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CAPTIVE ISRAELITES.

PSALM CXXV. 2

BLAKE & SON, RELIERS, FLEMINGTON, & LONDON.

LAYS AND LAMENTS

FOR ISRAEL;

POEMS

ON THE

Present State and Future Prospects of the Jews.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY THE REV. JOHN ANDERSON,

FREE CHURCH, DUNDEE.

BLACKIE & SON:
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND LONDON.

M DCCCXLVI.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger."—LAM. i. 12.

"For thus saith the Lord, Sing with gladness for Jacob, and shout among the chief of the nations; publish ye, praise ye, and say, O Lord, save thy people, the remnant of Israel."—JER. xxxi. 7.



TO THE

REV. ALEXANDER KEITH, D.D.

AUTHOR OF

"EVIDENCE OF PROPHECY," "SIGNS OF THE TIMES,"
&c. &c.

THESE

LAYS AND LAMENTS

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH SINCERE REGARD AND IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS
LOVE AND LABOURS FOR THE JEWS.



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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

"The Jew first,"—ROMANS I. 16.

THE claims which the Jews have on the consideration and the regard of Christians are of a peculiarly strong and paramount kind. This will appear if we consider,

I. Their relation to God as His ancient and peculiar people.

The knowledge of the "Truth as it is in Jesus" was at first revealed only to a few. To be its depositaries and guardians the Jews were formed into a distinct nation, a "peculiar people," "to whom," says the apostle, "pertained the adoption and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises."—"The adoption." Other nations in course of time were also to become the "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty;" but in virtue of this early act of adoption, Israel became, and was ever afterwards to be acknowledged, honoured, and loved as "His first-born."—"The glory." By the "glory"

which pertained to them we are to understand not merely this high and heavenly relationship, but the Shekinah or cloud of glory which rested over the mercy-seat in the tabernacle, and which was the symbol of God's gracious presence. While other nations lived "without God," He dwelt among the Israelites as a father in the midst of his family, as a King in the midst of his subjects. Hence it is written, "the shout of a King was heard among them," even of the "King of kings." Also, "They beheld his goings, even the goings of God their King in the midst of the sanctuary."—"The Covenants." Not only did God make choice of the Jews to be His peculiar people, He covenanted to be their God, permitting them to "strike hands" with Him as His people. Other nations have among their archives the records of bonds and leagues entered into with neighbouring nations, but this people can produce among their records—the mysterious deed and document of a bond—yea, of bonds entered into between them and God. It was on one of these occasions that the land of Canaan was given to Abraham, not as a chief good or ultimate blessing, but as a sign and seal to him and his posterity that God was their God. This was a remarkable sign and seal certainly, and the most valuable ever given in confirmation of a deed of covenant. But rich and valuable though it was, it was not too rich for the occasion, and was poor in comparison of the gift it was intended to signify and seal—the gift of God himself.—"The giving of the law." At the creation of man the law of God was written on his heart.

By the fall it became dim, and in course of time became well nigh entirely effaced. Thus, "without God" man was also "without law," having no other, at least acknowledging no other than his own lawless self-will. A republication of the law thus became necessary. This was given at Mount Sinai, and the nation honoured to receive it was the Jews. No nation was ever so distinguished before or since. The law thus republished was written on two tables of stone, and was committed to their care.—"The service of God." In this, as in other respects, other nations were left to their own superstitious inventions; and it is needless to say, that like the gods whom they worshipped, their religious service was of the most degraded and degrading kind. Well might the Psalmist, when he contrasted the impure and cruel services of other gods, with the pure and merciful service of the True God, say, "their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god, their drink-offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips." In all respects the religious service of the Jews was a contrast to that of the nations of the earth. The one was true, the other false—the one was pure, the other was polluted—the one was exalting, the other was debasing—the one was merciful, the other was cruel and bloody—the one was the "service of God,"—the other was the service of devils.—"The promises." By these promises we are to understand those which were repeatedly given to Abraham and his descendants, of the Messiah, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. To these promises the apostle refers, when he says, "Now to Abraham and his seed

were the promises made." These were all so many repetitions of that great and glorious one—"In thee and thy seed"—that is, Christ—"shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." In these promises were bound up the destinies of the world, and to the Jews these promises were given. Thus while other nations sat in darkness, they saw a great light. While other nations sat in the shadow of death, reflected from these promises, and beaming from the prophecies in new and increasing splendour, they walked in the "light of life."—Lastly, and to sum up under this head the peculiar privileges of the Jews; "To them were committed the oracles of God." Not only did they possess these lively oracles, but in addition to the privilege of possessing and enjoying them for themselves, they were intrusted with them for the sake of others. As a nation, they were—"the stewards of the manifold grace of God." From all the nations in the world, they were selected to be "put in trust with the gospel." They were the field in which this precious "treasure was hid" and preserved. And who can deny, but that, with all their errors, they were true to their trust? Did they neglect that precious deposit? No, they watched it with constant and anxious care; and rather than part with it, parted with their lives. As the stewards of these great and glorious mysteries we, into whose hands they have at length come, must admit, and we do it cheerfully, that they were found faithful. Let these things be considered, and it will be admitted that no nation in the earth can be matched with this people. Other nations have been greatly distinguished, some for their

attainments in science, and some for their achievements in war; but for this the Jews are, and forever will stand pre-eminent—that to them “pertained the adoption, and the glory, and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises, and that to them were committed the oracles of God.” “There was something,” says one of our great living authors, “most natural, and I could almost add justifiable, even in the pride of Jewish patriotism—for never was a nation so distinguished; and never had a people even among those whom history has most gorgeously blazoned in all the honours of ancestry and of great achievement, such marvellous distinctions to boast of. All the trophies of conquest and literature, and of all earthly renown, make not out a crown of traditional glory for any of the states or monarchies of other days, which is at all like unto that crown of transcendental glory, that halo from heaven, which sits on the character and the fortunes of the children of Israel. There is nought in the sages and in the warriors, and in all that is recorded either of the prowess or the philosophy of any other land which seems so to irradiate its name—as the name and the land of the Hebrews are irradiated by their patriarchs, and their prophets, and their holy men of God. The traveller whose imagination has been sublimed among the historic remembrances which he saw around him in the classical territory of Greece and Rome, has confessed a deeper visitation of awe and lofty emotion as he walked over the priestly and consecrated land of Judea. Even the very humblest of that outcast soil kindles in the recollection of his own

ancestral dignity, and feels a sort of conscious superiority to other men, when he thinks of himself as one of that selected nation whom seers did instruct, and whom angels visited; and that they were forefathers of his who heard from Sinai's flaming top the words of the Eternal. To no nation under the sun does there belong so proud, so magnificent a heraldry. No minstrel of a country's fame was ever furnished so richly with topics, and the heart and fancy of the apostle seem to kindle at the enumeration of them. They are far the most illustrious people on the face of our world. There shines upon them a transcendental glory from on high, and all that the history, whether of classical or heroic ages, hath enrolled of other nations, are but as the lesser lights of the firmament before it."*

II. The relation in which they stand to the Christian economy.

The Jewish and the Christian religion are not two different religions, nor are the Jewish and the Christian churches two different churches. In substance the Jewish and the Christian are one and the same religion. Substantially the Jewish and the Christian are one and the same Church. As economies or dispensations, however, they are distinct and different. The Jewish economy was preparatory to the Christian, and on this account was inferior to it. The Mosaic economy has been compared to the embryo in seed, the Christian to the fullgrown plant in flower. In the seed there is the same life and substance as there is in the flower; the

* Chalmers.

latter, indeed, is nothing more than the former continued and expanded. But how much superior is the latter to the former? The latter, or full-blown flower, raising its head in the sun, and shedding its fragrance on the winds—the former lying hid, and though not dead, dark in the ground. Thus superior is the Christian to the Mosaic, or Jewish economy. This superiority it is the great object of the apostle, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, to show. And surely no argument could in itself be more likely to prevail with the descendants of Abraham, than this, that the Christian is in all respects substantially the same as the Jewish; yet in many respects superior, being the Jewish continued, evolved, completed! The contrast between the two different dispensations, it is not necessary to exhibit at great length. The following points may just be noticed. 1. The Jewish dispensation was one of comparative darkness, the Christian is one of perfect light. 2. The Jewish dispensation was one of bondage, the Christian is one of liberty. The one was the child of the bond-woman, the other was the child of the free. 3. The Jewish dispensation was weak, the Christian is active, aggressive, effective. 4. The Jewish dispensation was local and national, the Christian is universal. The one was intended for one nation only, the other for the whole world. The emblem of the one was the lamp in the temple, the fire on the altar, which cheered the worshipper within its walls; the emblem of the other is the sun in the heavens, which is a light to lighten the world. But wherein, it may be asked, does this superiority of the Christian dispensation to the

Jewish, add to the peculiar greatness and glory of the Jewish people? Consider who is the Head of this dispensation, and from whence He comes. As man, the Head of the Christian dispensation was of the Jews. Nor is this the least; yea, it is the crowning glory of the Jewish people, "that of them, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God, blessed for ever, Amen." Thus, not only has the knowledge of salvation come to us through the Jews, but the Saviour himself. And hence it is written, "salvation is of the Jews." Thus, as we have somewhere seen it remarked, as Christ raised the human nature above the angelic, by becoming man, he has raised the Jews above all other nations, by becoming one of them; and hence, as the eloquent writer formerly quoted has observed, "Paul sums up the heraldry of his nation," by the notice of this circumstance, "deeming it the highest of all its ensigns, even that of them Christ came." While Christ is the Head of our dispensation, who does not know that its first preachers were of the same nation; that as it was through persons of this nation the world received the knowledge of Christ promised, it was through them we received the knowledge of Christ crucified. Nay, more than this, not only were the first ministers of the Christian church Jews, its first members were Jews. They were the first branches who were grafted in, and who grew on Christ, the root. They were the first stones who were laid on Him, the foundation of the spiritual building. They constituted the first Christian church, and when the Gentiles were admitted into its communion, it was by means of ministers of their

nation, it was into the fellowship of a Christian church consisting of Jews. Thus did the Gentiles, who were strangers and foreigners, cease to be strangers and foreigners, and become "fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Thus did they become Christians, and as Christians Abraham's seed, and as such, heirs of the promise, that in him and his seed "all nations of the earth should be blessed." Thus, while some of the natural branches were broken off, the Gentiles were grafted in; and with them who remained, made to partake of the "fatness of the olive tree." Thus, in one word, in Christ, who was of the Jews, was that grand and ancient design effected, that Jews and Gentiles should become one; and that henceforth there should be neither "Greek nor Jew, circumcision, nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ who is all and in all." Thus, all who are in Christ now, are equally so, and there is no difference; yet, while all are equally *in* Christ, this is the distinction of the Jews, that Christ is *of* them, and thus, in this respect also, is the "Jew first."

III. Their subsequent history.

While both before and after the crucifixion of Christ, the "remnant according to the election of grace" obtained mercy, the rest, constituting the great mass of the Jewish nation, were blinded. Of them it is written, "He came to His own, but they received Him not." "In Him they saw no form nor comeliness why He should be desired—He was despised and rejected, and they esteemed Him not." And "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, with wicked

hands they took and crucified," exclaiming in the blindness of their rage, "His blood be upon us and on our children."—For thus crucifying the Lord of glory—for thus rejecting Him in the flesh, and more properly for continuing to reject Him in the Spirit, this highly favoured nation was at length cast off, and brought upon itself the wrath of God to the uttermost. Unexampled for their privileges, the Jews have been equally unexampled for their sins and their sufferings. Their history it does not fall within our province to record. There are certain moral lights, however, in which it may be profitable to consider them.

I. They may be considered as a *prophecy*.

The prophets and poets who foretold their greatness and glory, foretold at the same time their sin and fall. They who rolled from their harps the burden of Babylon and Nineveh, rolled from their harps the burden also of Israel and Judah. The evil day which they did not desire, they foresaw and foretold. This they did in such passages as these, "I will scatter you among the heathen, and I will draw out a sword after you: and your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. And upon them that are left of you: I will send a faintness into their hearts in the lands of their enemies; and the sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall fall when none pursueth; and ye shall have no power to stand before your enemies. And ye shall perish among the heathen, and the land of your enemies shall eat you up. And they that are left of you shall pine away in their iniquities in your enemies' lands; and also in the

iniquities of their fathers shall they pine away with them. And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to DESTROY THEM UTTERLY."¹ "The Lord shall cause thee to be smitten before thine enemies, and thou shalt be REMOVED INTO ALL THE KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH."² "The Lord shall bring thee unto a nation which neither thou nor thy fathers have known; and thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee."³ "And it shall come to pass, that as the Lord rejoiced over you to do you good, and to multiply you, so the Lord will rejoice over you to destroy you, and to bring you to nought; and ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it. And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest: but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life."⁴ "I will deliver them to be removed unto all the kingdoms of the earth for their hurt, to be a reproach and a proverb, a taunt and a curse, in all places whither I shall drive them."⁵ "I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve; yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."⁶ "They shall be wanderers among the

¹ Lev. xxvi. 33, 36—39, 44. ² Deut. xxviii. 25. ³ Ibid. xxviii. 36, 37.

