

THE ROSE.

"Life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed."

"Immortal mind! the "Summer Rose"
May perish with the "Autumnal leaf,"
The "footprints left on Tampa's" shores,
May vanish with a life as brief;
But thine shall be a life that lasts,
When winter winds have spent their blast."

There are many and beautiful legends about the rose. It figures in the romance of every country, and sometimes acts a part in the history. Our young students in history doubtless remember the "war of the Roses" when the white rose was the symbol of one faction, the red of the other. The Eastern people ascribe a language to flowers, and according to them the rose has quite an extensive vocabulary. There are so many varieties and each variety has a different meaning. All our little readers know who styles himself the "rose of Sharon," "The fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely."



THE ROSE.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines in on her soft brown hair,
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.
It seems such an endless round—
Grammar and A, B, C;
The blackboard and the sums;
The stupid geography;
When from teacher to little Jem
Not one of them cares a straw,
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison bent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stand some one with fresher flowers;
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

NO FATHER, NO MOTHER.

A few months since, while riding past a farm-house, not many miles from one of the great cities, I observed a boy, of some twelve or thirteen years, picking up stones outside the fence. Calling to him, I asked him if he would like to have a paper with stories in it. The boy stopped his work, and approaching me, said:

"I can't read any"—and either shame or bashfulness sent the blood, as he spoke, mantling high into his cheek.
"Why, how is that, my lad?" I exclaimed; "such a tall, stout boy as you are, ought surely to be able to read."

"I'd like well to learn, but I hain't no father nor no mother; I works out for my livin'."

The little fellow's words went to my heart; *no father, no mother*; none to care enough for him to

teach him to read.

"Where do you live?" I asked.
"I live with that man that stands over there in the meadow lot; he says he can't spare me to go to school."

"Do you know your letters?"
"Well, I only know a few, some boys taught me a while ago."

I gave him a picture card, with a little hymn and two or three simple texts of Scripture on it, which he promised to get some one of his companions to read for him, and try and pick out the letters; I advised him to get some of the boys to teach him all the letters, and to try his best to learn to read, but he seemed rather hopeless of success.

"No father, no mother," my heart kept repeating sadly, as I journeyed on. A few miles farther on, I met another boy, trudging cheerily along with a bag of meal, whistling as he went.

"Can you read, my boy?" I called out.

"Why, yes, ma'am; to be sure I can," said he, looking rather surprised at the question, as he raised his ruddy face and bright eyes to the carriage.

"You go to school, then?"
"Yes, ma'am; and I'm in the 'Third Reader,' and more than half through the 'Second Geography.'"

"You have parents living?"
"Yes, ma'am, and they like to have me learn."

"Would you like to have a paper to read?"

His eyes fairly danced with delight, as I unfolded a Sunday School paper full of beautiful pictures before him, and added another of a more solid kind to be carried home for his mother, while his fervent "O thank you, ma'am, I am very much obliged to you," showed how the gifts were prized.

"No father, no mother," again rung in my ears, as I contrasted the situation of these two boys living within three miles of each other.

Children who read this incident, thank God if you have parents, that He has not made you orphans. Improve the advantages that your

father and your mother so kindly offer to you. When you are tempted to be idle or lazy, think of the little boy I told you about, who would "like well to learn," but had no kind parents to teach him, or send him to school; and was glad to get his companions to teach him his letters at their play time.

Every morning, every night, thank God for your father, thank God for your mother; and be sure to obey their wishes, whether at home, at school, or on the play ground.—*Observer.*

HOW HARRY'S HEART GROWS.

I have a darling little nephew. His name is Harry. He is five years and a half old. He knows more and more all the time. He can not yet read, though he is beginning to learn. Books have not taught him much, but he has learned all sorts of things about this world that he lives in, and a very wonderful world it seems to him. He is never tired of the things he sees, now that he has got used to seeing new things. Once he was afraid of a piano, and afraid of a hammer if some one struck with it the head of a carpet tack. He is wiser now.

Harry has something else that has grown. This is his heart. When he was a wee baby, he liked to scratch his nurse in the face, pull out her hair pins, and pull down her bows. He did not then know how to love those around him who loved him so dearly. His heart was like a tiny rose-bud; a rose pressed closely within, hidden in the green case, to open by-and-by into a beautiful flower. Harry's heart seems now a fresh flower. He is full of love. Sometimes when his papa is going away to stay only a day or two, he cries bitterly; and when journeying with him and his mamma, he is troubled with fears that somewhere she will be left behind. He does not feel quite safe and easy, until he is between the two and each has hold of his hand.

When from his city home he goes in Summer to grandpa's, who lives on a pleasant spacious place, beside a cool river, he is brim full and running over with delight. He loves everybody in the house, and everything that breathes or grows upon the grounds. Some time after one of these visits, he wrote a letter to his grandpa. He can not write, but he holds a pencil in his fingers, and his mother holds his hand in hers, and makes the words while he

tells her what to say.

At the close of this letter were drawn several circles a little larger than a silver ten cent piece. Inside of the first was written, "A kiss for Grandpa;" in the next, "A kiss for Grandma." Two others of these little loops held a kiss for each of his aunts; one of which was mine. In another was "A kiss for the horse," and near this "A kiss for Bimey," who is the boy that takes care of the horse. The last two were charming. One was "A kiss for the currants," the other, "A kiss for all the hens."

Dear children, I hope that your bodies, minds, and, above all, your hearts, may grow large, strong and beautiful. Use each one to do right, and then you will please God who gave them to you. Love Him, love everybody, love all the living creatures; the flowers and fruits, and everything that is pleasant in this world where the Lord lets live. The only rent he asks us to pay is love. There is one thing you may hate. Hate with all your heart what is wrong.—*Selected.*

Resolutions of the Grand Lodge.

Adopted Dec. 3d, 1875.

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 receive such preparatory training and education as will prepare them for useful occupations and for the usual business transactions of life.

Adopted Dec. 5th 1875:

Resolved, That the Superintendent of the said Orphan Asylum shall report at each Annual Communication an account of his official acts, receipts, disbursement, 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 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 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 orphan children, at the Asylum in Oxford.

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March 3rd, 1875. 9-5