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BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1874.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

SUNDAY, June 21st, 1874.

The Death of Moses.—Deut. xxiv. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," Psalm cxvi. 15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Verses 5-8.

SUMMARY.—From Pisgah's top Moses saw the earthly Canaan and entered the heavenly; and to his command Joshua succeeded.

ANALYSIS.—I. The survey, Vs. 1-4. II. The death, Vs. 5-8. III. The succession, Vs. 9-12.

EXPOSITION.—Introductory.—"Israel had already lingered four or five months on the plains of Moab, over against Jericho, in full view of their promised inheritance. During this time they had subdued their enemies before them; Moses had written the Book of Deuteronomy, recapitulating the blessings and curses of their law and recording his final exhortations and entreaties, in the full consciousness that his eventful life was advancing to a close."—*Coleman.* Most earnestly did Moses desire to cross Jordan, most fervently did he pray that he might, iii. 23-26. But he whose intercessions for his nation had been so often answered, could not gain for himself the coveted privilege, iii. 27, 28. He was to see, not enter, and to appoint another in his stead. This closing chapter of Deuteronomy seems plainly to have been written, not by Moses prophetically, but by another as history, verse 6. It has been ascribed to Joshua.

Verse 1.—*Moses went up from the plains of Moab.* The land of Moab (i. 5), lay below this country, in the depths of the Jordan valley. *Unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho.* Jericho was in a plain, some eight or ten miles west of the Jordan, between the Jordan and Jerusalem, just opposite the place where Israel crossed into Palestine. Facing Jericho, on the east of the Jordan, is a range of mountains, or highlands, called Abarim, xxii. 49; Num. xxvii. 12; xxxiii. 47, 48. From the western side of the Jordan, "the mountains of Moab present the appearance of a wall or cliff, the upper line of which is almost straight and horizontal." Pisgah, meaning "piece," is supposed to be a point or peak of Mount Nebo. Some, however, take Nebo to be a peak of Pisgah. Nebo took its name, doubtless, from Nebo, the name of a famous Chaldean god (Isa. xlv. 1; Jer. xlviii. 1), probably because that god had been worshipped on or near this mountain. From it is obtained a view including on the east "a boundless plain, stretching far away into Arabi;" to the southwest, the western border of the Dead Sea in its whole extent, with the "south country" beyond it; to the west, Jericho, "the mountains round about Jerusalem;" to the northwest, Gerizim, Ebal, the plain of Esdraelon, Tabor and Hermon; and beyond the promised land, in the far west, the faint blue of the Mediterranean ("the utmost") sea. *The land of Gilead.* Gilead, (hill country), "extended from the parallel of the south end of the Sea of Galilee to that of the north end of the Dead Sea, about sixty miles and its average breadth scarcely exceeded twenty. The mountains and hills of Gilead afforded most excellent pasturage for cattle (Num. xxxii. 1), and from thence spices and aromatic gums were exported to Egypt. Gen. xxxvii. 25; Jer. viii. 22.

Verse 2.—*All Naphtali.* Josh. xix. 32-39. The extreme north of Palestine, north of the Sea of Galilee some seventy miles from Nebo. *The land of Ephraim and Manasseh.* Gen. xlix. 22-26. The inheritance of these two sons of Joseph was south of "the land of Naphtali, in the very heart of Palestine, extending from the Jordan to the Mediterranean Sea, easily seen from Nebo. *All the land of Judah unto the utmost [hinder] sea.* Judah's land, that is, Judea, lay south of Ephraim, and just across the Jordan from Nebo. The Mediterranean is called the "hinder" sea because it was west of Palestine, and the Hebrews regarded the east as before one. The distance across Judea to the sea was about fifty miles.

Verse 3.—*The south.* That is, the country south of Judea, between that and the wilderness, and between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. This region is intended in Num. xlii. 17, 22; xxi. 1; Josh. x. 40, 41. *The plain of the valley of*

Jericho. Behind Jericho the mountains recede from the Jordan, so that the plain is bounded on the west by a circle of eminences." This "circle" was at the feet of Moses, just across the Jordan, clear and beautiful under his undimmed eye. Zoar. Gen. xiii. 10; xiv. 2, 8; probably about fifty miles to the south of Nebo.

