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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

["And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day."—DEUT. XXXIV, 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 e'er,
For the sons 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 tramping
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's 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 mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyry
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 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 dressed.
In the great minster 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, 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 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.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
Oh, 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.

☞ Yesterday a youngster of two and a half years, who had become jealous of his two weeks' old brother, and being left alone with the infant for a couple of minutes, lugged him out of doors, where he left him. When "little jealousy" was questioned why he did it, he replied that he "was going to take him back to grandpa; he didn't want him any more."

☞ The late Dr. ———, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock.

"Why, sir," said they, "we think you have told us enough about renouncing your sin righteousness."

"Renouncing your sin righteousness!" ejaculated the astonished doctor, "I never knew any ye had to renounce!"

☞ George Eliot says that a young man's eyes first open to the world when he falls in love. This is not always so. Many times it is when he has gone away from home and had his disabling sent out for him, and finds among it when it comes a child stocking with two red stripes on the top, and long enough to extend up his back.

"Stop, sir," said Mr. Smith, "don't you know that a mechanic's character has rather much to do with his business? Suppose you had your shoes made by a drunken cobbler, would you think it a matter of no consequence to you whether he was a good workman or not?"

"Well, Mr. Smith," said the boy, "I believe he was a good workman."

Kate's Lover.

BY HERO STRONG.

At home I was always in the way.

I do not remember the time when somebody was not constantly hinting that my room would be better than my company.

When I was quite small, I used to get away by myself, and think what a pity it was I could not have had some voice in the matter of being born; for certainly I had never asked to come into the world, and I was very sorry I was here. But now that I had made my advent, there was nothing to do but 'grin and bear it,' and I did not always find this easy of accomplishment.

My sister Effie was virtual mistress of the household, though her mother's sister, Aunt Judith, was professedly the housekeeper.

Effie's mother had not been my mother, and my father had loved his last wife best—so well and truly, in fact, that when she died in given me birth, he had taken to his chamber, refusing to be comforted, and three months afterward had died.

His property which was a handsome one, was divided equally between Effie and myself, and Colonel Randolph was our guardian until we came of age.

Author Randolph was the son of my father's most treasured friend, and though at the time of my father's death Randolph was in Europe, no hesitation had been felt in appointing him the guardian of his father's friend's children.

Effie was four year's my senior, and one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen. Her hair was gold, her eyes blue as the summer heavens, her teeth pearls, her complexion roses and lilies, if one might credit the ravings of her many and devoted admirers. She was twenty-two, and in full possession of her share of property, and such lovely dresses as she had you never saw. The very sight of the shimmering silks and the cobweb laces fairly set my girlish heart wild with envy, and Aunt Judith used to called me a vain, worldly thing, and wonder where I expected to go when I died.

Aunt Judith was a woman very much inclined to preaching sermons and pointing morals, and such people are beautifully good and nice, but awful dull; and I always went to sleep right in the midst of Aunt Judith's most pathetic discourses, and was stigmatized by the whole family as a little Hottentot.

Whenever I looked into the glass I was angry with myself for being so unlike beautiful Effie. My skin was brown, my cheeks "vulgarly red"—that was the way Aunt Judith put it—my eyes were brown my hair almost black, and so full of crinkles that the comb or brush that was able to go through it without collapsing had not been discovered.

I ran terribly wild, so far as education and accomplishments were concerned. I hated a piano. It is dreadful, I think to sit two or three mortal hours a day on a hard, creaking stool, drumming on slippery pieces of ivory, and I would not do it, I could sing wonderfully, the music master said, but I did most of singing for the benefit of the birds in the forest, and for little Bess, the gray cat, which I kept always with me.

Aunt Judith said that if any more evidence of my total depravity were needed, it was furnished in my attachment to that dreadful cat. No young lady who was anything, she averred, ever made a pet of a cat.

But Bess and I were the best of friends, and Bess espoused my cause warmly, and would scratch Aunt Judith whenever the opportunity offered, and hiss at Effie if but her dress swept against her, and I was wicked enough to love the little furry sinner all the better for her depravity.

When there was company I was always kept back, though to tell the truth, I had no desire to be brought forward. What did I care about the gay crowd around my brilliant sister? I had no diamonds, and silk dresses, and Paris flummeries, to flaunt in anybody's face. But I did used to solace myself with thinking that when I came of age I would get up such gorgeous toilets as would surprise them all, and strike them dumb with envy.

Effie had such circles of admirers, and so many offers of marriage, that it was a wonder she had reached two-and-twenty without being engaged. But it seemed from a conversation I overheard between her and Aunt Judith, that she was waiting for Author Randolph.

