

The Orphans' Friend.

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HER ONLY ONE.

"Good dame, how many children have you?"
Then with a loving and troubled face,
Sadly she looked at an empty place:
"Friend, I have two."
"Nay, Mother," the father gravely said;
"We have only one; and so long ago
He left his home, I am sure we know
He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two—One a little child,
Comes to me often at evening light;
His pure, sweet face and garments white,
All undefiled.
With clear, bright eyes, and soft, soft hair,
He climbs upon his mother's knee,
Folds baby hands and whispers to me
His evening prayer.

"The other, he took a wilful way,
Went far out west, and they link his
name
With deeds of cruelty and shame.
I can but pray.
And a mother's prayers are never cold;
So in my heart the innocent child
And the reckless man by sin defiled,
The same I hold.

"But yet I keep them ever apart;
For I will not stain the memory
Of the boy who once pruned at my knee,
Close to my heart.
The man he grew to will come again;
No matter how far away he may roam,
Father and mother will bring him home—
Prayers are not in vain."

The stranger stood in the broader light,
"Oh, Mother! Oh, Father!" he, weeping,
said,
"I have come back to your side, to tread
The path that's right."
And so the answer to prayer was won;
And the Father wept glad tears of joy,
And the Mother kissed and blessed her
boy—

Her only one!
—Mary E. Burnett.

EDUCATION OF DEPENDENT CHILDREN.

Although not a part of the great system of common schools, as they exist in Michigan, there is a school established in this State deserving of special mention; and the success of which has been anxiously waited for, not only in this country but in Europe. I refer to the State School at Coldwater, conducted on the "Michigan system for prevention of pauperism and crime, and education of dependent children." The French statesman, M. Drouin DeLhuys, of the French Institute, said before that body:—"Gentlemen, the State of Michigan which is only about forty years old, has the merit of being in advance of ancient Europe in the inauguration of a new era for dependent children."

In many States pauper children are kept in the county poor-house. The result has been that these dependents, many of whom are worthy of better things, have become like the companions with whom they are compelled to associate; and when grown, many find their way back to the place of their childhood, or worse behind the prison bars. In 1874 an act was passed establishing a school for pauper and abandoned children whose parents were convicted of crime.

Life in this institution, with good moral and religious training, wholesome food, proper clothing, and kind treatment, has produced marked and satisfactory results.

Time enough has not elapsed since this school was established to witness what kind of men and women these children may become, but the good habits here formed, and lessons learned, can not but yield some fruit. Such

an institution is economy even in a money point of view.

The cost (\$120 a year for each child) is but a slight advance on the cost of maintaining the same children in a poor house, and the cost must gradually decrease as the State grows older.

Over 1,000 children have been received at this institution since it opened in 1874. Many of these children are soon placed in good, respectable families to remain until they are from 18 to 20 years of age. The average number so placed is 100 a year. There are agents in nearly every county who examine the condition of the family taking the child, make the indenture, visit the child at least once a year, and if the terms of the agreement are not complied with, or for other good causes, cancel the contract, and remove the child to the school. Some of the children whose minds as well as bodies are full of disease, are compelled to remain under the school discipline for years before they can be trusted away from the foster care of the institution.

The farm contains 41 acres of land of the very best quality, upon which are a large main building for superintendent's library, school chapel, etc., eight large cottages, a hospital, and out-buildings. Each cottage has thirty children, and is in charge of a matron.

Much interest is taken in the school by charitable citizens, and frequent donations are received. A \$1,000 Flint Water bond at 8 per cent, called the "Kitty Bagley Fund," was recently presented by ex-Gov. Bagley and wife. The interest of this gift is used each year to buy Christmas presents for the children. Last year Santa Claus left half a barrel of French candies to gladden the hearts of the forlorn little ones.

WHAT A GLASS OF WINE DID.

A writer, who wished to impress upon his readers that small incidents often influence great events, recently called attention to an interesting bit of history. The Duke of Orleans was the son of King Louis Philippe, of France, and was the heir to the throne. The duke was in the habit of drinking just so many glasses of wine. One additional glass would make him tipsy. On a certain occasion, when he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment he invited several of his friends to breakfast with him. Everything was so jolly that the duke forgot his number of glasses and drank one more than he should have done. Bidding adieu to his companions he entered his carriage. He stumbled on the step and frightened the horses. The horses ran away, and, though the duke was inside the coach, he could not keep his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that one extra glass of wine, he would have alighted on his feet. As it was, his head struck the pavement, and he died shortly afterward. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property \$100,000,000, sent the whole family into exile, and changed the history of France for the next quarter of a century.

WHAT ONCE HAPPENED IN A GARDEN.

Many hundred years ago there was a king who owned a beautiful garden, in which all sorts of beautiful flowers grew. The queen and her princes used to walk in this garden every pleasant day. There was a high wall around it, and in one corner, close to the wall, there sprang up a plain little plant, which looked like a common weed. For a long time no one in the palace knew that the weed was in the garden.

The flowers were not kind to it; the bright red roses would not look at it, and the tall white lilies felt that it had no right to be in a king's garden. But the little plant stayed there and grew, and one day, when it had grown quite large, a little ugly worm crawled up its stem.

"The rose and the lily both shook me off," said the worm, "so I have come to you."

"What do you want of me?" said the weed in a kind voice.

"A place to rest and something to eat," said the worm. "I feel as though I must have something to eat."

