



The Family Circle.

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 dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
But the angel 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 gone,
And the crimson streak on the 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 from the mountain crown,
That great procession swept.

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

Amid the nobles of the land,
Men lay the bard to rest,
And give the sage an honored place,
With costly marbles drest,
And in the minster transept,
Where the light like glory falls;
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned walls.

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 had he not high honor?
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 the grave.

In that lone grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall burst again, O 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 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 can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.
—Selected.

THE GIPSIES' GRAVE.

"Mamma, what is the reason grandfather goes to look at that little old gravestone near the large window of our church every time he comes to see us?" said James Guthrie to

his mother. "I saw him do it when he was here last summer, and this morning he went there again and cleared away with his stick the long grass that hid the inscription on the little old gray stone. When grandfather came back to the manse, I stole down to see what was written on that large tombstone, but could only spell out these words, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.' May I ask grandfather about it?"

"You may, Jamie, when you see him at leisure; that is the gipsies' grave. But grandfather is coming with me for a drive now." And Mrs. Guthrie stooped to give her son a parting kiss.

After tea the subject was opened, and a promise of the story obtained; so when the table was cleared, grandfather drew his arm-chair near the window, while James placed himself upon a footstool near to listen.

"It was just such another evening as this, Jamie, a lovely autumn evening, many years ago. I was reading in the study, for you know papa's study used to be mine before they took me away from the pleasant country to be a minister in a large town; and, happening to raise my eyes, my attention was attracted by two strange-looking figures that glided along the road—a girl, whose form was partly hidden under a red cloak, and a boy, who seemed somewhat older and carried a small pack, like a tinker's, on his back. There was something strange in their appearance and movements. As twilight faded into night I lost sight of the children, resolving, however, to make every enquiry next morning about the strangers. But next morning they were nowhere to be found; and a pair of bantam fowls, prime pets of the little people of the manse, were missing also."

"That wicked girl with the red cloak must have stolen them," muttered James.

"I believe she did, though not unaided by her brother. This was only the beginning of many thefts of which they were guilty; but they always showed such craft as not only to elude justice, but often even to cast suspicion on innocent persons. In fact Hans and Gretchen were the pests of the neighborhood."

"Hans and Gretchen! the very names I read on the gravestones to-day."

"These were the only names the gipsy brother and sister ever gave each other. Twelve months rolled on, and the people of the village began to grow tired of having their things stolen by Hans, even though he could mend kettles and cups so as to make them almost like new. The silly, wicked persons who at first were glad to pay Gretchen for telling their fortunes became weary of her lies and as willing as their honest neighbors to get rid of the gipsies. But how this was to be done was the question."

"Where could a home be found for these poor strangers except in a prison? Their tastes were wild, and their habits dirty; their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them; indeed, the only good point in their characters seemed to be a great affection for each other. Various attempts were made both by myself and others to coax the gipsy children to school; but what were promises of teaching and clothing to those who had never felt the want of either? It was quite another person than the village schoolmaster or the clergyman who was to be their teacher. Your dear grandmother had a little niece, a child of eight years old, that lived with us. Our little Jessie had quiet thoughtful ways beyond her years, and often of a summer's evening she used to slip away from the noisy game of her cousins to sit under the shade of that spreading tree in the corner of the garden, and read page after page of that large old book."

"The Bible, I suppose," said Jamie, holding down his head a little, as if conscience told him his Bible was not read so diligently.

"Yes, my boy, it was the Bible; and strange to say, our little pet used to read it aloud even when alone, as if to understand it better. One evening Jessie stole away to her favorite seat, and began reading a very long story; it was that beautiful one, Jamie, about the death of our Lord Jesus. She strained her eyes to finish it, and then, closing the book, began to sing in a very solemn voice—

"How sweet to know, while here below
The Saviour's love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face,
And live with Him in glory."

"She had scarcely ended, when a dark face peeped over the wall at her side. Jessie gave a scream of surprise! 'Hush, hush!' whispered the strange visitor; 'I am Gretchen, and will do you no harm. I heard

all you were saying. Who were you talking so much to?"

"I was not talking to any one, only reading in the Bible how Jesus died for sinners."

"Who was He?" asked Gretchen; "I never heard of Him."

"Never heard of Jesus!" cried Jessie in a tone of the deepest pity. "Oh, poor Gretchen! how can you live without Him?"

"'Tis poor enough living we get here certainly, because everybody watches so sharp. But what could he do for us?"

"Jesus is the Son of God; he made everything, and can do everything except sin. He always lived above the sky, Gretchen, but he pitied the people that lived on earth, because they were very wicked and very unhappy. You know sin is such a bad thing, Gretchen, that God must punish it; but Jesus came and died for our sins. Some of the people he came to see were not glad to see him; they hated him and killed him. That is what I was reading about."

"Then he is dead," cried Gretchen; "I thought you said he was alive and could do everything for us."

"He is alive, up there beyond the stars," replied Jessie; "and if we believe on him with all our hearts, he will forgive our sins and teach us to do what he bids us, and then we shall go up to see his face and live with him in glory."

"You were singing about that," said Gretchen. "Tell me when you are going; perhaps they would let Hans and me in too."

"We cannot go to see him until we die," replied Jessie; "but we can learn about Jesus from the Bible, and talk to him, and grow like him even while we are here."

