

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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TRUST HIM.

Is the tempest round thee raging?
Do the angry billows roar?
Is there darkness all about thee,
Not a ray from yon far shore?
Trust in Jesus.

Did thy summer friends all leave thee
In adversity's dark night?
Christ was left alone on Calvary,
Without one bright gleam of light.
Suffering Saviour.

Does the cruel breath of slander
Touch thy name with blighting power,
Till thy heart is well-nigh broken,
In a lonely, friendless hour?
Trust the shepherd.

He, thy Friend, will gently lead thee
Into ways thou hast not known;
Then, oh, sad heart! ever trust Him,
He will save and keep His own.
Ever trust Him.

Has the heavy hand of sorrow
Fallen on thy drooping head?
Hast thou wept beside the dying?
Hast thou mourned above the dead?
Then, oh, trust Him!

There is yet a bow of promise
Bending 'neath that far-off sky;
There's a dazzling rift of sunshine
Bursting through the clouds on high;
There's a Helper.

There is still the "Rock of Ages,"
Everlasting arms beneath;
Cling to that, poor, earthly pilgrim,
In thy hours of deepest grief.
Trust the Saviour.

—*Christian Observer.*

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER. MY FIRST SWARM OF BEES.

I had received the gift of a colony of bees, not because I cared for such a present; but an old gentleman who had a large apiary, and who took great interest in the working of the little creatures, wanted very much to bestow a hive upon me, and I accepted chiefly to gratify him.

When the swarming season came on I watched my bees carefully, for I had become more and more interested in them. I had read all I could lay my hand on in regard to the treatment of bees, and I had asked my friend, who was a practical bee-keeper, all the questions I could think of, especially in reference to their swarming, and how to have them most successfully. Week after week passed, but there was no swarming. The colony seemed in an active condition, however, and that kept up my hopes. I believed that they would swarm sometime or other—probably when my duties called me from home—and so I made all necessary preparation for the event as if it were a matter of vast moment. My visits to the garden during the warmer part of the day were frequent, and I always paused near the beehive to watch the little creatures, and to interrupt them in their course if they should suddenly form a bee-line for the distant wood.

The day was hot, in the middle of June, about half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and I lingered near a nice bed of strawberries to gather a few for immediate use when, casting my eyes toward the

hive, I hastened near to secure a place of good observation. In less than a minute the air seemed living with little things flying madly in all directions. After a few moments I noticed the thickest of the cloud floated down towards an apple tree that spread out its young branches near the ground. Then my eager eye caught sight of a little dark knot forming on one of its boughs, and I shouted with great delight, "They are settling!" So they were, and in five minutes a large cluster like a mammoth bunch of grapes hung swinging from the branch.

A table was soon placed under, with a new patent hive upon it, and according to my friend's instructions I shook down the cluster at the door of the hive. There was a grand commotion under and around, and already the bees began to enter the new house, and I thought the feat accomplished, when my assistant exclaimed, "They are going to swarm again!" I looked up at the old hive to see it black with bees—not another swarm, but the one I thought I had captured going back to the old home. How disappointed I felt, and how I reproached myself for bungling the work. The opportunity could not have been more favorable. So convenient, so easy. I might have dropped every bee into the new hive, and thus have secured the prize. I was so disappointed and ashamed of myself that I grieved over the mismanagement all the afternoon. True, it was some little comfort to know that they might swarm next day; but that would not mend the present failure—and then perhaps they would not light at all, but fly direct to the distant wood.

"Surely," said I to myself, "surely there is a lesson here for me; for every one young or old who will learn." First opportunities, improved or lost, generally make or mar our whole life. Every one's experience furnishes proof of this. I knew a youth who had just left school. A friend who had watched over his education with deep interest gave him a splendid opportunity of gaining a fortune besides making himself a man of much account. His employer was well pleased with him. He was capable of filling the situation in every respect. His health was excellent. Everything bid fair for a prosperous and even a useful life. He fell into a mistake, however. Carried away with excitement and evil associates he made a rash bet on his favorite racer, and lost it—and took the money out of his employer's safe, just for a few days of course! The theft was soon discovered, and he was dropped from his place. He lost his splendid opportunity for life; he lost his self-respect, his character, and his life; for he chose to meet an offended God rather than live under the scorn of his former acquaintances. Another young man with great difficulty obtained a good situation. He held it for a few months till he thought he knew how to fill it. He made a slight mistake

which his master pointed out to him. Instead of being grateful he was impertinent, and on Saturday night he was paid off with the doubtful compliment that he was too smart for their kind of business.