⁴ Ibid. xxviii. 63—66. ⁵ Jer. xxiv. 9. ⁶ Amos ix. 9.

nations."¹ "The children of Israel shall abide many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim."² Such are a few of the predictions contained in the Old Testament, of the expulsion and dispersion of the Jews. Have they been fulfilled? Who does not know that they have? They have been dispersed throughout all countries; and yet, though every where dispersed, they have every where remained distinct. "There is not," says Dr. Keith, "a country on the face of the earth where the Jews are unknown. They are found alike in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. They are citizens of the world without a country. Neither mountains, nor rivers, nor deserts, nor oceans, which are the boundaries of other nations, have terminated their wanderings. They abound in Poland, in Holland, in Austria, and in Turkey. In Germany, Spain, Italy, France, and Britain, they are more thinly scattered. In Persia, China, and India, on the east and the west of the Ganges, they are *few in number among the heathen*. They have trod the snows of Siberia, and the sands of the burning desert; and the European traveller hears of their existence in regions which he cannot reach, even in the very interior of Africa, south of Timbuctoo. From Moscow to Lisbon, from Japan to Britain, from Borneo to Archangel, from Hindostan to Honduras, no inhabitant of any nation upon the earth would be known in all the intervening regions, but a Jew alone." The predictions of their "persecu-

¹ Hos. ix. 17.

² Hos. iii. 4.

tions, their blindness, their sufferings, their feebleness, their fearfulness, their pusillanimity, their ceaseless wanderings, their hardened impenitence, their insatiable avarice, their grievous oppressions, their continued spoliation, and universal mockery," it is scarcely necessary to say, have been fulfilled with the same exactness as those of their "unlimited diffusion and unextinguishable existence."

The following lines from a well known Hebrew melody, are thus not more poetically beautiful, than they are literally true.

" Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave."

Nor is it the Jews only that are a prophecy fulfilled. Judea also, as Dr. Keith has observed, "is a witness, as well as the people." Did prophecy declare that *the cities should be laid waste*? By the concurring testimony of all travellers, Judea may now be called a field of ruins.—"Columns, the memorials of ancient magnificence, now covered with rubbish and buried under ruins, may be found in all Syria. From Mount Tabor is beheld an immensity of plains, interspersed with hamlets, fortresses, and heaps of ruins. Of the celebrated cities Capernaum, Bethsaida, Gadara, and Chorasin, nothing remains but shapeless ruins. Some vestiges of Emmaus may still be seen. Cana is a very paltry village. The ruins of Tekoa present only the foundations of some considerable buildings. The city of Nain is now a hamlet. Ramla, the ancient Arimathea, is a heap of rubbish. In

the adjacent country there are found at every step dry wells, cisterns fallen in, and vast vaulted reservoirs, which prove that in ancient times this town must have been upwards of a league and a half in circumference. Cesarea can no longer excite the envy of a conqueror, and has long been abandoned to silent desolation. The city of Tiberias is now almost abandoned, and its subsistence precarious; of the towns that bordered on its lake there are no traces left. Zabulon, once the rival of Tyre and Sidon, is a heap of ruins. The ruins of Jericho, covering no less than a square mile, are surrounded with complete desolation, and there is not a tree of any description, either of palm or balsam, and hardly any verdure or bushes to be seen about the site of this abandoned city. Bethel has come to nought. In a word, ruined ruins form the most distinguished remnants of the cities of Israel, the multitude of its towns are almost all left with many a vestige to testify of their number, but without a mark to tell their name." Thus far Dr. Keith, as to the state of these famous, but lesser cities of Palestine. As to its chief city, Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, the following is the testimony of M'Cheyne and Bonar, in that most delightful of all books, descriptive of Immanuel's Land, the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews."

"We rose early, and finding the road to the Jaffa gate went a little way out of the city, and sat down under an olive tree. We read part of Lamentations, and could feel sympathy with the prophet when he cried, 'How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in

His anger, and cast down unto the earth the beauty of Israel.' 'He hath swallowed up Israel, He hath swallowed up all her palaces.' . . . One of our windows opened toward the east, having a fine view of the dome of the mosque of Omar, which rises over the site of Solomon's temple, and beyond it was the Mount of Olives, that ever-memorable hill, with its three summits, and its wide bosom still sprinkled over with the olive tree, was the object on which our eye rested, every morning as we rose. Towards the west, the first object that met our eye used to be a solitary palm tree, growing amidst a heap of ruins, and waving its branches over them as if pointing to the fulfilment of the prophecy, 'Jerusalem shall become heaps.'¹ It is a remarkable fact, that not only on Mount Zion, but in many parts of the city, the modern town is really built on the rubbish of the old. The heaps of ancient Jerusalem are still remaining, indurated masses of stones and rubbish, forty and fifty feet deep in many places. Truly the prophets spoke with a divine accuracy, when they said, 'Jerusalem shall become heaps.' 'I will make Jerusalem heaps.'² The fact that these heaps of ruins are of so great depth, suggested to us a literal interpretation of the words of Jeremiah, 'Her gates are sunk into the ground.' The ancient gates are no longer to be found, and it is quite possible that some of them may be literally buried below the feet of the inquiring traveller. Zion is truly desolate. Approaching the brow of the hill, we found ourselves in the midst of a large field of barley; the crop was

¹ Mic. iii. 12.

² Jer. ix. 11.

very thin, and the stalks very small, but no sight could be more interesting to us. We plucked some of the ears to carry home with us, as proofs addressed to the eye that God had fulfilled his true and faithful word, 'Therefore shall Zion for your sake be ploughed up as a field.'¹ The palaces, the towers, the whole mass of warlike defences have given way before the word of the Lord, and a crop of barley waves to the passing breeze instead of the banner of war. On the steep sides of the hill we afterwards found cauliflowers, arranged in furrows, which had evidently been made by the plough, so that this important prophecy twice recorded² is most fully accomplished. Turning to the west, we looked down upon Jerusalem. We could now see the accuracy of the description, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people.' We obtained a complete view of Mount Moriah, occupied with its Mahometan mosques. Here Solomon built the house of the Lord, where God dwelt between the cherubims. Here in the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried. And here the vail of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom, when Jesus yielded up the ghost, and the way into the holiest was made manifest. But now, the word of God is fulfilled: 'He hath violently taken away his tabernacle as if it were of a garden; he hath destroyed his places of assembly.'³ The mountain of the house is become as the high place of the forest.'⁴ The mountain on which God's house was

¹ Mic. iii. 12.

² Jer. xxvi. 18, Mic. iii. 12.

³ Lam. ii. 6.

⁴ Mic. iii. 12.

built, has literally become a place of heathen sanctuaries, like those which in Micah's day were erected in groves and forests. How true and faithful is the word of the Lord! In the days of Hezekiah, Micah was sent to a flourishing city, the "perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth." He was to walk about Zion, and when he had looked upon its towers and bulwarks to say, "All these shall be desolate, and the ground on which they stand shall be *ploughed* as a field." He was to pass by their ceiled houses, and along their splendid streets, and to cry, "All these shall be heaps." He was to stand in the court of the temple in which they gloried, where God indeed dwelt in the earth, and to say, "It shall be as the *high places* of the heathens." And now as we stood on Mount Olivet, our eyes beheld these things brought to pass. This is the doing of the Lord: "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for thou only art holy, for all nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest."

2. Did it declare that "*the land should be desolate?*" "To the desolate state of Judea," says Dr. Keith, "every traveller bears witness. The prophetic malediction was addressed to the mountains and the hills, to the rivers and to the valleys, and the beauty of them all has been blighted. The plain of Esdraelon, naturally most fertile, bounded by Mount Hermon, Carmel, and Mount Tabor, and so extensive as to cover about three hundred

square miles, is a solitude, almost entirely deserted; the country is a complete desert. In the valley of Canaan, there is not a mark or vestige of cultivation. From the centre of the neighbouring elevations (around Jerusalem), is seen a wild, rugged, and mountainous desert—no herds depasturing on the summit—no forest clothing the acclivities—no waters flowing through the valleys; but one rude scene of savage melancholy waste, in the midst of which the ancient glory of Judea bows her head in widowed desolation. It is needless to multiply quotations. Enough has been said to show that *'the land mourns and is laid waste, and has become as a desolate wilderness.'*"

3. Did it declare, *upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers?* "The earth," says Volney the infidel, utterly unconscious of the nature of his testimony, "produces only briers and wormwood." "The whole district of Tiberias," says Burckhardt, "is covered with a thorny shrub." "Four hours together this day," says the Scottish Deputation, "we travelled through fields of weeds, briers, and thorns, such as we never saw anywhere else. Sometimes the weeds were as plentiful and stronger than the barley amongst which they grew. Often there was nothing but weeds. The variety of thistles was very great. We counted ten or eleven different species in the course of the afternoon. There were also large fields covered with the 'hellah,' or sesamine, like 'hemlock in the furrows of the field.'¹ Through the whole of the plain, the ground is chapped

¹ Hos. x. 4.

and cracked as if by an earthquake, and to the foot feels hard as iron. All these things appear without contradiction, to be a literal fulfilment of the word of God, 'upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers.' 'Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high.' 'Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.'

We were now many hundred feet above the level of the plain, so that the air was delightfully cool and soft. Dr. Keith, observing one of the adjoining hills to be very verdant and not very steep, set out with the purpose of climbing it. After a short absence, however, he returned to tell us that he had failed in his attempt. He found the surface overgrown with strong briers and thorns, through which he tried to make his way, but without success. 'Every place where there were a thousand vines at a thousand silverlings, it shall be even for briers and thorns. With arrows and with bows shall men come thither, because all the land shall become briers and thorns.'¹ Many times this day did the words of Isaiah come into our minds. We felt a secret joy in beholding the deserted terraces and fields overrun with thorns, for when we saw the word of threatening so clearly and literally fulfilled our unbelief was reprov'd, and we were taught to expect, without a shadow of doubt, that the promised blessing would be as full and sure. We felt the same in traversing the vast plain of Esdraelon, the greater part of which is covered with almost impenetrable thickets of weeds, thorns, briers, and thistles.

¹ Isa. vii. 23, 24.

Some time after, when sailing up the Bosphorus, conversing with a gentleman whom we had met in Palestine, who appeared to be a man of the world, we asked him if he had climbed Mount Tabor, to obtain the delightful view from its summit. His answer was, 'No; why should I climb Mount Tabor to see a country of thorns?' He was thus an unintentional witness to the truth of God's Word."

4. Did it declare *that few men should be left?* "So feeble a population," says Volney, "in so excellent a country, may well excite our astonishment." "None of the villages we had seen," say the Scottish missionaries, "would contain above fifty souls; and yet these are spots where Judah and Israel used to be 'many as the sand which is by the sea in multitude.' But now Isaiah's words are verified: 'the cities are wasted without inhabitants, and the houses without men.' And the fulfilment is all the more striking when the traveller remembers that in these ruined cities and villages not one of even the few inhabitants is a Jew." . . . "All the men we have yet met with are strangers. Ancient Israel are left few in number; whereas they were as the stars of heaven for multitude. We have not as yet met a single child of Abraham in their own land."

5. Did it declare, "*that the mirth of the tabret should cease, and that the voice of them that rejoice should end?*" Judah's land is now eminently a land of sadness and sorrow. All travellers have remarked this. "Here," says the Narrative of Inquiry, "we overtook an African playing upon a shepherd's pipe, made of two reeds. This

was the first time we had seen any marks of joy in the land, for certainly 'all joy is darkened, the mirth of the land is gone.'¹ We afterwards found that the Jews had no harp, no tabret, nor instrument of music in the Holy Land. In all parts of it they have an aspect of timidity and rooted sorrow, so fully are the words fulfilled, 'All the merry-hearted do sigh; the mirth of tabrets ceaseth; the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth.'² Numerous other predictions might be quoted, with proofs from history equally clear and convincing. But this our limits forbid. Nor is this necessary; enough has been said to show that the Jews are indeed a *prophecy fulfilled*."

II. *As a miracle.*

Many of the miracles which attest the truth of our holy religion were wrought among and for the Jews. For them the Red sea was divided; for them water was brought from the rock; for them manna came from heaven; for them the sun was stayed in his course; for them the sick were healed, and for them the dead were raised. Great as these miracles were, the Jews themselves are a greater miracle. "We can come," says an anonymous writer, "to no other conclusion. Had they continued from the commencement of the Christian era downward to the present hour, in some such national state as that in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the rest of the human family, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without, in the shape

¹ Isaiah xxiv. 11.

² Isaiah xxiv. 7, 8.

of hostile invasion—and from an overpowering national pride, forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs—we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state; far from it. They are neither a united and independent nation, nor a parasitic province. They are peeled, and scattered, and crumbled into fragments; but, like broken globules of quicksilver, instinct with cohesive power, are claiming affinity and are ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time, and climate, and customs, equally fail to unravel it. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have been spread over every province of the habitable globe; they have lived under every government; they have shared the protection of just laws, and the proscription of cruel ones; they have used every tongue, and have lived in every solitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa have scorched them. They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jew has lived amid the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the faggot. Papal superstition and modern barbarism have smote them with unsparing severity. Penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them most unrighteous chastisement; and notwithstanding all, they survive. Like their

own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in the flames, but unconsumed. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman, are names known in history only—their shadows alone haunt the world. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every Exchange. The race has inherited an heir-loom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream without blending with it, or receiving its colour or its flavour; and traversed the surface of the globe, and the lapse of many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race at this day is, perhaps, the most striking seal of the truth of the sacred oracles. They are a perpetual miracle—a living echo of heaven's holy tones, prolonged from generation to generation. They have been scattered, or rather sprinkled, like millions of drops over the length and breadth of the world, every drop nevertheless reflecting bright beams of light upon the past, and mirroring the glorious morning of the future. Avarice, prejudice, superstition have all in turn expended their violence upon them. They have been arbitrarily and innocently charged with monstrous crimes as pretexts for plundering them. No means have been considered too desperate or depraved if they extorted gold from the Jews. During the middle ages they were proscribed the ordinary dwellings and streets of the Gentiles, assigned distinctive localities, treated as a mean, ignoble caste, deprived of civil rights and dignities, murdered by thousands in popular outbursts, by decrees of councils, and by royal rescripts.

