

The Tomb Circle.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

They buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no one knew of his sepulchre unto this day. — Gen., xxxvii, 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side of 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 o'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.  
Noiseless as the daylight  
Comes when night is done,  
And the crimson streak on the ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun—

Noiseless as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves—  
So without sound or music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray 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 honored place,  
With costly marble drest;  
In the minister's transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the 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,  
On the deathless page, truth half so sage  
As he wrote down for the men.

And he had not high honor?  
The hillside for his fall;  
To lie in state while angles wait,  
With stars for tapers fall;  
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 the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay,  
Shall break again—most wondrous thought—  
Before the 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 curious 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.

—Dublin University Magazine.

THE TRAINING OF DAUGHTERS.

It is possible to initiate a child into all the mysteries of the culinary art and of needle-work, and make her feel at every step delight in her progress. She may begin, as a great privilege, as it is always understood, to make biscuit and cookies at eight years; a year or two after, she may be permitted to iron the old collars and bosoms, with a promise that when she learns how to do these well she may perhaps, be indulged in ironing one of the nice shirts. As a reward for neatly hemming a handkerchief of her own she may be prompted to the hemming a pillowslip for the best bed, and thus by insensible gradations, and without any hardship, she may become a good seamstress and a good cook. This method we have tried with black and white, with most admirable results.

Fault-finding does not form a part of the plan. The only punishment permissible is refusing to trust the apprentice with the higher kinds of work until inferior grades are performed perfectly, and when this is done praise and promotion accompany each other. If the child loves dress, this passion may be pressed into excellent service. A girl of fourteen ought to be able, with a neatly-fitting pattern to cut and make her own dresses under the supervision of her mother. She can be taught how to lay the patterns down to the best ad-

vantage, how to apply the scissors, and how to put their various parts together. Of course it requires patience on the part of both teacher and taught, but patience exercised in that direction brings its own great reward. When once a girl has thoroughly mastered any one accomplishment, as bread-making or plain sewing, other conquests will become comparatively easy; and as to all these capabilities, it is good that a woman bear the yoke in her youth.

At present the making of a dress and the material cost about alike, whether the fabric is calico or silk. If a girl can make her own dresses she can afford double the number she can have when she must have it done. Knowing this, how is it that so many mothers in limited circumstances will suffer their daughters to grow up ignorant of dressmaking, and increase so materially to them the burden of self-support.

The mother who encourages her daughter to become thoroughly familiar with all the details of housekeeping, including the mysteries of pickling and preserving, the management of spring and fall campaigns of house-cleaning, and sewing is serving her generation and those that come after. Competent mistresses almost invariably have good servants, orderly families, and loving husbands. Rarely does a first-class housekeeper, one who herself knows how to do every part of the housework, complain of incapable or inefficient servants, for, if they are ignorant, she can instruct them; if they do not know how to plan their work she can plan for them, and by reason of ignorance and incapacity she is never at the mercy of incompetent and dishonest help.

Whether a girl has talent or not, she ought to know how to put a house to rights, how to make a good loaf of bread, and, in general, how to perform all those offices on which her own physical health and comfort depend. In the entire absence of talent in this direction, a good thorough training will answer all practical purposes.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Every man should bring to the affairs of life so much of himself, should associate with outward things so much of his inner being that the outward should be transfigured and transformed. Great is the power of association.

How the wilderness blossoms like a rose to those who look at it through their affections! How cold and cheerless is the palace where there is no love, no hope, no transport, no joyful experience! It is stately, brilliant, beautiful, but desolate. The old brown house where you were brought up, and the old barn, where, from day to day, you did your duty with stubbed fingers and bare feet, and the old field over whose hills you have climbed—homely as these scenes are, is there anything so beautiful to you as they are in their homeliness, when you go back to them? It is what you have put on to these old things that makes them so dear to you. It is that memory of your own life which has grown in connection with them. It is that part of yourself which you see in them.

So, the duties of life become more agreeable by reason of their association with ourselves and that which is dear to us. It is not the most comely offices that are the most tolerable. The service of a mother to a child involves something more than the mere act. It is invested with a feeling which makes it to the mother one of the most delightful of occupations. What mother does not know that it is a privilege to tend her own babe? What sick mother does not look sadly and enviously upon the nurse that performs the functions that must be performed for the child? And yet they are often functions which, if they were performed for any other than the mother's own child, would be odious to her.

And that which we see in the mother extends more or less through every part of life, that to which you bring diligence, and conscience, and taste, and cheerfulness, and gladness, and sympathy, becomes transformed, whether a man be in the stable, or in the colliery, or in the stithy, or on the ship; wherever a man is, if he has a manly heart, and can bring to his affairs real manliness—their duty becomes to him blossoming, and that is sweet which otherwise would be bitter.

