

POETRY.

For the Wesleyan.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

SAD was the day to Israel's num'rous host,
 When God took Moses from his honour'd post;
 And told the Prophet Nebo's mount to rise,
 And thence, through death, to reach his home,—the skies.
 Not one, that loved him, permitted to behold,
 This faithful shepherd leave the earthly fold,
 To hear his last sad words when death was nigh,
 And learn from him its terrors to defy;
 To mourn, with fond affection, o'er his bier,
 And see the corpse of one they held so dear;—
 To stand around his grave—their sorrows own,
 And yield his honour'd dust a nation's moan.—
 These favours, were to Israel's hosts denied,
 By him who wished their wayward hearts to guide:
 To keep their passions under due restraint,
 He hides the body of his favour'd saint!—
 Lest Israel, prone to blind idolatry,
 Should in his wither'd bones, a Saviour see!
 Forget the hand that led them through their woes,
 And brought their years of travel to a close,—
 Through parched wilds, and hungry deserts led,
 Their hosts in safety nourished, clothed, and fed.

Moses, for Israel's good, must die alone,
 Without a friend to make his sorrows known,—
 To drive the fear of cruel death away,
 And point the soul to realms of endless day.
 But God commands him Nebo's steep to gain,
 And Moses will not of the word complain.—
 What though no friend, from Israel's tents, is there,
 With heart of sympathy, and voice of prayer—
 Upon that mountain he shall meet a friend,
 Who will not leave him at his journey's end;
 A friend whose voice can every passion move,—
 Arouse with zeal, or calm the mind by love,
 Impart a peace, no earthly power can shake,
 And in the soul a heaven of glory make.

But when he cast a parting look around,
 On Israel's tents, and saw the promised ground
 From Nebo's summit, was his visage bright—
 Did no warm gush attend the Prophet's sight—
 No soft remembrance of the trials past—
 The howling wilderness, the stormy blast
 With Israel known, and num'rous mercies felt,
 The dying Prophet's tender bosom melt?
 Or was he wrapt in visions pure and high,
 And dead to all beneath the expanded sky?
 He was a man, and formed for man to feel,
 A saint devoted to the public weal;
 Who oft for Israel's peace and welfare prayed,
 And oft the thunderbolt of vengeance stayed!
 In early life he chose a court to leave,—
 Left pleasure's paths with Israel's sons to grieve.
 To leave them now must cause his heart to move,
 For next to God, he Zion's friends must love.
 His tears fall fast, his prayers ascend on high—
 He bears his love of Israel to the sky—
 He wiped his tears—a joy immortal fell
 Upon his soul,—a bliss no tongue can tell;
 But midst that joy,—his heart with praise expands,
 That his loved people see their promis'd lands;—
 The heritage, with God's own goodness bless'd,
 By Israel's wearied tribes to be possess'd.

As death around his sable curtains drew,
 The earthly Canaan faded from his view;
 But soon a better land of promise,—bright
 With God's own glory, cheered the Prophet's sight.
 Jehovah called him near his radiant throne,
 And did with joy his faithful servant own;
 Bade Angels bear his mortal part away,—
 In Israel's stead sepulchral rites to pay
 His honour'd body, destin'd yet to rise,
 And join its kindred spirit in the skies.

T. H. B.

Prince Edward Island, 23rd. October, 1838.

[Selected.]

A COTTAGE MELODY.

By W. B. BAKER.

How fair are the bright recollections of childhood,
 The green hills and valleys that lured us to roam,
 The torrent that dash'd through the glens of the wild wood,
 The mother's sweet kiss when she welcom'd us home;

The visions that rose, like the crest on the billow,
 To sparkle and cheer in the spring-tide of youth;
 The peace, when we sank on the star-lighted pillow,
 Soft, hush'd by the prayer of affection and truth!

How sweet the dear passion, when virtue excited
 The heart first to open its fountain of love;
 The tone of deep feeling in which we delighted,—
 'Twas the sun-smile of spring, and the voice of the dove!
 When thus we review the bright dream of romances
 That tempted us onward through pleasure and pain,
 A tinge of regret but the picture enhances,
 Like moonlight o'er scenes which we visit again.

How sweet to remember the pine-shaded dwelling,
 The cottage that stood on the flower-cover'd slope,
 Where daily the song of thanksgiving was swelling,
 And blessings invoked at the altar of hope!
 The pines are all gone, and those sweet voices wanting—
 The hearth is all cover'd with dead winter leaves;
 The nettle and thorn on the flower-bed are flaunting,
 The martin no more builds her nest in the caves.

Ye scenes of my childhood, still must I revere ye,
 Though ruin's rough mantle upon you is spread;
 There are ties round my heart that will ever endure ye,
 Pure innocent pleasures, sweet home, and the dead!
 Though parents and kindred death from us may sever,
 And friendless and lonely our pathway below,
 There's a home where we meet to be happy for ever!
 A land never swept by the tempest of woe!

O bright is the day-spring that, bursting immortal,
 Above life's dark valley a glory displays;
 'Tis the smile of the Lord, looking out thro' heaven's portal,
 To cheer us poor pilgrims and kindle our praise!
 Sweet, sweet is the retrospect view of past pleasure,
 Of kindred and home in a world such as this;
 But sweeter and dearer the love and the treasure
 The Christian lays up in the mansions of bliss!

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