Verse 4.—*This is the land which I swore, etc.* This oath of God we have seen in former lessons was the ground of Moses' confidence in joining himself to his people, and becoming their leader. It had been his solace in all the eighty years since. Glad hour is this. Yes, and also sad hour; for, says Jehovah: *Thou shalt not go over thither.* This Moses knew before, and the reason he knew. Num. xx. 12; xxvii. 12-14. We may compare this view by Moses to the Christian's vision of heaven, as he is near to death; but no "servant of God" is ever denied entrance into that Canaan, after taking a view of it.

Verses 5-7.—*Died.* How? Of what? Suddenly—for old as he was, he was hale and whole—grand and sound in body, mind and heart. Just where, just how, God buried him, seems never to have been known. Yet the place is described as *in a valley [in the ravine] in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor.* This ravine must have been well known to Israel. It was in the land of Reuben, and not far from Nebo. It is reasonably conjectured that the exact place of his burial was kept secret that the nation might not resort to it as a sanctuary.

Verse 8.—*Wept for Moses.* The customs of the Jews in mourning "appear to have consisted in beating the breast. Weeping and screaming, songs of lamentation, and the employment of persons, especially women, to lament." "The period of mourning varied." Gen. i. 3, 10. Of Aaron, Num. xx. 29, and Moses, vs. 8. 1 Sam. xxxi. 13.

Verse 9.—*Joshua the son of Nun.* While in the death of Moses there was something sad there was also much that was pleasant. If he could not lead Israel into its inheritance, it was a profound satisfaction that he could by Divine direction commit this trust to such a man as Joshua. According to Josephus, he was at this time eighty five years old. This would make him forty five years of age at the time of the exodus. Moses early discerned his admirable qualities for leadership and in the contest with the Amalekites near Sinai, soon after crossing the Red Sea, he gave to Joshua the entire control of the army. He again showed his confidence in Joshua by appointing him as one of the twelve spies to go through Canaan while Israel waited at Kadesh. He was regarded by the inspired penmen as a type of Christ, Heb. iv. 8, and has been represented as such in the following respects: (1) His name, Joshua, the same as Jesus. (2) His leading Israel into the promised land, and his division of that land among the tribes. (3) His completion of the work of Moses, as Christ fulfills the law. (4) His rule of the people in their settled condition, and the consequent efficacy given by him to the previous statutes.

QUESTIONS.—Vs. 1, 3. Where was the country of Moab? Deut. ii. 8. Where was Nebo? What places were seen by Moses? Tell what you can of the extent of the view, and the situation of the places.

Vs. 4. Who was with Moses on Nebo? What is said of Christ's love in John xiii. 1? Does the Saviour go with every servant of his to, into, and through death? At what other times was Moses reminded of God's oath to the patriarchs? Ex. iii. 6-8; vi. 8. What sworn promise have Christians? Heb. vi. 17-20. Why did not God let Moses enter Canaan? Num. xx. 7-13. Do Christians at this day have any experiences like this of Moses? What are they?

Vs. 5. Was Moses ever seen on earth after this? Matt. xvii. 3.

Vs. 6. Who buried Moses? Where? What is said in Jude 9? What is a good reason for God's concealing his place of burial?

Vs. 7. Into what three equal periods was the life of Moses divided? Acts vii. 23, 30.

Vs. 8. How long did the Hebrews publicly mourn Moses' death? Was their sorrow genuine? What do you think of his life and character? What traits in his character do you most wish to make your own?

Abridged from the *Baptist Teacher's Scripture Catechism*, 194.

SUNDAY, June 28th, 1874.—*Mercies Reviewed.—Deut. viii.*

The Church Union styles "hot and hotter" the fact that the first Presbyterian church of Baltimore has had for its pastors, in the order named, Rev. Messrs. Furnis, Bellows, Sparks, Blazup and Burnup.

Youths' Department.