A youth goes out into the world with false ideas of right and wrong. He thinks that it is no matter what he believes if he only tries to do as well as he can. He possesses a little religious knowledge, but he does not make it a vital element of his being. He has just enough to be called moral, a pretty good sort of man, fairly honest. There was an opportunity in his life when he might have secured an undoubted interest in religious things, but he made the mistake of neglecting it, and he never could see another half so favorable again. He lost his first opportunity of becoming a Christian, and of enjoying the happiness of a religious life, and, saddest of all, he is likely to lose the salvation of his soul; for the end of religious mistakes may involve a loss as great as that of the soul without an opportunity of regaining the treasure. This is why God's word is so urgent: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;" "Those that seek me early shall find me;" "Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." Yes, a lost opportunity is like a lost day; it never returns again. Another may or may not take its place, but it is gone forever. R. H. C.

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

A week or two ago, a young man, belonging to an influential, honorable family, cheated a couple of business firms in a great Western city, by false representations, out of a couple of hundred thousand dollars. The matter was brought before his father as old man of stern integrity. The young man was his only child.

"Gentlemen, I can do nothing," he said. "I have paid nearly half a million dollars already to make up sums which he has embezzled. He has brought me to beggary. The law must take its course." He turned away. The road between him and death was short, and it would be dark and hard.

On the same week an elderly woman was seen to throw herself into the Schuylkill river, near Philadelphia. She was rescued with difficulty. She held in her hand a satchel containing gold, notes and bank-books representing several thousand dollars. When she recovered her senses she was asked.

"Why did you do this? You were in no danger of want."

"No. I had money enough. But I had five children—four boys and a girl. They all went away—all went away. They have not wanted me to visit them, and they do not write to me. I have waited for years, and they have not come back. Folks told me they were doing well, and were fine gentlemen and la-

dies; but they have forgotten their old mother. I was so lonesome that my head got queer. Indeed, gentlemen, I tried to do all I could for my little children but when they grew up they were tired of me."

No words of ours can add to these two chapters of actual life. Very few sons and daughters are as guilty as these, but how few are wholly free from such guilt? Many a man or woman, who would not take the life of the poorest living creature, kills the souls of those who love them best, by years of passive, cold forgetfulness and neglect.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SEX LINE.

It is interesting to observe that one of the demands made by the telegraph strikers is that women operators should receive the same pay as men for the same work. This is an ethical consideration, which sooner or later must force its way into commercial dealings. Either the price of skilled women labor will be assimilated to that of man, or the price of male labor will be adjusted to that of women. Supply and demand, not the arbitrary sex line, will fix the rate.—*Christian Register.*

This paragraph touches on one of the iniquities of the business world, which has always been to us a surprise and a scorn—the denial of equal wages to women, who do the work intrusted to them as faithfully and skillfully as men. It is the survival of the unfittest of all heathen prejudices—the spirit that regards the mother-sex and wife-sex as though it belonged to an inferior race, and had been made physically weak that it might be trampled on. If any difference in the rate of wages is to be established, let the present rule be reversed, and let women receive the larger pay, out of reverence for the sisterhood which supplies our two highest blessings, our wives and our mothers. One thing, at least, is certain, less of the money would be used for purposes of vice, and more of it would be employed to improve the condition and to conserve the morals of the working class.—*Christian Index.*

These two paragraphs deserve to go around the world as companion voices, calling people back to their senses. That women are paid less for their work than men, just because they are women, as is done every day all over the world, is a shame that ought not to spoil the roseate cheeks of the first morning of the twentieth century.—*Macon Advocate.*

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Head such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

The humility that can yet talk has need of careful watching.

