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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth his sepulchre until this day."—Deut. 34: 6.

By Neb's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels 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 trumping,
Or saw the train go forth.
Notably as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun.

Notably as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure wears,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of those that weep,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession came.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
Once a Beth-peor's haunt,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird had not been heard
That which man knoweth not.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the heart a hallowed place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where light-like glories fall;
And the choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the embowered wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
And never can't a philosopher
Trace with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truth half so sage
As he who wrote for his fall,
To lie in state with angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall.

And the dark rock like tossing plumes
Over his head, and in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his unending light
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hill he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these children of ours,
And teach them to be still,
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Which they cannot tell,
He hides them deep—like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

KATE YALE'S MARRIAGE.

"If ever I marry, Kate Yale used to say, I'll marry in earnest, the happy man, or the unhappy man, if you please, but I shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications: first, a fortune; second, good looks; third, common sense."

I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still I think to talk sense for the one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged in lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who have obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have just quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all others, except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If there was any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be a poor genius and something of a hero, the other a wealthy fool and something of a knave.

But the truth is—
Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people, a "fine character," by his companions, a "noble, good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of rival.

This Mr. Wellington, (companions called him "Duke"), was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which

Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke," although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that he would suffer more worldly considerations to control the aspirations of his heart.

However, one day, he pressed her to declare his fate, and she said to him, with a sigh:

"Oh, Frank, I am sorry we ever met."

"Sorry!"

"Yes; for we must part now."

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—proud Kate—weep, wept bitterly.

"Kate," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me, but you are proud, ambitious, selfish! Now, if you would have me leave you, say the word and I go."

"Go—go," murmured Kate, feebly.

"Have you decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have."

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully into her beautiful, tearful face, and then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse, and twined her arms around his neck; but in a moment her resolution returned, and she pushed him away from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble cry fell from her lips—and an instant later, she was lying on the sofa, sobbing and weeping alone.

To tear the tenuous rove of love out of her heart had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillowed on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a food of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was past. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and rose cheerfully to meet him. His manners pleased her—his station and fortune fascinated her. He offered her his hand—she accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could scarcely repress a sigh.

There was a magnificent wedding—splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty, and surrounded with everything around swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy land, Kate gave her heart to the man of her ambition—not her love—had chosen.

But, certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admitted queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her, she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy waves of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting in the whole circle of her existence to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness. But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting in her breast.

Her friends were numerous, her husband tender, kind and loving; but all their attentions and affections could not fill her heart. She had once felt its chord and sympathy moved by a skillful touch—she had known the heavenly charm of the deep, delicious harmony, and now they were silent—motionless, muffled, so as to speak in silks and satins. These chords were still and soundless; her heart was dead—none the less so because killed by a golden shroud, having known and felt the life of sympathy in its moonbeamed life of luxury.

In short, Kate, in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent to her husband. He could not remain long blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gaiety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joke, however, was unsatisfactory, and impelled by a powerful longing for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a stouge fire.

Kate saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden steams that flowed around her—panting with a hunger which not all the food of flattery and admiration could not appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus, and he answered her with angry and desperate taunts of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he said, "then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affection you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Kate remonstrated.

"Yes, I know it," said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed the seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart. Who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in her sympathy? Who devoted me to the life of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with this desolation of impatience, for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Kate. "I do not say you reproaches are undeserved. But granting I am an cold, desecrating thing you call me, you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same—"

and what more do you desire?" asked her husband bitterly. "This marriage of hands and not of hearts is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife; but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummery. Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of separation. Nay, do not tremble and cry and cling to me now—I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud:

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself, her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, until, with a start, she cried:

"Frank! oh, Frank—come back!"

"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say, not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away from you so cruelly, I know. So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you, asleep."

"Oh, what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality, that I shudder to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope, then, you did not dream you were married to me?"

"No, I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then, if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is."

And not soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid, but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found by him some months after her death between the leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one that has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all besides my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you, to others it might seem but the mere imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle so silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley!"

"But I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on his arm I fear no evil."

"Do not blame me for keeping all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you I could have wished to live only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into the Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer."

But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking heart from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours, until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently faded from my view—the last of earth— you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are not known. Well, do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glauced in quivering flashes through the leaves, and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come along, and whichever it might be, your name should hold one last communion until gently faded from my view—the last of earth— you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are not known. 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