They yet survive. The decree of God determined their doom, and the might of the uncircumcised could not change it. Their numbers in countries hostile to their growth are still by no means inconsiderable. Nearly three millions and a half is the present probable numerical strength of the Jews throughout the world. There are more Jews than Scotsmen in the world. The miracle (for miracle it is without doubt) is, that they are not extinct. Their survival is the most obvious proof of a divine stamp being struck upon the destinies of the Jewish race." Coeval not only with, but oppressed by, the four great empires of the world, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, the Jews have outlived them all. They have survived the invasions of conquerors, the fury of persecutors, the wrath of God. Amid the wrecks of nations they remain—persecuted but not forsaken—cast down but not destroyed; a monument not only of the all-presiding agency of God, of His truth, and His justice, but a perpetual proof of the truth of the Christian religion, a proof so strong, that infidels and sceptics have confessed that the existence, the apparition of the hated Jew, cast out from the presence of God, with the mark of the first-born Cain upon his brow, and like him a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth, has staggered them more than all the other evidences in favour of Christianity together. "There is now," says the Rev. Hugh Stowell of Manchester, "in a northern county, a distinguished minister who, in earlier life, while serving as a military officer, having been plunged into licentiousness, would fain have silenced his conscience

by becoming an unbeliever, but he could not overcome the ocular demonstrations of the truth presented by the Jews. In the bitterness of his spirit he often cursed them as the destroyers of his peace; whereas now he blesses them as having been the last barrier between him and the dread abyss." Seeing then the Jews have been so strangely preserved, and seeing they subserve so great and blessed a purpose, can we regard them in any other light than that of a miracle? And of all that is so miraculous in their history, this surely is not the least so, that they serve to attest the truth of a religion which, in the blindness of their minds and the hardness of their hearts, they continue to reject and abhor.

III. As a *warning*.

When the prophets foretold that God would scatter them into all the kingdoms of the earth, and bring all these evils upon them, they also foretold that the inhabitants of these kingdoms would ask why God brought such evils upon them. Does the reader ask why he did so? Generally speaking, we reply, it was for their sins. That which drove our first parents from the garden of Eden—that which brought the deluge on the old world—that which brought fire and brimstone from heaven on Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities of the plain, led to the expulsion of the Jews from their native land, and is the cause of their long desolations. The sin, however, which in particular entailed upon them their sufferings—the sin which dug the grave of a nation's hopes, and of a nation's soul, was unbelief. It was their rejection of Christ—first in the flesh, and then in the spirit. First as the Son of

man, and then, when by infallible proofs, especially by his resurrection from the dead, he had declared himself to be the Son of God. Thus were they broken off from their own olive tree. Thus did they become a withered branch; and thus, through the same cause, a withered, sapless, lifeless branch, fit only for the fire, do they continue to this day. Does this read no lesson to us, as a nation, and as individuals? Surely it does. "If," says the apostle, "God spared not the natural branches, take heed that He spare not thee. Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God—on those which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness, otherwise thou also shalt be cut off." Let us, therefore, be not high-minded, but fear. As a nation let us fear, lest we too reject Christ. Lest we also should say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Lest we reject His word, His work, or His authority. If we reject Him, in any or in all His offices—if we will not submit to His word as the only rule of a nation's conduct—if we will not submit to His righteousness, as the only ground of the divine favour—if we will not acknowledge His supremacy—if we will not acknowledge Him as the head of nations—as Lord of lords, and as King of kings, then us too as a nation He will cast off; and the rejection of His ancient people will only serve to aggravate our guilt, and to leave us without excuse. And if as a nation we have cause to fear, not less cause have we to fear as individuals. Dreadful as the calamities may be that are inflicted on nations, they are light compared with those which, for final unbelief and impenitence,

are inflicted on the soul. Nations may, nations do perish because of sin; but what is the death of a nation—what would be the destruction of all nations, to the death of one soul? Poets and historians have employed their pens in recording the decline and fall of empires; but where shall a historian be found to describe the ruin, the loss of a soul? What writer shall be found qualified for such a task? None. Yet this tremendous calamity, each of us may, each of us will sustain, if we believe not in the Son of God; if we reject Him whom the Father hath sent and sealed,—if we grieve His Spirit, if we obey not His voice, if we submit not to His righteousness, if we own, and acknowledge, and obey Him not as our Lord and King. Oh! we may do nothing but this; but in this there is such guilt and criminality, that for this we shall die in our sins. And dark as has been the lot of the Jews, it will be mild and tolerable, compared with that which through all eternity shall be ours.

IV. Their future prospects.

Before considering these, it may be proper to glance at their present condition.

1. Their number.—This some have reckoned as high as six millions. The number already given, which reckons them at three millions and a half, is, we believe, nearer the truth. Of these, the following distribution we believe to be as nearly as possible correct:—

ASIA.—Asiatic Turkey, 300,000; Arabia, 200,000; Hindostan, 100,000; China, 60,000; Turkestan, 40,000; Iran, 35,000; Russia in Asia, 3000. Total in Asia, 738,000.

AFRICA.—Morocco, 300,000 ; Tunis, 130,000 ; Algiers, 30,000 ; Abyssinia, 20,000 ; Tripoli, 12,000 ; Egypt, 12,000. Total in Africa, 504,000.

EUROPE.—In Russia and Poland, 658,800 ; Austria, 453,524 ; European Turkey, 321,000 ; States of the Germanic Confederation, 138,000 ; Prussia, 134,000 ; Netherlands, 80,000 ; France, 60,000 ; Italy 36,000 ; Great Britain, 12,000 ; Cracow, 7,300 ; Ionian Isles, 7,000 ; Denmark, 6,000 ; Switzerland, 1,970 ; Sweden, 450. Total in Europe, 1,918,053.

AMERICA.—North America, 5,000 ; Netherland Colonies, 500 ; Demerara, 200 ; New Holland, 50. Total in America, 5,750. Grand total, 3,165,805.

According to Messrs. Bonar and M'Cheyne, the number of Jews in the Holy Land is as follows:—

Jerusalem,	5,000
Nablous,	150
Hebron,	700
Tiberias,	600
Saphet,	1,500
Korpha,	150
Sidon,	250
Tyre,	130
Jaffa,	60
Acre,	200
Villages of Galilee,	400

Making in all about 10,000 in the whole of Palestine. "At the utmost," say the above-mentioned travellers, "they may be reckoned at 12,000. This is the largest estimate which we have received ; comparing which with their

numbers in the days of Solomon, we may well say, in the words of Isaiah, there are 'few men left.'"¹

2. Their condition.—This may be considered, first—Politically. In this respect, their condition—though in almost all countries very different from what it once was—is yet "very low." The "many days" have not yet expired in which they were to abide "without a king, and without a prince," and without a country. A great change has indeed taken place in the minds of nations in their favour. Still in these countries even where they are most highly favoured, they labour under great disadvantages, and present the aspect of a dispersed, stricken, and outcast people.

Second, Intellectually.—In this respect they are far from being a degraded people. "It is a very remarkable circumstance," says the anonymous writer we have already quoted, "that an atmosphere of civilization, and even of literature, has ever surrounded the Jews, in countries the most barbarous, and in circumstances the most unfavourable. This must have resulted mainly from the ardent attachment they ever felt to their sacred books. Their faith is embosomed in the richest literature. Their dearest hope, never to be realised according to their fancies, is embalmed in the songs of David and in the strains of Isaiah. The hosannahs they lift up in their synagogues to the God of Abraham, are, because inspired, couched in the profoundest and most thrilling poetry; and thus the Jews could not be Israelites without being, in some measure, a literary people. In their most

¹ Isaiah xxiv. 6.

disastrous days they cherished the national love of literature. The poorest family is known to sacrifice comforts to ensure the education of its children. A private tutor in the family of a poor Jew on the continent, is by no means uncommon. It is also a fact that a larger proportion of their children receive education than of the Christians. Such is the value attached to learning among the Jews, that they frequently refer to a favourite rabbinical maxim, ' Learning is equal to the fulfilment of the commandments.' Jewish genius finds an expression even in rude tongues. The dialect of the Polish Jews, for instance, is anything but a cultivated tongue. Barbarous, however, as it is, it has its poems, its dramas, and treatises." The Jews are thus entitled to be considered as eminently an intellectual people, who, amid all the disadvantages of their dispersed and despised condition, have contributed their full share to the sacred and secular literature of the world. In a moral respect they are a very different people from what is commonly believed. The popular belief is, that they are eminently and peculiarly covetous, hardhearted, and ungrateful. A consideration of facts warrants us to state that for this prevailing belief there is no foundation. In these respects they are not worse, nay, many of them are superior to the generality of nations, and individuals bearing the Christian name. Numerous instances could be adduced of Jewish generosity. As a people they are peculiarly susceptible of, and grateful for, kindness. They are noted for their temperance, and it is seldom that their names are to be found in the calendar of a nation's crimes. Let it not be

thought that we would ascribe to the Jews virtues which they do not possess ; but neither let us ascribe to them vices, by which—at least more than the rest of mankind who are Christians only in name—they are not degraded. While in these respects there yet lingers around them—

" A gleam
Of Palestine—of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem,"

in a *religious* and *spiritual* point of view—and this is the main and most essential aspect of an individual, or of a nation's character—their state is truly dark, degraded, and deplorable. As a religious people, if we can apply to them this epithet, they are divided into three great classes :—1. The Caarites, or Scripturists, who profess to take the Word of God as contained in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, as the only rule of their faith and manners. 2. The Rabbinists, who, along with the written Word, receive the traditions of their fathers. These traditions are contained in books called the Mishna, or Second Law, the Gemara, and the Talmud, and form what has been called the Popery of the Old Testament. Rabbinism, or the Popery of Judaism, is the religion of the great mass of the Jewish people. 3. The Neologists or Rationalists, who reject revelation, and who differ in nothing from our deists or infidels. Of the Caarites even, it may be said, that "ignorant of the righteousness of God, they go about to establish a righteousness of their own ;" a righteousness which, however it may support them in life, utterly fails to inspire them with peace or hope in the hour of death. Mr. Frey, now a Christian minister, and once one of their Rabbis, tells us that hav-

ing been called to attend multitudes of his countrymen on their dying beds, he has found many of them filled with despair, but never met with one who had "hope in his death." And when it is considered that they have rejected Him who is the "hope of Israel," this will not appear a strange, but a natural and necessary, though awful, state of things. Thus, clinging to the works of the law, "they are under the curse;" while a still darker curse—invoked by their fathers, when they said "His blood be on us and our children"—pursues them through life, and in death sits heavy on their souls. Such is the spiritual condition of the Jews. Is it to continue for ever? No; long as these desolations have been, they are not to be perpetual. For this singular people the future is as bright with mercy and joy, as the past has been dark with wrath and sorrow. That they shall return to their own land is evident, not only from the terms of the Abrahamic covenant, according to which it was given to him and his seed for ever, not only from the fact that the God of Abraham has never alienated the land nor given it to another; it is evident also from the express statements of Scripture. From among the numerous predictions of this event, contained in the Word of God, we select the following:—

"Thy sons shall come from afar,
 And thy daughters shall be carried on the shoulder.
 And I will glorify the house of my glory.
 Who are these that fly as a cloud,
 And as doves to their dove-cotes?
 The dispersed of Judah, who shall be collected,
 And return to their own land.
 Surely the isles shall wait upon me,
 And the ships of Tarshish among the full,

To bring thy sons from afar,
 Their silver and their gold with them ;
 For the sake of the name of the Lord thy God,
 Even for the sake of the Holy One of Israel ;
 Because he has glorified thee.
 And the sons of strangers shall build thy walls,
 And their kings shall minister unto thee,
 For in my wrath, I smote thee ;
 But in my favour, will I pity thee.
 And thy gates shall be open continually ;
 They shall not be shut, day nor night,
 To bring unto thee the power of the Gentiles,
 And their kings in procession.
 For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee
 Shall perish ; yea, these nations shall be utterly wasted.”
 -- Isaiah lx. 3—11 ; *Lowth's version.*

Not only will they be restored to the land—the land will be restored to its former beauty and fertility, for them. As in the days of old, aromatic herbs will cover its hills, and the fairest flowers deck its glens. The rose shall blossom in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. There the vine shall roam, the date cluster, and the pomegranate hang. The cedar shall be seen towering on the mountains, and the myrtle skirting their sides. The birds shall sing among the branches, and the dew shall be thick on Hermon. Balm shall be in Gilead. The lign-aloë shall droop from the river-bank. Kedron and Jordan shall pour forth their streams. The excellency of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon shall raise their pinnacles in the deep azure of Canaan's sky.* The pastures shall be clothed with flocks. The ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed. The

