

By and By.

There's a little mischief-maker That's stealing half our bliss, Sketching pictures in a dreamland That are never seen in this. Dashing from our lips the pleasure Of the present while we sigh; You may know the mischief-maker, For his name is By and By.

He is sitting by our hearthstones. With his sly bewitching glance, Whisp'ring of the coming morrow As the social hours advance; Loit'ring mid our calm reflections, Hiding forms of beauty nigh; He's a smooth, deceitful fellow, This enchanter, By and By.

You may know him by his winking, By his careless, sportive air, By his sly, obtrusive presence, That is staying everywhere; By the trophies that he gathers Where his sombre victims lie, For a bold, determined fellow Is this conqueror, By and By.

When the calls of duty haunt us, And the present seems to be All the time that ever mortals, Snatch from dark eternity, Then a fairy hand seems painting Pictures on a distant sky, For a cunning little artist Is the fairy, By and By.

Blind Mules.

One day, as I was passing a Pennsylvania coal mine, I saw a small field of mules. The boy who was with me said:

"These are the mules that work all the week down in the mine, but Sunday they have to come up into the light, or else in a little while they go blind."

I never hear a word about keeping the Sabbath day holy but that I remember the mules. They could not have kept their eyesight by saying, "The better the day the better the deed," and continuing to work; nor by quitting work, but remaining down in the mine to spend the Sabbath in sleep or recreation. And who would be stupid enough to go to those mules in the field and say, "You big-eared fools, what are you winking and blinking around here for? Have all days alike."

And so, when I see a heaven-born soul buried in cares, thoughts, and feelings of this dark and blackening world for six days, and on the seventh doing anything whatever except brining that soul out where the light of God's truth and love can shine into it bright and straight from heaven, I say to myself, "Poor mule! he'll soon be blind."—Christian at work.

Switch.

A very refined educated mother heard her little boy make fun of a good old man riding in the lane. She cut some good switches, took the Bible and called him into the garden and read in the Bible where little children made sport of Elisha saying, "go up, thou bald head," when two bears came out of the wilderness and killed 42 for making fun of this good man. "You," said she, "have been doing the same thing, and I must whip you." She gave them a good whipping and benefited them very much.

E. DODSON.

Biblical Recorder.

No man can tell another's feelings. A stalwart Irish laborer, was one day begging from a gentleman, who requested a medical man present to examine the said laborer. The laborer had enforced his plea with 'Yer honor, I can't work.' "I can find nothing the matter with you to prevent your working, my-man," said the doctor. "Ah, that's thrue for ye," replied Pat; "but then yer honor can't tell how lazy I feel."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—I saw a temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The stream beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunder bolts against it—and yet it stood as adamant. Revelry was it its hall—the gay was there. I returned, and the temple was no more—its high walls lay in scattered ruins, moss and wild grass grew wildly there, and at the midnight hour the owl's cry succeeded the young and gay who reveled there and had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in its youth—the idol of his father; I returned and the child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amid desolation all around him.

I saw the oak in all its pride on the mountain—the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned; the oak was leafless and sapless—the winds were playing at their pastimes through the branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is time," said he "when the morning stars sang together, with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yea, when he shall have rolled the earth and heavens away like a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand towards Heaven's Eternal King and say—Time is, time was, but time shall be no longer."

Answered.

We have no reason whatever to doubt, says The Youth's Companion, the truth of the following pretty incident related in the Danville (Ky.) Advocate:

An interesting little daughter of Prof. C., of this city, last summer, in eating a watermelon, got one of the seeds lodged in her windpipe. The effort was made to remove it, but proved inefficient, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to one of the large cities to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally in order to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her to ask God to help her.

The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with the seed in her hand, and her beautiful and intelligent face lightened up with joy. In response to the eager inquiry of the mother, the little one said that she had asked God to help her, and while she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed.

SPEAK KINDLY TO HIM.—A farmer once saved a very poor boy from drowning. After his restoration he said to him:

"What can I do for you, my boy?"

"Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy, as the tears rushed from his eyes. "I ain't got a mother, like some of them."

A kind word! Think of it. That farmer had it in his power to give that boy money, clothes, playthings, but the poor fellow craved nothing so much as a kind word now and then. If the

farmer had ever so little heart the boy must certainly have had the wish granted.

A kind word! Think of it. You have many such spoken to you daily and you don't think much of their value, but that poor boy in your village, at whom everybody laughs, would think that he had found a treasure if some one would speak a kind word to him. Suppose you speak it! The next time you meet him, instead of laughing at him, speak kindly to him. Then watch him and see how he looks. See if his eyes do not brighten and his lips smile.

Kind words! They are blessed things. Speak them, children, every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They please others, and then return to bless your own hearts. Kind words forever.

Hard Times.

We need not complain of hard times until we make an effort to better them. Lounging around railroad depots and country stores, loafing in shady places, blaming lurch and making no effort to gain a competency, will neither make the pot boil, nor buy new rigging for Sunday show. We must work if we would prosper. We must dig plenty out of the ground. It is to be had no where else. Work, work, work! Stick to the old homestead, young man. Let the cities and towns take care of themselves. The country needs brains and energy, systematically applied. It wants the best of its sons—its noblemen. Let those without brains and industry, seek the cities. They may there fill up the vacancies, menial or otherwise. Stick to your farms, resolve to be successful, and your future prosperity is assured.—Virginia Patron.

A WOMAN'S WIT.—When trade grew slack, and bills fell due, the merchant's face grew long and blue. At last his wife unto him said; "Rise up at once get out of bed, and get your paper, ink, and pen, and say these words unto all men, My goods I wish to sell to you, to your wife and daughters, too; my prices are so very low, that all will buy before they go." He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertise. Crowds came and bought of all he had, his bills were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day, how well printer's ink repay. He told us with a knowing wink, how he was saved with printer's ink.

