

## PROPHECIES CONCERNING MOAB.

Several of the prophets have delivered very clear predictions concerning Moab, most of which relate to the downfall of the kingdom and the destruction of its cities.

Amos, 800 B. C., says: "Thus saith Jehovah: An account of three transgressions of Moab and of Zour, I will not prevent it, because he has burnt to ashes the bones of the king of Edom. And I will send a fire in Moab, and this shall consume the palaces of Kerioth. Moab shall die in battle with cries and the sound of trumpets. And I will cut off the judge from the midst of the land, and the princess shall I kill together with him, says Jehovah." Amos ii, 1-3.

Isaiah, some fifty years later, predicts with equal clearness and graphically, the destruction of the cities of Moab, but he also states that a remnant of the people should be left in their country. See Isa. xvi 16.

Zephaniah, 640 B. C., says that God should make Moab like unto Sodom, on account of the pride of the people, and because they had heaped injuries upon the people of God. "Terrible shall God be against Moab, for He shall cause all the gods of the earth to perish." Zeph. ii 8.

Ezekiel, 630 B. C., describes how God would sit in judgment upon Moab when "the Children of the East" were to come against Ammon and blot that nation out from the surface of the land. Ez. xxv 8-11.

Daniel 600 B. C., in describing the conquests of the Saracens and the Turks (chap. xi 41), clearly states that the Moabites should escape their vast forces.

Now these predictions have all come true to the very letter. The land has been desolated. Hesban, the ancient Heshbon, formerly a Moabitic city of importance, presents today very little of interest to a traveler. "A large piece of walling at the west end of the bold isolated hill on which the old fortress stood, with a square block house and a pointed archway adjoining; a temple on the crest of a hill, with the pavement unbroken and the bases of four columns still in situ; on the east, in the plain just at the base of the hill, a great cistern—these are all that remain." (Tristram.)

Coupled with Heshbon in the prophetic denunciations is Elealeh, now El-Ai. "I will water thee with my tears, O Heshbon and Elealeh for the shouting for thy summer fruits and for thy harvest is fallen." Isaiah xv. 4. This place is now a heap of ruins surrounded by portions of a stone wall.

And so with all the rest of the once proud cities of Moab. And yet the people still remain. They lead their pastoral life as in ancient days, dwelling in tents and tending their flocks. And they are to this day virtually unsubdued, as foretold by Daniel, although Sesostris, and Cyrus, and the Romans, and the Turks have all attempted to govern them and to bring them to submission.

## MOAB TO BE RESTORED.

It will be interesting to notice

that, among the predictions concerning Moab, is one given by the prophet Jeremiah, which clearly promises that Moab shall again be restored. "At the end of the days" (says God through Jeremiah, chapter xlviii, 47) will I turn the captivity of Moab, says Jehovah."

How this is to be done, or by whom, is not specified, only that it shall certainly be done. And as it is a work belonging to the "end of the days," it may fairly be presumed to have some connection with the restoration of the children of Israel and of Judah. God always works through agencies, and there is no doubt that He, when the time comes for the fulfillment of this promise to Moab, will find the means whereby to raise these wandering Bedouins, now half barbarians, to a state of culture and spiritual prominence. For it cannot be doubted that God's promise of restoration implies that in the Kingdom of God, a place is prepared also for this ancient nation.

But who is able and who is willing to carry the message of a promised restoration into their tents and give them a testimony of the glad tidings of great joy, predicted 2,500 years ago by a prophet of the Living God? J. M. S.

## OUR CHICAGO LETTERS.

Some political philosopher once said: "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." If this is not a whole truth, there certainly is much truth in it. Ballads and lyrics have figured more largely in the political history of the world than the average writer and student imagines. Monarchs have been actually sung out of thrones, and others sung into them. Republics have been created and maintained mainly by song. Tyrants and despots have often been humanized by fear of ridicule in song. Many a question which in the history of a race or nation appears a problem will be very easy of solution if one examines the song attachments and environments of the time. For instance, Macaulay can't understand how Ireland of all the western nations adhered to the Roman church, though her history shows that she was the earliest of these nations which was independent of Rome and most disliked by European Romanists. If Macaulay could examine the Gaelic ballads of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries he would soon learn the cause. The bards ingeniously blended religion, race and nationality in their songs, until the common people at last came to believe that Rome was Ireland, and the Pope only a primitive Parnell. And it was only because nationality was made a religion that Ireland so steadfastly clung to Rome.

Ballads have also had a good deal to do in the history of our own glorious republic. The old refrain "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" has an honorable place in American history. But if the old sage who wanted the making of a nation's songs were

to come among us at present, he would be much puzzled at some of our popular songs and lyrics. For example, we have one song which has held the boards for nearly six months. It is in everybody's mouth. Persons who don't know a musical note from the braying of a burro find themselves chanting it. Its chorus has become a catchword. The newspapers have devoted columns upon columns of space to analysing this strange melody. And still the secret of its popularity remains unrevealed. Numerous authors are quarreling over the authorship of it. The papers say it is universally popular all the way from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. If so, its soothing strains cannot be unknown in Salt Lake City, and I see no reason why we should not take cognizance of an event which 65,000,000 of people are talking about.

Here is the song in its full text:

## DOWN WENT MCGINTY.

THE SONG THAT EVERYBODY IN AMERICA IS SINGING.

Sunday morning last, at 9, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine,  
Was looking at a very high stone wall,  
When along came Pat McCann—And says:  
"I'll bet \$5, Dan,  
I can lave you at the top without a fail."  
On his back he got poor Dan—to climb the ladder he began,  
Until he'd very nearly reached the top;  
But for fear he'd lose his live—Just as sure as you're alive  
Dan let go his hold, not thinking of the drop!

## CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall—  
Although he won his live, he was more dead than alive,  
With kicks and bruises on his face from such a fearful fall—  
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

Off to hospital they hooked him, And for dead the doctors looked him,  
But McGinty gave the doctors a surprise,  
For he soon began to shout: "Say, ye blackguards, let me out!"  
Though his head was twice its ordinary size,  
Bound to see his wife and child, With delight he near went wild;  
He walked along as proud as John the Great;  
In the sidewalk was a hole, To receive a load of coal—  
McGinty never saw until too late!

## CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole.  
The driver of the cart gave the load of coal a start—  
It took an hour 'n' a half to dig McGinty from the coal,  
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When they dug McGinty out, Loud for vengeance he did shout,  
And the driver of the cart he then did spy;  
He picked up half a brick And he hit him such a lick  
That it caused a tumefaction of his eye.  
Then he kicked up such a fuss That the cops got in the mussy,  
They arrested Dan for being very drunk;  
And next morn the judge did say: "No find you'll have to pay.  
But six months you'll sleep upon a prison bunk."

## CHORUS.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the jail—  
He stayed exactly six, And his board it cost him six;  
Six long months, for nobody went his bail—  
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When his half a year was spent They let McGinty went,  
And he dressed himself as in the days of yore;  
But imagine his surprise, he could scarce believe his eyes,  
When he found his wife had skipped the day before.  
To lose his wife and child—Oh, such grief would drive him wild—