

leader. Those tents had become familiar to him as household scenes; and as he gazed on them, now far, far beneath him, and saw the cloud overshadowing the mysterious ark, a sigh of unutterable sadness escaped him. He thought of the bones of Joseph he had carried forty years, that were to rest with his descendants, while he was to be left alone amid the mountains. Again he turned to the ascent, and soon a rock shut him from view, and he passed on alone to the summit.

There was spread before him the land of Canaan. He stood a speck on the high crag, and gazed on the lovely scene. Jordan went sweeping by in the glad sunlight. Palm trees shook their green tops in the summer wind, and plains, and cities, and vineyards spread away in endless beauty before him. But, ah! methinks he saw more than the landscape smiling beneath the Eastern sky. Was not the history of the future unrolled before him? Did he not see the spot of Bethlehem, and also the star that hung over it? Did he not see Jerusalem in its glory and downfall? Did he not hear the birth-song of the angels? Did not a mysterious mount rise before him, wrapped in storm and cloud, through whose glory foldings gleamed a cross? The clouds rolled away, and lo, the Strength of Israel, the Refuge of Judah, hung in death. Again the vision changed—the sepulchre was open, and like an ascending glory that form rose to heaven.

The scene vanished from his sight, and with the rock for his couch and the blue sky for his covering, he lay down to die. O, who can tell what the mighty lawgiver felt, left in that dreadful hour alone! The mystery of mysteries was to be passed. No friend was beside his couch to soothe him, no voice to encourage him in that last, darkest of all human struggles. No one was with him but God, and though with one hand he smote him, with the other he held his dying head. How long was he dying? God alone can answer. What words did his quivering lips last utter? God alone knows. Was his last prayer for Israel? His last words of the Crucified? From that lonely rock did a shout go up, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Of that last scene and its changes we know nothing, but when it was over, Moses lay a corpse on the mountain top. And God buried him. There he slept alone—the mountain cloud which night hung around him was his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm was his only dirge. There he slept while centuries rolled by, his grave unknown and unvisited, until at length he is seen standing on Mount Tabor, with Christ, in the transfiguration. Over Jordan at last!—in Canaan at last!

I will not speak here of the instruction this scene affords, but from the very summit of his sorrows, where he had gone to die, Moses, for the first time in his life, caught a view of Canaan. He did not know, as he went over the rocks, torn and weary, how lovely the prospect was from the top. In this world it frequently happens that when man has reached the place of anguish, God folds away the mist from before his eyes, and the very spot he selected as the receptacle of his tears becomes the place of his rapture.

For thirty days did the Israelites mourn at the base of that mountain over their departed leader, and then mournfully struck their tents and moved away.

ANXIETIES OF THE SAILORS' LIFE.

BY THE REV. MR. ABBOT, OF NANTUCKET.

A MAN was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed, when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private stores stowed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fire side, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old in her arms and with her foot was rocking the cradle, in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprints a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain upon this island has passed but seven years out of forty one upon the land.

A lady said to me a few evenings ago, 'I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days.' He is now absent, having being gone fifteen months; and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face, and when he shall return, it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

I asked the lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage.—'One hundred,' was the answer. 'And how many did he receive?' 'Six.' The inevitable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of for the Pacific Ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless

expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence. Imagine, then, the feelings of a husband and father, who returns to the harbour of Nantucket, after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings of weal or woe. He stands pale and trembling, pacing the deck with emotions which he in vain endeavours to conceal. A friend in the boat greets him with a smile, and says, 'Captain, your family are all well,' or perhaps he is the bearer of heavier news.

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife, and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know of it for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night thinking of the loved one left at his fireside, little imagining that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion through the town. Many families are hoping that this is the ship in which their friends are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent. Soon the name of the ship is announced. And then there is an eager contention with the boys to be the first bearer of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain; for which service a silver dollar is the established and invariable fee. And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement, she dresses herself to meet her husband. 'Is he alive,' she says to herself, 'or am I a widow, and the poor children orphans?' She walks about the room, unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down; eagerly is she looking out of the window and down the street. She sees a man with hurried steps turn the corner, and a little boy has hold of his hand. Yes, it is he. And her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or, perhaps, instead of this, she sees two other neighbours returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her cheeks. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death. And she falls senseless to the floor, as they tell her that her husband had long since been entombed in the fathomless ocean.