"I am so glad he is coming at last," said Aunt Judith, folding up the letter she had been reading, with a sigh of relief, "for really, dear, it is time you were engaged. You have been out three seasons already, and that tiresome Kate will be wanting to make her *debut* by next winter. And Arthur Randolph is just splendid!—And with a cool hundred thousand! The very man I should have selected for you out of all the whole world, dear!"

"But suppose he should not fancy me, dear Aunt!"

"Nonsense, my love! He is a man, and men love beauty as birds love air and sunshine! And I shall not fail to do my part."

I stole away too indignant to hear anything more, and the next day Mr. Randolph arrived. I peered through the blinds, and saw him come up the drive. Bess and I. He was "just splendid," as Aunt Judith had said, and I couldn't help wishing that I had golden hair, and rose and lily face, and beautiful dresses, like Effie.

He had been there two days when I first met him, and then it was altogether by accident. Bess and I were out in the woods (meaning the back lot, and [illegible]) and Randolph came across our path with his gun. He had a dog, and Bess hated dogs, and there was a fight, and I laid about me with a big stick, and Bess climbed a tree, and the dog slunk away with his tail at half-mast, and Mr. Randolph laughed.

"Well," said he, "I like a woman of spirit! Suppose we introduce ourselves to each other, seeing as there is no one else to perform that ceremony. I am Arthur Randolph. Who are you?"

"I am Kate Eastfield, and this is my cat, Bess Regina Eastfield, at your service."

He took off his hat and bowed, first to me, and then to Bess, who, very much bristled up, was sitting sullenly on a limb overhead.

Then we both laughed, and he fell to talking, and sat down on the stile, and put the arbutis blossoms in good order, and Bess descended from her perch and sat at our feet.

And then we went home together, and I had my hat in my hand and some evergreen round my head and waist, and Aunt Judith and Effie were "raging" that night after we went up stairs; but what did I care?

After that I used to see Mr. Randolph nearly every night. I don't just know how it happened, but he always seemed to be handy whenever I went out, and if he joined me, as he sometimes did, Effie and Aunt Judith nearly took the hair off my head when I got back, with their scolding.

One day he and Effie went out sailing on the pond. There was another lady, Miss Moore, Effie's own particularly favorite, along, and I was very miserable, though I'm sure I don't know why I should have been, and I went out and hid myself in the hazel bushes on the shore of the pond, and cried and watched the boat. All of which, I know, was very unladylike and wrong.

By-and-by there came up a shower, and the wind blew, and the ladies screamed, and the boat capsized, and they were all struggling in the water.

I flew to where my own little boat, the clipper, was tied, unloosed her, and took the oars. If I couldn't play on the piano I could run a boat with the best of them, and in a few moments I had reached the capsized party.

Mr. Randolph had his hands full with the two girls, who were screaming and kicking dreadfully. Why do girls scream so when anything happens? It is enough to drive a man frantic!

"Bring them here!" I shouted. "Two women are too much for one man, in land or sea!"

"You are right!" he shouted back, and by a good deal of exertion he had got them into the boat. Then I rowed ashore and he swam beside the Clipper.

Effie declared she could not stand—you see she wanted Mr. Randolph to carry her—but I whispered to her that the water had washed every bit of that delightful lily bloom from her face, and she could stand alone just as well as I could in a minute, and put her overskirt over her head—too keep from taking cold.

People do take cold sometimes, you know, by being in the water. It must be awful bad to be always taking cold.

That night I went to pick some strawberries for supper. Mr. Randolph came and helped me.

"Kate," said he, when we got the basin full, "I came to Eastfield on purpose to get my wife. Your father promised me his little girl years and years ago!"

"Did he?" said I, feeling the tears stealing into my voice in spite of myself. "Well, I dare say Effie would like it."

"Will she? and how will Kate like it? Will she love me as a brother?"

"No!" said I, indignantly, "I should hate you! So there!" and I tried to tear myself away from the firm yet gentle hand that held me.

"But as your husband, dearest Kate, could you not love me in that character? When your father promised me his daughter, he said his little girl Kate.'—What do I care for Effie? She is only a dahlish, like thousands of other girls; you are my wild rose! Will you love me, Katie?"

"I will try!" I told him; "But I shall have to try very hard!" which was a story, for it was very easy work to love Arthur Randolph. I had been doing it for some time, so I knew.

Effie and Aunt Judith scolded me frightfully, but I bore it like a saint, and they got all the bad names out of them after awhile, and left me in peace.

