

# ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Price, \$1 a year.)

OXFORD, N. C., JULY 27, 1883.

(VOL. IX. NO. 10.)

## THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary  
frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled,  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in Heaven's blue depths  
away,—  
O sweet, fond dream of human love!  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known,—  
I only wish a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,  
A miracle our life and death,  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the Sage's thought I scan;  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to  
see,  
And, like a weary child, would  
come,  
O Father, unto thee.

Though oft, like letters traced on  
sand,  
My weak resolves have passed  
away,  
In mercy lend the helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day.

## AN AIM IN LIFE.

Many years ago, during the convalescence of a dear friend who had been very ill, the physicians said a broiled bird would be good for him now and then. It was in early springtime. We were visiting at Highland on the Hudson. There had been a light fall of snow the night before. The robins were on their way north. As usual under such circumstances, they were in large flocks, and as the sun rose higher they collected in great numbers among the trees.

As the doctor had said that my friend needed a bird, I did not feel that it was wrong to shoot one or two out of so large a flock. In a tree not far from where I was standing, there were hundreds of robins; I had often been told by old hunters that if you fired into a tree full of birds, and did not take aim at some one or more, you would generally fail to shoot any. So I said to myself: "I will now try the experiment." So I aimed at the whole tree and fired. When lo! amid a cloud of feathers they all flew away, leaving me fully impressed with the lesson that if you wish to secure your game, you must take aim before you fire.

Since then, how much of this shooting without aim I have seen among both young and old.

For many years I conducted a large classical and commercial school. The pupils who aimed high for good scholarship were always those who hit the mark. Let me give you a few specimens.

It was the first day of school after vacation, when new pupils generally enter school.

"Well, John, what do you come here for?"

"I wish to prepare for college." I was glad to hear this, for here was a boy with a purpose. His aim was to enter college, and I knew, from long experience, he would be a good student, for he had an aim in coming to my school, and he was fully determined to reach it.

Now, James is called to my desk.

"Well, sir, what has brought you here? What do you intend to do with yourself?"

"I have come to prepare myself for commercial life, and wish to take all such studies as will make me a successful merchant and a useful man." I am equally well pleased with him; he, too, has an aim, and will succeed.

Now comes a father with his son.

"Well, sir, what do you intend to do with your boy?"

He replies:

"I don't know. I thought he ought to have a little more learning; he ought to go to school a year or so longer, so I heard you kept a pretty good school, I thought I would bring him to you."

Here is a case. What can I do with a boy who does not know why he has come into my school? Who is a boy without aim? I can only say to the father:

"From long experience in the school-room, your son will make poor progress unless he studies with some noble aim in view."

John C. Calhoun, when at college, was asked by one of his mates:

"John, what do you intend to make of yourself?"

He replied:

"President of the United States."

And, but for his nullification principles, he would have been.

The great obstacle in the way of success among our young men of to-day is that they have no aim in life.

Let a young man carefully consider his circumstances, and then resolve that he will attain some noble end by noble means, and how differently he will live from the young man who drifts along on the stream of life, waiting for something to turn up, and finally floats into some pool of uselessness and forgetfulness.

My young friends, it matters little what your business in life may be, only let your aim be a noble one. If a clerk in a store, then aim to be the best clerk in your department. Are you learning a trade? Aim to be the best workman in that branch of mechanics.

Do not, I beg you, start out in life with no aim, now thinking you will do this and now that. Remember, too, that you have only one life to live, and that have no time to waste in experiments.

If you cannot determine what shall be your life-work, seek the advice of those capable of assisting you, and having once settled the all-important question, set your aim high, and go to work persistently and patiently to accomplish it. And finally, do not fail at the beginning of life's journey to aim—as the eternal result of your life's work—to attain unto a seat among those who, having laid aside every weight, have run with diligence and success the race set before them in the gospel, looking to Jesus.—*Washington Hasbrouck.*

## PRAYERLESS FATHER.

"One little circumstance," said a gentleman in relating his religious feelings, on his admission to a Christian church, "more deeply impressed me with the importance of being a Christian than any other. It was a question asked me by my son, Henry, a little boy three years old. My wife and myself had taken great pains to teach little Henry verses of Scripture and hymns, and he never went to bed without saying his little prayer, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' One night tired and fretful, he refused to do it; and while I was insisting upon it, telling him how wrong it was not to pray he looked up into my face and said, in childish simplicity: 'Why do you want me to pray, father? I never see you pray.'"

"No sermon I had ever heard, no book or tract I had ever read, so impressed me as that rebuke from my child, I determined then, by the help of God, to lead a different life and henceforth teach my children by example as well as precept."

The father is now a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, an active member of the church, and he and his happy family are gathered every morning and evening round the domestic altar.—*Evening Youth's Paper.*

## WINGS BY ANDEY.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said:

"My mother has younger children sir; and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough as she thought, to be overheard, "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile:

"I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled and dependent on charity yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

## EMPLOYMENT FOR CHILDREN.

Here is something which will give employment to the children on days sometimes dreaded by quiet loving mothers, when the schools are out and the house is full of noise and frolics.

Get some plaster of Paris and water, and provide some molds; these may be borrowed from the kitchen—pudding molds, blanch-mange molds, scalloped cake-tins, and even plain but prettily shaped bowls, will any and all answer the purpose. Now set the children to work; let them mix the plaster and water, and fill the molds.

If any of the articles they make are of such size and shape that they can be hung on the wall, provide some loop of ribbon or of braid, and when the mould is about half-full of plaster lay the end of the loop in and then pour more plaster over it.