A LITTLE SEED.

"It's only a little seed," said a little girl looking at a minute black speck which she held in her hand. "It's only a little seed, but if it will grow it will be all right."

And the little seed did grow into a plant of mignonette, that all summer long made sweet the child's tiny flower-bed, and bore seed enough to bring forth in turn many plants for future summers.

Next to it was carefully planted a large round seed, which was expected to spring up into a rare and beautiful vine, but alas! it never grew. The soil was carefully prepared, it was watered and watched with anxious eyes, but some way it had no life in itself and did not grow.

Now human beings, like seeds, are valuable, as far as they have this power of growing and bringing forth fruit, and the most commonplace character whose hopes and ideas are limited to the most ordinary round of daily duty and kindness, who brings forth his fruit in due season, is more precious to the Master than a genius who aspires to benefit the whole human race, but whose talent remains wrapped up in a napkin, and whose hopes and aspirations never bring forth either flower or fruit of righteous work.—*Child's World.*

BUSINESS FIRST AND PLEASURE AFTER.

"Put the young horse in the plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are you going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning around.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd, indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you, or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it."

But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got—not reconciled to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field, just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."

BREAKING AND MENDING.

"Tommy, come to mamma." A sullen little face, with scowling brows and pouting lips, appeared at the door. "What have you got to do?"

"I've got to stay in bed all day." And with these words Tommy jerked off his jacket, and kicked one boot across the chamber floor.

"What naughty thing have you been doing?"

"Spoiling the calla lily."

The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six were so hard and defiant that a vague alarm seized me, and I said gently—

"Come here, my poor little laddie, and get in—mamma's bed. You look very cold."

The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, shyly and questioningly the little fellow crept in by my side and lay quite still.

"Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it."

"I only just pinched the littlest leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more."

"Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the year you have seen these little rolls unfold into broad, glossy, green leaves; but this one, Tommy, was a bud. If you had watched without touching it, you would have seen it grow larger and lighter in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs, to shout and clap your little hands over the most beautiful flower you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its velvet lips would have smiled upon you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud, that now can never be a flower."

"Can't it be mended, mamma?"

"No, dear."

"You mended the cup I broke."

"Yes, darling. A broken China cup may be made whole again; but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich, golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored."

"And God cannot restore it, mamma?"

The penitence, pathos and despair of the child's face were indescribable. I drew the little form to my breast in silent awe.

"I'm 'moest as bad as Cain, mamma," sobbing heavily.

"How is that, dear?"

"I've killed something. But, mamma, I did not mean to. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only look at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the morning, when it'll be a great, beautiful flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson to us mothers! In the hurry and worry of this toiling, moiling world, are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the garden of our homes, of pinching, if not killing, something? Think of the tragedy it would be if, through our haste and heedlessness, we should crush and destroy the bud of tenderness—so full and bursting in the heart of a child—and give to society a callous, unfeeling man or woman! There are such in every community. Did the good God, whose name is Love, make them so? Who, then, is the wretched culprit? And where shall he or she be found in that great and awful morning when the Lord of the Garden, shall demand the full and glorious flower which was to have been developed and perfected from the sweet little bud given into the bosom of father and mother?—*Home Guardian.*

FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER.

She is the washerwoman, and she lives in one of the northern cross-alleys of New York, not far from the Hudson River. You may have met her, sometime, hurrying along after nightfall, carrying in her arms that enormous bag of clothes, and bent under its weight. Week in, week out, she toils at her tub, at that hardest work that human backs are heir to; every muscle strained and bent, as she soaps and rubs and wrings. Day in, day out, she stands at the ironing-table, lifting and passing to and fro the eight pounds of solid iron, seven times heated, lifting and pushing it all day long. Standing, mark you, at table or tub, "on her feet," literally, sixteen hours out of the twenty-four!