* Hamilton of Leeds.

barns shall be filled with plenty, and the presses burst out with new wine. The heavens shall drop fatness, and the little hills shall rejoice on every side. Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree; and instead of the brier, shall come up the myrtle tree. It shall no more be termed Forsaken, neither shall it any more be termed Desolate; but it shall be called Hephzibah and Beulah. As the distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses, it will refresh the eyes of the returning tribes. As the thrilling shout of "Italia! Italia!" once broke from the lips of a band of returning exiles, when they came first in view of their native land, a similar shout of joy shall doubtless be raised by the Jews, when, the "ransomed of the Lord," they "shall return and come to Zion," and when they shall for the first time gaze upon "thy land, O Immanuel!" Once upon a time, we are told, two Rabbis stood among the ruins of Jerusalem. They discovered a fox among the ruins, whereupon one of them wept, but the other laughed. "Wherefore," said he that laughed, "dost thou weep?" "Can I think," he replied, "how our holy cities are a wilderness, how Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation; how our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers worshipped, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things laid waste, and not weep; but thou, wherefore dost thou laugh?" "I laugh," he replied, "because in this I see the fulfilment of prophecy. Is it not written, 'For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim? Because of the mountain of Zion, which is desolate,—the foxes walk upon it.' If God has thus fulfilled his threatenings,

will he not fulfil his promises? If he has cast us off as he threatened, will he not restore us as he promised?" But it is not merely to their own land that the Jews will return. They will receive Christ. They will return to God. Even now, God hath not cast away all Israel. Even now, as there always has been, there is a remnant, according to the election of grace, who believe in Christ. But ALL Israel shall believe, and shall be saved. As a people, they shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for Him, and be in bitterness; not for their miseries, for these shall be over; but for the cause of these miseries, the unbelief, the impenitence of eighteen hundred years. "The Jews," says the anonymous writer we have more than once quoted, "now in the very grave of tradition, and superstition, and Mammon, shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live, and like salt shall send a savour throughout the masses of the earth's population. Like streams also, from a thousand lands, they shall roll towards Jerusalem, there to testify against the deeds of their fathers, and to mourn over their own. Most glorious event! Golgotha itself shall be made glad. The air that once was rent with "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" shall now resound with a mighty nation's harmonious hosannas to the Son of David. The scenes where Jesus bled and suffered, and was shamed and spit upon, shall witness rabbis, and priests, and people, exalting His name above every name, and glorying in His cross. Mount Carmel shall echo back the accents of salvation; the cedars of Lebanon shall rejoice together, and the countless smiles of the face of Jordan will reflect back

again to heaven, "mercy and truth meeting together, and righteousness and peace embracing each other." Thus shall the widowed land meet her everlasting husband, and the weary-footed wanderers of Salem, so far as earth at least can afford it, find perpetual rest. Such is Zion's approaching deliverance, the signs and jubilee of which are already seen and heard from afar."

"As when a mother for an absent child
Laments, till beauty on her cheek decays;
Yet, haply, in declining loveliness
More exquisite than in her glowing prime
Appeareth. So doth thine afflicted land
Touch the deep spirit with diviner thought
Now in thy end, than when a fertile pomp
Bedeck'd thee; for the homeless race afar
Thou yearnest, with a soft maternal grief.
To hill and mountains the devouring curse
Hath clung, and rivers down unpeopled vales,
Like mournful pilgrims glide; while fruit nor tree
Bear to the tyrant what thy children took
From thy fond bosom; yet a latent power
Of life and glory in thy withered soil
Is buried. It will rise, when Judah comes
Like music, sleeping on a haughty lyre,
Whose muteness only to the master-touch
Breaks into sound that ravishes a world."

The restoration and conversion of the Jews, will be one of the greatest and most joyful events that our world has ever witnessed. This it will be not on account of the Jews only, but from the great and beneficent effects it will have on the Church and the world. In all ages, and in all conditions, it has been the lot of the Jews to be benefactors to others. This they

were before the coming of Christ, and this they have been, unwittingly and unwillingly, since. This they became to us by their very rejection of Christ. That deed of nefarious guilt on their part was overruled for the greatest good to us. If they were permitted to stumble at the cross of Christ, "was it that they should fall?" that is, fall away finally; nay, adds the apostle, "but rather that through their fall salvation should come unto the Gentiles." If then their fall was our rise—if their casting away was our recovery—if their curse was our blessing, "what," says the apostle, "shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" What a proof will such an event be of the truth of the gospel? Nor will they become so many monuments of its truth and power only, multitudes of them will become its active, zealous, and devoted ministers. "They shall be named the priests of the Lord, and men shall call them the ministers of our God."¹

And who so fit to become ministers of the gospel as men so eminently the monuments of its truth, and grace, and power? Who so well qualified to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," as the men who by reason of their "being scattered abroad," are acquainted with its different peoples, their manners and customs, languages and laws? Thus "out of Zion" once more "shall go forth the law, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem."² Thus in every place where Jews shall be found, and whither they go, they shall be "as a dew from the Lord."³ They shall be His "sword"

¹ Isaiah lxi. 6.

² Isaiah li. 3.

³ Micah vi. 7.

and His "bow," and in the great conflict of the last days, when the "whole world shall be gathered to battle," "His battle-axe" and "weapons of war."¹ Thus will Jerusalem at length become "a joy," and her conversion to Christianity a cause of "rejoicing to all people." Then will the Jew take his place in his father's house as the elder brother, and Israel be honoured among the nations as the Lord's "first-born." Thus and then will these words receive their fulfilment, "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." And then shall this song be sung "with gladness for Jacob," "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."²

The following additional reasons for being interested in the Jews are by a Friend, and comprehend almost every thing that can be said on the subject:—

I. Ought not the feelings of Christians toward the Jews to resemble those of God himself? God says of his ancient people, "I have delivered the *dearly beloved* of my soul into the hands of her enemies;" Jer. xii. 7. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" Jer. xxxi. 3, &c. God's mind towards them is further expressed in Isa. xiv. 1.; lxxi. 10—13.; Jer. xxx. 17.; Zeph. iii. 14—20, &c. And we cannot expect God's blessing on our own souls, if we have no regard to His will in this respect, and no concern for His dear people.

¹ Jer. li. 20.

² Isaiah xlv. 23.

II. There is a blessing promised to all those that seek their welfare. "I will bless them that bless thee;" Gen. xii. 3. "They shall prosper that love thee;" Psal. cxxiii. 6. It is a blessed thing to be instrumental in the hand of God, in bringing about His promises; Esther iv. 14.

III. Those who endeavour to prevent the restoration of Israel, or who afflict them, or who are not grieved for their affliction, shall be visited by divine displeasure; Isa. liv. 15.; lx. 12.; Jer. xii. 14.; Zech. ii. 8, 9.; Isa. li. 21.; Amos vi. 6, 7.

IV. When we consider their wretched and miserable condition—a nation without a home, despised, plundered, persecuted, having endured a complication of evils for 1800 years, their life full of misery and their death of gloom. And how awful is the consideration of what awaits them after death; not only the wrath of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, but of the insulted, the crucified, the rejected Lamb of God; Heb. x. 28, 29.

V. When we consider what we owe the Jews. They received and safely transmitted to us the sacred Scriptures; Rom. iii. 2. They prayed for us; Psal. lxxvii. Salvation is of the Jews; John iv. 22.

The Son of God, as regards his human nature, was a Jew; Heb. ii. 16.

The apostle of the Gentiles was a Jew. And though he was willing to spend and be spent in the service of the

Gentiles ; yet he had great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart for his brethren ; Rom. ix. 2, 3.

VI. Christians should interest themselves in the Jews, that they may be stirred up to pray for the object so near the Redeemer's heart.

He wept over Jerusalem, and on the cross exclaimed, " Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Their blindness must be removed ere they can look on Him whom they have pierced and mourn. It is, therefore, the duty of Christians to pray that the Spirit may be poured out upon the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem ; and that the veil which hides from them the glory of the law and gospel may be taken away.

VII. The Gentiles are to be instrumental to a certain extent in the conversion of the Jews. " Prepare ye the way of the people ; cast up, cast up the highway, gather out the stones ; lift up a standard for the people ;" Isa. lxii. 10. ; lx. 9, 10. ; lxii. 7. ; Jer. iii. 12. It is the will of God that the gospel should be preached to the Jews. It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek ; for there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. " Go, ye swift messengers, to a people scattered and peeled," &c. Isa. xviii. " Even so have these also not now believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy ;" Rom. xi.

VIII. The conversion of the Gentile world is depend-

ent, to a certain extent, upon the conversion of Israel. "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but *life* from the *dead*?" Rom. xi. 12, 15.; Isa. lii. 9, 10.; Micah iv. 1, 2.; Zech. viii. 13.

IX. God's holy name shall be greatly glorified in the restoration of Israel. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his *glory*;" Psa. cii. 16.; Isa. lxvi. 18, 19.; Jer. xxxiii. 9. If the difficulties which are in the way of the salvation of Israel be unspeakably great, God's power and glory will be rendered more conspicuous in overcoming them. Though the bones in the valley are very dry they shall live; and God has been graciously pleased to appoint means for its accomplishment, the preaching of the Word and prayer for the Spirit; Ezek. xxxvii.

Say ye to the daughter of Zion, "behold thy salvation cometh;" Isa. lxii. 11. "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel;" Num. x. 36. In those days, and at that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping, they shall go and seek the Lord their God, &c. Jer. l. 4, 5. "And so all Israel shall be saved." "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out. For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

In bringing these introductory remarks to a close, we must trespass so far on the reader's patience, as to remark that the interest which is now beginning to be so widely and deeply taken in the restoration and conversion of God's ancient people is one of the most striking signs of our times, and to notice in proof of this great and growing interest, what, within these few years, not only individuals, but churches have done. In the year 1838, a memorable year on many accounts in the history of the Church of Scotland, sixteen overtures were presented to the General Assembly, praying it to take into its consideration the claims of the Jews. A committee was appointed to consider what could be done, and to report to next Assembly. This the committee did. An Act of Assembly was then passed, recommending the case of the Jews to the Church. Copies of this act were sent to all its ministers, at home and abroad, and to all, in other churches, who were known as friends of Israel. A deputation of four ministers were appointed to visit the Holy Land, and the continent of Europe, to inquire into the state of the Jews. The deputation, consisting of Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus, Dr. Black of Aberdeen, Mr. M'Cheyne of Dundee, and M. Bonar of Collace, left Scotland in April, 1839, and in November of the same year they returned, "bringing their sheaves with them." They presented their report to the Assembly of 1840. The result was, the cause of Israel was adopted as one of the five great missionary schemes of the Church of Scotland. It was one of the favourite schemes from the first. Congregations that contributed liberally to the other schemes

contributed more liberally to this. On a sudden, it seemed as if all hearts were made to "burn within them" for the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." In 1843 took place the disruption, and the Church of Scotland, long struggling for liberty, at length became free. Not only did its first Assembly resolve to maintain all the schemes, it placed first on its list the mission to the Jews, and the first public collection made by the Free Church of Scotland was for God's ancient people. Thus did they resolve to preach the gospel to all nations "beginning at Jerusalem." On the walls of the Assembly it seemed as if these words were written, "The Jew First." May we not hope that they are written on the hearts of its ministers and its people. May we not hope that their "hearts' desire and prayer to God for Israel" will continue with increasing earnestness to be, that "they may be saved;" that "the time to favour Zion, the set time were come;" and that they "who make mention of the Lord will give Him no rest till He establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." "Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion." To create this desire in hearts where it does not exist, and to cherish and increase it in hearts where it does, and where it has long continued to burn like "the fire on the altar that never went out," these "Lays and Laments for Israel" have been written and selected, and are now sent forth in the hope, that they may be found "like bread on the waters, after many days;" and in the certain and cheering faith that ere long a voice from heaven will be heard, saying, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from

tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy; for there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."

HELENSBURGH,

12th June, 1845.

LAYS AND LAMENTS

FOR

ISRAEL.

LAYS AND LAMENTS

FOR

ISRAEL.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM ON ROME.

HEBREW ! come forth !
Miraculous and mystic link between
The Gospel and the Law !
Thou ! that confirm'st the signs thy fathers saw
Of old, the marvels wrought on Egypt's coast
When, to their foot, on passage, upward stood
The wall of waters, and o'er Pharaoh's host
Closed the returning flood :
Thou wanderer without home, wherever driven
That bear'st upon thy forehead, broadly seen
The seal and sentence of avenging heaven,
The expiation of that day of dread
And darkness, when the veil was rent in twain,
Earth staggered, and the graves let loose their dead,
When by the eternal Godhead glorified
In bitterness of grief, and shame, and pain,
Christ bowed the head and died.

Thou living wonder of Jehovah's word!
Thou that without or priest, or sacrifice,
Ephod, or temple, lone 'mid human kind
Cleav'st to thy statutes with unswerving mind,
As though enthroned upon his mercy-seat
The spreading of the cherubims between
Jehovah yet were seen!
Hebrew! come forth! dread not the light of day;
Dread not the insulter's cry;
The arch that rose o'er thy captivity
No more shall turn thee from thy destined way;
The marble moulders, and the trophies fall,
That Salem's sculptured spoils and captive ark recall.