This is not fiction. There are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island bringing the news of another ship that was nearly filled with oil, that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighbouring port in such a month. The wife of the captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return. At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbour, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom he had so long been separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever, upon the Island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died, and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their desolate home of bereavement and anguish.

MIRIAM.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

Oh Harp of Judah! long thy thrilling strain Hath slumbered 'mid the gloom of centuries, Save when some master-spirit woke again, Thy silent chords of thousand symphonies. Not thine, his swelling anthems loudly ringing— Oh Maid of Judah! with thy prophet-song, And sounding timbrel's voice, all proudly flinging Thy warrior notes Judah's hills among! O voiceless harp! fain would my soul-wrapt ear Catch some faint echo from thy silent strings, And as these trembling fingers half in fear Sweep o'er thy slumbering chords—lo! there up-springs Strange spirit music, tremulous and low As half-breathed sigh—to fitful silence hushing Those thrilling strains my unskilled fingers know Not to control. But hush! again their gushing Swells like loud battle peal on fierce blast rushing. Night! o'er thy mountains, oh Gilboa! where The mighty spear of Saul was rent in twain, And haughty Israel's curse was branded there— The blood of her first king—dark as the curse of Cain! Night—to Mount Moriah! o'er his solemn brow

Those sentinels that guard the halls of Heaven As brightly keep their wakeful vigils now As when he knelt 'neath their pure beams at even, And prayed in agony that we might be forgiven.

Moonlight o'er Galilee the sparkling wave That bounds as the sunbeams kissed its breast, Are now all motionless and silent, save Their low, hushed murmurs where the soft winds rest.

Night o'er lone Samaria! thy dark hills crest Fades proudly into gloom. Still linger there Thy maidens at the Well! His feet have prest; Still floats their broken music on the air.

At eve, bleat with the wave's low murmured prayer. Thy moon rides slowly o'er thy hill, oh Galilee! Proud Queen of Heaven! bound to her far off throne

Behind the Syrian mountains—and thy sea, Oh lone Tiberias! where of late she shone, Mirrors the stars upon thy bosom—stars of voiceless Night.

The dark Chaldean, from his cloud-hung tower, Keeps his long vigils by the waning light, For Israel keepeth Feasts of solemn power, When thy bright beams shall fade at morning hour.

The stern Chaldean turns him from his lore Where he hath writ the mighty destiny Those stars revealed. Now seeks he thy dim shere, Tiberias! the spirit minstrelsy

Of unborn Ages breathes upon his lyre In soul-wrapt flame. But hush! the far off notes Of timbrel echoes 'mong the hills expire, As 'twere some seraph's song o'er the earth that floats

And faces away in air—when lo! proud Miriam stands Before him and his prophecy commands.

THE CHALDEAN'S PROPHECY.

Daughter of Judah! on thy brow Thy kingly line is proudly blent With Israel's faith, and woman's vow— Now love, now pride—each lineament. Thine is the faith thy fathers bore— A heritage despised, contemned— A fearful curse still lingets o'er Israel's outcast tribes condemned.

Thine is their faith—but dost thou deem Thy soul is with the Nazarene? False Prophet! had Ben Ezra's ear But heard thy lying prophecy, Thou standest not, Heaven-daring here, To mock our faith thus impiously!

For Israel's Lord is still our God! And Israel's outcasts tribes shall turn Back to those hills our fathers trod; And fallen Judah cease to mourn. False Seer! thy words I heed them not— Those stars are dim thine eyes have sought.

Darkness o'er the Eternal City!—gloom O'er her thousand palaces! and Night, Deep, solemn Night! broods ever o'er the tomb

Of her vast temples, fallen in their might. Still to their broken shrines worn pilgrims come— And 'neath their mighty columns sunken low, The fierce Bedouin seeks his midnight home, And treacherous lurks where footsteps chance to go.

