

complaints—never spoke of his hardships in their behalf; made no allusion to his anguish in leaving them on the very verge of Canaan, the object for which he had toiled so long. He did not even refer to his death. In the magnanimity of his great heart, forgetful of himself, or else not daring to trust his feelings in an allusion to his fate, he closed his sublime address in the following touching language:—"The eternal God—thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms: and he shall thrust out the enemy before thee. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone. Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee: O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Noble language—noble heart! Carried away in the contemplation of his children's happiness, he burst forth into exclamations of joy in the moment of his deepest distress. But did not that manly voice falter, and that stern lip quiver, as he advanced to bid them his last adieu? For a moment, perhaps, the rising emotions checked his utterance. They had been the companions of his toil—the objects of his deepest solicitude. A common suffering, a common fate, had bound them to him by a thousand ties. He looked back on the desert: it was passed. He looked forward to Canaan: it was near. He turned to the people: they were weeping. He cast his eye up Nebo, and he knew he must die. Although no complaint escaped his lips—no regret fell from his tongue, a deeper paleness was on his cheek, and a sterner strife in his heart than he had ever felt before. Though outwardly calm, his stern nature shook for a moment like a cedar in a tempest, and then the struggle was over. His farewell was echoed in melancholy tones from lip to lip through the vast host as he turned to ascend the mountain. As he advanced from rock to rock, the sobbing of the multitude that followed after tore his heart-strings, like the cry of a child for his parents, and it was long before he dare trust himself to turn and look below. But at length he paused on a high rock, and gazed a moment on the scene at his feet. There were the white tents of Jacob glittering in the sunlight, and there the dark mass of Israel's host, as they stood and watched the form of their departing leader.—Those tents had become familiar to him as household scenes; and as he gazed on them, now far, far beneath him, and saw the cloud overshadowing the mysterious ark, a sigh of unutterable sadness escaped him. He thought of the bones of Joseph he had carried forty years, that were to rest with his descendants, while he was to be left alone amid the mountains.—Again he turned to the ascent, and soon a rock shut him from view, and he passed on alone to the summit.

There was spread before him the land of Canaan. He stood a speck on the high crag, and gazed on the lovely scene. Jordan went sweeping by in the glad sunlight. Palm trees shook their green tops in the summer wind, and plains, and cities, and vineyards spread away in endless beauty before him. But, ah! methinks he saw more than the landscape smiling beneath the Eastern sky. Was not the history of the future unrolled before him? Did he not see the spot of Bethlehem, and also the star that hung over it? Did he not see Jerusalem in its glory and downfall? Did he not hear the birth-song of the angels? Did not a mysterious mount rise before him wrapped in storm and cloud, through whose gloomy foldings gleamed a cross? The clouds rolled away, and lo, the Strength of Israel, the Refuge of Judah, hung in death. Again the vision changed—the sepulchre was open, and like an ascending glory that form rose to heaven.

The scene vanished from his sight, and with the rock for his couch, and the blue sky for his covering, he lay down to die. O, who can tell what the mighty law-giver felt, left in that dreadful hour alone! The mystery of mysteries was to be passed. No friend was beside his couch to soothe him, no voice to encourage him in that last, darkest of all human struggles. No one was with him but God, and though with one hand he smote him, with the other he held his dying head. How long was he dying? God alone can answer. What words did his quivering lips last utter? God alone knows. Was his last prayer for Israel?—his last words of the Crucified? From that lonely rock did a shout go up: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Of that last scene and its changes we know nothing, but when it was over Moses lay a corpse on the mountain top. And God buried him. There he slept alone—the mountain cloud which night hung around him was his only shroud, and the thunder of the passing storm was his only dirge. There he slept while centuries rolled by, his grave unknown and unvisited, until at length he is seen standing on Mount Tabor, with Christ, in the transfiguration. Over Jordan at last!—in Canaan at last!

I will not speak here of the instruction this scene affords, but from the very summit of his sorrows, where he had gone to die, Moses, for the first time in his life, caught a view of Canaan. He did not know, as he went over the rocks, torn and weary, how lovely the prospect was from the top. In this world it frequently happens that when man has reached the place of anguish, God folds away the mist from before his eyes, and the very spot he selected as the receptacle of his tears becomes the place of his rapture.

For thirty days did the Israelites mourn at the base of that mountain over their

departed leader, and then mournfully struck their tents and moved away.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

National Prosperity.

To a superficial observer—especially to one who forms his opinions of men and things under the influence of a carnal mind, looking at the things which are seen, and having no spiritual vision to see Him that is invisible, and discern the things that belong to His kingdom—it may very naturally appear as if the achievements of military prowess, the counsels of legislative wisdom, and the researches of science and philosophy brought to bear upon public and private schemes and enterprises, were the safest means and surest pledges of national prosperity and greatness. Neither are they, as means, to be undervalued; but yet neither are they to be overvalued, as if, instead of being only means, they were the efficient and sufficient causes of the end desired. The sources of a nation's real strength and enduring prosperity lie much deeper in the mighty and heart-stirring moral influences which move its whole mind, and pervade the general masses of its population, and bring into captivity to higher and better principles the thoughts and affections which are the main-springs of action—those influences which elevate the character, and impregnate it with something of a heavenly origin; which control the wild despotism of selfish passions, and purify the fountains which in their natural state send forth the bitter waters of individual and national sin. It is an axiom established on the authority of God himself, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." And the elements of these moral influences, of this national righteousness, we can look for only in national religion. It is the wildest of all theories, and one refuted by the painful details of every day's experience, to imagine that such an effect can be produced by education apart from religion,—by the mere enlargement of the mind without the cultivation of the heart. And for the constant preservation of that pure and holy flame upon the altars of our land, to whom can we look, as instruments in the hand of God, but to a race of devoted, and laborious, and heavenly minded ministers, penetrating the dark corners of our country's wildernesses, and pouring over them the light of the gospel of life,—extending their peaceful dominion, and exercising a salutary influence as the salt of the earth, by which the natural process of corruption may be stayed, and the Kingdom of righteousness and peace silently and gradually established?—*Professor Scholfield.*

Wonders of Creation.

Some animalcule are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewenhock says there are more animals in the mill of a coltish than men on the whole earth; and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalcule has been found, by calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth. He states, that a grain of sand, in diameter but the 100th part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalcule, 3000 are not equal to a grain of sand. Human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 6000th part of an inch. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and that of the finest only the 1500th part. The silk, as spun by the worm, is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but, perhaps, a spider's