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Religious Miscellany.

THE BURIAL OF MSES.

By Neb'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 knoweth its place
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 trumpeting
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noisily as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills,
Open their thousand leaves;
Softly as the sound of music,
Or voice of them that weep,
Slightly down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still abuzz with halloved spot,
For beast and bird had seen and heard,
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior died,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the hard an honor'd place,
With costly marble dress;
In the great minister's transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest 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, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And he'd be high honour,
The hill-side for a fall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes,
O'er his head to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

Is that strange grave without a name,
Whence his unconfined clay,
Shall break again O' woodens 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-peor's hill!
Speak to those curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still;
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Whys that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of Him He loved so well.

—Selected.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM CHINA.

By request of Prof. S. R. Winchell, late President of the Methodist Sunday-school Missionary Society in Ann Arbor, Rev. Leander W. Fitcher, a missionary to China, wrote the following letter from Feking, in May. This letter was read to the society and school in Ann Arbor.

Any letter coming to me, post-marked Ann Arbor, Michigan, brings with it something akin to a home feeling. It reminds me of my school days; and, too, it calls to mind the Sabbath-school which I attended for seven years. I know Ann Arbor has changed, and that my school days are not to be lived over again, and that those who attended the Sabbath-school, which I had grown to be men and women; and moreover that actual scenes have altered; yet I have not a witness of these changes, and my memory retains simply the old picture. And so it is that I am glad to feel that something I may write, probably may lead the members of the School to place the work for Jesus in China nearer to their hearts. When your letter came, Bro. Davis said myself had just returned from the country after an absence of several weeks. In making our preaching tours we travel slowly, making short stages, and stop at the villages, towns and cities along our route to talk with the people and to distribute religious books. It is the style of our Methodist missionaries here in North China to travel on horseback, and with saddle-bags. The horses, such as are found here, are but Mongolian ponies. They are smaller indeed, but of great powers of endurance than our horses in the United States. Save during the warm weather, we are obliged to have the clumsy Chinese mule cart accompany us. Some day it may be that a Chinese philanthropist will arise and look into the Chinese inns with a view to reformation, but until that time they will continue to be the most dismally uncomfortable places built for the accommodation of the tired and hungry travelling public. What creature comforts we have at these places we are obliged to carry with us. And it is for this reason that we are still dependent to a great degree upon the Chinese carts. Even with the precautions we take, it is exceedingly uncomfortable to sleep on beds of cold brick in the dead of winter,

with only such bedding as you can carry with you, and with no fire in the room. A Chinese inn-keeper supplies nothing but a bare room—more generally built of mud and open to the sky, and even this accommodation is intolerable to one who cannot endure dirt, or does not like to have his room festooned with smoke-begrimed cobwebs, or who is particularly sensitive as to the nature of the other inhabitants of the room. Besides our bedding, we usually carry with us a bag of rice and a few other eatables, to be brought out only in cases of emergency. But these emergencies are of almost daily occurrence, and even then the itinerant often finds himself reduced to quite slender rations. In the large cities, for instance, the markets are large and the supply and variety is enough to satisfy an epicure. After being out in this manner for a while we enjoy getting back to Peking again and mingling with civilized people, for there is quite a large foreign community here—missionary and diplomatic; and yet I enjoy exceedingly that kind of work. But I never would perform it, did not believe that the Master would reward my labors in the situation of such a city. It is really, properly speaking, Pao-ting-fu (the provincial capital) is the center of my circuit. I do not live there. My address is still Peking—many circumstances combine to make it impracticable for me or any one to live there. The city is situated over a hundred miles to the southwest of here. In many respects it is not as important a city as either Peking or Tientsin. It is next to the latter in size, and is probably equal to it in wealth, and is far superior to it in cleanliness. Being an interior city, it is really more of a representative Chinese town than any of the sea or river ports open to foreign navigation. As yet we have not opened a chapel there, but have been obliged to confine ourselves to street-preaching and to work in the towns and villages of the vicinity. And then our missionary force is too small to do the work that would be necessary. And then the Chinese officials there are determined in their opposition to such an effort. By treaty right we can do so if we wish; and they would not probably deny that right; but it is proverbial among the Chinese that any official has nine ways out of every difficulty, and an attempt on our part to open a preaching place there would soon prove the truth of the adage. Just now the missionaries of the American Board have determined to try and effect an opening there, and we are very anxious that they should succeed. Upon every visit we have made to the city we have been closely watched and every movement carefully scrutinized by official underlings deputed for that purpose. But notwithstanding this opposition in places, and taking everything into consideration, I am inclined to look up on the Chinese government as extremely tolerant in matters of religion. Yet the government feels that it is weak, and moreover it is exceedingly jealous of its political power. The politico-religious policy of Catholicism has taught them as well as the Japanese—a severe lesson, the nature of which you can easily imagine, for the tolerant and grasping policy of Jesuitism in civilized countries is only intensified here in the East. And yet, the Chinese have made but little distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism. I believe they are rapidly learning the difference, however, but they cannot dismiss their fears in this respect. Being an interior city, it is really more of a representative Chinese town than any of the sea or river ports open to foreign navigation. 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It is within the last month that I have been obliged to withdraw from work on my own circuit. Bro. Wheeler, who has had charge of the Tartar City circuit in Peking, has been compelled by ill health to return to the States. His family of course accompany him. His departure has taken one from our working force at a time when we could little spare him. The more developed state of the work under his supervision has made it necessary for some one to give it immediate oversight. I accordingly have charge, for the present, of the chapel formerly held after by him. I am left with a native assistant and a membership of twelve. The assistant is a man of, we believe, deep and sincere piety, and we entertain great hopes for the development of his talents as a preacher. It is an interesting fact that nearly every one of the membership of the Tartar City circuit have been brought to Christ by him. You must not forget to pray for him in particular.

