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## THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Moses is dead.—Sad words and solemn these,  
So orphaned Israel thought as low she sat  
Upon the plains of Moab, and forgot  
In that great grief her highest destinies.  
Never, till Shiloh come, shall mortal eye  
Behold a greater 'mong the sons of men.  
Yea, in the circle of this fallen race  
Where can we find his peer? Like lofty peaks  
In Alpine regions rise the Friend of God,  
Bethlehem's Singer sweet, the Well-beloved,  
The Gentiles' Doctor grand—and each in turn  
May seem the highest as we change the view;  
But, take him all in all, Auram's fair son,  
So strangely trained, so sorely tried; so wise,  
So meek, so chivalrous; so clothed with might  
Of heart and head and holy hand, stands out  
Most glorious of the sons of men, to lift  
Our eyes still upward to that Prophet great,  
The Son of God, whom all mankind must hear.  
And he is dead!—but death to him was grand  
Above what words can speak or thoughts conceive.  
Peerless he was in life, peerless in death.  
Since earth became a universal grave  
No euthanasia, for which have sighed  
The sages sad in impotent despair,  
Is earned by mighty deeds or mighty words.  
"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a driveller and a show."  
And so have died earth's noblest, but not thus  
Did mighty Moses bid farewell to time.  
No fell disease, with cruel ravages,  
Ran riot in his frame; nor did the tooth  
Of time relentless gnaw the core of strength  
And make a ruin, vast and pitiful.  
Firm was his foot upon the rugged slope  
Of Abarim. With eagle eye undimmed  
He scanned the distant scene from Nebo's brow.  
No grey hairs waving 'mong his raven locks,  
No weary wrinkles on his lofty brow,  
No ashy paleness on his cheek, bespoke  
The advent of those dark and evil days,  
When life is leaden with monotony  
Of cares and fears, and aches and peevish moans.  
His strength was unabated and his mind  
Unclouded ere it fled its earthly home.  
Witness that glorious book\* which Jesus quotes,  
The great law-giver's legacy of love,  
His commentary on the law divine;  
The Magna Charta of the prophets true;  
The arsenal for every holy war  
That faithful hearts have waged against the false  
And cruel outbursts of the sinful heart;  
The swan song of the poet and the seer  
Who pierced the mists of time, to hail the dawn  
Of that great day when Israel, blessed of God,  
Should dwell secure beneath a Father's eye—  
All sin forgiven and all sorrow past,  
All wanderings ended and all curse removed,  
The law of God deep graven on their hearts.  
Nor did he pass away with vain regrets

And unavailing tears, like victim dragged  
Unwilling to his doom, although his end  
Recalls the greatest sorrow that e'er wrung  
His soul, his agonizing earnestness,  
His plea pathetic, "Lord, Thou hast begun  
To shew me all Thy greatness. Let me go,  
I pray Thee, 'er the river and behold  
The land beyond and goodly Lebanon."  
But that sore struggle and its woe are past,  
With meek submission he resigns his will,  
And crushed by no dismay, he turns his back  
On all that earth contains, as once before  
He counted Christ's reproach his greatest gain.  
Behold him! He has bid a last farewell  
To all the elders of the holy host.  
The eyes of weeping thousands rest on him  
As his majestic presence slow ascends:  
The mothers hold their little ones aloft  
To print for ever on their memories  
The sacred likeness of that man of God.  
A solemn hush is resting o'er the tents,  
Men speak in softest whispers, and each ear  
Seems strained to catch the rustle of the wings  
Of mighty angels, sweeping down to bear  
Him hence. See, see, he stands upon the brow  
Between them and the pure high Heaven above,  
As oft before, God's mediator true.  
And, lo, his hands are raised, he sends them back  
His last good-by, a benediction mute  
Which falls upon the camp like Heavenly dew,  
And melts all hearts beneath Jehovah's hand!  
They wipe their eyes from blinding tears. Again  
They gaze, they see his form no more. Alone,  
Alone, alone, he passes on to God.

Yet ere he leaves the scene of all his toil  
A glorious vision of the goodly land  
Fills his rapt eye and floods his soul with peace.  
From troubled Jordan rolling full in flood,  
The City of the Palm Trees nestling near,  
To where the Great Sea kissed its sacred shore,  
One rich and varied garden, freshly decked  
In all the beauty of the sunny spring,  
Lay smiling at his feet. Its verdant vales,  
Its vine-clad hills and glistening olive groves,  
Its flowery meads, its fertile fields enriched  
With golden promise, and its mountain slopes  
Sprinkled with fleecy flocks, all seem prepared  
To give an eager welcome to God's host.  
The very breezes murmur their delight  
And by them stirred to rapture, every branch  
In every forest claps its leafy hands.

From milky Bashan, with its belt of green,  
To hazy Carmel and its thymy slopes;  
From burning sands where dim mirages rest,  
To cool, clear snowy peaks of Lebanon,  
His eye enraptured flits; and hark, a voice  
Proclaims, "This is the land—the land I swear  
To give for ever unto Abraham's seed!"

Another fond adoring look he takes  
Of that fair heritage. His eye entranced  
Dwells on yon snowy peak of Lebanon,