

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

BY MRS. M. BELLA CORNELL.

'Twas a sound of bitter weeping,
From the children at their play,
That I heard, as I sat resting
In the light of waning day;
And they answered to my question,
That a shining coin, when tossed,
Had escaped from baby fingers,
And in darkness had been lost.

Then I heard a gentle soothing,
And sweet, childish accents say:
"You will find it in the morning,
When the night has gone away."
And the baby-heart found comfort,
Anxious fears were lulled to rest,
And his head ere long was resting
In sweet sleep on mother's breast.

But the words had lingered with me,
Like a low and sweet refrain,
And the thought has seemed to
haunt me:

"They may soothe another's pain,"
For there's comfort in the promise
That the childish lips expressed,
And the baby's faith might teach us
How to lull our hearts to rest.

Do you mourn a loved one taken
To the home beyond the skies?
Have you grieved until the tear drops
Are no strangers to your eyes?
Have you sought for satisfaction
In the things of time and sense,
While the passing years have
brought you

Only sorrow or suspense?
Has the time of your exemption
From the hand of pain been brief?
With your heart grown almost hope-
less,

Have you vainly sought relief?
Find you not a ray of comfort
In this promise that I bring?
For it holds enough of gladness
To make even the saddest sing.

For we trust God's gracious promise,
That when life's short night has
passed,
There shall dawn a day of gladness
That forever more shall last.
Although your heart be mourning
Over shattered hopes to-day,
"In the morning" joy is promised,
When the night has passed
away."

—Exchange.

AS TWILIGHT MELTS AWAY.

Each flower the dew has lightly wet
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon
away.

THE EFFECT OF PERSISTENCE.

Some twenty years ago—I do not know how many exactly, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him to their great enjoyment. I shall tell it only in brief, though I remember well the filling in was a good part of it, which will be missing in my recital.

Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his way more in society than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and he solved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as

often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

"Gaze upon her as a star
Whose purity and distance make it fair,"
and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable coolness, she replied.

"You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow.

The year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to make up my mind between him and his friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on: Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began:

"My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mine, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Dr. Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, my dear Peterkin."

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine when that lawyer is no more?" "Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul."

"Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."—*Harper's Magazine.*

REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

"To be perfect it is not necessary to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things extraordinarily well," wrote an old saint whose life was an actual translation of his maxim. The daily devotions of even the best endowed persons "are made up of repetition, demanding a patient labor equivalent to the drudgery of ordinary hand toil. The daily round, the common task, the ever-recurring, insignificant details that seem too trivial to be called duties, are sometimes a weariness to the flesh. They have little attractiveness save in their reflected beauty from the docility and the intelligence of the person who performed them. But suppose they were not done? Each spoon sold by the shop clerk, each cent counted by the cashier, each stitch in the garment, counts in the business of the day, the life-work, the sum total of human industry. A patient, faithful capacity for humble duties is one of the great forces that maintain the activities of the globe. The Lord High Chancellor of England, our own Secretary of State, directs the work of many subordinates because they understand the details of that work; and they have attained their high position largely by reason of their ability to do common things uncommonly well. The morning hours of Victoria of England are regularly devoted to the business by a stateswoman; and all her time is systematically appointed to the duties or the repose demanded of her position as first lady and sovereign of the realm. By this day-in-and-day-out attention to the affairs pertaining to royalty, she has won the love and reverence of her subjects, although many of these affairs are neither dazzling nor public, but simply necessary to the moving of the machinery of the government.

Take, then, to heart the maxim of the old bishop saint, humble worker, in whatever unnoticed place thy labor lies, as an invigoration for the opening year. The reward of faithfulness over a few things is a wider trust, an enlarged responsibility. But he that would rule must first serve. All that is done as under the Taskmaster's eye is of sufficient importance to be recorded. We shall hear the report of the life-long labor when we are promoted to that grade where His servants serve Him, and reign forever and ever.—*Zion's Herald.*

A SENATE PAGE'S JOKE.

(Washington (Cor.) Philadelphia Record)

The pages of the Senate and House are handsomer and brighter than those of the Congressional Record. They are, like all bright boys, fond of a joke. Senator Dawes brought on the floor of the Senate the other day a very dignified old gentleman of portly demeanor, gray hair, and a pleasant face. They sat down together on one of the red leather sofas near the wall.

After they had talked a while, Dawes returned to his seat to finish a letter, leaving his stately friend all alone on the sofa. One of the brightest of the pages, a smart little Alabama boy, hearing the distinguished looking old gentleman's name, got out a sheet of office paper and wrote out a neat note addressed to the Massachusetts Senator's friend, in which he remarked that one of the Senate rules required all visitors to the floor to make three profound bows to the presiding officer out of respect to the body.

He signed a fictitious name, sealed the note in an official envelope marked "United States Senate," and hurrying up to the fine-looking old gentleman on the red sofa, handed it to him as though it had been sent by old David Davis himself. Then he and the other pages who were in the secret got off in a corner and awaited results. The old gentleman put his gold eye-glasses to his nose, and slowly and solemnly read the little note through. He seemed puzzled, and for a moment hesitated. Then he solemnly and slowly arose, and with great dignity made three low bows toward the dais where the Vice-President sits.