Mr. Golddust, the millionaire, proposed to Effie the next day, and she accepted him.

Her diamonds cost a great deal more than mine, but all the jewels in the world would not buy from me my husband's love.

She never smiles—no happy thought
Lights up her pensive eye;
The merry laugh from lip to lip
Passes unheeded by.
Frozen forever in her heart,
The sparkling fount of gladness;
And o'er it pours its rapid flood,
The ebon wave of sadness.

She never smiles—her frowning grief
With his stern magic bound her?
Has care her long, lean finger reared,
To cast her fetters round her?
Has one so young the lesson learned
That love is all betrayed?
Ah, no, she never smiles, because—
Her front teeth are decayed.

☞ "My heart is on the mend," as the cow said when the captain threw him overboard.

SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS IN A STORM.

Howe's circus was showing at Indianola when the storm on the fourth of last July came on, and because of injury to railroads was compelled to remain there until the track was temporarily repaired. Then the circus stared for their next place of exhibition. When about eight miles out one corner of a bridge gave way, and three cars containing animals ran off the track and turned over into the mud, very gently. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and camel; the other three the five elephants. The small animals were easily liberated, but the elephants were all in a heap. To remove them the car was cut away, exposing the tops of the unwieldy animals' backs. Then was exhibited the intelligence which marks these half-human brutes. They obeyed every command of the keeper, crawling on their knees, turning on their sides, squirming like eels, and assuming more wonderful and novel positions than were described on the show-bills. When released from their perilous position there was not a scratch upon them, and no school-boy never gave more emphatic expressions of relief from confinement than did those elephants. They swayed back and forth, and did every thing but talk. The remaining distance to the city was made overland, and a happier crew never started on a march than were those animals. The cool, breezy atmosphere and the bright moonlight were all-inspiring. As the bridges were all gone, at each stream the elepants took fresh enjoyment of their liberty. At no time were they obstinate or disobedient, but seemed to fully realize the situation. On arriving at Des Moines, railway cars had to be procured, which was not easily done, as ordinary cars are too low. Some were finally found which were about an inch higher than the tallest elephant's back They were brought alongside and the platform properly placed, when Jack noticed that it was a strange car, seized the door-frame with his trunk, gave it a vigorous shake, and then tried the floor. Satisfied that it was strong he marched slowly into the car, placed himself lengthwise, gave a rocking motion and humped his back. A bolt overhead hit his back, and he marched straight out of the car. 'It's no use,' said the keeper, 'he won't go back there again.' The ribs which support the roof were removed, the elephants closely watching the operation. When this was done Jack went in, swayed himself, rocked the car, humped his back, found everything all right, trumpeted his satisfaction, and went to eating.

GRAVE THOUGHTS.

Very few people know how to grow old.

Never despise or oppose what you do not understand.

It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

They who weep over errors were not formed for crimes.

Our passions are the only orators who are certain to persuade us.

The ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible.

Exercise gives health, vigor, cheerfulness, sleep, and a keen appetite.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

It is much easier to limit one's gratitude than one's hopes and desires.

Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience.

The love of justice in most men is nothing but the fear of suffering from injustice.

The man who is honest from policy is the most dangerous customer we have to deal with.

The woman of work sweeps everything before her; the woman of fashion sweeps everything behind.

What are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

Your disposition will be suitable to that which you most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tainted with the color and complexion of its own thoughts.

The man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidently even, resound with music.

Keep your conscience tender—tender as the eye that closes its lid against an atom of dust, or as that sensitive plant which you have seen shrink and shut its leaf not merely at the rude touch of a finger, but at the breath of a moth.

☞ The family tree of a Texas family shows a branch on which several members have been hung for borrowing horses.

ACCOMMODATING.—"What kind of a picture would you prefer, Miss?" inquired a Newark photographer of a young lady customer. "Well," was the reply, "take me with an expression as if I were waiting for someone to kiss me."

DON'T.

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don't fret. The world will move on as usual when you are gone.

Don't boast of your pedigree. Many a fool has had a wise ancestor.

Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will injure the pupil.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dying by inches.

Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't turn your nose at slight things. Think of bread and taxation.

Don't buy a coach to please your wife Better make her a little sulky.

Don't say, "I told you so!" Two to one you never said a word about it.

Don't write obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember your tailor is suffering.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in the market.

Don't publish your acts of charity.—The Lord will keep all of your accounts straight.

Don't be too sentimental. A dead heart properly cooked will make a savory meal.

Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrow will come.

