

The Burial of Moses.

BY MRS. 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 dug 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 tramping
Or saw the train go forth
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun

Noiselessly as the springtime,
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 the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky 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 cloth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amidst the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster-transsept,
Where light like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest 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, truth half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hill-side for his 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 deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, most wondrous
thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won your
life

With the incarnate Son of God

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still
God hath his messages of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell.
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

THE NEBO.

The purple peaks of Moab possess an intense interest from their Biblical associations. From yonder height of Pisgah, the prophet Balaam, summoned to curse, thrice blessed the people of God: "God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel! . . . And falling into a trance and having his eyes opened, he exclaimed, How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

Again, after the forty years' wandering were ended, Moses, the valiant leader and law-giver, climbs "the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho." There the Lord showed him all the land of promise, which his foot might not tread, and there, according to the Jewish legend, he died of the kisses of God's lips. "And he buried him in a valley in the land

of Moab, over against Beth-peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." "Even in Palestine itself," says Dr. Manning, "there are few spots upon which the eye rests with a deeper sense of awe and mystery, and reverential wonder, than as we look across the Ghor of the Jordan, and gaze upon this peak, glowing in the light of the setting sun, where the prophet of the Lord breathed

W The tempter—1 Peter 5 6-11.
Th Safety of the godly—Psalm 91. 1-12.
F Enduring temptation—James 1. 13-17.
S Tempted, but without sin.—Heb. 4. 11-16.
Su Able to help—Heb. 2 9-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Bread of God, v 1-4.
Who was the tempter of Jesus?



THE PREACHING OF JOHN.

his last earthly sigh, and awoke in the presence of his God."

We never grow tired of watching the deep purple mountains of Moab, Nebo, Pisgah, and "Beth-peor's lonely height," and as we lingered all day in full view we were haunted with the music of Mrs. Alexander's beautiful hymn, "By Nebo's Lonely Mountain."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 9.

JESUS TEMPTED.

Matt. 4. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. 2. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Bread of God, v. 1-4.
2. Trust in God, v. 5-7.
3. Worship of God, v. 8-11.

Where did the temptation occur?
Who led Jesus into the wilderness?
What fast did Jesus undergo?
Who before him had fasted forty days?
Exod. 24. 18; 34. 28; 1 Kings 19. 8.
What was the first suggestion of the tempter?
What answer did Jesus make?

2. Trust in God, v. 5-7.
Where was Jesus taken by the tempter?
What was he there challenged to do?
What was Jesus' answer?
3. Worship of God, v. 8-11.
Where next was Jesus taken?
What was shown to him?
What promise was made to him?
What rebuke did Jesus utter?
What commandment did he cite?
Deut. 6. 13.
Who then took the devil's place?
In what ministry do the angels delight?
Heb. 1. 14.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The source of temptation?
2. How to resist temptation?
3. Where we may get help in temptation.



JESUS TEMPTED.

Place.—The wilderness of Judea; according to the Christian tradition Mount Quarantania (which means Mount-of-Forty-days).

HOME READINGS.

M. Jesus tempted.—Matt. 4. 1-11.
Tu. "Not by bread alone."—Deut. 8. 1-6.

Discouraging Logic.—Johnnie—"Ma, I want a bicycle." Mother—"Johnnie, you should not desire anything too eagerly in this world." Johnnie (hedging)—"But I don't want it very badly." Mother (decisively)—"Well, I can't encourage every little passing whim. You can't have it."

BORROW AND KINDNESS.

A pale little lad in a West-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood by him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.
"Have you no lunch?"
"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."
The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said, gently, "and you've lost yours?"
"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I have never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up this lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me, but I didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll be back very soon," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little Georgie felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half-sobbing, calling him a poor, dear fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

RETALIATION.

An old lady once had a cat of which she was very fond. One day she missed her pet, and on making inquiries she heard that a neighbour had killed it. After a little meditation she hit upon a way to avenge herself.

She bought some mousetraps, and having caught about fifty mice alive, put them into a large box, which she took to the unsuspecting neighbour. He, thinking it was quite safe, took it in.

When he opened it, he was horrified to see a swarm of mice scatter in every direction, while at the bottom of the box he found a note containing these words: "You killed my cat, and now I have the pleasure of sending you a few of my mice."

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