

The Burial of Moses.

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

"That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
Yet no man heard the trampling,
Nor saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

"So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down, from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.
Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Poor's light,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on this wondrous sight.

"Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

"But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed, and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car.
Amid the noblest of the land
They lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble dressed.

"This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher,
Traced with his fragile pen,
On the deathless page truth half so sage
As that he gave to men.

"And had he not high honour?
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state, while angels wait,
And stars for tapers tall.
And the tall rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Above his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

"In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—Oh, wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day.
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

"O! lonely grave in Moab's land,
O! dark Beth-Poor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God has his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep,
Of him he loved so well."

GIRLS AND THE GOSPEL.

In our country we are inclined to show girls just as much, if not a little more, respect, than the boys. It is not so in heathen lands. The little girls are not counted among the children in heathen countries. If a man is asked how many children he has he will give only the number of the boys. If asked whether he has not also some girls he will show anger and contempt.

What makes this difference between heathen lands and our own? It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It teaches us that the souls of girls are worth just

as much as those of boys, and that as creatures of God they rank as high as the boys do. Then, in our Christian life we learn to support and defend the weak, and as girls are not so strong and so able to help themselves as boys are, we feel as if we ought to be a little more gallant and hopeful toward them than we are to the boys.

There are three things in all this which the girls ought to remember. The first is that they ought to be thankful for the Gospel and its blessed instructions. But for that our girls would without doubt be in the same condition as the girls in heathen countries are.

They are to remember that they are not to become haughty because of the favours shown them, nor act as if they had the right to lord over the boys as if they were good for nothing but to be servants to the girls. They should not act as if they owned every home, and street or car in which they may be found.

The third lesson to be impressed on our girls on account of the blessings brought on them by the Gospel is that they should be very eager to send the Gospel to those who do not enjoy its light. The difference between the poor heathen girls and our own ought to make every little Christian girl an earnest worker to send the Bible to the heathen. Here are four things all our girls can do for them, pray, talk, work, give. Some of them will after awhile be able to give themselves as missionaries to tell the story of Jesus and his love to the heathen who know nothing about our dear Saviour.

A LITTLE TALK WITH BOYS.

WHEN I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your homes or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting on the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie;" but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor," in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner,

carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up," just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts, these gentle acts, which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then, gentle. And that means full of these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman? Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—Anon.

WILLIE'S FIRST MISSIONARY CARD.

WILLIE was a little boy about five years old, bright-eyed, sharp, always ready for play, and always equally ready for the Sabbath-school.

In the school which he attended there were some two hundred scholars, ranging all the way from far below the teens to above the twenties. One Sabbath afternoon the minister visited the school, and called for a dozen scholars to take Christmas cards to collect for missions. But although the minister told about the degraded condition of the heathen, and urged the scholars to try and collect something to send them the gospel; yet not one boy out of all the big boys and little boys, young boys and old ones, volunteered to take a card. At length, away down at the very end of the big school-room, little Willie was seen holding up his hand. Coming forward, he received a card with a five cent subscription to start with, and returned to his place in the class, feeling a bigger, a prouder, a happier, and a more important boy than ever in his life before. Like all good boys Willie dearly loved his mother—sought her counsel in all his plans, narrated to her all his adventures, and confided to her all his secrets, his troubles and his cash. Willie's first raid was upon the biggest merchant, then upon the clerks, the post-mistress, and other less prominent members of the community with varying success. Then having collected from them all, he proposed, a few days after, to call upon them all again, and was only dissuaded from doing so by his mamma, who feared the result of a second appeal in so short a time. Willie, now finding that further efforts were unavailing with friends at home, turned his thoughts

to friends abroad. He was just learning to write, and one day he brought to his mamma a letter on a scrap of paper in great sprawling printed capitals that seemed like a lot of frightened rabbits, greatly scared on finding themselves in such a predicament. By the exercise of a little patient ingenuity his proud mamma read out:

"Dear Aunt Sarah,—Please send me something for my card. It is a missionary card

"WILLIE."

This precious epistle was duly posted, and when all except Willie himself had forgotten all about it, the post, one day, brought a letter to him from his dear Aunt Sarah, containing a bright, crisp, new \$2.00 bank note for his missionary card. Willie's joy was unbounded. His letter had actually reached Aunt Sarah, and brought him money for his card. The news seemed marvellous. O the wonder of writing! What magic there must have been in that letter of his! By saving up his own pennies, and begging from visitors to his home, and collecting as he had opportunity, he had the joy of presenting quite a large sum to the missionary fund. Willie still takes an interest in missions, and has forgotten many other important things, but it will be a long time ere he forgets his first letter, and his first missionary card.

The Lord's Prayer for Children.

BY GEORGE O. SMITH.

Thy blessed name, oh Father dear,
Be honoured everywhere,
As angels do thy will above,
So may we do it here.

Feed us to-day, with needful bread,
Our sins, Oh Lord, forgive,
For we forgive as thou hast bidden,
And while on earth we live,

From all temptation shield us safe,
And while we wake and sleep,
From all the wiles of wicked ones,
Good Lord, thy children keep.

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

IN Pennsylvania about three weeks ago a young man's mother died. He loved her very much, and his grief when she died was great. Though he had never tasted liquor, he took to drinking to drown his sorrow. This was on the Sunday after the funeral. On Tuesday he died in a drunken stupor! What a terrible blunder! Perhaps he made it certain that he would never meet his mother again. He threw away his life, forgot every lesson she had taught him, and plunged uncalled and unforgiven into eternity. Rum has made many a son break his mother's heart. This time the mother had gone, but rum ruined the son.

"Grief banished by wine will come again,
And come with a deeper shade,
Leaving, perchance, on the soul a stain
Which sorrow had never made.
Then fill not the tempting glass for me,
If mournful, I will not be mad,
Better sad, because we are sinful, I,
Than sinful because we are sad."