

Growing Old.

BY NIXON P. CLINGMAN.

Twice thirty years their shadows weave, My mother, round thy brow, And in the gloaming of life's eve Thy foot o'ercame to now: And thus the waning cycles wheel Their meteor flights away, Till age doth on the pilgrim steal, As night-time doth the day.

And yet the rosy seasons seem But brief, whose sands are told, Since at thy knee I knelt to grow, That thou couldst not dream old; But ah! like iris tints that brain Wreaths on summer's sky, Our breaths of hope are only vain On shrines we love, to die.

The Pea Plant and What It Did.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy in one of the towns of Germany. I do not know his name; but that does not matter, as it is not about him that my story is to be told. All I have to say about him is that he had a pop-gun. One day he went and gathered a pod of peas, then he opened it, and inside were five peas, ranged side by side as peas are found.

'Now for my pop-gun,' said the boy; 'here goes, follow who can; and one after another off went all the peas. What became of the other four is of no consequence to us; but the fifth pea was shot up high in the air, and then it came down and lodged in a little crvice filled up with moss, just under the great window. There it lay, embedded in that green moss. God knew where the tiny seed lay, and he had a special work for it to do.

If you could have looked inside that garet window you would have seen a small humble room; very comfortless you would have thought it, with its sloping roof and bare floor; but it was very clean and tidy for all that. A widow woman lived there, who earned her living by cutting up wood for ovens; but she was very poor, and had to work hard, going out at early dawn and not coming back till evening.

All day long, while she was away, her one child, Gretchen, lay sick upon her little bed. She had had a little sister once, but she had died about a year ago, and ever since that Gretchen had been losing her appetite and her strength, till at last she had grown so weak she could not rise from her bed. Her poor mother began to fear she would be left altogether childless. She did not know that pent up in that small close room, her child was pining for fresh air and sunshine, and she would say, 'Ah! she is going to her sister in heaven; she cannot be happy apart, and so God will take her too; but I would like to keep her with me if I might.'

Yet still the little girl lived on. I do not know what she thought about all those long hours while her mother was away; whether she thought of the blue sky and the green fields where merry children were playing, or whether she had ever been to Sunday school, and could say hymns and texts to herself to beguile the time; but I think they must have been happy thoughts, or she would not have lain there so quietly and peacefully. She looked

such a pale, patient little creature, you would have loved her if you had seen her.

One fine spring morning, when her mother, as usual, was stirring early, and the sunshine was getting as much of itself as it could through the narrow window, Gretchen turned her head wearily towards it, and as she did so something caught her eye. 'Mother,' she said, 'I see something green peeping in at the window. Look! it moves in the wind; what is it?'

Her mother went to the window and opened it. 'Sure enough, it is something green,' she said. 'Why, it is a little pea plant, springing out of a crack in the window ledge where there is a bit of soft earth. How could it have got there?'

We know how it was so we are not so surprised as they were. 'Here is a tiny garden for you to tend, my child,' she continued; and then she drew the sick daughter's bed close under the window, where she might see the plant; and away she went to her daily work.

'Mother,' said Gretchen, in the evening, 'do you know I feel better? I have been watching the little plant all day enjoying the sunshine, and I think I shall get well and be able to lie in the sunshine too.'

'God grant it, my child,' said the mother; and she thanked God in her heart for sending the plant to put such a hope in her child's heart; but she did not hope herself. Yet, she put a little stick to support the plant, and she tied a piece of thread across the window for its tendrils to twine round; and this was for Gretchen's sake.

Gretchen day after day lay at the window, eagerly watching the plant as it grew and thrived in the balmy air, till by degrees the anxious mother could not but see the child was stronger; yes, she was certainly stronger. Oh how anxiously she watched lest the improvement should not continue.

'Well, who would have thought it?' she cried one morning, when she went as usual to look at the seedling; 'there is a blossom upon it. It will soon be a flower; and Gretchen clapped her little hands with delight. A week after this she sat up for the first time a whole hour. The window was open, the warm sunshine streamed in, and in full blossom outside stood the tender flower.

'God has given thee back thy life, and has given me hope and joy, my blessed child,' said the thankful mother. And, while the maiden bent down and kissed the tender leaves, the flower seemed to smile back lovingly upon her, as if it knew that God had sent it. It was a happy day in that humble home. And before the flower had faded, Gretchen stood at the garet window with beaming eyes, the roses blooming upon her once pale cheeks; and as she spread her gentle hands over it she thanked God who had given the fragile plant to restore her to health and life.