From the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge.

"The design of the orphan Asylum shall be to protect, train and educate indigent and promising orphan children, to be received between the age of six and twelve, who have no parents, nor property nor near relatives able to assist them. They shall not be received for a shorter time than two years. In extraordinary cases the Superintendent may receive children outside the ages specified.

Resolutions of the Grand Lodge.

Adopted Dec 3d, 1872.

Resolved, 1. That St. John's College shall be made an asylum for the protection, training and education of indigent orphan children.

2. That this Grand Lodge will appropriate \$—annually for the support of the institution; but will not assume any additional pecuniary responsibility.

3. That this Grand Lodge elect a Superintendent who shall control

the institution and solicit contributions for its support from all classes of our people.

4. That orphan children in the said Asylum shall be fed and clothed, and shall receive such preparatory training and education as will prepare them for useful occupations and for the usual business transactions of life.

Adopted Dec 5th 1872: Resolved, That the Superintendent of the said Orphan Asylum shall report each at Annual Communication an account of his official acts, receipts, disbursements, number of pupils, &c., together with such suggestions as he may see fit to offer.

Resolved, That the Master of each subordinate Lodge appoint a Standing Committee upon raising funds for the Orphan Asylum, and require said committee to report in writing each month, and that said reports and the funds received be forwarded monthly to the Superintendent of the Asylum and that the support of the Orphan Asylum be a regular order of business in each subordinate Lodge at each Communication.

4. All churches and benevolent organizations are requested to cooperate with us in the orphan work and to collect and forward contributions through their own proper officers. Here are the resolutions:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Grand Lodge are hereby tendered to many benevolent ladies and gentlemen, to the ministers of the gospel, to churches of various denominations, to Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Good Templars, Friends of Temperance, and other benevolent societies, whose hearty cooperation and liberal contributions have rendered timely and valuable assistance in the great work of ameliorating the condition of the orphan children of the State.

Resolved, That all benevolent societies and individuals are hereby cordially invited and requested to cooperate with us in providing funds and supplies for feeding clothing, and educating indigent and promising orphans children, at the Asylum in Oxford.

Form of Application for Admission to the Orphan Asylums.

N. C., 1875.

This is to certify that

is an orphan, without

estate, and years of age. II.

father died in 18...; his mother

I, being

hereby make application

for admission into the Asylum, at

and

I also relinquish and convey, to the

officers of the Asylum, the manage

ment and control of the said orphan

for years, in order that

may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed

by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

Approved by

Committees of Subordinate Lodges, Appointed under Resolution of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylums!

- American George Lodge, No 17—Dr C L Campbell, H. C. Maddy G. W. Spence, Davie, 39, Thomas J. Pugh, Joseph Cotten, Geo. A. Tally.
Hiram, No. 40.—J. C. R. Little, T. W. Blake, A. H. Winston.
Concord 58. W. G. Lewis, John W. Denton, Joseph P. Suggs.
Scotland Neck, 63, A. B. L. B., W. E. Williams, G. L. Hyman.
Eagle, 71—James R. Gartin, Charles C. Taylor, Isaac R. Strayhorn.
Orr, 104—J. F. Randolph, T. J. Carnall, Richard Grainger.
St. Albans Lodge, No. 114—Ed. McQueen, H. T. Pinnau and Nell Townsend.
Mt. Lebanon, No. 117.—James W. Lancaster, A. J. Brown, S. B. Waters.
Tuscarora, 122, M. B. Jones, W. S. Grandy, W. R. Tamer.
Clinton, No. 124.—Thos. White, R. Y. Yarbro, G. S. Baker, J. G. King.
Franklin, 109.—Wm. M. Thompson, F. B. Mace, B. Lowenberg.
Mt. Energy, 140—J. B. Floyd, H. Haloy, W. E. Bullock.
Rosesville, 150, C. H. Horton, I. H. Scarborough, A. R. Young.
Buffalo Lodge, 172.—A. A. Melver, A. A. Harrington, B. G. Cole, A. M. Wicker and R. M. Brown.
Mt. Olive, 203—Jesse T. Albritton, Joel Loftin, D. M. Justice.
Berea, 204—W. H. Reams, F. M. Meadows, H. W. Hobson, E. C. Allen, A. Sherman.
Lebanon, No. 207.—Jno. H. Summersett, Wm. Merritt, W. S. Frink.
McCormick, 228, A. Dalrymple, Nathan Daugall, W. O. Thomas.
Lenoir, 233, Benja S. Grady, John S. Bizzell, S. B. Pakers, John H. Aldridge, Jacob P. Harper.
Rowntree, 243.—Allen Johnston, Samuel Quinceley, Wm D. Tucker, W. T. Mosley, F. M. Pittman, Henry F. Brooks.
Newbern, 245, J. E. West, T. Powers, E. Hubbs.
Catawba Lodge, No. 248.—R. P. Riehardt, J. N. Long, D. W. Ramsour.
Shiloh, 250, W. H. Gregory, Rev. E. Hines, T. J. Pittard.
Farmington, 265.—L. G. Hunt, W. G. Johnston, W. F. Furches.
Watuga, 273.—J. W. Council, J. Harding, L. L. Green.
New Lebanon 314, Samuel Williams, John Jacobs, W. M. Spence.
Jerusalem, 315—John H. Davis, Geo E Barnhardt, Thomas M. Besant.
Mattamuskeet, 328—S. B. Baer, J. C. McCloud.
T. E. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. E. H. LYON. (Late of "Dalby Pref.")

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Orders solicited and promptly filled. March 3rd, 1875.