"Poor thing," said the weed, "I am sorry for you. See, I have plenty of leaves. Take just as many as you want."

So the hungry worm began to nibble the fresh, green leaves. How good they tasted! It ate and ate. By and by the worm grew sleepy, but the kind weed did not shake the tired creature off. The worm stayed many days, for the kind weed did not like to send it away. It grew very plump and round, and it ate all the time. It was also a pretty color; one could almost see through it.

At last the worm began to spin a web around itself and from leaf to leaf. The weed wondered what that strange visitor would do next. The worm spun round and round without stopping, the threads coming out of its mouth. They grew finer and whiter and the web grew thicker and thicker. In shape this web began to look like a bird's egg.

"I do believe it is building itself a little house," said the weed, "and means to stay here always."

By and by the worm was shut up in the soft little house it had spun for itself.

There was no door, no window, and the worm came out no more. A few days after this the Queen was walking in the the garden in the shade of the high wall. One of the little princes was with her. He saw the weed in the corner, and ran to pull it up. There must be no tall weeds like that in his father's beautiful garden. But as he put out his hand to pull it up, he saw a curious white ball among the leaves. What could it be? He picked it off carefully and carried it to the Queen, but she had never seen anything like it. She shook it up and down in her hands, and something seemed to rattle inside the ball.

She was standing on one of the pretty bridges of the garden, and as she turned to go back to the palace, the soft little ball rolled out of her hand and dropped into the stream below. The little

prince ran down the bank to find his pretty plaything. He waded into the water and caught the tiny ball before it floated out of sight. But something had happened to it. Had the water opened it? There was a hole in one end, and a long fine thread hanging out at the other end. This thread began to unwind just like his kite string, and then a pretty little butterfly came out. It brushed against his hand. It must have been fast asleep inside the ball. The little prince ran up the bank and told his mother. They took the wonderful thing to the palace, and wise men came from far and near to see it. It was the first silk worm's cocoon that had ever been unrolled. This worm was a little silk worm, and the thread it spun into the web was silk thread. Such a web is called a cocoon. There are about 13,000 yards or nearly seven and a half miles of silk in one cocoon.

In a few years the whole garden was planted full of weeds, like the one that had fed the hungry silk worm. This weed was a young mulberry bush. It had no beauty like the rose and the lily; its fruit was not worth much; but its leaves were the right kind of food for the precious spinners; so the proud roses and lilies had to move out and make room for the useful weed.—Aunt Belinda.

MANUAL LABOR AND EDUCATION.

Many boys are obliged to work with their hands for their daily bread; but their constant labor need not prevent their obtaining a good education, or their devoting much time and strength to fitting themselves for a higher calling. It is worthy of notice that a large number of those who have become eminent in professional or literary life were for years compelled to perform manual labor.

Robert Stephens and his son, Henry Stephens, who were among the most learned men of their time, labored constantly at their work of printing. Rare Ben Jonson wrote some of the finest portions of his poetry at the time that he was a mason, or when free from his labor as a soldier. While Ritterhouse, the mathematician, was holding the plow, he studied the geometrical figures he had drawn upon its handles; and while Ferguson was tending his father's sheep, he watched the stars and learned important truths of astronomy. Benjamin Franklin read and studied as he worked at his trade of a printer, and so became one of the best read Americans of the last century.

The president of Harvard College has said there is a member of that institution who fitted himself for college in sixteen months, during ten of which he worked ten hours a day as a stone mason.

If every boy and young man would, in the intervals of their labor, employ their time in reading and study, and if, while busy at the bench or the drill, would think upon the subjects of which they read, their minds would become well disciplined, and they be fitted to enter a higher calling. C. F. T.

IT TAKES THINGS LIVELY.

The dramshop business that we Christian voters possess is an important department of the State. Of course it is. It makes things lively. It gives us our gamblers and beer brewers. It gives saloon keepers something to do. It inflames passions and provokes quarrels and murders; and then, it gives policemen, and magistrates, and courts, and jails, and hangmen something to do. It makes the dinner of the barber, makes his wife and children scratch round for orange crates and hard crusts; sends them to alms-houses and so gives work to carpenters and masons to build such institutions, and to men and women to take care of them. It makes criminals, and necessitates the building of jails and penitentiaries. Who can deny that the drink curse makes things lively? —Gospel Temperance Advocate.

Men who succeed in any calling, combine several very important elements of character. Faith, and talent, and ambition, and energy will win wonders of success. Perhaps the great difference among men of all callings is energy of character, or want of it. It takes nerve, vim, perseverance, patient continuance in well-doing, to win a great prize. And the young man who goes into a profession without this pluck and force, will not earn salt to his porridge.

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THE Orphans' Friend,

Organ of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and of the Grand Lodge of Masons in North Carolina.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

It is designed to promote the entertainment, instruction and interests of

THE YOUNG;

especially those deprived of the benefits of parental and scholastic training. It also seeks to increase the soul-growth of the prosperous by suggesting proper objects of charity and true channels of benevolence, in order that they may, by doing good to others, enlarge their own hearts and extend the horizon of their human sympathies, as they ascend to a higher plane of Christian observation. Address ORPHANS' FRIEND, OXFORD, N. C.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUY COAL

this winter. If so, leave your order with W. R. Beasley, and he will take name and quantity. This must be done in the next ten days. JOB OSBORN, Raleigh, N. C.