

Family Circle.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor: but no man kneweth of his sepulchre unto this day.—Deut. 34: 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.

That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth; But no man heard the tramping Or saw the train go forth;

Noisefully as the Spring time Her crown of verdure weaves, And all the trees on all the hills—

Perchance the bald old Eagle On gray Bethpeor's height, Out of his rocky eyrie

But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war, With arms reversed and muffled drum,

Amid the noblest of the land Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honored place,

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword; This the most gifted poet

And had he not high honors? The hillsides for his pall, To lie in state while angels wait,

In that deep grave without a name, When his uncoffined clay Shall break again (most wondrous thought)

O lonely tomb in Moab's land! O dark Bethpeor hill! Speak to these curious hearts of ours

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY M. E. M.

[CONTINUED.]

After singing, every one repeated a verse of Scripture, and Miss Pomeroy made a short prayer, concluding with the beautiful prayer of our Saviour, "Our Father which art in heaven."

Everything in Miss Pomeroy's school moved in perfect order. At the tap of the bell, the classes formed for recitation, and no sound, above the subdued hum of the teacher's and pupils' voices was heard.

"To-day," said the principal, "I have a plan to propose to you, in which I think you will all be glad to join; as many of the young ladies have asked me to excuse them for not having prepared their examples, I have decided to omit the arithmetic lesson altogether, and take up the same portion to-morrow. The scholars may now prepare for recess."

During the recess, Jennie took her lint to Miss Eva, and found, much to her surprise, that she had made more than any one else.

"What will be done with the lint?" asked a little girl.

"It will be sent to the Christian Commission, my dear, for use in the hospitals, where they require a great deal of lint, and a great many bandages for the wounded soldiers. The soldiers are fighting for us all, even for every little boy and girl in the country, and the least we can do in return, is to try and prepare comforts for them, when they are sick and wounded."

"But what can we do?" asked the child, "We are too young—perhaps the big girls can help them, but what can the little ones do?"

"Suppose a little drop of rain should say, 'of what use am I?' and stay up in the sky, and then another and another should follow its example, what would become of the rich showers, that fall so softly and sweetly upon the earth? Suppose the stars should hide their heads on a dark night, each thinking itself too small to do any good, or give any light, what would the belated traveller do for want of their friendly aid? Each of you may only be able to do as much as one little drop, or one

tiny star, but if you do that little well, and all work together, you will be able to make many a soldier's heart glad."

Some of the scholars spent their recess out of doors, making snowballs, and sportively flinging them at each other,—capital sport, my little friends: while others ate nuts and apples in the school-room, walked arm in arm together up and down, or sat at their desks, busy with their books. Some of the girls made frequent visits to Miss Eva's desk, returning from it with faces bright with pleasure.

Miss Eva had set aside one drawer of her desk as a post office. At recess each day, the girls were allowed to come and see whether there were any notes for them, and deposit their own to their schoolmates. Many were the little slips of paper with messages of affection, and scraps of news upon them in childish characters which were transmitted through the Academic Post Office. Nor was the exercise merely an amusement. The pupils, quite as much through this means, as through the regular instructions of the class in composition, became proficient in epistolary correspondence, and learned that the art of writing letters is after all, only the art of talking on paper.

Jennie went to the post office, this recess, as usual. "Miss Eva, is there a letter for me?" "Yes," said Miss Eva, "Run away, and enjoy it Jennie; I see that Miss Pomeroy is about to ring the bell."

Jennie's note was from one of her schoolmates, Martha Haynes—and had been written the night before. It began thus:

MY OWN SWEET JENNIE.—I've just come from Kittie's, and am tired and sleepy, but must write a note to tell you what a grand time we had. Kittie's sister Ella is a beautiful young lady, and she was as kind as could be. And we made ever so much lint! I kept mine nice and white, but some of the girls were very careless, and got theirs all soiled. The older ones scraped the linen, but the others pulled it out, thread by thread, which I think is the best way.

I told mother, what a good girl you were to stay at home so patiently, and she says, you must come and spend an afternoon with me, to make up for it. Will you and Horace come together, to-morrow afternoon, after school? Ask your mother. Your loving friend,

MARTHA.

The bell rang, and Jennie put her note away, feeling quite happy in the prospect of visiting Martha. Mrs. Haynes was a widow lady, who lived in a very beautiful house, a short distance from Jennie's home. She had two children, Rufus and Martha, whom she trained very carefully, and about whose associates she was very particular. Not more than a half-dozen of the village children had ever been asked to take tea with Martha, so that Jennie felt that she was quite highly honored. She nodded over the room to Martha, and smiled, signifying the pleasure the note had afforded her.