That arch was raised in strength, and they who raised
The pile, and on each stone a trophy graved,
And Rome, that on the sculptured triumph gazed,
Deemed that the fabric would have towered sublime
O'er generations yet unborn, and braved
The beating of the iron wings of Time.
They deemed that there the stranger would have traced
The last memorial of the infuriate brood,
Who Rome in her omnipotence withstood
And perished. Lo! her trophies day by day
Moulder and pass away.
But they, the race despised, the race abhorred,
The scattered remnant of Rome's merc'less sword,
From north to south, from east to west, o'er earth,
Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's word,
Tell out, from realm to realm, the wonders of their birth.

It comes—the appointed hour.
Hebrew, beneath the arch of Titus, pause!
And in the closing scene of Rome's last power,
Thy prophet's roll unfold.
Then view, on that eventful theatre,

Where slow-born ages swept like shadows by
 Time, loftier towering, as the woe draws nigh,
 'Mid the gigantic wrecks that round him tower
 From the symbolic image seen of old,
 Casts back the mantle of obscurity ;
 And, beck'ning on the vengeance of the Lord,
 Points out the sign foretold,
 " Lo ! round Rome's iron feet the dust and ashes rolled."

So take thou up the harp that whilom hung
 Mute on the willows, as the wave flowed on
 That drank thy tear at Babylon ;
 And from their graves the shawdowy kings recall
 That mocked the golden city's fall,
 And strain the loudest chords to exultation strung.

Lift up thy voice—the day-spring from on high
 Warns that the hour draws nigh ;
 The far seas, and the multitude of isles,
 All in their tongues have heard ;
 Each lisps the living word :
 Hebrew ! on thee redemption's angel smiles—
 The stone cut out without a hand
 Now spreads its shade o'er earth, and shall to heaven expand.

Tell the dispersed, kings with their fleets shall come
 To bear the wanderers home ;
 Their queens shall fold thy nurslings to their breast ;
 A light o'er earth shall flow
 From Zion's hallowed brow,
 And there the Lord, thy God, enthroned in glory, rest.

SOTHEBY.

CHAUNT OF THE CARAITE JEWS.

On account of the palace which is laid waste,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of the temple which is destroyed,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of the walls which are pull'd down,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of our majesty which is gone,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of our great men who have been cast down,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of the precious stones which are buried,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of the priests who have stumbled,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
On account of our kings who have despised Him,
 We sit down alone and weep ;
We beseech thee have mercy upon Zion,
 Gather the children of Jerusalem ;
Make haste, Redeemer of Zion,
 Speak to the heart of Jerusalem ;
May beauty and majesty surround Zion,
 And turn with thy mercy to Jerusalem ;
May the royal government shine again over Zion,
 Comfort those who mourn at Jerusalem ;
May joy and gladness be found upon Zion,
 A branch shall spring forth at Jerusalem.

O ZION.

O Zion ! sacred city,
 Abode of God the blest !
 It moves my heart to pity,
 To see thee spoiled and waste ;
 Thy holy temple levelled—
 Thy stones laid low in dust—
 And impious Gentiles scoffing
 Where once taught God the just.

O Holy land ! once glorious !
 Now silent, waste, forlorn,
 Where towered the palms victorious,
 Thy daughters sit and mourn ;
 O Israel ! exiled captive,
 Dispersed on foreign strand,
 Forsaken, fallen, neglected—
 Oh, think on Zion's land !

Oh, think on that Messiah
 Who once thy cities trod ;
 In Him—slain, scoffed, rejected—
 In Him behold thy God !
 Behold ! He whom ye pierced
 Stands waiting to forgive ;
 Return, repentant Zion !
 Kiss ye the Son and live.

LAMENT FOR ISRAEL.

HARP of the mountain land ! I fain would wake
Thy silent strings for Israel's sake ;
Oh, weep for her, pale outcast, doom'd to know
No pause, no pity in her woe,
As through the world she wanders sad and lone,
Her beauty faded and her glory gone.

Hast thou, lone-cast upon a foreign strand,
Pined for thy home and native land ?
Oh, weep for her, who, far from Zion hill
Her harp upon the willows still
Dejected roams by many a joyous river,
But to her own returning not, oh, never !

Hast thou a patriot's heart, and would it break
To gaze upon thy country's wreck ?
The chief of nations once, oh, fallen now !
Look on Judea's crownless brow,
And musing o'er each fondly cherished token,
Weep for her vanished star, her sceptre broken !

Woe for the olive glen, the palm tree shade,
Tabret and harp once vocal made ;
Woe for the ruined shrines, the dwellings dim,
Where rose to heaven the choral hymn.
Oh, holy land ! grief claims thee for its own,
All joy is darkened, all thy mirth is gone.

Thou art a Christian, and hast cast thy load
Of guilt on Him, the Lamb of God ;
His surety, righteousness, it shields thee well,
But weep, oh, weep, for Israel !
There is no blood upon her door for sin,
And wild the dying wail is heard within.

Oh, weep for her ! despitefully who trod
 Under her foot the Son of God—
 Reviled His Spirit, and despised His grace,
 Till His soul loath'd the chosen race—
 Till truth, and love, and counsel perish'd there,
 And Salem sank, like Sodom, in despair !

Weep for the heathen—when shall truth illumine
 Those regions old of guilt and gloom ?
 But Israel's sin is marked with deeper stain,
 Oh, wake for her a sadder strain ;
 A Saviour's dying love *they* never knew,
She scorns Him still, whom once her fathers slew.

Oh, weep for her ! who mid the Day-spring bright
 Sees not one beam of living light ;
 School'd, but not taught—chastis'd, but not subdued—
 Unwon, though long by mercy wooed—
 Lov'd, and yet lost—pitied, yet unforgiven—
 Without a home on earth, or hope in heaven !

Yes ! till the glorious year of thy release—
 Till all thy woes and wanderings cease—
 Till from the willow trees thy harp be taken,
 And thou no more be termed Forsaken—
 Till thy light come, and kings thy glôry see,
 Oh, Israel ! “ our tears shall flow for thee.”

THE CAPTIVE'S SONG.

Rise! rise, dawn of the morn!
 In glory awake, for thy hour is nigh!
 Comest thou afar, by cherubim borne
 O'er lands of the East; o'er star and sky?
 Or sleep'st thou on yon mountain grey?—
 Awake thou sun, and come away.
 Yes, thou wilt wake; but woe is me
 For the shame and guilt thine eye must see!—
 The stranger's incense burning still
 On the heights of Zion's holy hill;
 And the rude Sahine's altar-stone
 In the green groves of Lebanon!—

Awake, oh sun! that I may view
 Thy splendour shed (nor grieve the less)
 O'er vales of Kedar bathed in dew,
 And Chebar's halmy wilderness!
 Soon thou wilt smile in beauty bland
 Above the Chaldean's sinful land;—
 But oh! when shall dawn the day
 Of retribution and of grace?
 When shall the shadows pass away
 That brood o'er Israel's fallen race?
 Thou Holy One! has Salem's day
 By thee forgotten been for aye?

Sing! sing!—How shall I sing
 A song of Zion, or of thee!
 Or hymn the name of Israel's King
 In darkness and captivity?
 My tabor has no strain or string
 The songs of Zion's land to sing!

But thee—Jerusalem! when my heart
Ceases to yearn and bleed for thee,
May skill from my right hand depart,
And my reward let bondage be!
There lies engraved thy temple fair
And *Name* that once we worshipped there!

Jehovah! in thy strength awake!
Be vengeance on the heathen driven!
Before thee let the mountains quake!
Thy chariot be the winds of heaven!
Come on the clouds, and who shall stand
Against the sway of thy right hand?
Think not of us, so far removed,
And as a garment cast away,
Think on our fathers once beloved;
Must David's house like grass decay?
Return, and set thy people free,
And captives yet shall sing to Thee!

Illeg.

PALESTINE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF VICENZO MONTI.

I SEE the paths of impious Palestine;
I see old Jordan as each shore he laves,
Turbid and slow, towards the sea decline.

Here pass'd the ark o' the covenant, and waves
Roll'd backward reverent, and their secrets bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves.

Here folded all the flock whose faith repair'd
To Him, that Shepherd—whom the all-hoping one,
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world declared:—

Him after labours long, the glorious Son,
The Lord of Nazerette join'd, and quickly known,
Closed what his great precursor had begun.

Then sudden through the serene air there shone
A lamp, and, lo! "This is my Son beloved!"
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.

River divine! which then electric moved
From out thine inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approv'd;

Tell me where now the rose and lilies hoar,
Which wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor?

Alas! thou moanest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say,
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.

Such wert thou not, O Jordan! when the sway
Of David's line along thy listening flood,
Portentous signs from heaven confirm'd each day.

Then didst thou see how fierce the savage brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquered and captives on thy bridges stood.

Then Zion's warriors listed round her shrine,
Gaz'd from their towers of strength, and view'd afar
The scattered hosts of the lost Philistine ;

Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roar'd Judah's host—leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbarous war.

But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and nought remains
Save a scorn'd host for scoffers to deride.

The Splendour of Mount Carmel treads her plains,
The Saviour of lost Israel now appears,
And faithless Zion all His love disdains.

The proud one would not that her prophet's tears
Should be remembered, nor the voice inspired,
Which, wailing for her wrong, late filled her ears.

And now she lies with frightful footsteps stained,
Buried 'midst thorns and sand, and the hot sun
Scares the fierce dragon where her judge once reign'd.

Thus when from heaven the fatal bolt had done
Sad desolation in some glorious wood,
Striking the boughs which upwards highest run—

Though scorched and burnt, still o'er its neighbourhood
Majestic towers aloft the giant oak,
As, poised by its own ponderous height it stood,
Waiting the thunder of a second stroke.

PRAYER TO THE "CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL."

Oh Thou whose radiant sunbeams chase the gloom,
Whose mandate calls the sleepers from the tomb,
Prepare a glorious dawning for the sight
Of thy loved nation wandering still in night.

Oh when shall some bright shining morning star
Betoken that their day is not afar,
The day of promise and the day of peace,
When Salem's ruins shall for ever cease !

As plants revive beneath the gladd'ning ray,
Lord, thy restoring might to earth display :
Let Israel flourish in the fields of grace,
And then in glory's garner find a place.

* J. M. E.

THE JEWS.

Poor nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our scions have purloin'd and left you dry,
Whose streams we got, by the Apostles' sluice,
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die ;
Who, by not keeping once, became a debtor,
And now by keeping, lose the letter.

Oh, that my prayers—mine, alas !
Oh that some angel might a trumpet sound,
At which the church, falling upon her face
Should cry—so loud—until the trump were drown'd ;
And by that cry, of her dear Lord obtain
That your sweet sap might come again !

HERBERT.

A CONVERTED JEW,

Who suffered great persecution from his relations for embracing
Christianity, and who visited Ireland after his Ordination, 1827.

DESCENDANT of King David's line,
Yet soldier of the Cross !
Welcome to Ireland's verdant plains,
Thou, whom afflictions toss !

Yes—dark-eyed son of Israel's race,
Whom father, mother, scorn !
A Heavenly Father thou hast found,
In Christ thou'rt newly born.

Nursed in the gloom of sceptic night,
Reared to abhor the Lord,
We hear thee call Messiah, King !
We hear thee preach his word !

O snatched from error's gulf through grace,
From sin through Christ made free !
Welcome thou son of Israel's race !
The Christian welcomes thee.

Through thee may Israel seek the Lord,
And Jews prove Christians true ;
For Christians love the Jewish name—
Their Saviour was a Jew.

In Judah's cities trod their Lord—
 God put on mortal coil,
 And shed for man His precious blood
 On Judah's sacred soil.

O Judah desolate and sad!
 The curse of God's on thee!
 But "turn thee, turn thee" to thy God,
 His love shall make thee free!

He by whose word thy race was cast,
 O'er every land and sea,
 Like wither'd leaves by autumn's blast
 Far from their native tree;—

He in whose hands are life and death,
 From whose power none can flee,
 He whom thou scorn'd, and curst, and slew—
 Israel! thy judge shall be!

He comes, he comes to judge the world!
 He bears the avenging rod!
 O outcast Israel! yet 'tis time—
 Yet turn thee to thy God!

O "turn thee, turn thee" to thy God,
 And thou shalt be forgiven!
 From thy dark eyes let fall the veil,
 And hail the light from heaven!

MARIA GRIFFITH.

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

BEHOLD the measure of the promise fill'd ;
See Salem huilt, the labour of a God !
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nehaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates : upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy.
O Zion ! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

COWPER.

ISAIAH, CHAPTER XXXV.

A rose shall bloom in the lonely place,
A wild shall echo with sounds of joy,
For heaven's own gladness its bounds shall grace,
And forms angelic their songs employ.

And Lebanon's cedars shall rustle their boughs,
And fan their leaves in the scented air ;
And Carmel and Sharon shall pay their vows,
And shout, for the glory of God is there.

Oh say to the fearful, Be strong of heart ;
He comes in vengeance, but not for thee :
For thee he comes, his might to impart
To the trembling hand and the feeble knee.

The blind shall see, the deaf shall hear,
The dumb shall raise their notes for Him,
The lame shall leap like the unharmed deer,
And the thirsty shall drink of the holy stream.

