy was carefully printing this text on a gate with a piece of white chalk. So absorbed was he with his work that he never noticed a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood behind him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, little lad, well done!" said the old man. "Where did you learn that?"

"At the ragged school, sir," replied the boy, half frightened, and thinking the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

"Don't turn away; I'm not going to hurt you. What is your name?"

"Nicholas"
"Nicholas what?"
"Nicholas Lambert, sir."
"You are an errand-boy, I see; isn't that your basket?"

"Yes, sir."

"So you learned that text at the ragged school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? a lamp! a thing what gives light!"

"And what is the word that the text speaks of?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas.

"There's a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lamp in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lamp, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one should ask such a foolish question.

"What would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up, and give it to you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated: but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and with an answering one on his own he said, "I should want to, sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"O," said the gentleman, "so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you had never heard of the Bible you would steal, I suppose."

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head.

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like a lamp," said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant, "is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to tread. But suppose you kept the slide over the lamp, would it be of any use?"

"No; there 'ud be no light, sir."

"Neither will the Bible give us light if we keep the Bible slide down. How can you keep the Bible slide down?"

"By keeping of it shut and not reading it," said Nicholas, doubtfully.

"That's it. Now, my lad, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you will be safer with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because, if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. "If I minds the Bible I shall go to heaven!" he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you and mind you keep the slide up."

"Sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap, "I'll mind."—*Baptist Weekly*.

The best way is not to give your child oral directions as to the path of virtue, but to walk in it yourself and take him with you.