

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL. III.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1877.

NO. 52.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

The funniest story I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a mason.
Her husband, Tom Byrde is a Mason
true,
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is tiler of lodge Cerulian Blue,
And tiles and delivers the summons
due,
And she wanted to be a Mason too—
This ridiculous Mrs. Byrde.
She followed him round, this inquisi-
tive wife,
And nabbed and teased him half out
of his life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet
to shoon,
The ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant
pantaloon;
And miraculously did they fit her.
The Lodge was at work on the Mas-
ter's Degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the pillars J. and B;
The officers sat like Solomon, wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrid
cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the
room;
The candidate begged 'em to let him
go home;
And the devil himself stood up in the
east,
As proud as an alderman at a feast;—
When in came Mrs. Byrde.
Oh, horrible sounds! oh horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters
know
The unutterable things they say and
do,
Their feminine hearts woul burst with
woe;
But this is not all my story,
For those Masons joined in a hideous
ring,
The candidate howling like every thing,
And thus in tones of death they sing
(The candidate's name was Morey):
"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn—
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him all grim and gory."
Trembling with horror stood Mrs.
Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word:
She staggered and fell in the nearest
chair,
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the
groans,
That the chair was made of human
bones!
Of human bones! on grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror rolls—
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan
bore!
Those bones, the bones that Morgan
wore!
His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were
strung—
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.
The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels, that inquiring came
From blissful courts, looked on with
shame
And tearful melancholy.
Again they dance, but twice as bad,
They jump and sing like demons mad;
The tune is Hunkey Dorey—
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.
Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up sliding
doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in a fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! my
soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll,
And down the yells of mercy!
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.
The ridiculous woman could stand no
more—
She fainted and fell on the checkered
floor,
Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at
all—
She had dreamed she'd been in the Ma-
sons' hall.

"The legs of the lame are not
equal: so is a parable in the
mouth of fools."

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MCKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of
might in the days when earth
was young; by the fierce red
light of his furnace bright the
strokes of his hammer rung;
and he lifted high his brawny hand
on the iron growing clear, till the
sparks rush'd out in scarlet show-
ers, as he fashion'd the sword and
the spear.

To Tubal Cain came many a
one, as he wrought by his roar-
ing fire, and each one prayed for
a strong steel blade as the crown
of his desire; and he made them
weapons sharp and strong, till
they shouted loud for glee, and
gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
and spoils of the forest free.

But a sudden change came o'er
his heart ere the setting of the
sun, and Tubal Cain was fill'd
with pain for the evil he had
done; he saw that men, with rage
and hate, made war upon their
kind, that the land was red with
the blood they shed in their lust
for carnage blind. And he said
—"Alas! that ever I made, or
that skill of mine should plan the
spear and the sword for men
whose joy is to slay their fellow-
man!"

And for many a day old Tubal
Cain sat brooding o'er his woe,
and his hand forbore to smite the
ore, and his furnace smoulder'd
low. But he rose at last with a
cheerful face and a bright, cour-
ageous eye, and bared his strong
right arm for work, while the
quick flames mounted high. And
he sang—"Hurrah for my hand-
iwork!" and the red sparks lit the
air; "not alone for the blade was
the bright steel made;" and he
fashion'd the first plowshare!

And men, taught wisdom from
the past, in friendship joined their
hands, hung the sword in the hall,
the spear on the wall, and plowed
the willing lands, and sang—
"Hurrah for Tubal Cain! our
staunch good friend is he; and
for the plowshare and the plow to
him our praise shall be. But
while Oppression lifts its head, or
a tyrant would be lord, though
we thank him chiefly for the
plow, we'll not forget the sword!"

THE QUIET MAN.

"What a quiet man your hus-
band is, Mrs. Smith!"

"Quiet! a snail is 'an express
train' to him! If the top of the
house should blow off, he would
just sit still and spread his um-
brella.

"When he comes in at the
front door, he moves as if the en-
try were paved with eggs, and
sits down in his easy chair, as if
there were a nest of kittens under
the cushion. O he will be the
death of me yet. I read to him
all the horrid accidents, dreadful
collisions, murders, and explo-
sions, and he takes it just as easy
as if I were repeating portions of
Mother Goose's Melodies to little
Tommy.

"If a cannon ball should come
through the window where he
was sitting, I do not believe he
would move an eyelash. Why,
if I were to make a voyage round
the world, and return some fine
morning, he'd take off his specta-

cles, put them in the case, fold up
the newspaper, and adjust his
dicky, before he'd be ready to
say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Smith.'
O I do wonder if all the rest of
the Smiths are like him. If he
had always lived on poppies he
could not be more soporific. I
tell you what, he is the very ex-
pressed essence of chloroform."

"Now, Mrs. Smith, if you could
only see my husband, Solomon
Stillweather, you would never
say another word about chloro-
form. It is my firm conviction
he will be the death of me. I am
naturally a happy, bright, ener-
getic, impulsive woman; I have
the most capacious heart that
ever throbb'd under a silken
bodice; I can love and be grate-
ful to one who is kind to me.
S-o-l-o-m-o-n is a perpetual calm.
Nothing ruffles him, nothing dis-
turbs him; Mount Vesuvius
couldn't make him hurry. A
stream of red-hot lava could not
move him.

"He does every thing by rule,
square and compass. When the
proper time comes, then he starts,
but not a fraction of a second be-
fore. Were the house on fire, he
would stop to take the lint off his
coat, and brush his teeth before
starting. If I ask him a question at
breakfast, I never get an answer
before tea. He walks about the
house with a noiseless, velvety
tread, as if his feet were made of
glass, and he was afraid of snap-
ping off some of his toes.