And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land a dew-washed mead ;
And where the wildest beasts held rule
The harmless of his fold shall feed.

There is a way, and a holy way,
Where the unclean foot shall never tread,
But from it the lowly shall not stray,
To it the penitent shall be led.

No lion shall rouse him from his lair,
Nor wild beast raven in foaming rage;
But the redeemed of the earth shall there
Pursue their peaceful pilgrimage.

The ransomed of God shall return to him
With a chorus of joy to an angel's lay;
With a tear of grief shall no eye be dim,
For sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

BRAINERD.

AFFLICTION OF THE JEWS.

Why are Judah's sons afflicted?
 Why is Israel still a slave?
 Has it not been long predicted
 That the Lord would Zion save?

Why are Salem's walls forsaken,
 Once the dwelling of the just?
 Will her watchmen not awaken
 And arouse her slumbering dust?

Why do heathen, proud oppressors,
 Rule her sons with iron hand?
 Why are Gentiles now possessors
 Of her long-neglected land?

Go, and trace the sacred story,
 There we read the awful cause.
 They have slain the Lord of glory—
 They have trampled on His laws.

Ask ye, now, why this affliction
 Burst upon them like a flood?
 By Messiah's crucifixion,
 They are guilty of His blood.

SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD.

PLAINT OF THE ISRAELITE.

THEY came from the east, and they came from the west,
To dwell in the land where our sires are at rest ;
And they heed not our sorrow, but carelessly tread,
With the footsteps of scorn on the graves of the dead.

And they tell us that earth hath no resting-place
For the desolate remnant of Israel's race,
And they turn them in pride, from the wanderer away,
For the curse of the Lord is upon us, they say.

Over Zion the standards of Ishmael wave,
And the portion they leave us is tears and a grave ;
The tribes of our land that to battle went forth,
Ah ! where are they now ? scattered over the earth.

Like the chaff that the tempest hath driven away,
So outcast—and nothing—so perished are they !
Like the leaves of the fallen tree, withered and strown,
So the strong and the mighty of Judah are gone.

'Mong the nations of earth we're accounted no race,
And the sole of our foot hath no resting-place ;
But we wander about like the desolate dove,
When all was sea under and all sky above.

Great God of our fathers ! look down from thy throne
On the fallen estate of a people—thine own !
Let the day of redemption from sin be at hand,
And return us again to our fathers' land.

CROSS BUCHANAN.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

ARE these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walk'd of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have pass'd by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, O promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er thee sword and time have past,
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath prest,
But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,
And quenched the desert sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all earth's shrines to thee
With their lone faith, for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen, and nations gone
Before the march of time,
And where the ocean roll'd alone
Are forests in their prime,

Since Gentile plough-shares marred the brow
Of Zion's holy hill,
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear
As from some prophet's urn;
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem,
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy redeeming day;
But now, resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb,
At least beneath thy hallowed dust
Oh! give the wanderer room.

SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THE PILGRIM ON MOUNT ZION.

Poor solitary! who, on Zion's brow,
 Sitt'st in fixed gaze upon the scene below :
 Why on thy cheek is seen the gushing tear?
 Methought that stream had long, long since been stanch'd ;
 That thy pale cheek, by silent sorrow blanch'd,
 Was like the marble still, and cold, and sear.
 Hast thou glanc'd that glazed eye,
 To yon hill of Calvary !
 Do the visions of the night,
 Gleaming on thy startled sight,
 Bring before thee, as he bled,
 Him who bow'd his awful head,
 Breathing, ere he ceased to live,
 " Father, their foul deed forgive !"
 Dost thou see his guiltless blood
 Was thy ruin's wasting flood ;
 Laid thy peerless glories low,
 Whelm'd thee in the depths of woe !
 Widow'd queen ! thy tears are blest ;
 Let them still bedew thy breast ;
 Let thy sorrows freely flow :
 In sadness for a future harvest sow.
 So, when he comes, on Zion's rocky steep,
 Might in his arm, compassion in his eye ;
 Rears the broad standard of salvation high,
 And bids thee lift thine head and cease to weep.
 Thy captive sons and daughters form his train,
 Captive no more, with Heaven's own freedom blest,
 The robe of victory their flowing vest,
 The bounding hills and vales resound this strain :—
 Ransom'd Jacob ! raise thy voice :
 Gladden'd Israel, rejoice !

See thy pillar'd temple rise
To the dark blue bending skies!
Glory fills thine ample aisles,
Mercy scatters round her smiles.
Banner'd navies fill thy porta,
Crowding nations thron'g thy courts.
Through the silver Jordan's plain,
Richly waves the golden grain,
Cedar'd Carmel blooms again,
O'er thy land a blush of shame
Kindles at the Saviour's name:
While, where'er he dwelt or trod,
Talk'd with men, or walk'd with God,
There, by kneeling crowds ador'd,
He is hail'd earth's sovereign Lord;
Sevenfold brighter are thy days,
Thy walls salvation, and thy gates are praise!

EAST.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

'Tis eventide—the golden tints are dying
 Along the horizon's golden verge away;
 Far in the grove the nightingale is sighing
 Her requiem to the last receding ray;
 And still thou holdest thy appointed way.
 But Salem's light is quench'd!—Majestic sun!
 Her beauteous flock hath wandered far astray,
 Led by their guides the path of life to shun:
 Her orb hath sunk ere yet his wonted course was run.

In ages past all glorious was the land,
 And lovely were thy borders, Palestine!
 The heavens were wont to shed their influence bland
 On all those mountains and those vales of thine;
 For o'er thy coasts resplendent then did shine
 The light of God's approving countenance
 With rapturous glow of blessedness divine.
 And 'neath the radiance of that mighty glance
 Basked the wide scattered isles o'er ocean's blue expanse.

But there survives a tinge of glory yet
 O'er all thy pastures and thy heights of green,
 Which, though the lustre of thy day hath set,
 Tells of the joy and splendour which hath been;
 So some proud ruin, 'mid the desert seen
 By traveller, halting on his path awhile,
 Declares how once beneath the light serene
 Of brief prosperity's unclouded smile
 Uprose, in grandeur there, some vast imperial pile.

O Thou, who through the wilderness of old
Thy people to their promised rest didst bring,
Hasten the days by prophet-bards foretold
When roses shall again be blossoming
In Sharon, and Siloa's cooling spring
Shall murmur freshly at the noontide hour ;
And shepherds oft in Achor's vale shall sing
The mysteries of that redeeming power
Which hath their ashes chang'd for beauty's sunniest bower.

Thou hadst a plant of thy peculiar choice,
A fruitful vine from Egypt's servile shore ;
Thou madest it in the smile of heaven rejoice ;
But the ripe clusters which awhile it bore
Now purple on the verdant hills no more ;
The wild boar hath upon its branches trod ;
Yet once again thy choicest influence pour ;
Transplant it from this dim terrestrial sod
To adorn with deathless bloom the paradise of God.

T. G. NICHOLAS.

ISRAEL'S TRIUMPH.

Isaiah, li. 9, 10.

ISRAEL, arise! shine forth! thy light is come,
 The glory of the Lord is risen o'er thee;
 And though long banished from thy favour'd home,
 Thou'rt still beloved of God: thou shalt be free.

Hast thou forgot what mighty deeds of yore
 Jehovah wrought for thee, His chosen race,
 When Egypt's 'whelming wave and darkened shore
 Showed forth His wonders of redeeming grace?

Zion, awake! awake! put on thy strength,
 Deck thee in beauty, as in days of old;
 Thy cup of fury is wrung out at length,
 Thy day of trembling none shall more behold.

Watchman, lift up the voice—waste places, sing!
 The Lord hath bared His holy arm of power;
 He will redemption to His people bring;
 Sorrow and mourning shall be heard no more.

Arise, Jerusalem! unbind thy chains;
 O captive daughter, lift thine head on high;
 The King of glory in effulgence reigns,
 And nations gather 'neath thy brightening sky.

Bride of the Lamb! one everlasting glow
 Shall beam around thee with resplendent rays.
 Thy Lord's "delight," "sought out," He calleth now
 Thy walls salvation, and thy portals praise.

HABERSHON.

JUDAH.

“BEHOLD, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will perform that good thing which I have promised unto the house of Israel, and to the house of Judah.”—Jer. xxxiii. 14.

’Tis the Lord’s day—the day of joy ! Weep not,
 Daughter of Zion, for thy children’s sake !
 Though *thou* forget Him, He hath not forgot,
 But cometh, in forgiving love, to break
 The fetters of thy shame from off thy neck—
 To give His presence to thy holy sod,
 And bid the glory of thy streets awake !
 Yea ! comfort ye my people, saith your God,
 For mercy comes to smile where blasting vengeance trod !

Hast thou not sinned ? Thine own brow hath told—
 For there the characters of Cain are writ !
 Art thou not humbled ? let the dust unfold—
 Whereon in desolation thou dost sit
 Lonely amid the nations, and unlit
 By splendour of past years ! no handmaids wait
 Around thee ! there is silence in the street,
 Strife in the temple, wailing at the gate—
 Thy children are all fled—thy house is desolate !

Oh, thou dejected city ! thou forsaken
 Land ! where the prophet’s path was wont to be !
 Oh, air ! wherein the Psalmist’s strings did waken.
 Breathing their bold inspired harmony !
 Temple ! where dwelt the Eternal One ! and ye
 His sad and scattered sons, who cannot keep
 The Lord’s song among strangers, on the tree
 Hanging your harps, while by the waters deep
 Of this world’s Babylon ye captive sit and weep !

Hear, hear the words of pardon ! let them win
 The smile of rapture from the cheek of woe ;
 Your warfare is accomplished, and your sin
 Is pardoned ! He ye pierced shall bestow
 Healing ; and He your fathers would not know
 Shall wipe the tears for ever from your eyes.
 God visiteth his vine, and it shall grow !

The Lord remembereth Israel—let her rise
 And stretch her fetterless hands, and hymn old melodies.

Daughter of Zion, smooth thy cheek with smiles,
 Put on thy beautiful garments, lift thy brow,
 And shout rejoicing to the friendly isles,
 That thy Redeemer is thy King—that thou,
 Captive with all thy sons, no more may'st bow ;
 That God restores the people of His choice,
 That sorrow flees away for ever now !

Oh, shout it to the nations with glad voice,
 For all the exulting earth shall, in thy joy, rejoice !

E. B. B.

ZION'S FALL.

O now is Zion's glory gone,
 And vengeance like a flood
 Hath quenched her power, and not a stone
 Marks where her temple stood.

How are thy streets, Jerusalem,
 By careless strangers trod—
 And crushed thy once proud diadem,
 Before the wrath of God.

How are thy friendless exiles sent
 Through distant lands to roam !
 Yet in each place of banishment
 They cannot find a home.

O Lord, look down with pitying eye,
 Upon thine ancient race ;
 And bring thy promised mercy nigh,¹
 And show thy saving grace.

Remove the veil that long hath hid
 The Saviour from their sight ;
 Conquer their prejudice, and bid
 Their darkness turn to light.

O bring thy scattered sheep again,
 And feed them as of old ;
 Let Christ o'er all his people reign,
 One shepherd and one fold.

ZION RESTORED.

A CEDAR, nourished well, Jerusalem grew,
And tower'd on high, and spread and flourished fair;
And underneath her boughs the nations lodged—
All nations lodged, and sung the song of peace.
From the four winds, the Jews, freed from the curse,
Returned and dwelt with God in Jacob's land,
And drank of Sharon and of Carmel's vine.
How fair the daughter of Jerusalem then !
How gloriously from Zion's hill she looked !
Clothed with the sun, and in her train the moon,
And on her head a coronet of stars,
And girdling round her waist, with heavenly grace,
The bow of mercy bright ; and in her hand
Immanuel's cross, her sceptre and her hope,
Desire of every land ! The nations came
And worshipped at her feet ; all nations came
Flocking like doves, and worshipped reverently
Before the Lord, in Zion's holy hill ;
And all the places round about were blest.

POLLOCK.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned lands
 Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answered him ;
 And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays
 With priests' and warriors' voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,
 And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful day.
 And O, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn—
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
 But Thou hast said—"The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, an humble thought
 Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SCOTT.

JERUSALEM.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !
 Silence is o'er thy plains—
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains.
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore ?
 That fire from heaven that led thee,
 Now lights thy path no more.

Lord, Thou didst love Jerusalem,
 Once she was all Thine own ;
 Her love Thy fairest heritage,
 Her power Thy glory's throne :
 Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive tree ;
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma,
 Then passed her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness
 The light wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers
 Where Baal reigned as God.

“Go,” said the Lord, “ye conquerors,
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's.

Tell Zion's mournful daughter,
O'er kindred bones she'll tread ;
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictured scenes
In brighter vision rise,
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine
On all her mourners' eyes,
And on her mountains beauteous stand
The messengers of peace ;
" Salvation by the Lord's right hand,"
They shout, and never cease.

MOORE.

JEWISH SOCIETY.

Os this labour of love may a blessing attend,
May the Shepherd of Israel his Salem befriend ;
And hasten that period by prophets foretold,
When the stragglers of Judah shall rest in his fold.

For surely the time is approaching when He
Will set, in his love, the law's prisoners free,
And send them to feed in the ways of his grace,
And find them a pasture in every high place.

