

# THE EDUCATOR.

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## POETRY.

### To My Little Namesake.

BY LINDA WARFEL.

"Linda, we have named the baby for you."

MRS.—

Birdie, in your cradle nest!  
Though my lips have ne'er caressed,  
Nor my fingers lightly pressed  
Your wee frame—  
Tenderly my heart is stirred  
By a mother's written word,  
That she calls her household bird,  
By my name.

Lovingly your image fair,  
In my inmost heart has share,  
And I cherish fondly there  
Dreams of thee!  
Pure and holy is the thought,  
By your unseen presence brought,  
Of a love as yet untaught  
Unto me.

Baby! though I ne'er should know  
Your pure features here below,  
Words of kindness, ere I go,  
Let me say!  
"Linda" while you bear my name,  
Let no crimson spot of shame  
Blot its fair, unsullied fame,  
While I stay.

From life's sorrows oft, that rise—  
Life's best angels in disguise—  
Learn this lesson and be wise,  
"Life is brief."  
Read, with thoughts of pure intent,  
Warning words in kindness meant,  
List the teachers God hath sent,  
Love and Grief.

Baby! so the swift years fly,  
Drawing closer earth and sky,  
They will call us both to lie  
In the tomb;  
But, ere life's sands are all told,  
Earth to me will have grown cold;  
I'll be feeble, gray, and old,  
In your bloom.

Birdie! when the years have flown,  
And your feet can walk alone—  
When upon your heart has grown  
Maidenhood!  
Keep you, darling, from the strife  
Of a sickly, fevered life,  
And from ill with pleasure rife,  
Pure and good.

Ever close your guileless heart  
'Gainst the tempter's ready art,  
Mine has learned that joys depart,  
Why not thine?  
You, like me, may shed hot tears,  
Like me, be oppressed with fears,  
Ere come and gone have twice ten  
years,  
Baby, mine!

Guide aright those little feet,  
That when life has fled so fleet,  
They may tread the golden street  
Up above;  
Keep your lips from guile of men,  
That when rings the glad "Amen!"  
They may sing, with thousands ten,  
"God is love!"

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

### Johnny's Conversion.

The following account of the conversion of a little boy, as related by his father, will, we are sure, interest our little readers, and, we trust, be blessed to them:

"When my child was about three years old, and while speaking to him of a divine Savior, I said to him: Johnny, the Lord Jesus came into the world to save sinners little sinners like you, as well as big sinners." He looked up and said: "What is a sinner, papa?" "You are a sinner, Johnny." "No, I am not, papa. I don't know what a sinner is." I described some of his little faults, but without applying the description, and remarked: "Any little boy who does so is a sinner. These things do not make him a sinner; but they show that he is a sinner; for, if sin was not in him, it would not come out in this or in any other way."

"With blushing face and flowing tears he sobbed as though his little heart would break. Laying my hand gently on his head I asked him with tenderness, what was the cause of his grief; but he only wept more loudly, and clung to me the more. I then asked: 'Have you found out who is a sinner?' 'Yes, papa! 'Who is a sinner?' 'I am a sinner, papa! 'Then the gospel, is good news to you, Johnny; for it tells you of Jesus, the sinner's friend.' It was my hab-

it to direct his mind to Christ Jesus alone.

"When my child was about seven years old I was occupied, during a few months, in a large village, in making known the gospel of the grace of God. Many poor, neglected sinners were there brought together to hear; and about forty of them were led by grace to know the joyful sound. Infidels, openly immoral persons and gray-headed sinners were of the number saved; and in the midst of these was my own little one, confessing Christ his all in all.

"A few of the particulars of his conversion may serve to show the simplicity of his faith in Christ.

"One evening, after a meeting at which Christ alone was exalted, and God's way of saving sinners through him was declared, my little boy came to me, led by his mother, who said: 'Papa, Johnny wishes to say something to you. 'Well, my dear,' said I 'what is it you wish to say?' He replied quietly: 'I believe now, papa.' 'What do you believe?' I inquired, being careful not to anticipate or suggest. I believe, with my heart, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that he died on the cross for sinners; and God the Father raised him from the dead, and he is now at the right hand of God in heaven, Lord of all.' These were his precious words, and he added: 'I do believe this, papa, with all my heart.' Giving thanks to God, I asked my little one this question: 'Are your sins forgiven, Johnny?' 'I don't know.' This was said just as a little child would speak.

