

The Orphans' Friend.

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NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

And a 'churchman' down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated in the wind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of common prayer;
And though I put on a stary crown
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to 'the Church' or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made,
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind sighed away his hat,
A moment he silently cried out that,
And then as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of
Psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And Hymns as many—a very wise thing—
That people in heaven all round might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And, after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them thro' and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished passed through alone
Without his manuscript up to the throne.

Then gravely walking two saints by name,
Down to the river together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But I have been dipped as you'll see me now."

"And really I think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion' to cross with you,
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunged with all his might
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now when the river was rolling on
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable
throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along,
And concerning the road they could ne'er
agree.

The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."
Or, "I'm in the old way and you're in the
new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say,
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then—
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have we not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, 'let the women keep silent all!'"

I watched them all in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ, the Savior, died,

Came out alike on the other side.
No furms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creed to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

THE RIGHT USE OF BOOKS.

One who possessed a rare collection of books, gathered during many years of travel in various lands, expressed his regret at the loss of some volumes which he highly prized, and found it impossible to replace. A friend, who heard the remark, said in reply, "I should not think you would lend out such works; people are so careless about returning borrowed books." "If I did not loan out my books," was the answer, "probably many of the most valuable works of which my library is composed, would never fall into the hands of those who now borrow of me. The true owner of a good book is not he who has paid out a few dollars for its possession; but he who first conceived the thoughts, and put them into a form to instruct and benefit his fellow-men, with the desire that they should accomplish the greatest possible amount of good. If I then, with the means that God has given me, purchase such a book, have I the right to keep it to myself, thus limiting the amount of the author's usefulness, and depriving those who could not or would not buy it, of the benefit of its perusal?"

Besides, when I feel tempted to lose my patience in losing one of my books, I call to mind that I brought not one of them into the world with me, and not one can I take with me when I depart hence; while the good that I may accomplish by placing a valuable book in the hands of my fellow-men will be a source of rejoicing throughout eternity. The books I call mine, if not otherwise destroyed, must at last be burnt at the general conflagration of all things; but a soul saved through my instrumentality, by whatever means, will be a star in the crown of my rejoicing for ever and ever. Thus, by the circulation of good books, may I share in the reward of him who writes them, when "he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together," and Jesus shall have the glory of all.—*American Messenger.*

WHAT SHALL I TEACH MY CHILD.

Teach him that it is better to die than to lie; that it is better to starve than to steal; that it is better to be a scavenger or wood-chopper than to be an idler and dead-beat; that it is just as criminal, and more reprehensible, to waste Monday than to desecrate Sunday; that labor is the price of all honest possessions; that no one is exempt from the obligation to labor with head, or hands, or heart; that "a man is the noblest work of God;" that knowledge is power; that labor is worship, and idleness is sin; that it is better to eat the crust of independent poverty than to luxuriate amidst the richest viands as a dependent. Teach him these facts till they are woven into his being and regulate his life, and we will insure his success, though the heavens fall.—*Exchange.*

BOY PREACHER.

Mark Boatner Chapman aged fourteen, is a sensation "boy preacher," who is struggling up in Louisiana. A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, writing from Clinton, the place of his residence, says of the phenomenon:

Several years ago he was received in the Church. Very soon after this he commenced instructing his father's servants on the afternoon of every Sabbath. His custom was to read a chapter and comment upon it, having first closely studied the chapter consulting Benson, Clark and Wesley on every passage.—He at length began, says a writer to the Memphis Advocate, to speak in the love-feasts and class meetings, then to pray in the public congregation. His appearance is that of the merest boy, and he seems wholly unconscious of any superior gifts or attainments. He now preaches regularly every Sabbath at his father's place, near town. His parents have refused to allow him to enter the pulpit and supply the place of the regular minister on the Sabbath, although he is often solicited to do so. He does nothing without permission from his parents.—He attends school and joins in all the amusements of the boys of his own age; he is a mere child everywhere save when preaching. On last Sabbath I sat under his ministry, and have seldom been more edified and delighted with a sermon. His style is chaste, his words fitly and happily chosen. The nicest critic would not detect a grammatical error. His manner is earnest, and his pathetic appeals reach all hearts. Occasionally his feelings overwhelm him, and he gives way to floods of tears.