"I do not want to die," said Gretchen with a shudder; "but that's a good story; may I come another evening and listen to it again? I have a story of my own too, but not like that; mine is all sad—sad; you would not wish to hear it."

"Poor Gretchen," sighed Jessie, "I will ask aunt to let you come every evening to learn the Bible. But see, there are lights in the parlor, I must run home. Good-night, Gretchen."

The gipsy girl's strange visit was, as you may fancy, the subject of a great deal of talk in our little home circle that night. At first we resolved that Gretchen should not be allowed to come again; but Jessie pleaded so earnestly for the poor unhappy gipsy who knew nothing of Jesus' love, that we yielded to her request. So it was finally settled that Jessie might read aloud in her favorite corner as usual, and that Gretchen should be welcome to listen. We resolved, however, to watch our dear little girl carefully, lest in her efforts to do good she might get harm.

"The long summer evenings shortened into chill autumn ones; still Jessie read and Gretchen listened, while her interest appeared to grow deeper every day as the Bible truths touched her conscience and heart. There was one eye watching her with more than a father's tenderness. It was the eye of God, and he was about to show the untaught gipsy two great sights in the looking glass of His Word. I wonder has Jamie seen them?"

"What are they, grandfather?"

"The sinner all black with sin—the Saviour altogether lovely, who can take sin away."

"One evening when the leaves were fast fading, Jessie's garden seat was empty. Gretchen waited in vain; at length, tired and disappointed, she dropped on her knees and repeated a simple prayer which Jessie had taught her. A week passed; still the gentle reader did not appear, and Gretchen became every day more uneasy and sad. But you will wish to know whether she liked the Bible stories because they were new to her, or if she was really sorry for having been so naughty, and wanted to try to be good. Well, Gretchen said very little about what she felt to any one except Hans, but every one in the village wondered at the complete change in her conduct without knowing the cause. No more complaints were made about lost chickens, and many missing articles were restored to their owners; but though stealing and fortune-telling were alike given up, both brother and sister contrived to exist on the honest profit of their tinkering. At first these efforts to do right were very hard, but every step became easier; and before winter had passed the astonished villagers heard that Hans and Gretchen attended a school every night, and saw them decently dressed in church on Sundays.

"Gretchen soon learned to read with ease, and so steady was her conduct now that a good old woman who was nearly blind offered her a room in her cottage, in return for which she only asked the gipsy girl to tidy up the little place, and read a chapter for her morning and evening in her dear old Bible."

"Years passed, and the brother and sister worked on together, no longer a pest, but a blessing to the neighborhood, until the fearful cholera spread its black wings for the first time over our land, when Hans and Gretchen were among its earliest victims. They had given, by a holy life, the best proof of a real change of heart; and when the cold bodies of the poor strangers were laid in the grave, we had a stone erected to their memory, and were not afraid to put the inscription you read this morning, 'Hans and Gretchen, sleeping in Jesus.'"

"But what became of Jessie: Did she die, grandfather?"

"No, my boy, she was long ill but did not die. Many pious children grow up to be good men and women. Go ask your mother does she know anything about her?"

Jamie guessed the secret, and flung his arms around his mother's neck. Her name was Jessie.—*English Paper.*

OVER SUNDAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"Not enough to last over Sunday, you say?"

"No, by to-morrow night we shall have literally nothing to eat in the house."

John Burnham glanced from his mother, who looked very pale and worn, to his boots, which were also worn and somewhat pale, for the blacking box had been empty days before, and John had drawn so heavily on the reserve stock in the blacking brush that it would no longer make a mark.

John Burnham was tired out. It is no exaggeration to say that he had walked hundreds of miles in the last two months in search of work, and now, though he pretended to make light of the situation as well as his own fatigue, his patience was nevertheless almost as dilapidated as his boots.

Three months before this story opens, John had left college to attend the funeral of his father, who had died very suddenly. After this sad event it was discovered that all their worldly possessions would have to be sold for the benefit of their creditors. This was a hard blow to Mrs. Burnham, who knew nothing of her husband's financial affairs, and supposed there would be money enough in the future, as there had always been in the past, for luxuries as well as necessities. There were only three members of this family—Mrs. Burnham, John, who was a few days past nineteen, and Gertrude, a little girl of ten.

"Nothing for over Sunday?" John repeated. "Of course there must be something for over Sunday. As far as I can recollect, there has never been a Sunday without something to eat, and I presume day after to-morrow will be like other Sabbaths."

"Poor people sometimes pawn things, I have been told," Mrs. Burnham remarked, plaintively, "and if worst comes to worst, there are your grandmother's silver spoons, John."

"I'd as soon pawn my grandmother's tomb-stone!" John replied, with a touch of temper. "No, no, mother, don't let's talk of that yet," he continued, "we'll manage for over Sunday and all the rest of the days, see if we don't."

"Oh, John! it grieves me so to think that you had to leave college, you with your talents and your taste for learning," Mrs. Burnham remarked, it seemed to her son, for the millionth time.

"I do wish you would try to skip that, mother," John replied, in his earnestness falling into college slang. "It is all right or it wouldn't be so. I might have grown into a prig or a spoon, or something worse. It is so easy, mother, to be something worse."

"But, my dear boy, it is a great disappointment to you," the lady replied. "I heard you say once that you would rather have finished your course, than to have been heir to a million."

"What has that got to do with it?" John responded. "For all I know, my preference may be in utter opposition to true development. That which we dislike may be the only treatment that is good for us, and, mo-