Behold, they shall come from afar at his word,
Which alike in the north and the south shall be heard ;
His uplifted standard shall Sinim's land see,
And a light to the Gentiles his people shall be.

Awaken, O Zion, and put on thy strength,
And array thee in beautiful garments at length :
Shake thyself from the dust with the might of the strong,
And cast off the bands which have bound thee so long.

The sons of the strangers thy walls shall rebuild,
Thy gates shall be open, thy courts shall be filled.
God once smote thee in anger, but now thou shalt see
That He, in his favour, hath mercy on thee.

The Lord, in his glory, before thee shall rise ;
The Gentiles shall come to thy light with surprise ;
And their kings shall rejoice thy bright rising to greet,
When God shall make glorious the place of his feet.

Then shall ye, poor wanderers, no longer roam wide,
For a greater than Moses your footsteps shall guide ;
Not unto the mount, where the trumpet once sounded,
With blackness, and darkness, and tempest surrounded ;

But unto Mount Zion, the city of God,
The courts of whose temples by angels are trod ;
To the church of the first-born recorded above,
And the spirits of just men made perfect by love ;

And to Him, whose new priesthood shall ever endure,
More powerful than Aaron's, more holy, more pure ;
Who needeth not daily oblations to make,
Having offered up freely himself for your sake.

If the judgments of God on your fathers went forth,
Who were deaf unto him that speak only on earth,
O refuse not the boon which would surely be given,
Nor turn ye from Him who now speaketh from heaven.

WARTON.

THE BURDEN OF MALACHI.

A sound on the rampart,
A sound at the gate ;
I hear the roused lioness
Howl to her mate.
In the thicket at midnight,
They roar for the prey
That shall glut their red jaws
At the rising of day.
For wrath is descending
On Zion's proud tower ;
It shall come like a cloud,
It shall wrap like a shroud,
Till like Sodom she sleeps
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold ! the day cometh
When all shall be flame,
When, Zion, the sackcloth
Shall cover thy name ;
When thy barque o'er the billows
Of death shall be driven ;
When thy tree by the lightnings
From earth shall be riven ;
When the oven, unkindled
By mortal, shall burn ;
And like chaff thou shalt glow
In that furnace of woe,
And, dust as thou art,
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,
The midnight of soul !
No moon on the depths
Of that midnight shall roll ;

No starlight shall pierce
 Through that life-thrilling haze,
 No torch from the roof
 Of the temple shall blaze ;
 But when Israel is buried
 In final despair,
 From a height over all height—
 God of gods, Light of light,
 Her sun shall arise,
 Her great Sovereign be there !

Then the sparkles of flame,
 From his chariot-wheels hur'd,
 Shall smite the crown'd brow
 Of the god of this world !
 Then, captive of ages,
 The trumpet shall thrill
 From the lips of the seraph
 On Zion's sweet hill.
 For vested in glory,
 Thy Monarch shall come,
 And from dungeon and cave
 Shall ascend the pale slave ;
 Lost Judah shall rise
 Like the soul from the tomb.

Who rushes from heaven ?
 The angel of wrath ;
 The whirlwind his wing,
 And the lightning his path.
 His hand is uplifted,
 It carries a sword ;
 'Tis Elijah ! he heralds
 The march of his Lord !
 Sun, sink in eclipse !
 Earth, earth, shalt thou stand

When the cherubim wings
Bear the King of thy kings ?
Woe, woe to the ocean,
 Woe, woe to the land !

'Tis the day long foretold,
 'Tis the judgment begun ;
Gird thy sword, thou Most Mighty,
 My triumph is won.
The idol shall burn
 In his own gory shrine ;
Then, daughter of anguish,
 Thy dayspring shall shine !
Proud Zion, thy vale
 With the olive shall bloom,
And the musk rose distil
 Its sweet dews on thy hill ;
For earth is restored,
 The great kindom is come

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

A HEBREW MELODY.

Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish ; they are black unto the ground, and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up.—JEREMIAH.

Oh Judah ! thy dwellings are sad,
 Thy children are weeping around,
 In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
 As they look on the famishing ground :
 In the deserts they make them a home,
 And the mountains awake to their cry—
 For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
 And his anger is red in the sky !

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
 But the waters are gone from the well ;
 They gaze on the rock and they think
 Of the gush of the stream from its cell ;
 How they came to its margin before,
 And drank in their innocent mirth,
 Away ! it is sealed—and no more
 Shall the fountain yield freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
 And the lowly are haggard with care ;
 The voices of mothers are loud
 As they shriek the wild howl of despair.
 O Jerusalem ! mourn through thy halls,
 And bend to the dust in thy shame ;
 The doom that thy spirit appals,
 Is famine—the sword—and the flame !

ANON.

THE JEW.

Thou shalt return, O captive child,
To thy own land of rest,
Though thou hast been so long exiled—
Such is thy God's behest.

The sun of Salem set in night,
Yet that once more shall shine;
The flowers of Sharon dropp'd in blight,
But they again shall twine.

The chords of Judah's harp were riven,
Yet they shall sound again;
And O! the auspicious voice of heaven
Shall bless the unwonted strain.

Though sorrow hangs upon thy heart,
And darkens on thy brow,
Yet that, thou exile, shall depart,
Nor weigh thee down, as now.

H.

WHOM SEEKEST THOU ?

John xx. 15.

THE light of gladness cannot cheer
 The Hebrew's mournful brow,
 But, see those wanderings far and near,
 Brother, " Whom seekest thou ?"
 Rise, sons of Zion, dry your tears,
 For lo ! the Prince of peace appears.

Ye find no rest, in every land
 Condemn'd and outcast now,
 Why stand ye thus a lonely band ?
 Brother, " Whom seekest thou ?"
 He whom ye seek, could ye but see,
 'Tis He hath met and speaks to thee !

By those sweet Psalms ye cherish still
 By blessed David sung,
 And by the raptur'd strains that thrill
 Isaiah's prophet tongue ;
 Can those frail eyes indeed not know
 That form that meets ye as ye go ?

O ! let those accents find a way
 Within that doubting heart,
 Like the bright springing of the day
 When midnight shades depart.
 And let that long-forgotten strain—
 " My Lord ! my God ! " be heard again !

EMILY.

ISAIAH LXII. 1—5.

For Zion's sake, chastis'd of God
 I will not hold my peace,
 For Salem, smitten by His rod
 My labours shall not cease.

I'll daily wrestle at His throne
 For mercy to the race
 Of Judah; are they not his own?
 Shall they not find his grace?

Yes; when his church is stirr'd to pray,
 O Salem! for thy line,
 As orient light of breaking day
 Thy righteousness shall shine.

As lamp that cheers the gloomy night,
 Shall thy salvation be;
 Gentiles shall hail thy rising light
 And kings thy glory see.

Emerging from the cloud of woe,
 As God's own fold confest;
 A nobler name he shall bestow,
 And men shall own thee bless'd.

Thy scatter'd sons, from many a shore
 Shall eager throng to thee;
 Widowed and desolate no more—
 Thy land shall married be.

In thee, as bridegroom o'er his bride,
 Jehovah shall rejoice;
 For evermore thou shalt abide
 The people of His choice.

M. L. D.

HYMN.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,
 Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky !
 Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see :
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh, hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the
 wing
 Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed king ;
 Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
 And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free.

“ And who art thou that mournest us ? ” replied the ruin grey,
 “ And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast away ? ”
 I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee,
 But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive tree !

Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,
 For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punish-
 ment.

Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,
 Who spared not His chosen seed may send His wrath on thee.

“ Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime—
 O turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time ;
 So Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
 And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be ! ”

HEBER.

JESUS WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

Luke xix. 41—44.

O SALEM! who in proud disdain,
Thy faithful prophets slew,
And soon the cup of guilt to drain,
Wilt slay thy Saviour too!

How had my love thy children blest,
Their deeds of blood forgot;
And led them to eternal rest,
But they consented not!

Now shall thy house be desolate,
Thy glory now shall close,
Nor leave one trace of ruin'd state,
To tell where Salem rose.

Nor shalt thou thy Redeemer see,
Nor hail thy crown restor'd,
Till thou shalt say, "How blest is He
Whom Thou hast sent, O Lord!"

DALE.

THE WILD GAZELLE.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground.
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by.

A step as fleet, and eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race,
For taking root it there remains
In solitary grace.
It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne.

BYRON.

“ I WILL BETROTH THEE UNTO ME FOR EVER.”

Oh, Zion, why in sadness weepest thou ?
 Why has thy bridal crown fallen from thy brow ?
 Why are a widow's robes around thee spread ?
 And like a bulrush bowed to earth thy head ?

Where is His arm who smote the Red sea's might ?
 Has the love changed that made thy darkness light ?
 Now on thy head the scorching sun-beams beat,
 And past the cloud, thy shadow from their heat.

Why has thy temple's glory pass'd away ?
 Thy sun declined at noon-tide of the day ?
 Thy bridal sounds of mirth and tabret gone ?
 And thou forsaken one thus left alone ?

“ Pilgrim would'st thou my tale of sorrow know ?
 And can'st thou drop a tear for Zion's woe ?
 Dost thou remember my once high estate,
 And mourn to see me silent and desolate ?

“ Gone is the time when fearlessly I trod
 The trackless waste, defended by my God,
 And in the home He had prepared for me,
 Rested in hope His advent soon to see.

“ A queen, I reigned adorned as a bride,
 Jehovah's love my deep heart satisfied ;
 And swirt revolving years at last brought near
 The time my long-loved monarch should appear.

“ He came ; ah, here begins my tale of woe,
 Was He received with gladness ? did I go
 With mirth and tabret forth to meet my Lord ?
 The Sovereign of my heart, beloved, adored.

“ I knew Him not ; no kingly pomp revealed
His high estate. His glory was concealed
By Servant’s form. Ah, should not I have known
His smile, although it beamed not from a throne.

“ I knew Him not. I sold Him to His foes,
(O, let me swift my tale of anguish close,)
Alas ! His blood poured from the accursed tree,
Watered the land that He had sown for me.

“ My tale is told ; stranger, thou know’st my fate—
Now leave me here alone and desolate ;
My Lord is slain, my hope, my joy are fled,
My rest henceforth is only with the dead.

“ Stranger, farewell, I hasten to the land
Where once He led me by His own right hand ;
To die where He was slain, my tears to shed
On the cold earth where once reposed His head.

“ To gaze where He hath been. I never more
The form may view of Him whom I adore ;
His smile of love no more may be my light,
The sun of my glad day has set in night.”

“ Stay, lone one, stay—I bear good news to thee,
A morn of hope shall yet arise o’er thee ;
Know’st thou not why thy Lord His glory veiled ?
Know’st thou not why by foes He was assailed ?

“ Hast thou forgotten all thy early guilt ?
And why the blood of sacrifice was spilt ?
At morn and eve why blazed the altar fire ?
A Saviour’s advent didst thou not desire ?

“ A guiltless queen must sit upon His throne—
 A stainless bride be loved by Him alone ;
 Lowly He came that He might die for thee,
 His *glory* veiled that thou His *love* might see.

“ His heart unchanged, His work achieved, he rose,
 Vanquish'd for ever His rebellious foes ;
 The sins for which He died all washed away,
 His love now sheds o'er thee its cloudless ray.

“ But for a moment, from thee He has gone—
 Fear not, could He forsake His loved, His own ?
 He's gone a heritage to claim for thee,
 And soon His glad return thine eyes shall see.

“ He's gone a home of beauty to prepare,
 Where thou His kingly power and throne may'st share ;
 To seal thy title to His wide domain,
 Then bear thee hence with Him in peace to reign.

“ There in His love thou shalt be satisfied,
 A queen adored, beloved as a bride,
 Betrothed in faithfulness, thou'rt still His own,
 Though now in spirit grieved thou weep'st alone.”

“ Can'st thou be true ? What words of hope are these ;
 Pilgrim, deceive me not ; e'en so the breeze
 Sweeps o'er the sultry plain ; thy words to me
 Bring music near, breathe thoughts of extasy.

“ Shall I behold Him whom my soul adores ?
 And hear Him welcome me to those bright shores ?
 Where He now reigns, with Him for ever be ?
 O, hope too glorious to arise o'er me.”

“ Ah, faithless one, wilt thou not hear my voice ?
Read then these words, and let thy heart rejoice ;
Dost thou the writing know—the love believe ?
Cast then thy fears away, thy bliss receive !”

It is enough—and I am satisfied ;
And wilt Thou come again to claim Thy bride ?
My Lord, my life, oh, may such love on Thee
Henceforth be poured, as Thou hast borne to me.

Content I'll wait, in *heart* no more alone,
Yet speed the time when Thou shalt claim Thine own,
When with Thee, saved, forgiven, I shall rest,
And in Thy smile of love be ever blessed.

My sun has risen to set no more in night—
My darkness chased before Thy glorious light ;
My sorrow passed away, my weeping o'er,
And Thou, and Thy beloved, shall part no more !

C. G. H. ———, 1845.

AUTHOR OF “ *The Curate of Linwood.*”

THE SORROWING JEW.

He is mourning alone, for no kind friend is near,
His woe-stricken spirit to comfort or cheer;
Nor ever descends blessed sympathy's dew
To refresh the sad heart of the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of the land where his forefathers lie,
Beneath the warm smiles of their own eastern sky,
And he wishes, perchance, he were laid by them too,
For earth has no house for the sorrowing Jew.