Old Isaac Bassett, the Door-keeper of the Senate and grand custodian of the sole surviving Senatorial snuff-box, as well as one of the few men in the United States who knows how every variety of princes, potentates, principalities and powers should be treated, was simply horrified when he learned the cause of the page's glee. His long, white hair threatened to stand erect as he hastened around to apologize to the distinguished visitor. The latter was mortified when he realized how completely he had been taken in, but his good nature prompted him to beg Bassett not to be too hard on the bright little page.

DON'T DECEIVE CHILDREN.

Nothing can be a greater mistake than to consider young people as destitute of understanding; their understanding should rather be appealed to and consulted. Do we not all remember how, when young we were imposed upon; how our elders sought sometimes to put us off; how they gave us evasive answers or explanation; how they told us some plausible story as an excuse or a reason? And do we not remember that even in our youth and simplicity we were quite capable of seeing through their maneuvers? Do we not all remember how when anyone endeavored to keep us in ignorance of some proceeding of which we were made accidentally cognizant,

we could divine very correctly the real motive for sending us out of the way with some false excuse? Now in a case of this kind, which comes within the pale of parental authority the will of the parent alone ought to be sufficient to control the child. But there should be no stifling of truth and no relaxation of duty. If, as often will happen it is not expedient or proper for children to know a particular fact or incident, they should be told so with frankness and kindness, but at the same time with firmness. We are apt to overlook the intelligence of those little people and address ourselves to their stature. We forget mind, which is invisible, in the presence of matter, which is seen. The treatment of children must always, for their sakes, differ much from that of full-grown men and women; our manner of addressing them must also be different; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should not give them full credit for the amount of intelligence they do possess; and we may every day see children with more discrimination, greater good sense, and better regulated moral deportment than many whose tall figure or riper age has invested them with the consequence of men and women.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

THE OLDEST RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES.

A discussion is going on with the press, as to the first railroad built in the United States, the claim being rendered in favor of the railroad running to Charleston from Hamburg, S. C., which is doubtless correct. And the next oldest road was constructed from Gaston, N. C., to Petersburg, Va., and the next road was from Blakely to Portsmouth, afterwards extended to Weldon. The first of these latter roads was constructed, say 1830, about which date the writer passed over it, en route to New York. The only other piece of railroad between North Carolina and New York city was 36 miles between Burlington, New Jersey, and Frenchtown, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia have the honor of having constructed the first railroads in this country.

These roads and the passenger coaches, as well as all else, were on the primitive order. Long stringers sawed at the mills were laid upon cross-ties like those now used, and upon them was spiked bar-iron of a certain width and thickness, the ends being cut diagonal and fitted in line with the track. The spikes often getting loose, the rails were liable to curl upward forming what was called 'snake-heads,' causing many serious accidents by piercing car bottoms and injuring passengers.

Conductors collected from the outside of the coach, and did not go inside, as now, but sidled along on a foot-board holding to the stanchions that supported the roof of the coach and, when making change, running an arm around one

to prevent falling, the train being under way. There was no centre aisle, as now, and passengers entered and occupied seats by stepping on the 'foot-boards' which ranged the length of the coach.—*Statesville Am.*

A new steamship now at the New York docks for completion is as great an advance beyond the ordinary ocean steamer as the screw propeller was beyond the side wheel craft. The novel features of the steamer are her wedge-shaped model below the water-line and her domelike arches above, covering every part of the vessel at all likely to be reached by wind or sea. She will be absolutely safe against the dash of the waves, no matter how fiercely they may rage, and the seas will glide from her like the traditional 'water from a duck's back.' The new steamer's trial trip next week will be an important event to ocean travellers as well as to marine architects and ship builders.—*News and Observer.*

LATEST ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY.—The Rev. Mr. Gilbert during an address at Christ Church the other night, remarks the Otago Times, while speaking of the telephone, asked his audience if they would be astonished if he were to tell them that it was now proved to be possible to convey by means of electricity, vibrations of light—to not only speak with your distant friend—but actually to see him. The electroscope—the name of the instrument which enabled us to do this—was the very latest scientific discovery, and to Dr. Guidrah of Victoria, belonged the proud distinction. The trial of this wonderful instrument took place at Melbourne on the 31st of October last in the presence of some forty scientific and public men, and was a great success. Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large dish of white burnished metal the race course at Flemington, with its myriad hosts of active beings. Each minute detail stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses, it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan.

There is as much danger of falling on the smooth places as on the rough. And yet how many Christians are never content except when worldly prosperity is enjoyed by them. They worry and fret when all things do not go favorably, and are prone to rebel when losses and afflictions come. Do they ever think that it may be absolutely necessary for their salvation that they should walk a rough road? On the smooth road they trust their own strength and let go the hand of Christ; in the rough road they cling to him and are safe.—*Selected.*

We should persevere in the way of duty, though it costs all that is dear to us.