Bro. Lowry has recently received on probation several in connection with the work on the Chinese City Circuit, and we know that there are others who are deterred from joining us by the fear of the jeers of their friends. Brother Davis is working away at Tientsin, and has the help of quite an eloquent and an Indian native Christian. His chapel is finely situated for collecting audiences, and is opened regularly on nearly every day in the week. We have three schools in connection with our work—two day schools for boys and one boarding school for girls, which latter, and two meetings each week for the instruction of Chinese women, are under charge of Misses Brown and Porter, of the woman's board; and we have a most interesting Sunday-school every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock. We are here, as of course and besides the study of the Scriptures, we sing many of those hymns so familiar to you. There are many interesting and hopeful features in our work which greatly encourage us, and "the best of all is—God is with us."—N. W. Ad.

POOR TOM.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

One of the Indians who stands prominent before me in my forest experiences, was Thomas young. He was a tall, thin, consumptive fellow. His Indian name (our Indians had each two names, an English and an Indian name) was "Nanegash see go." "Heat Lightning," I took great interest in this "Heat Lightning," for I saw that he was marked for an early grave. He was very silent, and naturally the inquiries bring out anything the pastor may wish to know. The steward's meeting became interesting and spiritual as well as financial. Another beauty of this plan is, it is especially adapted to circuits. But I will say no more now. If you think this work publicity, and any further explanation is needed, it will be ready.—N. W. Advocate.

A QUESTION.—John Banyan being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ, and live a holy life, that he might, and naturally the inquiries bring out anything the pastor may wish to know. The steward's meeting became interesting and spiritual as well as financial. Another beauty of this plan is, it is especially adapted to circuits. But I will say no more now. If you think this work publicity, and any further explanation is needed, it will be ready.—N. W. Advocate.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.
A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.
(From Scribner's Monthly.)
CONCLUDED.

8. What shall be done with our Indians? We have exhausted on them the possibilities of our national permutation of policies. We have treated with, we made war upon, we granted peace to these incoherent, helpless, barbarous Indian wanderers within our own borders, just as might have done with France, our traditional, or Great Britain, our national friend and ally. A gang of breach-clouted stragglers stole horses and scalped an occasional captive along the frontier. If they had been white we should have thrown them into jail; as they were copper-colored we straightway opened diplomatic negotiations with them, sent ambassadors to them, extracted them with gifts, made a treaty with them. Presently, of course, they robbed or scalped somebody else, exactly as more intelligent and respectable criminals are wont to do when they get out of the clutches of the law. Then we made national war upon them, conquered them (sporadic Capt. Jacks meantime giving us many a hard struggle over it), and then negotiated fresh treaties with them, which we ratified with fresh gifts. And then the stragglers went upon their reservations, whence, when the grass for their horses was green again, they emerged for fresh raids, and were put back by fresh gifts, fresh treaties, fresh returns to the reservations, and then again, and yet again, as the musicians say, *de capo*. Does any rational being doubt that all this was from the beginning, nearly a century ago, and is now the quintessence of civilized, organized, Christianized, Congressional, Presidential foolery? But what will you, worthless wanderers are not an independent nation, mysteriously existing within the limits of another, yet retaining their autonomy and their independence, to be dealt with under the sanction of treaties and the law of nations, what are they? Are you ready to accept the obvious, as the wise, solution of the problem that has perplexed two centuries of Anglo-Saxon rule on this continent?—to wipe out with one stroke your historic policy of national treaties with wandering gangs of yavabonds, and the application of international law to casual thieves and murderers that belong in your police courts? In one word, are you ready to treat Indians who cannot support themselves like white men of like condition—the peaceable as paupers and the hostile as criminals?—to provide poor-houses for the one and penitentiaries for the other?—to bring both under the equal application of equal laws, to be adjudged by the Secretary of War, or a major-general commanding a Department, or an Indian commission sent, for their sins, to afflict both?—and to remand the army perpetually to its legitimate business of supporting the civil authorities when, and only when, legitimately called upon? That is the heroic treatment of the Indian question. Is it the wise one? Is it practicable for other nations in their dealings with similar trials? Is there in any case a larger opportunity for bringing culture and conscience, Christian humanity and common sense, in politics for the undoing of national crime and the suppression of a national scandal?

conservative tack, a fresh wind began to blow about the college seats, and literary men, at last, furnished inspiration for the splendid movement that swept across from the statute-book, and a free nation. "The very freedom of literary pursuits," says a philosophical observer, "leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the highly gifted of those who live under their sway." No higher service than this can be rendered the State. Of all things for a nation to dread is that passionless, unchanging calm, which for cycles has brooded over our minds, and which, as the poet says, "The very freedom of literary pursuits," says a philosophical observer, "leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the highly gifted of those who live under their sway." No higher service than this can be rendered the State. 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