When the plaster has hardened the loop will be found to be securely fastened in, and capable of sustaining the weight of the article. When the plain bowl is used, or a deep plate, the article moulded will resemble a plaque, and can be decorated by painting some bright picture or painting some design on it; and, by the way, I know of nothing which will so happily occupy the sometimes tedious hours of a child's life when he seems to have exhausted his resources, as the employment of a paint-brush and a few tubes of paint.

It may also be made to conduce to his education in the matter of color, and—for I would furnish him with a little bottle of oil—he may learn to be neat, to use his oil and paints without soiling his hands or clothes or dropping any on the carpet.

It is conceded that it is a mother's duty to bring up her daughter to be a good wife, and so it ought to be conceded that her son should have some of the training which will prove of inestimable benefit as a husband, and one of the most-wished-for virtues is that of neatness. This we may surely teach our boys.

## THE TOY PISTOL.

Much has been said about the accidents resulting from toy pistols. But this is not the only evil incident to their use. There is another serious one which, strange to say, we do not remember to have seen mentioned. It is the increase of the disposition to own and handle pistols on the part of our young men of our next generation. The tastes and habits acquired in childhood are frequently passed on to young manhood. The boy who takes delight in owning and using his toy pistol will be so much more likely, as a young man, to delight in handling the dangerous revolver. It is passing strange that parents with all the evil resulting from the carrying of pistols so often and strikingly brought to their notice will encourage such a taste in their sons by permitting them to have these useless and dangerous toys.

Mr. L. P. Walkup, Monroe, N. C., says: "I have derived great benefit using Brown's Iron Bitters for palpitation of the heart and dyspepsia."

## THE REASON WHY.

The original of the following quaint article was recently found in an old tower in the very ancient town of Chester, England. It was among a lot of old books, papers and diversified rubbish that had just been unearthed by some repairs that were being made upon the building.

M. F. W.

## THE "REASON WHY."

Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommends him to "take a little."

Mr. B because his doctor orders him not to drink, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D because he's dry.

Mr. E because he feels something rising.

Mr. F because he feels a sinking.

Mr. G because he went to see a friend off to America.

Mr. H because he's got a friend just come from Australia.

Mr. J because he's so warm in the evening.

Mr. K because he's so cold in the morning.

Mr. L because he has a pain in his head.

Mr. M because he has a pain in his side.

Mr. N because he has a pain in his back.

Mr. O because he has a pain in his chest.

Mr. P because he has pains all over him.

Mr. Q because he feels so light and happy.

Mr. R because he feels so heavy and miserable.

Mr. S because he's married.

Mr. T because he isn't.

Mr. V because he likes to see his friends.

Mr. W because he's got no friends.

Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z because he went to Llandudno\* yesterday.

\*This refers to a neighboring town that long ago was a famous resort for merry-making, etc.—EX.

## FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

So fact is proverbially said to be, and in reading of a device used by the father of James Nasmyth, the famous engineer and inventor, we find a singular instance in point.

A few years since Porte Crayon wrote some illustrated sketches of a tour through the mountains of West Virginia, East Tennessee, etc., and represented a stranger, wondering at the cultivation of farms that stood so nearly on edge, as asking a native how they managed to plant those precipitous mountain sides. The native he reports as facetiously answering, "Well, stranger, when corn planting time comes, we just loads our old shot guns with our seed corn and shoots it into the hill sides"—so much for fiction. Now for Nasmyth's fact. His son, after giving an instance of his father's ingenuity, adds the following:

"Another instance is his device for planting with trees a rock crag in the Duke of Athole's grounds which it was

impossible to climb. He had observed, in front of the castle, a pair of small cannons, used for firing salutes on great days. He procured a number of tin canisters, filled them with suitable tree seeds and then fired them from the cannon against the face of the rock. The seeds were scattered in all directions; and this scheme of planting by artillery proved completely successful."

An epidemic of crime and violence seems to be sweeping over the country, and the lists of dark and bloody deeds reported by the daily papers contains the names of persons who are regarded as teachers not breakers of the law. Following the killing of Dukes by Nutt, in Pennsylvania came the killing by Rev. B. F. Jenkins of a brother minister. This is now regarded as an unprovoked and unjustifiable murder, and Jenkins and his brother have been committed to jail without bail. Next came the duel between the Virginia editors Bierne and Elam in which the latter was severely if not dangerously wounded, and last comes the duel between J. Arnoy Knox, editor of *Texas Siftings*, and a sculptor named Sheehan, on an island near the city of New York in which Knox was slightly wounded. From New Hampshire there is a report of violence by a company of workmen; lynchings are reported from several quarters and other kinds of crime swell the record and show that Satan at any rate has not taken a vacation and gone to the sea-shore or mountains. Justice, however, is not dead. Four men were recently hung in Arkansas for a murder committed while attempting to rob a train. A prominent military officer has just entered the penitentiary to serve a sentence at hard work for stealing the money that was entrusted to his charge, and another has been expelled from the army for securing a fraudulent divorce from his wife.

The American esthete is not as well developed a specimen of his species as *Punch's* English dawdler is. The self-made man in any sphere of life is likely to be very imperfect in spots, and the self-made esthete, as the American type must at present be, is not as symmetrical as his English cousin, although he is fully as great a fool, and far more of a hypocrite.—*New York Tribune.*

Moses broke the tables without breaking the law; but where charity is broke the law itself is shattered, which can not be whole without love which is the fulfilling of it.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Strength to vigorously push a business, strength to study for a profession, strength to regulate a household, strength to do a day's labor without physical pain. Do you desire strength? If you are broken down, have no energy, feel as if life was barely worth living, you can be relieved and restored to robust health and strength by taking Brown's Iron Bitters, a sure cure for dyspepsia, malaria, weakness and all diseases requiring a true, reliable, non-alcoholic tonic. It acts on the blood, nerve and muscles and regulates every part of the system.