CATASTROPHE IN JAVA.

A volcanic eruption which is believed to rival in destructiveness the terrible earthquakes of Lisbon and Caracas, occurred last week on the island of Java. The disturbances began at the island of Krakatoa, about fifteen miles off the coast of Java, and soon extended to the larger island; until more than one-third of the forty-five Javanese craters were in a tive operation. To the torrents of fire, lava, and sulphurous mud, the clouds of ashes, and the shock of the earthquake was added the deluge of a tidal wave. When morning came it was discovered that an enormous tract of land, fifty miles square, with all its inhabitants, had disappeared, while a range of mountains extending along the coast for sixty-five miles had gone out of sight. The towns of Tanager, Speelwyk, and Bigelenknig were wholly or partially destroyed by the lava. Angier and other towns were engulfed by the tidal wave, while Batavia has been visited by showers of ashes and stones. Throughout the island what a few hours before were fertile valleys, covered with flourishing plantations of coffee, rice, sugar, indigo or tobacco, were now but mud, stone and lava. Probably not a crop in Java will be saved, while the loss of life, it is feared, will reach seventy-five thousand souls. Twenty thousand Chinese are believed to have perished in Batavia alone, being swept away from their homes on the sea-shore by the rising of the waters. The volcanic character of the island renders it peculiarly liable to catastrophes of this kind, while the density of its population—eighteen millions of people being packed in an area not larger than the State of New York—make them, when they occur, terribly fatal to human life.

CURING A BAD MEMORY.

Your memory is bad, perhaps, but we can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One—to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules and you will have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides unattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through stories and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman a life-long lover of books, who declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading.—*Selected.*

Mrs. Wm. Wiggins, Ridgely, N. C., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters and find it the best tonic I have ever used."

There is perhaps no better test of a man's real strength and character than the way in which he bears himself under just reproof. Every man makes mistakes, every man commits faults; but not every man has the honesty and meekness to acknowledge his errors and to welcome the criticism which points them out to him. It is rarely difficult for us to find an excuse for our course, if it's an excuse we are looking for. It is, in fact, always easier to spring to an angry defense of ourselves than to calmly acknowledge the justice of another's righteous condemnation of some wrong action of ours; but to refuse to adopt this latter course, when we know that we are in the wrong, is to reveal to our own better consciousness, and often to the consciousness of others, an essential defect of our character. He is strong who dares to confess that he is weak; he is already tottering to fall who needs to bolster up the weakness of his personality by all sorts of transparent shams. It is not in vain that Scripture says: "Remove one that hath understanding, and we will understand knowledge;" for one of the best evidences of the possession of that discreet self-judgment which stands at the basis of moral strength, and one of the best means of gaining it when it is lacking, is just this willingness to accept merited reproof; and to profit by it when accepted.—*S. S. Times.*

CHILDREN.

No other class touches the chords of so tender a concern as do the children. What issues hang on a child's life! In the palm of the tender little hand is carried a mother's heart, a father's hopes. If the child misses the path of honor and falls into evil ways, and grows up to an evil youth, a mother's heart will be broken, a father's gray hairs will go down to the grave with sorrow. What a path the child's tender feet has to tread! Through what snares, through what experiences of evil, through what perilous companionships its life must run! Who that reflects on the hopes and fears bound up with every child's life, the possibilities, alike dread and splendid, that overshadow it, but has his heart stirred with a deep and pathetic longing to do something to rescue these tender lives from the touch of harm?—*Southern Cross.*

I have some degree of power over my outward man, but little over my inward. I can make a shift to be just, and do acts of kindness and humanity, and put on a show of courtesy and civility; but the bent of my heart is still the same. I can no more love God with all my heart, or come up to St. Paul's description of charity, than I can reach heaven with my hands. In this point of view, what a reasonable aid is gospel power! and how exactly is the religion of the Bible suited to the wants of mankind, in its offers of forgiveness and renovation.