Now as you have read this pretty story, I think one thought must have risen up in your minds, 'Who would supposed such a small lowly plant could have been so useful?' and that is just what I wanted you to think, for that will lead us on to another thought, namely, that not one of you is too small or too lowly to be a help to others. I am sure if the plant had had a voice it would have said, 'What can I do? I, a

poor, weak, clinging thing; why, I cannot even stand up by myself; how is it possible that I can even help anybody else? And do you know you are just like the pea plant, just as weak and helpless: but for all that, God can make you useful to others, and he will show you how, if you will only ask him.

We hope the sad and sudden insanity of Robert Dale Owen will have this good effect at least, that it will put a check to the crazy and dangerous rhapsodies of the spiritualists. It may fairly be doubted whether any man ever embraced that doctrine who did not have some kind of bee in his bonnet; and that a spiritualistic belief is rather the evidence than the cause of madness, in a majority of cases. But Mr. Owen was undoubtedly a man of brains, although he was always of eccentric temper; and but for his vagaries of creed and conduct, might have risen to high distinction in the public service. His lunacy is clearly to be attributed to the operation of spiritualistic extravagancies on an excited mind, and to the mortification that attended his connection with a very glaring instance of spiritualistic imposture. Sensible people will hereafter unite, we trust, in the exclusion of this perilous subject from the attention of society, and especially from the thoughts of the young. There seems to be some fascination about it which works no good result, and the end of which has been, in the case of the foremost spiritualist in this country, the sad tragedy of hopeless madness.—Petersburg Index-Appel.

MODESTY.—There was once to be a meeting of the flowers, and the judge was to award a prize to the one pronounced the most beautiful. 'Who shall have the prize?' said the rose, stalking forth in all the consciousness of beauty. 'Who shall have the prize?' said the other flowers, advancing, each with conscious pride, and each imagining it would be herself. 'I will take a peep at these beauties,' thought the violet, as she lay in her humble bed not presuming to attend the meeting. 'I will see them as they pass.' But as she raised her lowly head to peep out of her hiding place, she was observed by the judge, who immediately pronounced her the most beautiful because the most modest.

How to Obey.

Do it at once. Never wait to be told a second time.

Do just what you are told to do. Do not try to have your own way, even in part.

Do it cheerfully. Do not go about it in a surly, cross, peevish way. Don't fret, and grumble, and talk back. Only cheerful obedience can be pleasant to God and man.

HURRAH FOR PADDY!—"Och!" says Paddy, "I'll never be able to put on these boots until I've worn them a day or two."

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another, without a few drops falling on one's self.

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND'S CONSOLATION.—The great beauty of a wife is, that if she abuses you herself, she won't let any one else abuse you.

Last season there were shipped from Salem, North Carolina, to Chicago and other points, over three million pounds of blackberries, for which the shippers received an average of fifteen cents per pound, or nearly a half million dollars—or as much as they would have received for 6,000 bales of cotton at fifteen cents per pound.—Patriot.

Churches should be careful of the character of the entertainments they frequently give. It is said that the Cincinnati lottery dealer whose business was recently interfered with by the Post-Office department, which forbade the delivery to him of any money orders, first got his idea of a lottery from a gift enterprise given for his benefit by the church to which he belonged. This man, who is totally blind, was a few years since in absolute want, and the church gave an entertainment of the kind named, for his relief, which netted several hundred dollars. The beneficiary thought if the church could make such an enterprise a success he would do something in that line himself. His success will be understood by stating that his wealth to-day as estimated all the way from one-quarter to three-quarters of a million. It would scarcely do, however, to hold up his example for emulation to the youth of the country.—Petersburg Daily News.

