

them, saying ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.'

Sinai was there—a terrible mountain on which Jehovah stood. Before its awful pyramid of flame and cloud stood the chosen tribes, brought thither by God himself, borne as on eagle's wings. On the third day a thick cloud, like an impenetrable crown of darkness, capped the mountain; the thunder shook the rocks, and the lightnings blazed fearfully around; the sound of an unearthly trumpet swelled louder and louder until heart and flesh and the innermost soul of man trembled under the strange and scorching roar. One monarch, whose lofty forehead reflected back the glare of his flames ascends the mountain. The crown of the everlasting blackness incense him round. The law was given. The mountain still as deathful; the glory on its summit like devouring fire. Here is a sublimity which earth cannot imitate, monarchy cannot represent, the time defying colors of genius and poetry put it. It is worthy of God.

Moses, the man of God, and the leader of Israel through forty years of sojourn in the shadow of a wilderness, came to the age of one hundred and twenty years with unwasted strength of body and undimmed lustre of eye. His last song is like that of a bird of Paradise, or a heavenly swan, whose dying strains breathe the soul of melody into the dull organs of death. He closes his song by a blessing upon each of the tribes—and the reader is surprised at the similarity of Joseph's blessing to that uttered by Jacob four hundred years before. To him, through Ephraim and Manasseh are again assigned 'the precious things of the heavens—the dew, and the deep, couching beneath', the sunny fruits, and the 'precious things' lighted by the moon—the chief herbs of the ancient mountains, the precious things of the fasting hills.' An untold glory 'fill circles the head of him who was separated from his brethren.' Horns of power are beathed him, with which he is strangely to crush the nations even to the world's end. Moses went to his God from Nebo—but never all the grandeur of his character or of his poetry fade from the memory of man while we last or eternity treasures up the record of his virtue.

What misty form comes up from the frosty folds of death, roused up in a monarch's evil

day by a voice more potent than the incantations of witchcraft? It is Samiel. Pale and stiffened with the drapery of the grave around him, his rayless eyes are fastened on a crown devoted to ruin. The tongue that ever uttered the truth in life speaks it solemnly in death. Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up from the grave's repose? *** Tomorrow shall thou and thy sons be with me! Where? Saul, thy kingly form must trail the dust, and thy proud head lie low on Gilboa's mountain, when another sun shall look out again upon Palestine; and a better than thou shalt pensively sing—how are the mighty fallen!

The hour, dreamless sleep of the grave is grandly pictured by Job—or rather pencilled with a sublimity of comparison which dries the waters of the sea, and then paints a way to the departing heavens as the period of this dreary slumber—the end of death's dominion over humanity. As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

In what composition of human authorship can there be found numbers as sweetly flowing or images as purely pastoral as those of David:—

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

But the task we have imposed upon ourselves of selecting specimens of biblical sublimity is a boundless one. The heart of the reader must gather, from the same source whence we have drawn the few examples we have recorded the full & inexhaustible materials for an emotion which shall expend its powers forever, and make it capacious of happiness. The book of Isaiah is an epic poem of unparalleled beauty, strength & sublimity. If inspiration furnishes its awful subjects, and lends the sound of its everlasting thunders, and the blackness of its eternal storms, genius furnishes the electric flash and illuminates the demonstrations of Omnipotent power;—genius chastens the imagination that is glowing under the excitement of prophecy, and seeks the wide world over, and travels amidst the morning stars to find every image of natural grandeur with which to clothe the words, and express the doings of God.