

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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From the New York Observer. THE FEATHERY SENTINEL.

BY JULIA UCHO BAKER.

Oh, how I wish that I could give to you the incident in the quaint diction, which was the spontaneous out-flow of the Scotch-Irish soul of old Hester McBride.

Long shall I recall with infinite delight that sunny afternoon of the 12th July, 18—. We were all aware that it was "Orange-man's Day," as, clambering about her patient presence, we plied her with questions, all of which she answered to the limit of her scant wisdom.

"Now, aunty, do please tell us something about the Battle of the Boyne."

"Aye, the Battle of the Boyne!" and she passed her hand over her smooth, white brow, near which laid the silvery locks of threescore and ten years. "The Battle of the Boyne, and were not all my kith and kin there? Ah, how many times, while we sat in the gloaming, did they tell me the story of the wee Wren, and the great work the wee birdie did. Lang syne—ye must have patience, and I will tell ye all." Let us listen while she sings.

In the beautiful Island of Erin,
Where the shamrock in comeliness smiles
Where nature with verdure perennial,
Has clothed this, our lovely green isle.

In this spot so favored of heaven,
Would ye look for revenge and hate,
Where brother 'gainst brother would battle,
With hatred which knew no sate?

Even so have those of old told us,
As we sat by the ingle at home,
How those of the Protestant faithful
Met those of the church of Rome.

Near the banks of a shining river,
Two armies were just in view,
So the sun at his setting had left them,
To slumber the long night through.

Thus man with frail wisdom had ordered,
Not dreaming that Wisdom above
Had othered, in his omniscience,
Decreed it for those of his love.

As His angel-guards watched over Jacob,
And ever encamp round the just,
His infinite love calls the smallest
To accomplish His purpose august.

The moon slowly steals from the orient,
In the splendor of silvery robe;
And the sentinels lone greet her coming,
As each on his lone "beat" still trode.

"All is well!" so dreams the reformer,
And sends a low whisper to heaven,
Asking grace for the work of the morrow,
Full knowing that grace will be given.

The moon has fulfilled her bright mission,
And gone to her home in the sea;
There exhales a low breathing to heaven—
"O God! guard my loved ones and me!"

But list! In the distance a murmur,
As of far-away drum-beat is heard;
Our sentinel pauses, and near him,
On a drum sees a tiny brown bird!

He listens! he waits! and he hears it again!
He looks! with a bound his heart springs!

For he sees that the tiny bird sounds the alarm
On the drum with its tiny brown wings!

Yes, it gathers the crumbs from the head of the drum,
Which the soldier had left in his haste;

These infinite fragments, duns gathered with joy,
Cannot fall to the ground, cannot waste.

'Tis well that he listens and heeds the alarm,
For far in the distance he spies
The light of camp-fires,—the glitter of arms
Is flashed on his awe-stricken eyes.

The alarm is sounded from post to post,
And quick as a flash all are ready;
With a prayer on each lip, firm resolve
In each heart,
They gather, and each step is steady.

The foe is surprised! they who hoped to surprise
Are defeated, and driven as a herd;
While those, the victorious, around
their camp-fires,
"Thank heaven for the tiny brown bird!"

When out in the field, through the clear summer air,
Her cheery, shrill whistle is heard;
The Protestant faithful of Urin exclaims—
"Bless God for that tiny brown bird!"

A right bonnie lesson she reads to us all,
If we'll have the wisdom to know;
"Dear fellow, strive ever some kindness to show,
Making life radiant with light which shall glow,

Keeping warm, sunny hearts, whose love shall overflow
Like the song of your sweet Jenny Wren."

HIS TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. L. M. BAYNE.

It lay there just within reach, the pretty, glittering thing, dropped carelessly on the velvet lining of the jeweler's window-tray, just as it had fallen from the case when some hasty hand had moved it, and the man standing outside knew that he could slip in and snatch it, unnoticed, at almost any moment when the door opened, and what a beautiful thing it would be for his Janey to wear on her dainty white neck!

His Janey! The jewels in their velvet cases faded out of sight; the gold necklace with its engraved heart-shaped locket vanished, and there stood before him a little slender child, with the light of heaven in her eyes, with soft, falling locks of bright hair, with pale lips, and the weary wasted look which suffering brings overshadowing her like the clouding of an angel's wings. Ah! an angel! And he wanted the golden, glittering bauble for her—he would sell his soul that his child might have the paltry, perishable thing!