Let not men, therefore, mumble their business, as unhappy boys do to their unwelcome bread. Let not men say, "Oh, you have a good time preaching; but if you were a blacksmith you would find it different." I sometimes wish I was one. I have hammered as much cold iron in the pulpit as ever a blacksmith did hot iron on the anvil. Let not men say, "Ah! if you were poor and had to drudge, you would not see things as you do now." I have been poor, and I have had to drudge. I have been through the various stages between adversity and prosperity, and I have found that some functions require less and some more moral elements than others; but I have also found that a kindly, noble-spirited man can redeem many duties which are in themselves unattractive and repulsive, and make them honorable, beautiful, and agreeable.

There is no place where God puts you, where it is not your duty to turn round and say, "How shall I perfume this place and make it fragrant as the honeysuckle and the violet, and beautiful as the rose?" In this world you are to perform the great duties of spiritual, moral, and physical life in the place where you are.

FAT WIVES.

The people in portions of Africa have many curious customs and superstitions. Among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife, Speke thus describes her;—"I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions yet pleasing beauty of the immediately fat one. She could not rise, and so large was her arms, that the flesh between the joints hung down like large, loose stuffed puddings.

The chief pointing to his wife, said:—"This is the products of our milk pots; from early youth upward we keep these pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion of court to have very fat wives."

A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all-fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her. This is the result:—

"Round the arm, twenty-three inches; chest, fifty-two inches; thigh, thirty-one inches; calf, twenty inches; height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have laid her on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by rising her up. This after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat before us, sitting in a milk pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding the rod in his hand; for, as fatening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary."

PATIENCE.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is to wait. It is easy to be patient while the hand and brain are busy, but, to be thrown out of employment, to see no prospect in the future but darkness above and all around, and yet be serene, is only possible to the sublime soul that can look, by faith, beyond the midst of the present to eternal sunshine where infinite love resides. A faith that can overleap the trials which beset men's pathway, and grasp the promised good of the future, is worthy to be sought after, and it is surely attainable, for the promise is steadfast, "Whatsoever things ye desire, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." He who performs to the best of his ability every duty, may rest assured that his life will be fruitful. The night may seem long to the waiting one, but the morning will dawn in the appointed time.

SCRAPS.

The best education one can obtain is the education experience gives. In passing through life, learn everything you can. It will all come in play. Don't be frightened away from any pursuit because you have only a little time to devote to it. If you can't have anything more, a smattering is infinitely better than nothing. Even a slight knowledge of the arts, sciences, languages, opens up a whole world of thought. A little systematic endeavor—one hour, or even half hour a day—and a man may be considered learned before he dies. Learn thoroughly what you do learn be it ever so little, and you may speak of it with confidence. A few clearly defined facts and ideas are worth a whole library of uncertain knowledge.

SAGACITY.

A few days before my arrival at the missionary station called Enon, says a traveller, a troop of elephants came down, one dark and rainy night, close to the outskirts of the village. The missionaries heard them bellowing, and making an extraordinary noise for a long time, at the upper end of their orchard; but knowing well how dangerous it is to encounter the powerful animals in the night, they kept close within their houses till daylight.

Next morning on examining the spot where they had heard the elephants, they discovered the cause of this nocturnal uproar. There was at this spot a ditch, or trench, about four or five feet in width, and nearly fourteen feet in depth, which the industrious missionaries had recently cut through the bank of the river, to lead out the water for the purpose of irrigating some portion of their garden-ground, and driving a corn mill. Into this trench, which was still unfinished, and without water, one of the elephants had evidently fallen, for the marks of his feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, as well as the imprint of his huge body in its sides. How he had got into it was easy to conjecture; but by what means, being once in, he had contrived to get out again, was the marvel. By his own unaided efforts it was obviously utterly impossible for such an animal to have extricated himself. Could his companions have assisted him? There can be no question that they had, in what manner, unless by hauling him out with their trunks, it would not be easy to conjecture; and in corroboration of the supposition, I found on examining the ground myself, that the edges of the trench were deeply indented with numerous impressions, as if the other elephants had stationed themselves on either side, some of them kneeling, and others on their feet, and had thus, by their united efforts, and probably after many failures, hoisted their unlucky brother out of the pit.

YOUR CARE OF THEM.

Look not only to the material comforts of your daughters; be generous to them in a truer sense than that of heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labor to give it to them. Let them as soon as they are grown up, have some little money, or means of making money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needing every moment someone to help them. Calculate what you give them or will bequeath them, not as is usually done, on the chances of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability, of their remaining single, and according to the scale of living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxuries now if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely bare necessities hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to add to their own means, rather than to be forever pinching and economizing till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give all the culture you can to every power which they may possess. If they should marry after all, they will be the happier and the better for it. If they should remain among the million of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you, what cannot be said of many a doating parent, by his surviving child, "My father cared that I should be happy after his death, as well as while I was his pet and his toy."

