

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

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 dug 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,
But no man heard the trampling,
Or 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;—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bold old eagle
On grey Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that 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 drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

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 golden pen,
Or the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

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

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay,
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
At the great Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!
O dark Bethpeor's hill!
Speak to these anxious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

The Tiger and the Bracelet.

ONE day, a pigeon feeding in a southern forest saw an old tiger, who, having bathed, was sitting, with kusa grass in his paw, on the brink of a pond, and was calling out, "Ho, ho, traveller, come and take this bracelet of gold."

Whereupon a certain traveller, attracted by avarice, thought with himself, "Wherever contact with poison is, there even the beverage of immortality tends to death; yet everywhere in the acquisition of wealth, enterprise is a risk. I will therefore examine the bracelet a little." He then said to the tiger, "Where is thy bracelet?" The tiger, stretching out his paw, displayed it.

Then the traveller said, "How can trust be put in thee, a ferocious creature?"

To this the tiger replied, "Listen, O traveller. Formerly indeed in the state of youth I was very mischievous. Because of the slaughter of many cows, Brahmans, and men, my children in great numbers died, also my wife. I am now without a family. A very religious person told me to practise the duty of liberality. Through his advice I am now a practiser of ablutions, and am also generous and merciful; besides which I am old and my claws and teeth are decayed; am I not then a fit object of confidence? To such an extent am I free from selfishness that I am willing to give any one this bracelet of gold. It is difficult to forget the old saying 'The tiger devours man,' but I have been studying religious books, and my old nature is changed, so fear not, but having bathed in the lake, take this bracelet of gold."

When the traveller heard the tiger's words, he entered the lake with great confidence, but immediately stuck in a quagmire, and was unable to escape.

Then the tiger, seeing him in the mud, said, "Ha, ha, thou art fallen into a great slough, I will help thee out." Saying this he drew near, and seized the traveller.

Then the traveller thought of the old saying, "Confidence ought never to be put in rivers, in those with weapons in their hands, in animals having claws or horns," and whilst thus meditating he was killed and devoured by the tiger. So true it is that avarice destroys men.

A New and Striking Argument for Teetotalism.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

THE anecdote is told of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, that, by a simple experiment, he convinced an intelligent young man of the importance of total abstinence, when argument or appeal might have been in vain. The young man was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," as he called it, and saying that it not only did him good, but that he could not get through the day without it.

Without attempting a direct reply, Dr. Richardson said: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I am standing here?"

He did so, and the doctor said: "Count it carefully, and tell me what it says."

"Your pulse," was the reply, "beats seventy-four to the minute."

The doctor then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "It has gone down to seventy."

The doctor then laid himself down on the lounge, and said: "Now count it again."

He did so, and exclaimed: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

The doctor then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way Nature gives your heart rest. In sleep you know nothing about it, but that beat-

ing organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, you will see at once it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less every minute than before. Now multiply that number by sixty, and it is six hundred; and multiply that number again by the eight hours you may give to sleep, and, within a fraction, it is five thousand strokes less than when you are awake. And as the heart throws out some six ounces of blood at every stroke or pulsation, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces, or nearly nineteen hundred pounds, of lifting during the night, or nearly eleven millions of ounces, or almost seven hundred thousand pounds, of lifting in a single year—and this by so delicate an organ or instrument as the human heart.

"When I lie down at night without alcohol, that is the rest that my heart gets. But when you take your wine or whiskey, or grog of any kind, you do not get that rest, for the effect of alcohol, or spirit, is to increase the number of strokes; and instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, or some ninety thousand ounces of extra lifting, in a single night; and the result is that you rise up weak and exhausted, and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken another drink, which, in the end, increases the exhaustion, and rapidly wears away the life itself."

The young man acknowledged that all this was perfectly true, though it had never before struck him in that light. He carefully reckoned up the figures, and finding what it meant to be the lifting up so many extra thousand ounces whenever he took a drink, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit, as he admits, to his purse, his health, and his happiness.

Is there not here a most striking and conclusive argument for teetotalism? Let every young man ponder it.—*British Workman*.

Finish Your Jobs.

MANY persons seem always to be in a hurry, and yet never accomplish much. Others never seem to be hurried, and yet do a very great deal.

If you have fifty letters to answer, don't waste too much time in looking over to find which one should be noticed first. Answer the one you first lay hands on, and then go on through the whole pile as fast as possible.

Some begin a thing and leave it partially completed, and hurry off to something else. A better plan is to complete whatever you undertake before you leave it, and be thorough in everything. The going back and forth from one thing to another wastes valuable time.

Another thing. Deliberate workers are those who accomplish the most work in a given time, and are less tired at the end than many who have accomplished half so much. The hurried worker has often to do his work twice over, and even then it is seldom done in the best manner, either for neatness or durability.

It is the deliberate and measured expenditure of strength which invigorates the constitution and builds up the health. Multitudes of firemen have found an early death, while the plough-boy lives healthy and lives long, going down to his grave beyond three score and ten.—*Industrial World*.

A good rule for the guidance of a girl through the years when she is the object of admiration and flattery, is to do nothing which she would not be willing to tell now to her mother and hereafter to her husband. Life may be made tamer for her by observing that rule, but it will assuredly be more pure, womanly and safe.