He went on his way then, grimy, unwashed—a laboring man who had no work to do—nothing to live on but promises and the little his good wife could earn by a day's labor when she could leave Janey, the sick child. He went home to the one poor room they occupied, and was cautioned not to wake the little one. She was very sick—the doctor had been there, and said it was a crisis she must be kept very quiet. The man strode to the bed and looked at her, his one wee lamb. There she lay, sunk deep in the poor pillow, scarcely alive, scarcely breathing, her cheeks pale and sunken, her small hands crossed on her bosom. Should she wake she would ask with the pretty caprice of babyhood what "pappie" had brought her, and he had not earned a penny that whole week.

When the supper of bread and tea was eaten he said he

would go out and take a stroll while his wife cleared up the dishes, and he took his hat and walked down the street in the direction of the jeweler's store. He half hoped that it would be closed, but it was not. He looked in the window; the gold chain lay there yet. Some purchaser hurried in, leaving the door open. He did not think of Janey; he did not think at all. The only thing he knew was that he was walking away, and clasped in the palm of his grimly, closed hand was the bauble he had coveted. It was the first fruits of dishonesty that hand had ever clasped. "Stop thief! Stop thief!" He ran when he heard that cry, not in the direction of home, but towards the river; he sped on with the words ringing a knell in his ears. Then he found he was not followed; they must have lost track of him, or—it couldn't be that they meant him; his sin had not surely found him out so soon. He turned and went home.

There all was confusion—lights, hurrying feet and a clergyman coming out with bowed head. What did it mean? He went in and saw his wife crying, and a strange woman—Janey—oh, my God—Janey was dead! He had made himself a thief for nothing.

"Hugh, Hugh, wake up! What's the matter man? Here's Mr. Gardiner waiting to see you; he wants to engage you for regular work, and Jenney's better; out of danger, the doctor says. Wake up, man—what ails ye?"

Sure enough, what did ail him? He jumped out of his chair like a lunatic and hugged Janey to his breast as if he would never let her go—and I'm sure it's a wonder it didn't kill her—and then lifted his eyes to heaven, "The Lord be praised," he said, "it was only a dream!"

"He must have been dreaming the child was dead," said his wife; "he always has bad dreams when he sleeps after supper that way."

But he had dreamed that he was dead himself—morally dead in trespasses and sin—which would have separated him forever from little Janey. He had been tempted, but he had not fallen.

"Oh, never from thy tempted heart. Let thine integrity depart."
—Detroit Free Press.

Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in. Not having enough of sunshine is what ails the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling, or a tenth part the wickedness there is.—Mrs. Child.

The secret of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is owing to the fact that it is the very best iron preparation made. By a thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood it reaches every part of the body, giving health, strength and endurance to every portion. Thus beginning at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health. It does not contain whiskey or alcohol. It will not blacken the teeth. It does not constipate or cause headache. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, etc.

MORAL INSTRUCTIONS IN SCHOOLS.

It is gratifying to notice that in the summer educational meetings the question of character education is not overlooked; and, indeed, that the subject is receiving generally more attention. Hitherto the mind, or at least the memory, has monopolized the attention of instructors, whose efforts have been bent upon cramming the child's brain with facts, at the expense both of his imagination and heart.

Now, however, the indications seem to promise a better state of things. People are waking up to the fact that the child has a character as well as an intellect to be trained and developed, and that the school offers facilities for its education which have been too long neglected. As important contribution to the discussion of the subject is the symposium of Dr. R. Heber Newton and Dr. Francis L. Patton, in the August *North American*.

Of the two, Dr. Patton is the more philosophical and profound. He discusses the grounds on which ethical instructions is based, and concludes that "teaching morality" means teaching Christian morality, and Christian morality, rests upon revelation. Christian morality," he insists, "must be inculcated as the known expression of God's will, Protestant and Roman Catholics are in full accord upon this point, though they hold antagonistic views regarding the mode in which moral instruction should be conveyed. It is not likely that the Christian people who are known by these names can ever unite in the cordial support of the existing system of public education; but it is certain that as long as they retain their Christian convictions they will express their disapproval of every proposition that contemplates a non-religious system of ethical instruction.

