

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

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 knows that sepulchre, 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 trampling, or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly, as the Daylight comes back when 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's crown, the great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle, on grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie, looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking still shuns that 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 drums, follow his 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 we lay the Sage to rest,
And give the Bard an honoured place, with costly marble drest,—
In the great minster transept, where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings, along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest 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 hill-side for a 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 strange grave without a name,—whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought! before the Judgment day,
And stand, with glory wrapt around, on the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life, with the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land! O dark Beth-Peor'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 hidden sleep of him He loved so well!