Proud Rome! thy thousands hills are silent now— Where waved the 'Imperial Eagle' o'er their brow. Yet o'er her mighty temples' fallen shrines Still sleeps the sunshine 'mid the shadows there; There many a wearied pilgrim-wanderer finds A peaceful rest from Life's dark toil and care.

And there awaiteth many a scattered one Of Israel's people—till the joyful day Shall see the long 'lost tribe of Judah' come. Once more to thy blest land, oh Palestine! for aye, And here, 'mid fallen Rome, Ben Ezra bides— Miriam is not—earth hath no joy besides.

America the blest! all proudly to thy shore Fled, Rome's imperial eagle! thy fair land Sleeps e'er 'mid bloom and sunshins; evermore Thy Freedom's holy cause shall firmly stand Our noble sires! their true hearts' incense rose Here upon God's free altars; let us keep Their memories holy! Room at our shrines for those Who seek, like them, a rest from bondage keep. And Miriam! was that prophecy a dream? Thy soul—thy faith is with the Nazarene.

SPARROWS.

Of all the feathered denizens of our gardens and homesteads, none is so persecuted, none so frequently falls a victim to the gardener's hatred, as the common sparrow (*Fringilla Domestica*); but if we were to divest himself of his deep-rooted prejudice against it, he would find upon investigation that it was his friend rather than his foe. It cannot be denied that at times this bird commits great devastation among the seed-beds, &c., but nevertheless, if its merits were fairly estimated, and if the benefits which it confers upon the gardener were duly considered, it would be found that its bad qualities are quite cast into the shade when compared with the good services it renders him. During several months of the year its food principally consists of caterpillars and other destructive insects; its young, indeed, subsist almost entirely upon them. Few seem to be aware of the active part the sparrow takes in the destruction of these pests of the gardener; it we reckon that a single bird consumes upwards of 200 per diem (and this is a very small average, considering that the caterpillars are chiefly destroyed when very small), a family of sparrows, two old ones with five young, would thus destroy about 1500 a-day, or between 11,000 and 12,000 a-week—a great destruction! Every sparrow's nest, therefore, in the vicinity of a garden, should be looked upon as a tacit evidence of the exterminating warfare, which is thus silently and constantly being carried on by these birds against the noxious larvae, &c. which infest our fruit-trees and crops.—*Boughton Kingdom.*

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when the tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude laughter, no intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears—they are what made her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affliction. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.—*Dr. Johnson.*

RELIGIOUS GUARDIANSHIP.

As to the schools, when young and tender, choose out such guides and masters as may edify them, and imprint something more of God upon their hearts. It is a great fault in many that take up any neighbour school where are profane and wicked children, such as have learnt of their parents to swear, and take God's name in vain. Many times little youths gather a great deal of filth, and soil, and pollution in such places, that sticks by them many years after. It is a good work to prohibit and keep them off from all illiberal and sordid speeches and spectacles. There was, it seems, a great crew of naughty children at Bethel, in the days of Elijah, that mocked the prophet—a place that was a seminary and nursery for young ones in knowledge. (2 Kings iii. 3, 23.) O how sad is it for children that have been diligently taught at home in the fear of God to unlearn all in wicked schools! Have a great eye to this, and especially if they be such as are designed for academical learning, that they be placed under godly tutors at the university; or if for trades, or rather mechanical mysteries, that you choose out the blessed shadow of a godly master and mistress, that may rivet and clinch the nail that thou hast knocked in. Great will be thy comfort, if thou soughtest more a pious family than a great and rich trade; a family wherein ships go to heaven, and a trade is driven to Canaan; but especially in the grand concernment of inscriptions, that they match into a godly family, in whose veins the blood of the covenant doth run. An heirress of the divine promises is a greater match than an empress of the whole world. He that hath but one foot of land in Mount Zion is richer than he that holds a sceptre over the round globe.—*Lee.*

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

I hold myself a sacrifice; a victim, consecrated and offered up on the great altar of the kingdom of Christ, as one of the human fruits of his kingdom, offered by him, the Great High Priest, to the God of all.