Don't ask your pastor to pray without notes. How else can he pay his provision bill?

Don't ask the Lord to keep your 'garments unspotted.' He isn't renovating old clothes.

Don't linger where "your love lies dreaming." Wake her up and tell her to get the breakfast and you get off to work.

THE GREATEST TOOTHACHE EVER KNOWN.

If any of you should have a toothache, my poor children, and it's very likely that you will, just look into the brook, or any other mirror, with your tear-dimmed eyes, and notice how small is the little white tormentor that is causing so much pain. Then, by way of comfort, I want you to reflect how much worse it would be if this tiny white thing were an elephant's great tusk, with toothache all throught it.

Perhaps you will say that elephants can't have toothache? Then listen to the sad story of Chunee, the elephant of Exeter Change.

At Exeter Change, in the great city of London, there was, many years ago, a menagerie in the second story of a building. Here the elephant, Chunee by name,—a very quiet, well-trained beast was confined in a cage, under which the floor had been strengthened to support his weight. Chunee never came out, but seemed very happy, for all that. Suddenly he became raving mad, and screamed and trumpeted, and endeavored vigorously to tear away the iron bars of his cage

Now, if he had succeeded in getting out upon the floor, Mr. Chunee would have immediately dropped through into an apothecary shop below.

If he had fallen into the scales his exact weight might have been ascertained, after a fashion: but, in other respects, a mad elephant in a drug store would have been far worse than a bull in a china shop If he had been sane, he might have had a nice time, eating the liquorice and cough-lozenges and sugar-coated pills and candy; but as he wasn't sane, the accident was not to be desired.

Well, Chunee grew more and more wild and dangerous, until, at last, the "Beef-eaters," who are the keeper of the Tower of London, were called upon to destroy the poor beast. They discharged many balls from their old-fashioned muskets into his body, but loss of blood seemed to increase his fury, and not lessen his strength. There were no rifle teams in those days, to reach his brain with a single shot, so a piece of artillery was actually brought up, and poor Chunee, obeying his keeper's voice, even in his rage, kneeled down, and was shot to death with a cannon ball.

Then the surgeons discovered that the elephant had been suffering from the greatest toothache ever known. His tusk, preserved in the warehouse of the East India Company, shows this.

Now just think of what an awful thing six feet of toothache must have been, and then pity poor Chunee!—*St. Nicholas.*

☞ A negro philosopher, discussing the relations of the races, said:

"You know de turkey, he roosts on de fence, and de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off the fence and he will git up again. You crape his wings, but somehow or nudder he gwine to get back on de fence. Now, you put de goose on the fence, an' he will fall off; he don't belong dar. De turkey am de white man. He's down now, but is gwine to get up again. De nigger is de goose; he better stay whar he b'longs."

☞ A sailor, during an action, having got a leg shattered by a ball, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was taken off, it was, of course, immediately thrown overboard, upon which Jack called out to a man who had performed the last office for his departed leg:

"I'll complain of you to the captain! Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my boot with it."

THE LITTLE TORN PRIMER.

Millie ran into the dining-room and threw her books down on the dining-table.

"I knew all my lessons to-day," she said, "and I want my dinner; and oh! did you have blackberry pie?"

But what I am going to tell you is not about Millie or blackberry pie, but about the books after Millie and her mamma had gone out of the room and left them to themselves.

"Millie is a very clever little girl," said the Grammar, "and talks very well. I take great credit to myself for teaching her to speak so correctly."

"Yes," said the Arithmetic, "she is bright, and can't be beat in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. Really bright children always understand my rules; I make them so clear and plain."

"She should be very much obliged to us," joined in the Geography, "for without us she could not be clever at all. For instance, see how much I tell her. I describe all countries, including her own; all bodies of water, all mountains, the different kinds of people—thousands of things. In fact, I think the information I impart" (most books use big words) "the most interesting and valuable she obtains."

"Pshaw!" sneered the History, "you are alone in that opinion. Where does she learn all the particulars about different countries, including her own, as you say? 'Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America in the year 1492. He set sail with three small——"

"Oh, do stop that," interrupted the other books; "we've heard that until we are sick of it."

"Sometimes I wish he had never set sail," added the Geography.

"Where does one learn about the great battles—the lives of the kings, queens, and emperors?" continued the History, waving his cover triumphantly; "about the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington, who never——"

"Don't believe it!" interrupted the books.

"And if he never did, History does," said the Arithmetic—"many a one. It is only figures that never lie."