"About a week after he came to me with a placid countenance and said: 'papa, I believe more now.' 'What do you believe now, my dear?' 'I believe with my heart, as I told you last week, that Jesus is the Son of God, who died on the cross for sinners, and that God raised him from the dead; and he is at the right hand of the Father, Lord of all. And I believe that God has forgiven my sins for Jesus' sake. All fear is taken away, papa, and I am now waiting for Jesus to come from heaven.' "It was a touching sight when, in the midst of a group of rescued sinners, this little one stood and confessed his faith in Jesus, the divine and only Savior of his soul. There stood the infidel and the gray-headed sinner, and, in the midst of such, this little one of seven years old, confessing like the grace by which they were all equally saved from sin and death, and the value of that precious blood in which their various sins were all and forever washed away."—*Pure Streams.*

A PRETTY INCIDENT.—A gentleman relates that many years ago he was on a visit to the Isle of Man, and during his walks he strolled into the quiet churchyard, where repose the bodies of many faithful and humble Christians. Near a grave in a corner of the churchyard he noticed a lady with a little girl, (the latter about twelve years of age,) to whom she was relating the story of "the Dairyman's Daughter," whose remains lay beneath their feet. As the lady proceeded with the narrative he observed the little girl lift up her eyes filled with tears, and heard her say that she would try and be as good as the dairyman's daughter had been. After planting a beautiful lily on the grave they walked slowly away. The gentleman, upon making inquiry, found that the lady was the Duchess of Kent and the little girl her daughter. The latter is now Queen of England.

An unsophisticated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup with the remark that they "couldn't palm off any biled pipe-stems on him."

Schoolmistress.—"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you. When I was your age I could read as well as I do now. Johnny.—"Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

We respectfully invite any minister of the gospel to communicate to us promptly any items suited for this department of the EDUCATOR. Every minister should subscribe. Address

WADDELL & SMITH,  
FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

### That Other Willie.

"Willie, why don't you go and play with the boys and not be forever stuck at my feet?"

Such was Mrs. Grey's impatient question, one day, when her little son came and seated himself in the parlor, when his mother was conversing with a visitor.

"I would rather be with you than the boys," he answered, timidly.

"Oh, I never saw such a booby!" "Is it wrong to wish to be near you, mamma?" said the child, and his nether lip trembled as he spoke.

"Wrong? Of course not. But you are old enough to have some manliness about you. See yonder are Will and John Gowdy on the ice.—Run along and keep them company. I want to talk with Mrs. Brown."

The boy picked up his little cap, and went out without another word, Mrs. Grey turned to her visitor.

"Isn't he a queer child?" she asked.

The other raised her sad eyes, and fixed them with such a pained expression on the mother's face, that for a moment Mrs. Grey felt almost offended. She was a sorrowful looking woman, this Mrs. Brown.

"I had a son once; but he is gone now," she said, at last, and there were tears in her eyes.

Mrs. Grey gazed at her wonderingly. She had not known this before.

"It is a bitter thing to tear open partially healed wounds," Mrs. Brown continued; "but let me tell you my story."

"Several years ago, I was about to give a party; a grand affair it was to be, and my head was almost turned while making preparations. My Willie (his name was Willie, too,) was about sixteen year old. He had never been to school; I had educated him myself. At home he was all a mother's heart could desire; but he was shy, and when I forced him into company, he appeared so awkward, that I often felt ashamed of him.—This was one reason for my deciding to give a party. If he was obliged to act the part of host, he would overcome his bashfulness, I thought. But Willie never approved of it.

"I shall be glad when that party is over," he said, one day; for since you have got it into your head, I have lost my mother."

"Poor little baby!" I responded, slightly provoked at his lack of interest. "I wonder how many more years I shall have you tied to my apron-strings!"

I spoke sneeringly, and a proud flush instantly overspread his face.

"I will be tied there no longer," he returned. "I will seek other company in the future."

"I was frightened at the result of my words. Still I made no response. My boy, putting on his coat and hat, went out. It was the first time in his life he had left me without informing me where he was going.

"In good time the party came off. It was a gay affair, and none were gayer than Willie. He was a sort of an extremist, and took no medium stand. After that his books and work were neglected, and his days as well as his evenings were spent abroad. Fast young men became his constant companions. I was left alone to mourn over the change I had wrought. At first, he made it a rule to be in at night at ten o'clock; but, after a time, he began to stay

out later; and daybreak sometimes found him from home. I tried to expostulate, tried to win him back to his old habits, but my efforts were unavailing. He had got a taste of a new life, and it held him by a charm. Well do I remember the first night he came home in a state of intoxication. It was his seventeenth birthday, just a year from the time I had given the party. I had seen him under the influence of wine once or twice before; but on this night he had drunk so deeply, that some of his companions had to help him home.

"The hours of that night were dreadful hours of self-reproach and agony. I was so glad when morning came to dispel the gloom—so glad when reason returned to my erring child. He was very much ashamed. He said, again and again, he would do better; but his resolves were worthless. Two nights later he was again brought home intoxicated. After that it was a common occurrence. He fell lower and lower, squandered all my ready money, and, when I refused to mortgage my property, that he might have more, he left me with an oath.

"That night a large firm was robbed, and it was soon discovered that Willie was one of the perpetrators of the deed. The next morning the town was wild with excitement, and I was almost crazed with anxiety, for my boy had fled. The news passed from mouth to mouth: My house was searched and my son called a villain; but I had no power to prevent either. No one gave me a word of sympathy.

"You have only yourself to blame," said a blount old woman, who called during the day. The boy was happy at home, but you drove him into bad company."

"That night at the hour of twelve, as I sat alone, a window was opened softly, and Willie stepped into the room. With a glad cry I sprang toward him, but he pushed me rudely away.

"Can you hide me anywhere?" he said. Had you given me money yesterday, this would not have been. "Oh, Willie," I cried.