When the girls had all taken out their work, the schoolroom presented a very pretty appearance. One of the young ladies was crocheting an Afghan or carriage blanket, of the brightest shades of zephyr worsted; blue, orange, scarlet, green, black, and crimson and purple, in alternate stripes. Another was wandering through the intricacies of a piece of embroidery, working flowers of every hue and shade, almost as fair as the lilies of the field themselves. Others were making tidies, foot stools, and various articles for use or ornament. Jennie brought out her purse, a beautiful thing, of soft Magenta silk, and steel beads; the crocheted part was nearly done, and from her grandma she had obtained a piece of white silk, to line the purse. Her own little board, carefully saved throughout the year, that she might be able to contribute to charitable or missionary purposes, or make presents out of her own money, had been drawn upon, for a clasp and chain. It was designed for a birth-day gift to her mother, and Jennie had only a few days left to complete it in.

Birth-days were great occasions in Jennie's home. Some extra treat, or unexpected, pleasure was always devised, for the birth-day of each of the loved ones, and all the rest took delight in preparing for the coming anniversary. Mrs. Martin was a genius in the getting up of delightful surprises on these occasions. If the gift to Jennie or Horace were ever so trifling, it was so arranged that it became an important means of pleasure and fun in the household. On her last birth-day, the little girl had innocently raised her plate at the breakfast table, and lo! there lay, in quiet serenity, a handkerchief embroidered and marked by mother's own hands, a gold ring from father, and a package of note paper from Horace. Sometimes, instead of presents, a visit to the museum or menagerie was planned, a trip to the city, or a little home festival in the evening. Mother's birth-day had already been talked over and prepared for, by father and the children, and was to be a

"red letter" day in the family history. The father was having made, under his supervision, a low easy chair, to combine in itself comfort and beauty; uncle Charlie was to contribute a work basket, which grandma was to stock with all the requisites for needle-work. Horace had provided a new book, in which was already written, in great boyish characters,

TO MOTHER, FROM HER AFFECTIONATE SON, H. M.

and Jennie's own offering, a marvel of prettiness, was nearly done. When the pupils were all engaged at their work,—from Miss Eustace, the eldest young lady in the senior class, with her beautiful embroidery, to little Kate Lee, who was painfully learning how to hold her needle, and overhand her first patch-work, Miss Pomeroy usually read an entertaining or instructive story to the school. She varied it to-day by telling them of her plan, that they should not only prepare lint for the hospital, but should form a society to make garments for the sick, shirts and wrappers for the convalescent, sheets and pillow slips for the beds.

The girls listened to the proposition with great interest, and when Miss Pomeroy put the matter to the vote, every hand in the room was raised in the affirmative.

"Even the youngest pupil can have a hand in this good work," said Miss Pomeroy. "The soldiers prize very highly the little housewives, stocked with needles, pins, yarn, thread, buttons and other little things, which the Christian Commission sends them. There are no handy women in camp, sisters, wives, mothers or daughters, to mend the tents, and sew on the buttons, so the poor men have to do it themselves, and very nice they find it to have stowed away, in a corner of their knapsack, the very articles they want. The housewives are simply little square bags, with a drawing string to fasten them, made of strong dark calico. We must make a quantity of these, at any rate."

"When shall we hold our meetings?" inquired Jennie.

"We will co-operate with the Ladies' Society in the village," replied Miss Pomeroy. "And I think the meetings should be held on Saturday afternoons. I must suggest that hereafter, all the pupils, who have little companies to tea, or who go out for any social pleasure that occupies more than two hours, shall set apart Saturday afternoon for the purpose. This is your planting time, and if you want a rich harvest by and bye, you must all work faithfully now. Do not let any object, however good, interfere between you and your studies. If you wish to be useful when you grow up, or if you desire to enjoy life thoroughly, and earnestly, you must study now; learn how to improve the time, and fill every golden moment with something that will bear fruit."

While Miss Pomeroy was talking, Miss Catherine went quietly from desk to desk, showing the pupils the best methods of doing their work nicely, and pointing out errors and defects. When Miss Pomeroy ceased speaking, Miss Eustace went to her, and asked permission to read a poem to the school—saying, that it was the production of a friend in her class.

"UNDER THE FLAG."

A little child stood in the porch one night, Her fair hair bathed in the glowing light, Watching the sky fill the sun went down, And the sweet stars smiled over field and town.

"Come darling!" her mother gently said— The birds to their evening rest have sped, The flowers have folded their petals fair, Come darling, and say your nightly prayer.

Gently, gently, she bowed her head, Softly, softly, her prayer she said, "I lay me to sleep," and "Our Father above," In the tender trust of childhood's love.