"From what does our Millie gain knowledge"—here spoke the *Natural History*—"of beasts and birds and fish? All things that walk, or fly, or creep, or swim, or stop still and only breathe? The wonderful habits of the insects, the traits of the massive elephant, and the capers of the mischievous monkey?"

"My friends"—here joined in a tiny voice for the first time, causing the books to stand up on their edges and look over at the corner of the room where lay the little torn Primer, from which it proceeded—"my friends, I know you all help to make Millie wise and learned; but of what use would be all you can tell if she could not read it? You would be nothing without me!"

"You!" cried the others, in a scornful voice.

"Yes, me," answered the little torn Primer. "I taught her her letters. Without knowing them, what good would any book be to her?"

"How tiresome small books are," said the History.

"I guess I'll take a nap," yawned the Geography. And so the conversation ended.

CHILDLESS HOMES.

They won't trouble you long. Children grow up; nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now. There is no more childhood for him, or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like unraveling a stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till it is all gone. The house has not a child in it; there is no more noise in the hall, boys rushing pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates, sleds, balls, or strings scattered about now.—There is no delay for sleepy folks; there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after any body, or tucking up the bed-clothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no lessons to hear, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged.—There was never such a peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise!—What used to oil up, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors!

☞ Sir Isaac Newton was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in a God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked—

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac; "it happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

Fussy people want everything just so, and expect that the sun, moon and stars are going out of their way to oblige them. The first lesson of wisdom is, Accept cheerfully the inevitable.

You can scarcely understand how much sweet and wholesome wisdom lies in simply making the best of things. If we fancy we are going to make circumstances bend to us, we shall be continually running our heads against a stone wall. The wall will never stir out of our way, but we can easily go round it.

We cannot help or hinder that very independent thing, the weather. It will rain or shine, be hot or cold just as it was sent. I have seen foolish people who made themselves quite miserable about the weather. It was never going to rain again, or it would rain forever! The wind blew too strongly, or else they were suffocating for a breath of air! Their life was filled with complaints of things they could no more alter than they could alter the earth's orbit.

There are others I have known completely conquered by dust, flies, or mosquitoes. Such things are troublesome and annoying, to be sure, but can we avoid them by fretting and fuming? Fly-specks are bad enough, but a fretful disposition is a thousand times worse. Let the flies buzz, and the mosquitoes bite, if they must, but try and keep yourself sweet and tranquil.

I remember reading of a philosopher, who was so very poor he had everything stripped away from him but a miserable straw bed and one wretched blanket. The weather became intensely cold, and to prevent freezing to death he wrapped himself completely in the blanket, and cut holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth. Here, he says, he not only existed, but was very happy. You have heard the story, perhaps, of two little street beggars who, on a bitter cold night, crept under an old door. Instead of lamenting over their misery, one says to the other, "Ah, Pete, what do you s'pose the folks do who hain't got any door?"

Such examples of cheerfulness under great evils, should surely help us to meet the little evils of life in the right spirit.—*Times of Blessing.*

NOT QUITE DIPPED.

In her "True Life" of Isaac T. Hopper, Mrs. Childs relates many anecdotes of that eccentric philanthropist, and among the best I find the following, which is worth repeating:

Upon a certain occasion a man called upon him with a due-bill for twenty dollars against an estate which he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to its settlement as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time afterwards, and stated that he was sorely in need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt in full if that sum was advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided that he would not pay anything until he had carefully examined the papers of the deceased.

Searching among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, dates, and circumstances of the transaction; stating, also, that a due-bill had been given and lost, which was to be restored by the creditor, if found. When the man called again for payment Isaac said to him in a quiet way:

"Friend Jones, I understand that thou hast become pious lately?"

He replied in a solemn tone:

"Yes, thank the Lord, I have found the way to salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker.

"Yes."

"Dost thou know James Hunter?"

"Yes—I know him."

"Well," rejoined Friend Hopper, "he was dipped some time ago, but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The evil one crept into the unbaptised part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid Friend Jones, that they didn't quite get thee under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke he exhibited the receipt for twenty dollars, which he had found. The countenance of the profoundly pious man became painfully contorted, and he disappeared as quickly as possible.

☞ The New York Mercury gets this pyramid from Uncle Samuel' letter.

Reform.
Home rule.
Retrenchment
Stop plunder.
Schools supertious.
Redemption after preparation.
Constitutional safeguards to all.
No more official misinvestion.
Let every man live within his income.

☞ "What do you call those fowls for?" inquired a parcle of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of a questionable appearance.

"I sell them for profits," was the answer.

"Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the questioner; "I took them for be patriarchs."

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