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The Boston Traveller states that a school teacher who had enjoyed the benefit of a long practice of his profession, and had watched closely the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, gives as a result of his observation that without exception those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are: 1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly. 2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy. 3. They obtain a partial knowledge of geography in half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, their governments and doings. 5. They are better grammarians, for having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from commonplace advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its contents with accuracy.

STUPID SERVANT GIRLS.

Krickbaum read somewhere that Dio Lewis advised men with a tendency to become bald to have holes punched in the top of their hats. And so when Krickbaum purchased his new winter hat he had a small sheet iron plate perforated with large holes and set in the crown. That was on Tuesday. On Wednesday Mrs. Krickbaum got a new hired girl, who saw the hat on the chair in the dining-room, and imagining it to be a patent colander of some new kind, she removed it to the kitchen. When Mrs. Krickbaum came down stairs at noon to see how dinner was getting on, she found the girl straining boiled cabbage through the sheet-iron ventilator in Krickbaum's high hat, and swearing in the Ballybudeen dialect because the holes were so big and the colander so limber. That night when Krickbaum wanted to start for the lodge he began to hunt for his hat, while Mrs. Krickbaum sat still and trembled. But when he became exasperated and commenced to pick up the chairs and jam them down hard so as to relieve his feelings, she began to cry, and revealed the horrible truth to him. It may have been done in quicker time, but we doubt it. We say that there may have been in former ages some hired girl who packed her trunk and pelted down stairs, and was hustled into the street quicker than Mrs. Krickbaum's hired girl, but the fact has not been proved. He wears an unperforated hat now, and will probably be entirely bald by New Years.

WATER FOR CHILDREN.

It is particularly with those who have been accustomed to water drinking in childhood that it would show its good effects in after life. During the first nine months the infant is to be nourished by its mother's milk, which serves as food and drink; it is gradually accustomed to other sustenance during the period of weaning.—After this is accomplished, however, the infant should have fresh water as well as milk. By water drinking in childhood and youth the foundation of a durable stomach is laid, and thus a healthy body throughout life. The nervous and blood systems are over excited by spices, beer, wine, chocolate, coffee, &c., and thus a constant artificial state of fever is maintained, and the process is so much accelerated by it, that children fed in this manner do not attain, perhaps half the age ordained by nature. Besides this, experience has taught that they generally become passionate and wilful, having neither the will nor the power to make themselves or others happy.

A NORWAY SCENE.

A scene witnessed by some travellers in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea, is thus described:—"The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the huge round orb hung triumphantly above the wave, a bridge of gold running due north spanning the waves between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven, and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the moor, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

One fountain there is whose deep vein has only just begun to throw up its silver drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who will drink from it, peace and joy. It is knowledge; the fountain of cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world, and feel thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate in thine own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversation with thee. The industrious kingdoms of the ant, the works of man, and rainbow and music records, offer to thy soul hospitality.

A FAVOR DONE.

To confer a favor in such a manner that the receiver feels no unpleasant weight of obligation, requires no little delicacy and tact. Many a kind feeling has been rendered nugatory by the manner in which it has developed itself; and many a good deed has lost its savor, and become in the eyes of the recipient even revolting from the want of a delicate and generous expression. This is the reason why obligations are so often forgotten, and ingratitude apparently incurred. A man confers a favor upon you in the hour of need; he, therefore, thinks he has a right to insult you; and he wonders you should be so audacious as to resent the affront; while you consider liberty of opinion and action on your part to be far above the petty price he has paid for it, and yearn for your lost independence. We are all more prone to scan the motives when favors are conferred, than when they are refused; and the former often give more pain than the latter. All this arises from the manner of the giver or refuser. How necessary it is, therefore in all those who are desirous of leaving a favorable impress behind them, to cultivate an acquaintance with this really fascinating art of doing good deeds in a proper manner.

HAVE COURAGE.

It conduces much to our content if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble and consider what is pleasing and prosperous, that by the representation of the better the worse may be blotted out. If I be overthrown in my suit at law, yet my home is left me still, and my land, or I have a virtuous wife, or hopeful children, or kind friends, or good hopes. If I have lost one child, it may be I have two or three still left me. Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and not be solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward toward to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition; it is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If to-morrow you should want, your sorrow would come time enough, though you do not hasten to it; let your trouble tarry till its own day comes. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day is ours. We are dead to yesterday, and not yet born to the morrow.

A DISTASTEFUL PETITION.

A good story is told of Mr. John Ramsay, whose life has just been published. He was speaking one day of the old practice of rough and ready word and blow correction, and illustrated it as follows:—"I min' weel, when I was scarcely five years old, how my mither taught that. The good woman had been hearing me repeat the Lord's Prayer. She added to her other instructions that night, the information that the next night she wished me, in addition to say something of my own—something I earnestly desired God to grant me. Ye can fancy her amazement, when from the lips of her kneeling boy there arose the petition, 'O, Lord! g'ie my mither a better temper. Mak' her——' The 'dirl' that instantly rang thorough my head rings in it now when I'm speaking to you."