And then she murmured, in accents sweet, "O! guard our soldiers, when armies meet, And, if by river, or vale, or crag, Take care of dear father under the flag."

Under the flag! Oh! many there be, For whom such prayers are offered to Thee, They have gone from home—they have from hearts,

Parting from all they hold dear on earth— Marching along on the weary way, Meeting the foe in deadly fray, Joyfully bearing wounds and scars, Under the dear old stripes and stars.

Mothers are lifting the voice of prayer, "O! men, and children, and maidens fair, While they're fighting, by vale or crag, Keep our loved ones under the flag."

Under the flag! We fight and pray, Freedom's altar our land to-day— Only the craven heart will lag, When the drum beats, under the flag.

Jennie Martin went home from school that day, all excitement and enthusiasm. Her mother entered warmly into her feelings, and promised that some time very soon, she should be allowed to invite the school to sew for the soldiers at their house.

At tea time, Jennie showed Martha's invitation to her mother. Mrs. Martin was about to give her consent to the children's going, when Mr. Martin, looking up, said gravely,

"Horace cannot go!" "Why can't I go, father?" asked Horace, a cloud gathering on his bright face. "I think you know why, my son," said his father.

Jennie sympathized with her brother very warmly, when they were alone. Both knew that there was no appeal from their father's decision, and Horace looked disappointed, as he said,

"What a jolly time I might have had!" "Horace," said Jennie, "what have you done?"

"Nothing very wrong, Jennie, at least nothing the fellows in our school think very wrong. This afternoon I was throwing snowballs at Mr. Smith, and calling him an old muff, which he is, when father happened to come along, and caught me."

"Oh, Horace, calling your teacher a name! I wonder you were not afraid." "He isn't the teacher of my class, but he goes out in the yard with us, to keep order, and the other day he took my name unfairly. I told father so, and tried to justify myself, but he said I was very rude, and such conduct was disgraceful and said: I shall remember your behavior when I come home."

"Don't you think father is right in depriving you of this pleasure?" said a gentle voice behind them; and looking up, Horace saw his mother standing by them. She passed her soft hand through his curling hair, and said,

"My boy, one of the great faults of 'Young America' is, that he does not respect authority. Boys and men, even more than girls and women, need to regard law with the greatest respect, and to yield it the most entire obedience. Your teacher may have been unjust to you, but had you gone quietly to him and explained the matter, I have no doubt he would have set it right without any trouble. If you, however, revenge yourself by calling him names in the street, you will be considered a rude boy, and Mr. Smith will punish you more severely, the next time you offend."

"I'm not afraid of Mr. Smith," said Horace, "and I don't like him a bit—none of the boys do, but if it vexes you, mother, I'll never treat him rudely again. And I'll try the plan of going to him and explaining the case next time, mother. How is it that you and father are always thinking of what we will be?"

"Because we feel that we are responsible to God for the training of our children; and childhood is the most important time of life; the time when character is formed. If you and Jennie wish to become good and useful in your future life, you must lay the foundation now."

In the next chapter I will tell you what Jennie saw at Mrs. Haynes'.

THE QUAKER'S REVENGE.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dodd were neighbors; that is, they lived within about a half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dodd was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him move again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyance was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dodd's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker; a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor.

But matters were now drawing to a crisis; for Dodd more enraged than ever at the quiet Obadiah, made an oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dodd was passing around his own field, he discovered the filly in the little strip of land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence that the horse might get into his corn at night. He did so, and the next morning bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few moments Dodd, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, when he stated he had shot at and wounded a buck! that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly-hired man, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner judged that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly stretched upon the earth with a bullet hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dodd, who demanded somewhat roughly where he had been. "I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted: "Do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" said the man. Dodd bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house. A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third day had broken, as

the hired man met friend Lawson riding in search of the filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to recover damages, but calmly awaited his hour and plan of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dodd had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, on which he had counted to make great gain. One morning, just as Obadiah was coming down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with information that neighbor Dodd's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbage, had trampled the well-made beds and vegetables out of shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" "I put her in the farm-yard." "Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." "Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dodd's house, who, as he beheld the Quaker dismounting, supposed he was coming to demand his pay for his filly, and secretly vowed he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dodd; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the reply. "I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt. "This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal. What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah. "I'd shot her!" retorted Dodd, madly, "as I suppose you have done, but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dodd, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where she can get her, at any time. I knew thee to do it, and I lay not evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer was, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked: "What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" said Dodd, rushing into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter let there be pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; "let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a light heart; and from that day to this Dodd has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being perfectly reformed by the return of good for evil.

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