"Should the children, in their
play, knock over the tea table
and its contents, he looks quietly
up from his book, and draws out,
'A-s-i-n-t-y-o-u-r-a-t-h-e-r-n-o-i-
s-y, c-h-i-l-d-r-e-n?'

"One summer evening, in the
country, as he sat on the grass
smoking his cigar, it occurred to
me whether any thing short of an
earthquake would start him up:
so I placed a whole string of
crackers directly behind him, and
touched them off; and sure as I
am a living woman, he never so
much as winked.

"I never saw S-o-l-o-m-o-n ex-
cited. I never saw him laugh.
For the sake of a little variety, I
have tried to get up a domestic
squabble; but it was of no use.
I have tried to stir him up on
politics; but he is on the fence,
and would as readily jump one
way as the other.

"I have put on the sulks, and
been distant and dignified; I tell
you he likes it; besides, you
could not freeze him colder than
he is. I have been loving, and
petting him; it is all a waste of
ammunition; he can't be thawed
out."

CAN GOD SEE THROUGH THE CRACK?

A lady came home from shop-
ping one day, and was not met
as usual by the glad welcome of
her little son. He seemed shy of
her; skulked into the entry, hung
about the garden, and wanted to
be more with Bridget than was
common. The mother could not
account for his manner.

When she was undressing him
for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can
God see through the crack in the
closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all

dark there?"

"Yes," answered the mother,
"God can see everywhere and in
every place."

"Then God saw me, and he
will tell you mother. When you
were gone I got into your closet,
and I took and ate up the cake;
and I am sorry, very sorry," and
bowing his head on his mother's
lap he burst out a crying.

Poor little boy; all day he had
been wanting to hide from his
mother, just as Adam and Eve
after they had disobeyed God,
tried to hide from his presence in
the garden of Eden. Guilt made
them afraid. So the little boy's
sin put a gulf between him and
his mother. You see how his
wrong doing separated him from
her. He was no longer at ease in
her sight. His peace was gone.
This is the way sin separates us
from God. We don't love to be
in his sight. We hide away from
Him, and try to forget Him.

How did George get back to
his mother? How did he get rid
of his feeling of guilt and shame?
He took the best, the only true
way, by repenting and confessed
it. His mother forgave, no doubt,
and he tasted again the sweets of
nestling close beside her, and
loving to be in her dear society.
He was restored to her confidence
and love.—*Baptist Family Maga-
zine.*

NEARER HOME.

BY PIERRE CAREY.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abyss;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink—
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think—

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

SAVING AND LOSING.

A great want among Christians
of the present age, is more
thorough comprehension and ac-
tual realization of the meaning of
the declaration of the Lord Jesus
Christ, that, "he that saveth his
life shall lose it, and he that loseth
his life for Christ's sake shall save
it." The idea conveyed to our
minds by the word "life" in this
passage of Scripture, is too apt to
be the very lowest signification
of that important word.

The Saviour seems to have
anticipated this tendency of the
human mind, and to have provid-
ed against it by leaving on re-
cord the unequivocal assertion
that "a man's life consisteth not
in the abundance of the things
which he possesseth," in which
language, He would have us un-
derstand, that what remains to us

in possession or in prospect, at
any given time, whether of world-
ly substance, energies of body,
soul, or spirit; or even days of
existence here on earth, should
not be regarded by us as *Wealth
of Life*. All of a man's worldly
substance which has been, in the
exercise of his best wisdom, and
with sincere desires to do good,
expended upon the interests of
Christ's cause in the earth—all of
his energies of body, soul, or
spirit which have been employed
in works of obedience to His re-
vealed will—and all the days of
life here thus numbered, *are
saved!* These are *treasures* laid up
in Heaven! The question there-
fore: How much have I of life?
is not to be determined correctly
by what I may have now *in pos-
session*, but, rather, by what is
laid up in safety, having been
appropriated as indicated. I may
have *saved* much in a way most
effectually to ensure its being *lost*
to me. There is meaning, worthy
of more than a passing notice in
the epitaph which one who was
called "an eccentric man," di-
rected to be placed upon his tomb-
stone:

"What I gave away, I have;
What I spent I had;
What I kept, I've LOST."
—*J. A. M., in Bapt. Family Magazine.*

MINE IS A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS.

There is a fishing village on
the coast of Cornwall, where the
people are very poor, but pious
and intelligent. Last year they
were sorely tried. The winds
were contrary, and for nearly a
month they could not put to sea.
At last, one Sabbath morning, the
wind changed, and some of the
men whose faith was weak, went
out towards the beach, the women
and children looking on sadly,
many saying with sighs, "I am
sorry it is Sunday, but—if we
were not so poor."

"But, if," said a sturdy fisher-
man, starting up and speaking
aloud, "surely, neighbors, your
butts and ifs do break God's Law."
The people gathered around
him, and he added:—

"Mine is a religion for all
weathers, fair wind and foul.
'This is the love of God, that ye
keep his law.' 'Remember the
Sabbath day to keep it holy.'
That's the law, friends. And our
Lord came not to brake, but to
fulfill the law. True, we are
poor; what of that? Better poor
and have God's smile, than rich
and have his frown. Go, you
that dare; but I never knew any
good to come of a religion that
changed with the wind."

These words in season stayed
the purpose of the rest. They
went home and made ready for
the house of God, and spent the
day in praise and prayer. In the
evening, just when they would
have been returning, a sudden
storm sprung up that raged terri-
bly for two days. After the tem-
pest, came settled weather, and
the pilchard fishery was so rich
and abundant, that there was
soon no complaining in the vil-
lage. Here was a religion for all
weathers. Remember the words:

"Trust in the Lord and do
good, and verily thou shalt be
fed."—*Baptist Family Magazine.*