

## Moses on Pisgah.

By the Rev. THOMAS MCCULLOUGH, Ex President of the Wesleyan Conference, 1883-4.

WITH bold and tireless footstep, by precipice and scar,  
He climbed the steeps of Abarim and Nebo's range afar;  
Till the gray crest of Pisgah the grand old prophet bore,  
His heart as warm, as strong his arm, as a hundred years  
before.

His eagle eye as piercing as when, in youthful days,  
O'er the strange old lore of Egypt it burned with ardent  
blaze;  
And to that eye of lightning God showed the promised land  
In all its worth, from north to south, from east to utmost  
strand.

Lebanon, goodly mountain, the old man joyed to view,  
And Bashan, too, with its oak-wreathed crown, and Carmel's  
fading blue,  
And Gilead and Tabor, and Olivet in green,  
And Zion's hill with rapture's thrill and Calvary were seen.

All pleasant were the valleys o'er which his vision rolled—  
Achor, with all its lowing herds, and Sharon's verdant fold;  
Jezreel showed its vineyards, Jehoshaphat its stream,  
And Eschol's vale and Shaveh's dale looked like a prophet's  
dream.

The land of brooks and fountains lay under the seer's  
glance;  
He saw the Arnon gambol, he saw the Jabbok dance;  
The ancient river Kishon swept on in wrathful force,  
And the Kedron wild, like a playing child, laughed in its  
flowery course.

The Dead Sea and Gennesareth, like gems on a stately  
queen,  
Were joined on Canaan's royal robe by Jordan's pearly  
stream;  
And the mantle green of the beauteous queen with many a  
jewel beamed,  
And the distant rills amongst the hills like threads of silver  
seemed.

Oh! who can tell the rapture that fired the prophet's breast,  
As afar he saw where the oath was sworn that his fore-  
fathers blest;  
Old Mamre's plain and Sychem Bethel, by angels trod,  
And Gerar, too, where the promise true was ratified by  
God!

But, alas! the princely quarry which Death pursued so  
long,  
Upon the brow of Nebo is struck by the archer strong;  
The eagle eye grows strangely dim, the beauteous land-  
scapes fade,  
And a funeral band of angels stand around the kingly dead.

He might not cross the Jordan, nor sleep in the goodly  
land,  
But the "better country" welcomes him to its glorious  
prophet band;  
Not cedar trees, but trees of life forever flourish there;  
Not Jordan's rush, but rivers gush with living water clear.

Thus oft the God of Moses with sorrow bows the head,  
For which he gems a crown of life to give the faithful  
dead;  
Thus oft refuses earthly bliss while higher bliss is given,  
Denies us health, denies us wealth, but bids us enter  
heaven.

## The Little High-Chair.

THERE was an auction at one of the salerooms recently. A pale, sad-faced woman, in a plain, calico gown, stood in the crowd. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the pale woman, and was being sold to satisfy the pledge on it.

One by one the articles were sold—the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and the bedstead to a third. Finally, the auctioneer hauled out a child's high-chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody excepting the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek.

The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft.

He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair were gone forever.

He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous looks, and knew what it meant—knew that in her eye the little rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds.

In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle-box, and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee, and now—the little high-chair was empty! He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart—there was in his own.

"Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer softly, as somebody facetiously offered sixpence, "many of you have little empty high-chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with."

Then he handed the clerk some silver out of his own pocket, and remarked, "Sold to the lady over there;" and as the pale-faced woman walked out, with the little high-chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid sixpence.  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

## An Indian Funeral.

BY W. P. M'HAFFIE.

ON Saturday, while busy with my preparations for the coming Sabbath, I was aroused by a tap at the door. On answering, I was met by an Indian, who informed me that an Indian woman, who lived across the river, wanted me to go and baptize her dying child. A few minutes later I wended my way toward the humble dwelling, and found an infant, a week old, which seemed and proved to be in the last few hours of its life. The little lamb was duly dedicated to God, and given the name of "Henghie." A little later the Lord accepted the gift, and carried the lamb to his bosom.

On Sunday morning I was informed that the parents wished to have their child buried that day. Accordingly, at the close of the afternoon service, the funeral took place. A large number of the congregation went over in boats to the house, the others remaining at the church. After a short service of prayer, praise, and a few words of comfort to the parents, a woman approached the little coffin, which was made of lumber, neatly planed, covered with white cotton and trimmed with black, a neat black cross occupying the place of a coffin-plate. Taking it in her strong arms, she carried it to the bedside of the mother. The poor mother moaned, and kissed her child again and again. Her devoted husband, with her hand in his—the tears streaming down his face—did his best to comfort her.

The coffin was carried back to its place by the same hands, and a kiss impressed upon the little sleeper as she laid it down. This was the sign for all; and one after another—women, strong men, maidens, young men, and children—came silently forward, kissed the little icy face, and just as silently returned to their places. It was a most affecting scene, and my heart was melted within me as I gazed upon it. The lid was now fastened down, a strong man took it in his arms, and we moved silently down to the river.

As the boats started out for the other shore, the words of Wesley's hymn came vividly to my mind:

"One army of the living  
To his commands we bow;  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

The church bell which commenced tolling as we left the house, tolled on until we entered the churchyard, and there, amid the solemn words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" we laid the little form away, to await the general resurrection at the last day, when the great Judge Eternal will not ask the question: Who slept in the fashionable city cemetery, or who in the burying ground of an Indian reserve.

## "Ask, and Ye Shall Receive."

H. E. O.

THIS is a promise just suited to a child's needs. This I took to my Heavenly Father; and having asked forgiveness, trusting on that word, I said: "I believe he does pardon all my sins." At once my mind felt relief at this little step of faith. But I kept on seeking to *know* his love.

One evening, as I was watching by the cradle, and thinking of these things, I was tempted. Procrastination said to me, "You are too young: wait till you are older and wiser." But soon after, something led me to go up stairs, and on the way I met my brother, who was older than I, and had been converted a year before. He asked if I had been blessed yet? I soon told him all my fears. "Come, and I will pray for you," said he.

We came down, went into a room, and, kneeling by a little box, he prayed. But my heart felt hard. "Don't you love Jesus?" he now asked. I could only answer, "No."

"Supposing," he said, "you owed a large sum of money that you could never pay; but a rich friend came and offered to pay all your debt, how would you think of that friend? Would you not love him?" All at once the light of Jesus' love filled my soul. I knew my sins were forgiven. To my brother I said, "I see it now." And leaving him, ran up to my room to be alone with him whom I had just found.

As I tried to thank him for his love, he put into my mouth this new song: "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Isa. xii. 1.

Dear young friends, be in earnest. Seek the Saviour until you find him.

Now, with a full trust, I find not only peace, but rest in Jesus.

## An Ocean Masquerade.

ALTOGETHER, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes, and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea slug, therefore, has been coloured and shaped like the sea weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself, "Pooh, that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug, no doubt, laughs in its sleeve, and says, "Sea-weed, indeed!"

This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry," because, you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.—*St. Nicholas.*