She supports by her hard work a husband, now quite an old man, and one child. She rents a small six-roomed house, two rooms of which she retains for herself, and the remaining four she rents out to laboring men and their families. With the rent of these rooms and the profits of her own hard work she has managed to "get along" comfortably, and to have a few dollars laid by for a rainy day. The rainy day came in the autumn. Every man of the four who rent her rooms

was turned out of work. Good, honest fellows, sober and industrious, with their little families around them; facing the problem to beg, or steal, or starve! Leaving home early in the morning, with basket and shovel, walking the streets all day long in the vain quest for work; and returning at night, hopeless. Hopeless! Desperate! save for one ray of light in the darkness: one link that bound them to their kind.

"I forgive them the rent," says Ann the washerwoman, "and it's going on five months now. Sure, an' they've had but one meal a day the winter long; and that a little oatmeal. If they make a few pennies with shovelling snow now and then, would it be I that would take it, and the children starving?"

Through all these five dark months has Ann the washerwoman scrubbed, and soaped, and wrung; has toiled over the hot irons, and carried home the heavy piled-up basket, rejoicing that it was heavy. Paying the rent for these four families, keeping, who knows from what extremity of crime and reckless despair those four husbands and fathers. In her magnificent charity—for all greatness is relative, what proud name in New-York can rival her! In what proportion to our incomes, to our own outlay for luxury in mind or body, does our giving stand to this woman's mite? What man or woman among us, millionaire, banker or merchant, or gay leader in fashionable charities, has given of his substance, his all, and added to the gift the hard-earned wages of every day, as "this one woman hath done"?—*Christian Union.*

DRINK AND WORK.

"I drank to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right. Harken to me a moment, and I will tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I had, now lie in drunkards' graves. My wife died heartbroken, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and, mark it, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age, I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

CONTENTS OF AN OHIO MOUND.

Mr. S. A. Bell, of Plainville, brought to our office on Saturday one piece of wood almost carbonized into charcoal, a number of fragments of bones, evidently those of young children, and fragments of teeth, back and front, which must have belonged to the mouth of a child; and also a rodent animal's tooth, which had obviously been worn as a neck ornament. They were found last week under an ancient mound, which was removed for the purpose of building the approaches to the Newtown bridges. They lay in a large bed of coal and ashes, which already indicated that the fire had covered a space of twenty-five feet in diameter. That it must have been a very hot and long-continued conflagration was evident by the hardness and color of the ground and remains which had been affected by the heat. When the fire had burned out, the coals and ashes had been raked together into a heap four to ten inches in dept. From this heap the pieces of bone in the collection shown to us had been picked out. Among the discoveries were a skull which had escaped complete combustion, but had been flattened down by the weight of the dirt above it, leaving its character plain and distinct, however. Close beside it lay three front and four jaw teeth, seemingly unaffected by the fire. Most of the other bones lay promiscuously among the ashes. The number of victims was evidently large, and they were all children. It seems quite certain that the little ones were the victims of some superstitious rite akin to those practiced by the ancient Cannanites in honor of their god Moloch. The mound beneath which the remains lay buried was of medium size, and was composed of materials transported from some considerable distance, and from very many points or localities. Each variety was carefully deposited by itself, and the differences between the materials was so great that their respective characters were clearly distinguishable.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

[The following member of recent Ann application, antly, as no of publicati ble thought both by tho did not. E TENDI SCI The curre progress advanced portant dev direction or retarded the earliest have been o mien of na philosophy offered for ly any scio value were became the In the tre questions t Greek minc passed. In which dep philosopher the world, legacies to ancient tim But the phenomena Proceeding reached the and arrive which mod Roman an no advance physical s the position and indepe unknown verence for the long in period, and from whic away. Th carried to the legitim the indepe preventing of-intellec were capab In strik mediaval of the mod in philoso great or gr duced in from the v taphysics, of the len apparently looking up subject of one-sided to adopt o more dang school m overthrow phy, cheri to suppose stand the in their demolish v thing in h lished an impress of It must tion of th as expoun grand resu llectual th of true sc the men v opinions o herself an the sugg wonderfu which un who at th sence and Lawgiver. feigned an a Cop rni the succes solve the lovers of vast prog their day guard agn to which modern se The ret Past has c tists a lon treme, an dency to