

WORTHY OF NOTE.

Not long since a Congregational minister, (Mr. Brown,) in Erasmus, had a disease of the head, which interfered with his public speaking. He came and had a conversation with Bre. Anderson and Kilgour, during which he expressed a wish that one of them should occupy his pulpit on the following Lord's day. The latter did so. They broke bread upon the occasion, without asking Bro. K. to participate. All right. Consistency is a jewel. Mr. Brown gave evidence of honesty, candour and nobleness of soul, when he told the hearers in the presence of Bro. K. that the Disciples were a little in advance of the Independents, inasmuch as they attended to the Lord's Supper every 1st day. How different, in the estimation of all intelligent men, Mr. Brown will appear from that clergyman, who knows as well as he, that the Disciples are right upon that subject and yet will denounce them as heretics.

July, 1864.

COMMUNICATED.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day."—Deut. xxxiv. and 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 ere,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And left 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 oceans cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring time
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 from the mountains crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagles,
On gray Bethpier's height,
Out of his rocky eirie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot,
For beast and bird had 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;
The show the banner taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless 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 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,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall,
To lie in state where angels wait
With stars for tapers tall.
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes,
Over his pier 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.

EXTRACTS.

THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

"When I was only eight years old," said Judge M——, "my father and my mother being poor, with a half a dozen children besides myself to take care of, I was given to a farmer in the town of F——, who designed making a plowboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.