

A REVERBY.

There's beauty in the summer sky, When grandly from its ocean bed, Like a strong man refreshed by sleep, Proudly the sun uplifts its head; And then behind the western hills, At eventide so still he goes, How lovely are the crimson clouds, That drape his visionless repose. Now languid forms rise to my sight, My brain throbs wild, its pulses bound; I drink of rapturous delight— My soul entranced, with sweetest sound: Delightful incense fills the air, Weird music on soft winds go forth; While we, the creatures of His care, Drink blessings from the singing earth. And now so soft the moonlight gleams, In beauty through the forest bowers, While everywhere its fairy beams, Best like a maiden's kiss on flowers! For one great Father reigns above, And one best hope to us is given— If here we lose the friends we love, We shall find them safe in heaven.

THE NUMBER SEVEN IN THE BIBLE.

On the seventh day God ended his work. On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground. In seven days a dove was sent. Abraham pleaded seven times for Sodom. Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. And yet another seven years more. Jacob was pursued a seven days' journey by Laban. A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn. On the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel fasted seven days and remained seven days in their tent. Every seven days the land rested. Every seventh year the law was read to the people. In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days. On the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the end of the seventh round the walls fell. Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication. In the tabernacle were seven lamps. The golden candlestick had seven branches. Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement. Our Savior spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times. In the Revelation we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster.—Exchange.

A little boy held a sixpence near his eye and said: "O, mother! it is bigger than the room?" and when he drew it still nearer, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother! it is bigger than all outdoors!" And just in that way the worldling hides God, and Christ, and judgment, entirely from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession which shall perish with the using, and pass away, with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God almighty.

Plain Tom. It might have been more than Tom once, when he was a babe, and had a father and mother, some one to care for him, even if they had but little love for him. After they died—after he was turned on the wide world to fight his own way; to hunger for food, to yearn for sympathy and kind words, his name was "Tom." It was name enough for a waif—a ragged, hungry boy who received more kicks than pennies, and who used to sit on the post office steps an' dtry to remember when any one had spoken a kind word to him.

The boy sometimes wondered and pondered over the words "sympathy," "mercy" and "charity." He heard people use them—the same people who cuffed him about and were content to see him in rags. He thought the words must mean something way off—something he could not grasp then, but might approach when he had grown to man's estate. If Tom's voice had sadness and sorrow in it as he cried "shine?" or if it had exultation as he shouted "morning paper!" no one in the busy throng seemed to notice or care. He realized that he was standing up single-handed to battle against a great world, and some times when the world struck him down the boy crept away into an alley to sorrow and grieve that he had ever been born.

They found a bundle of rags in a public hall way yesterday morning. The old janitor pushed at the bundle with his broom, and growled and muttered over its being left there by some vagrant. The bundle of rags was Tom. The janitor bent over him and pushed at him again, and called to him to rise up and go about his business, but the bundle did not move. Tom was dead. One arm was thrown around his boot box, that it might not be stolen while he slumbered—the other rested on his breast, fingers tightly clenched, as if death had come while the boy was resolving to carry on the unequal battle between poverty and a cold world to the bitter end.

There should have been sadness in die hearts of those who lifted up the body and sent it away to be buried in Potter's field, but there was not. They were men, to be sure, but they could not understand how it made any difference to the world whether it had one waif more or less. They couldn't feel the heartaches which Tom had felt—his desperation—his grim despair—his bitter, crushing, every day sorrows. They should have at least uncovered their heads as the body was lifted up and said to each other: "He was brave to fight such a battle." But they did not. There would have been on word, no eulogy, had not another waif passed the door by chance. He saw the body, recognized it, and as he let his box fall to the flags that he might brush a tear from his eyes, he whispered: "If there are angels I know Tom'll see 'em."

But no man shall dare to take from or add to the simple, tearful eulogy. There will be a shallow grave, which will soon sink out of sight and memory, and scarce a month will pass away before even the lad's name will be forgotten by the world—the world which prides itself on its charity and mercy, and which let poor Tom stand up in his battle for food and raiment and a place to rest his feet; let him creep off to

die alone in the shadows of midnight, feeling in his young heart that every man's hand was against him because he was a waif, a ragged, hungry orphan.—Detroit Press.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MY SON.

A gentleman walking along one of the streets of Philadelphia, was accosted by a boy who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's look forbade that, so he asked:

"What do you want to do with the penny?"

"Buy bread, sir," was promptly answered.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Boy, are you telling me the truth?" asked the gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy.

"Yes, sir; father is dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She died last night. Come with me and I'll show where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed his guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place which the boy called home. Pushing open the door, he pointed to his dead mother and said:

"There is my mother, sir."

"Who was with your mother when she died," asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Nobody but me, sir."

"Did your mother say anything before she died?"

"Yes, sir; she said, 'God will take care of you, my son.'"

Sooner than this dying mother had dared to hope, God had honored her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian to whom God had entrusted much of this world's goods, and the orphan was kindly cared for by him.

God in his word is called the helper of the fatherless. He has said that none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate, and it is safe to trust in his promises.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

A hint to grumblers.—"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pond. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh just to amuse themselves!" answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owl's hooting; what is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers; they can't go home without grinding and chirping; why do they do that?"

"O, they are so happy they can't help it!" said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all. I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."—Apples of Gold.

A lady took her younger brother, a little boy three or four years old, to church. The preacher was an earnest man, and spoke very loud. During the sermon, she saw the little fellow in tears, and asked what was the matter with him. He sobbed out, "That man is hollering at me."

The Boston Globe, in speaking of John B. Gough, gives the following summary of the enormous amount of talk that has been done by that man: "Up to December 31 last Mr. Gough had delivered his lecture on 'London' 238 times; on 'London by Night,' 23 times; on 'Here and There in Great Britain,' 73 times; on 'Eloquence and Orators,' 210 times; on 'Peculiar People,' 281 times; on 'Fact and Fiction,' 94 times; on 'Habit,' 147 times; on 'Curiosity,' 98 times; on 'Circumstances,' 183 times; on 'Will It Pay?,' 145 times; on 'Now and Then,' 96 times; on 'Temperance,' from June, 1861, to December 31, last, 638 times. He has delivered over 7200 lectures and speeches in his life. In his work as temperance orator and lecturer he has traveled 402,000 miles. He has lectured in Philadelphia 108 times, in New York 304 times, and in Boston 386 times."

GRASS PLANTED BY GRASSHOPPERS.—A curious fact connected with the grasshoppers' reign in Western Missouri is, that wherever pastures have been destroyed by the insects, new varieties of grass, which never before have been seen in the localities, have sprung up. The principal species is a green bunch-grass of luxuriant growth, covering ground formerly yielding nothing but bluegrass. Cattle eat the new species with avidity. It is conjectured that the seed was brought to the region and deposited by the grasshopper swarm which laid their eggs there last fall. Some definite explanation of the phenomenon would be very interesting since it is not known where the grass originally grew, or what may be expected of it, if its growth continues, in the future. The grasshoppers may prove a blessing yet.—Selected.

Miss Luck was pronounced the best and most expeditious cook at the late Cincinnati Fair. The facts upon which the award was made were as follows: In thirty minutes Miss Luck cooked, and cooked well, potatoes, chicken, porter-house steak, tomatoes and corn, and made coffee, tea, pie and biscuit, and set the table in the neatest style. Lucky dog he who places Miss Lucky at the head of his "kitchen cabinet."

Committees of Subordinate Lodges. Appointed under Resolution of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylum:

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We ask every present subscriber to get us at least one additional name before the meeting of the Grand Lodge; but one need not be considered the limit.

August 25th, 1875.

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