The most gifted lawyers, and doctors, and divines, have heard him with astonishment and delight. I confess that it is most wonderful, and to me incomprehensible. When I heard him, he preached from the text, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He preached from notes, sometimes seeming to forget that his notes were before him. His subject was arranged with perfect system, and most logically treated. When through with his sermon, he closed the book and gave a brief and touching exhortation, under which I could, with others, but weep. His public addresses published have attracted much attention, and should he live, he must, in his onward course, leave a broad wake on the tide of morals. Such is the character of the "Boy Preacher," whose wonderful precocity is without a parallel.

COME UP HIGHER.

Wherever you are in life, no matter how low your place is, it is a good place to sprout in, though it may not be a good place to grow and dwell in. Leave your root where God planted it; but mount up out of poverty, mount up out of bad companionship, mount up out of secular ways of life, and lift yourselves toward the light. Let outward nature teach you. Oh how a root will engineer, and find the

sustenance that it needs! How it will spread over the rock, and plunge down into the precipice, and go in search of the stream that is running afar off! Even the blind root finds its way without reason, and by a mere instinct of appetite, under ground; and let it rebuke you. How, in the darkest cellar, the white vine of the potato begins, when there is summer outside, to sprout and grow; and how, if there be one crack or fissure, will it begin instinctively and inevitably to seek it, and stretch itself out for feet and even yards, contrary to its nature, that it may put one little leaf out where the sun shall kiss it, and give it its heavenly color. And ought not a man to do as much as that? Born, are you, in ignorance? Born, are you, as men say, in degraded conditions of life? Let your soul give nourishment to your aspirations, and spring up; and let at last the leaf that struggles toward the light find light, and begin to show what the light does for it. You were not made to grow for ever in the circumstances of lowness and vulgarity. God calls you; and every aspiration in you is a voice of God, saying, "Come up."

SUCCESS.

"I shall succeed," exclaims the youth as he leaves the home of his childhood to begin life's battle alone. He is young and strong, and hope "reigns supreme" in his bosom, for he has never been discouraged by the trials which have clouded the lives of older men. He does not see the many difficulties and bitter disappointments which block up his way. Success seems easy. Failure, almost impossible. Will this feeling last? Will he come off conqueror in all the battles? We do not know, but let us hope that he will.

No young man has ever started out in life yet who did not think he would succeed. But how many fail almost at the out-set! And why? Simply because they have not strength of purpose and application enough. No boy ever mastered a hard lesson without study. And no man can master the lessons of life, and profit by them, without the will and determination to do so. Did you ever know a man to succeed who trusted to chance for everything, and never tried to help himself? Such men generally do no good in this world, either to themselves or any one else, and are soon forgotten. Their lives are a failure in every way. Now if you really want to succeed, don't sit still and wait for success to come to you, for it will not come; but get right up and go to it by hard work.

STAND OUT FROM THE DANGER.

We were fast approaching Cape Hatteras. Already the dim outline was appearing to the southwest, and we were anticipating a close run to its rocky shore, when suddenly the order to tack was given, and we stood out into the Atlantic, leaving the Cape far astern.

"Is not the water deep enough to make a closer run to the shore?" asked Adjutant Culver, who was

impatient to get a good sight of land after the three days voyage.

"Certainly," answered the captain, gazing off to the south at the signs of an approaching storm.

"But why, then, do we tack here?" asked the adjutant.

"Because," said the captain, "if in running close to the Cape we had become in any way disabled, we might have drifted on the rocks and have been wrecked. A good sailor, when possible, stands out from danger."

When I see a young man leaving the pure influence of the home circle, and spending his hours in places where drink and gambling are the programme, although he may take part only as a spectator, yet I tremble for his safety, and long to warn him to stand out from the danger.

When I see the moderate drinker indulging in his occasional glass, and looking down with a contemptuous smile on the fanatical temperance people, I know that he is sailing along the rocks of intemperance, and that his only safe course is to stand out from danger.

When I see fair hands proffer the sparkling wine to the noble and gifted, I think what a terrible wreck there would be if the rocks were encountered, and I pray that the scales may fall from the eyes of the tempted, so that they may stand out from the danger.

When I see the reformed inebriate frequenting the bar-room, and mingling with old boon companions, I almost hear the hidden rocks that he was rescued from, grating against his frail bark, and I speak to him as a brother should to a brother, "Tack your ship, or you are lost. Stand out from the danger."—*Selected.*

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

I have noticed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive, by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity.—*Washington Irving.*

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of dust that lies mouldering before him?