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

- American George Lodge, No 17—Dr C L Campbell, H. C. Maddy, G. W. Spencer, Davis, 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. Cotton, Joseph P. Suggs. Scotland Neck, 68, A. B. Hill, W. E. Whitmore, G. L. Hyman. Eagle, 71—James R. Gattis, Charles C. Taylor, Isaac R. Strayhorn. Orr, 104—J. F. Randolph, T. J. Carnalt, Richard Grainger. Clinton, 107, N. M. Ross, J. C. Griffith, C. Watson. St. Albans Lodge, No. 114—Ed. McQueen, H. T. Pittman and Neil Townsend. Mt. Lebanon, No. 117—James W. Lancaster, A. J. Brown, S. B. Waters. Tuscarora, 122, M. B. Jones, W. S. Grandy, W. R. Turner. 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. Haley, W. E. Buttlock. Rolesville, 156, G. H. Horton, I. H. Scarborough, A. R. Young. Buffalo Lodge, 172—A. A. McIver, A. A. Harrington, B. G. Cole, A. M. Wickel and R. M. Brown. Cary, 193, A. D. Blackwood, P. A. Sorrel, R. H. Jones. Mt. Olive, 203—Jesse T. Albritton, Joel Loftin, D. M. Justice. Berea, 204—W. H. Reams, F. M. Meadows, R. W. Hobgood, E. C. Allen, A. Sherman. Lebanon, No. 207—Jno. H. Summersett, Wm. Merritt, W. S. Frink. McCormick, 228, A. Dalrymple, Nathan Daugherty, W. O. Thomas. Lenoir, 233, Benja S. Grady, John S. Bizzell, S. B. Palzer, John H. Aldridge, Jacob P. Harper. Wiccawoo, 240, Norman L. Shaw, Matthew Brewer, Win E. Peel. Lewnes, 243—Allan Johnston, Samuel Quincey, Wm D. Tucker, W. T. Mosely, F. M. Pittman, Henry F. Brooks. Newbern, 245, J. E. West, T. Powers, E. Habbis. Catawba Lodge, No. 248—R. P. Riehardt, J. N. Long, D. W. Ransour. Shiloh, 250, W. H. Gregory, Rev. E. Hines, T. J. Pittard. Farmington, 265—L. G. Hunt, W. G. Johnston, W. F. Furches. Watauga, 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. Barnhart, Thomas M. Bessent. Mullanusket, 328—S. S. Buee, J. C. McCloud

Fayetteville, 329, A. S. Heide, W. M. B. E. Sedberry, S. W., and George P. McNeill, J. W. Mt. Moriah, U. D., J. W. Powell, J. B. Philips, W. P. Irimes.

THE MASONIC JOURNAL.

To the Masonic Fraternity in North Carolina and the South.

This is emphatically an age of progress. The world moves apace, but with us, especially of the South, Masonry languishes, because lacking a proper dissemination of those pure principles peculiar to our grand old Order. Our brethren of other more favored sections have their periodical literature, and are bright and prosperous; we, too, should flourish and blossom as the rose.

There are in the South nearly 200,000 Freemasons, and recognizing the imperative need for a regular and permanent Organ peculiarly suited to the demands of this vast number, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection, we have determined to establish in the city of Greensboro, N. C., a first-class

WEEKLY MASONIC NEWSPAPER, with the above name, such as the dignity and advancement of the Fraternity will prove.

Its Literature will be pure, and of the highest order; making the JOURNAL a fit companion for the most cultivated and refined, and a welcome visitor to any household. In this connection we have engaged the services of able and popular writers whose hearts glow with a fond desire for the perpetuity of the Ancient Landmarks of our "Mystic Rites," and we will spare neither labor nor expense to make the paper a highly instructive and popular Family and Masonic Visitor.

With a journalistic experience of several years, and a determination to give all our time, talent and energy to the promotion of this important enterprise, we hope to receive from our Masonic brethren that liberal confidence and support which, by an entire devotion to its success, we hope to merit.

It will be an eight page, thirty-two column sheet, printed on good white paper, and furnished weekly at the low price of \$2 per year. The first number will be issued on Wednesday, the 15th of September, 1875, and regularly on Wednesday of each week thereafter. All money should be sent by Check, Post-office Order or Registered letter.

Rev. E. A. Wilson, WILSON & BAKER, Geo. S. Baker, Greensboro, N. C. Until Sept. 1st address us at Kinston, N. C.

Oxford High School, OXFORD, N. C.

The fall term begins Monday, July 12th, 1875. Course of instruction Classical, Mathematical and Commercial. Board and tuition, per session of 20 weeks, \$115.00. For circular apply to FRED. A. FETTER, A. M., 26-4t Principal.

T. B. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. E. H. LYON. (Late of "Dalby Puff")

LYON, DALBY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

THE "AROMA" DURHAM "PUFF" KING TOBACCO. Durham, N. C. Orders solicited—Agents wanted—Tobacco guaranteed. March 17th—11-2m.

H. A. REAMS & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF



REAMS' DURHAM BOOT AND SHOE POLISH, WARRANTED TO EXCEL ALL OTHERS, OR MONEY REFUNDED.

The only Blacking that will polish on oiled surface. It is guaranteed to preserve leather and make it pliant, requiring less quantity and time to produce a perfect gloss than any other, the brush to be applied immediately after putting on the Blacking. A perfect gloss from this will not soil even white clothes. We guarantee it as represented, and as for patronage, strictly on its merits.

H. A. REAMS & CO., Manufacturers, Durham, N. C. This Blacking is recommended as the highest class, after trial, by Geo. F. Brown, J. Howard Warner, New York; the President and Professors of Wake Forest College; and a large number of gentlemen in and around Durham, whose certificates, have been furnished the Manufacturers. Orders solicited and promptly filled. March 3rd, 1875. 9-15