"Yes, mother," he said, sternly. "You have made me a criminal. I want to tell you I have secretly married Kate Hastings. God knows what will become of her."

Kate was a pretty little creature, only sixteen years old, innocent as the violets which grew around her home. My bleeding heart gave a quick, painful throb, as he continued.

"The world now will not believe we are married. She will be scorned by all. Hark! they are coming. Mother, I am too young, too wicked to die, but I must die, I must die.—Farewell!"

"I saw his purpose now, for his hand clutched a revolver; and springing to my feet, I threw my arms about him to shield him from myself. But he shook me off. The next moment the loud report of a pistol echoed through the house.—One glance showed me his lifeless form, stretched on the floor. Then existence was a blank to me.

"When I awoke to consciousness, the morning sun was shining, and the house was filled with people.—But even justice was satisfied, and I was soon left alone with the dead.—All day, fearless and motionless, I sat beside the mangled corpse.—Some people, kinder than the rest, came in to make preparations for the funeral, and passed silently out; but I did not heed them.

"Kate Hastings came just after dark. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face was so ghastly that it startled me.

"You, too, have come to reproach me?" I said.

"No, mother. You suffer enough without my reproaches. I have

come to watch with the dead."

"I wish to watch alone," I said.

"It is I who will watch alone," she returned, "It is my right. I am his wife."

"How calm she was! There was not even a tremor of the voice to tell how she suffered.

"Yes, it is your right, my poor child!" I said. "It gives me another pang to give him up, even to you, my daughter; still I do it."

"She looked up quickly."

"He has told you?"

"Yes."

"Yet you speak kindly to me, and do not condemn us!"

"A sad but beautiful smile for a moment lighted her features. She raised one of my hands, and kissed it reverentially.

"Thank you!" she said: "Some time you will be glad for having shown this kindness to one so much in need of it. Now, mother, leave me."

"I left the apartment; but I did not retire. All night I sat on the floor, outside the door, hoping that Katie would bid me enter, but no such summons came. Daylight returned, and the busy world again moved; still I heard no movement in the chamber of death. At last my anxiety became so great, that I opened the door, and glanced in. The girl knelt by the corpse, apparently asleep. Softly I stole forward, and then raised the drooping head. But no sad eyes met my gaze; nothing but the white face, the starting orbs of a corpse. Katie had died by her own hand, as a bottle which she clutched proved.

"The next day, they buried the pair, my erring child-wife, in one grave; and, as the clouds fell on the coffin, the brightness of my life went out forever."

Mrs. Brown could say no more, for sobs choked her utterance. Her listener, too, was deeply affected, as her pale face and tearful eyes showed.

Leaving the bereaved mother for a moment, Mrs. Grey staid softly to the door, and called.

"Willie."

The child heard her, and came quickly to her side.

"What is it, mamma?"

"It is lonesome without you, darling; she said drawing him to her.

A smile lit up his face.

"Then you do love me, mamma?"

"Love you? Oh, Willie!"

Her arms were about him now, and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"Did some one tell you about those bad boys?" he asked, wonderingly.

"They have got a flask of whiskey, mamma."

"Thank God! you are saved, my darling!" she cried, hysterically.

She drew him closer to her, she clung to him, she showered kisses on his wondering face. But never, until he was a man, with son of his own, did she tell him the history of that other Willie, whose childhood and his had been so much alike, and how by the knowledge of that other Willie's unfortunate career, he had been saved by her, perhaps, from a like fate.

HOW HE GOT A GREEK TESTAMENT.—The Rev. John Brown, when a poor shepherd boy, conceived the idea of learning Latin and Greek, and having procured a few old books, actually accomplished the task while tending his cattle on the hills. On one occasion he went to Edinburgh, plaided and barefoot, walked into a bookseller's store and asked for a Greek Testament. "What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller. "Read it," was the prompt reply. "Read it," exclaimed the bookseller with a smile; "ye may have it for nothing if ye'll read it." Taking the book, he quietly read off a few verses, and gave the translation, on which he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph.

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## What shall we do with our Daughters?

Bring them up in the way they should go.

Give them a good, substantial, common school education.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them to make shirts.

Teach them to make bread.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and parlor.

Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents.

Teach them that the less they live within their income, the nearer they get to the poor-house.

Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen.

Teach them that a good, round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumtives.

Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them to do the marketing for the family.

Teach them to foot up store bills.

Teach them that God made them in His image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Teach them every-day, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them that a good, steady greasy mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oil-pated loafers in broadcloth.

Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute, young men.

Teach them to climb apple trees, go fishing cultivate a garden, drive a road team or a farm wagon.

Teach the accomplishments—music, drawing, painting—if you have the time and money to do it with.

Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it.

Teach them not to wear false hair.

Teach them to regard the morals, not the money, of the bean.

Teach the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness; then, at a suitable time, let them marry.

Rely upon it, that on your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.—*Ed.*

THE GREAT MASTER.—"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand: "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgement to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man. "Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regulator, and where he is Master all goes right. 'One is my master, even Christ,' repeated the young man slowly and seriously; "everybody who puts himself sincerely under his leadership wins at last."