Dr. Newton on his part, does not go as far as this. He makes no essential discrimination between secular and Christian ethics, and discusses expedients rather than principles. Ethical education, he holds, may be carried on in three ways: through direct instructions, through training, and through the influence of the spiritual atmosphere created in the school. He recommends as means of instruction "choice ethical readings, brief accounts of noble men and women, tales of brave and fine actions, golden sayings, parables and allegories," etc., and purposes utilizing also the daily incidents of the newspapers, which, he says, "furnish affecting models of heroism and tragic examples of consequences of vice." The school discipline he regards as already furnishing valuable aid. Obedience, punctuality, cleanliness, good manners, are taught by the daily routine, though with these are commingled such unwholesome influences as fear, self-love, for which a higher motive needs to be substituted.

After all, however, he thinks the most potent element in ethical education is the school atmosphere, and this is directly imparted by the teacher. "Personal influence," says Dr. Newton, "remains always the last and most vital formative power in the atmospheric influence of a school. The schools that have been noted for the culture of character have always had a noble man or woman at the core of their wise systems." The teacher will not nest with enunciating moral truths, or illustrating them with beautiful examples, but will apply himself to training the individual conscience. More than this, "the true teacher of morality," Dr. Patton writes, "will strive not only to cultivate the conscience so that there will be a knowledge of what is right, but also to cultivate the character, so that there will be a disposition to do right.

But to do this the educator must be educated: the normal schools must include in their course a department of ethical instruction and a wider view must be generally taken of the teacher's office; which, indeed, in the light of Dr. Patton's article, becomes invested with the most solemn and profound responsibilities.—M. Y. Obs.

Why Some Farmers do not Succeed.

The "Southern Farm's Monthly" gives the following reasons why some farmers do not succeed:

- They are not active and industrious.
- They are slothful in everything.
- They do not keep up with improvements.
- They are wedded to old methods.
- They give no attention to details.
- They think small things not important.
- They take no pleasure in their work.
- They regard labor as a misfortune.
- They weigh and measure stingily.
- They are wasteful and improvident.
- They let their gates swag and fall down.
- They let their fowls roost in the trees.
- They have no shelter for stock.
- They do not curry their horses.
- They leave their plows in the field.
- They hang the harness in the dust.
- They put off greasing the wagon.
- They starve the calf and milk the cow.
- The don't know the best is the cheapest.
- They have no method or system.
- They see no good in a new thing.
- They never use paint on the farm.
- They prop the barn door with a rail.
- They milk the cows late in the day.
- They have no time to do things well.
- They do not read the newspapers and books.

Dr. C. N. Robertson, Elm Grove, N. C., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and find it recommended."

COURTESY AT HOME.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy towards brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as towards parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was well instructed in table etiquette, but who forgot her lessons sometimes as even older people do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that, for every solecism of the sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness she should discover in her elders, she was to exact a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure Mistress Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at the table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her, when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprieties.—Ex.

A late student of Christ Church was in the habit of telling some wonderful stories in Commons Room, much to Osborne Gordon's amusement—so much so, indeed, that when the narrator paused on the verge of some specially marvelous anecdote to explain that he could not vouch for it, Gordon was wont to encourage him by saying, "Tell it, L—; tell it; I'll vouch for it." One of L—'s anecdotes was that, when out fishing one day, he had put his macintosh down by his side, and a cow came up and ate it. To which O. G. replied at once, and without moving a muscle, "Well, I only wish our cows at Oxtord would do the same; we should have a chance of getting our milk waterproof."—John Bull.

THE MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE

The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains, and irritation of men and women, we recommend sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates better than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the traveler's gash more of this than of oil. Florence Nightingale used it on the Crimean battle-field. Take it out into all their alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick beds. Not a phial full, not a cup full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes, for melancholy.

If any one strikes my child he strikes me. A husband can understand it. If any one injures his wife the injury touches him. These close human relationships help us to understand how dear believers are to Christ, and how well defended they are. This truth teaches us also to be most careful how we treat others, lest we be found lifting up our hand against Christ in the person of his lowly followers.—J. B. Miller.