He thinks of that holy and high honour'd fane,
Where Jehovah would stoop to hold converse with men;
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And thinks of himself, a poor sorrowing Jew.

O unshed be thy sorrow, unheard be thy sigh,
And hide the warm tear trickling down from thine eye;
He thinks of the glory Jerusalem knew,
And thinks of himself, a poor sorrowing Jew.

Yet woe to the man, though a prince on the throne,
Who shall mock at a people God still calls his own!
For He, whose great name is the Holy and True,
Hath sworn to avenge the poor sorrowing Jew.

Rouse, rouse ye then, Christians, if Christians indeed,
Your hearts for the sorrows of Judah will bleed;
Ye will mourn for her temple, her glory laid low,
Ye will mourn for her son, the poor sorrowing Jew.

O think ye with fear, on the curse and the woes,
Jehovah hath threaten'd on Abraham's foes ;
O remember that He who was offer'd for you
In the days of his flesh, was a sorrowing Jew.

And Thou, blessed Spirit, whose life-giving power
Alone can the feet of the wanderer restore ;
O teach them their own pierc'd Messiah to view,
And bring to his fold the poor wandering Jew.

ANON.

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

SWEET harp of Judah! shall thy sound
No more be heard on earthly ground ;
Nor mortal raise the lay again,
That rung through Judah's sainted reign ?

No—for to higher worlds belong
The wonders of thy sacred song :
Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords,
Thy glorious burden was the Lord's.

Thy lay, descending from above,
Full fraught with justice, truth, and love ;
His spirit breathed and mingled there,
As much of heaven as earth could bear.

Kind was its tone, its warning plain ;
But rebel Israel scorn'd the strain ;
Proud, careless, unabashed they trod,
Nor own'd the voice of Zion's God.

Then fell at length the vengeful stroke,
The necks that scorn'd to bend, he broke ;
The shrine his hand had guarded well
Himself destroy'd—and Zion fell.

Final and unretrieved her fall ;
The heathen ploughshare raz'd her wall ;
And o'er the race of Judah's kings
Rome's slaughtering eagle clapp'd her wings.

Yet, harp of Judah, rung thy strain,
And woke thy glories not in vain ;
Yet though in dust thy fame be hurl'd,
Thy spirit rules a wider world.

Though faintly swell thy notes sublime,
Far distant down the stream of time ;
Yet, to *our* ears the sounds are given,
And even thy echo tells of heaven.

Through worlds remote—the old—the new,
Through realms nor Rome nor Israel knew,
The Christian hears—and by thy tone,
Sweet harp of Judah ! tunes his own.

ANON.

JUDAH.

WRITTEN FOR AN ANCIENT HEBREW MELODY.

JUDAH! broken-hearted,
From thy God departed,
By thy God forsaken,
By thy foes o'ertaken.
Through long generations
Blotted from the nations,
On thy sorrows ponder,
Thou, the wide world's wonder!

“Stranger and sojourner,”—
Scorn'd, unpitied mourner!
Dark is now thy glory,
Sad is now thy story;
Yet thy God relenting
Waits but thy repenting;
He, thy sorrows numbering,
Calls thee from thy slumbering.

List to Him, proud spirit!
Then shalt thou inherit
Realms thy fathers eberish'd,
Fought to save, but perish'd.
Christ, then, blest and blessing,
Thy lost shores possessing,
Shall inspire thy sages
Through all future ages.

ZION'S KING.

Zion's King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway,
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He shall reign in endless day.

Nations now from God estranged
Then shall see a glorious light,
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Then shall Israel, long dispersed,
Mourning seek their Lord and God,
Look on Him whom once they pierced,
Own and kiss the chastening rod.

Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign.

KELLY.

THE HOUSE OF JACOB.

ISAIAH ii. 5.

O HOUSE of Jacob, come
 And walk with us in light,
 No more bewilder'd roam
 Like wand'ers in the night;
 The hope of Israel calls you near,
 And Abra'm's Shield and Isaac's Fear.

O! thou by tempest toss'd,
 Revil'd, oppress'd, trod down,
 In ev'ry region clos'd,
 With grief familiar grown;
 Scatter'd and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
 Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn.

Though thou art fill'd, alas!
 And drunk with misery,
 That cup begins to pass
 To them that hated thee.
 But know we honour Israel's name,
 Our God and Abra'm's is the same.

Rise, Jacob, from thy woes,
 Thine own Messiah see;
 He whom thy fathers chose
 Waiteth to pardon thee.
 At his command we bid thee come,
 Lost Israel—Zion welcomes home.

MORAVIAN HYMN.

DAYS ARE COMING.

LUKE i. 30—33.

DAYS are coming, saith the Lord,
 When no more ye'll hear the word,
 As of old, when Moses taught
 All to laud the God who brought
 Israel's house, with mighty hand,
 Forth from Egypt's bondage land.

Days are coming now, when praise
 All unto the Lord shall raise,
 That, from every realm afar,
 Where his scatter'd people are,
 He hath led triumphant then
 Israel to his land again.

Days are coming when our King,
 Who from David's root doth spring,
 He, the "Righteous Branch" shall reign
 Over Judah's wide domain,
 And all nations flocking, bless
 Christ, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Days are near when David's throne
 Shall uphold the Virgin's Son;
 When the Lord, Emmanuel,
 Shall among his people dwell;
 When o'er Jacob's house that day
 Christ shall hold his endless sway.

LAMENT OF THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

WHERE are thy pleasures, once so bright,
 My country, where thy name?
 How is thy glory sunk in night,
 Thy beauty and thy fame!
 No more thy muse's heavenly strain,
 Heard far from Zion's hill,
 With rapture wakes the wand'ring swain,
 When sober night creeps o'er the plain,
 And all the air is still.

Where is thy temple and thy God?
 Where are thy triumphs flown?
 All banish'd like a fiery cloud
 That flashes and is gone!
 Alas! thou sitt'st a wasted thing,
 All wretched and forlorn;
 To thee no joy the sunbeams bring,
 But deeper shadows o'er thee fling
 And make thy woes their scorn.

The time was, when I wander'd free
 Across thy hills and plains,
 And drank thy glorious liberty
 And sang thy melting strains,
 And praised the Lord, our mighty King,
 In high triumphant song;
 While far away the mountains rung,
 And back the joyous echoes flung
 The little hills along!

But these lov'd joys, on rapid wing,
Far, far away are borne ;
While care and sorrow deeply sting
With slavery's sharpest thorn ;
To Judah we must say farewell !
Farewell to Zion's steep !
In foreign climes condemn'd to dwell,
Full oft our mournful tale we'll tell,
Lift up the voice and weep !

But Judah's land I'll ne'er forget,
Though far from it I roam,
And though with ills on ills beset
I'll sweetly think of home,
And wandering near some lonely stream
All weary and forlorn,
I'll ruminatè, in pensive dream
On many a long-forgotten theme,
And sadly, sadly mourn !

REV. R. TURNBULL.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

MOUNTAINS of Israel, rear on high
 Your summits, crown'd with verdure new,
 And spread your branches to the sky,
 Refulgent with celestial dew.
 O'er Jordan's stream, of gentle flow,
 And Judah's peaceful valleys smile,
 And far reflect the lovely glow
 Where ocean's waves incessant toil.
 See, where the scatter'd tribes return ;
 Their slavery is burst at length,
 And purer flames to Jesus burn,
 And Zion girds on her new strength :
 New cities bloom along the plain,
 New temples to Jehovah rise,
 The kindling voice of praise again
 Pours its sweet anthem to the skies.
 The fruitful fields again are blest,
 And yellow harvest smiles around ;
 Sweet scenes of heavenly joy and rest
 Where peace and innocence are found.
 The bloody sacrifice no more
 Shall smoke upon the altars high,
 But ardent hearts, from hill to shore,
 Send grateful incense to the sky.
 The jubilee of man is near,
 When earth, as heaven, shall own His reign ;
 He comes to wipe the mourner's eye,
 And cleanse the heart from sin and pain.
 Praise Him, ye tribes of Israel, praise
 The King that ransom'd you from woe ;
 Nations, the hymn of triumph raise,
 And bid the song of rapture flow.

EASTBURN.

BABEL'S STREAMS.

WE sat us down by Babel's streams,
 And dreamt soul-saddening memory's dreams,
 And dark thoughts o'er our spirits crept
 Of Zion—and we wept, we wept!
 Our harps upon the willows hung,
 Silent, and tuneless, and unstrung:
 For they who wrought our pains and wrongs
 Ask'd us for Zion's pleasant songs.

How shall we sing Jehovah's praise
 To those who Baal's altars raise?
 How warble Judah's free-born hymns
 With Babel's fetters on our limbs?
 How chaunt thy lays, dear father-land!
 To strangers on a foreign strand?
 Ah no! we'll bear grief's keenest sting,
 But dare not Zion's anthems sing.

Place us where Sharon's roses blow;
 Place us where Siloe's waters flow;
 Place us on Lebanon, that waves
 Its cedars o'er our fathers' graves;
 Place us upon that holy mount
 Where stands the temple—gleams the fount.
 Then love and joy shall lose our tongues
 To warble Zion's pleasant songs.

If I should e'er—earth's brightest gem!—
 Forget thee, O Jerusalem,
 May my right hand forget its skill
 To wake the slumb'ring lyre at will;
 If from my heart, e'en when most gay,
 Thine image e'er should fade away,
 May my tongue rest within my head,
 Mute as the voices of the dead.

NEELE.

FROM THE HEBREW.

Rock and refuge of my soul,
 Swiftly let the season roll,
 When thine Israel shall arise
 Lovely in the nations' eyes!

Lord of glory, Lord of might,
 As our ransom'd fathers tell,
 Once more for thy people fight,
 Plead for thy lov'd Israel.
 Give our spoilers' towers to be
 Waste and desolate as we.

Hasten, Lord, the joyful year,
 When thy Zion, tempest-toss'd,
 Shall the silver trumpet hear,
 Bring glad tidings to the lost!
 Captive, cast thy cords from thee,
 Loose thy neck—be free, be free!

Why dost thou behold our sadness?
 See the proud have torn away
 All our years of solemn gladness,
 When thy flock kept holiday!
 Lord thy fruitful vine is bare,
 Not one gleaning grape is there!

Rock and refuge of my soul,
 Swiftly let the season roll,
 When thine Israel shall be
 Once again beloved and free!

M'CHETNE.

FALL OF JERUSALEM.

How fair is this land to the eye!
 Her beautiful prospect how clear!
 The cedars of Lebanon flourish on high,
 And the roses of Sharon are here;
 The milk, and the honey and wine,
 From the land of the chosen are flowing;
 Fair Carmel is spread with a carpet of vine,
 And the balm is from Gilead blowing;
 The lily and rose in the valleys are seen,
 And the hills of Judea are sunny and green.

Jerusalem! proud is thy story;
 The nations have heard thy renown;
 Here glitters that temple in splendour and glory,
 Of Palestine's greatness the crown.
 The sound of the tabret and sackbut was heard,
 As nations went in at thy gates;
 The heathen the gleam of thy panoply fear'd,
 And named thee the mighty and great;
 Art thou guiltless? Ah no! for the groans of the just,
 And the blood of thy martyrs* cry out from the dust.

Art thou guiltless? O answer, ye tears †
 That fell upon Bethany's plain;
 Bear witness, the scourge and the cross which appears
 On the hill where Messiah was slain.
 The angel of death, with the scroll of thy doom,
 Shall the hand of offended Omnipotence stay?
 Speak, prophet of Nazareth! speak from the tomb,
 Where thy murder'd mortality lay!
 Art thou guiltless? O never, for damp is thy sod
 With the blood of thy prophets, the tears of thy God. ‡

* Matt. xxiii. 35.

† John xi. 35.

‡ Luke xix. 41.

There 's a curse on thy green shady bowers ;
 The voice of the thunder comes fearful and loud
 From the blackness that angrily hangs o'er thy towers ;
 And red is the fringe of that ominous cloud.
 Ah ! hush'd is the song of thy mirth,
 And the guilty are trembling and pale ;
 The sound of her quaking re-echoes from earth,
 And a murmur of conflict hath laden the gale.
 O ye innocent ! flee to the mountains, for nigh
 Is the doom of the guilty—'tis seal'd from on high.

Proud city ! thy glory is fading,
 The armour of David is cover'd with rust,
 And the Roman avenger through carnage is wading,
 To trample thy splendour in dust.
 See ! proud, o'er that battle array,
 The Julian banner is streaming,
 And bright as the sunbeams that gladden the day
 The lance and the helmet are gleaming :
 Abandoned Solyma ! the phial is poured,
 And famine and faction combine with the sword.

The steel of the Roman is red with thy blood,
 The flame of thy house is now blazing ;
 Thy towers and thy bulwarks so proudly that stood,
 The hand of destruction is razing :
 O ! fearful and dark was that ruinous day
 As the swift-footed hurricane bursting ;
 The angel of darkness well sated with prey,
 Strode dark, where the carnage was gushing.
 Proud Salem is fallen, her glory hath flown,
 And her temple is rent to the uttermost stone.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

AMOS vii. 2.

“ By whom shall Jacob now arise ? ”
For Jacob's friends are few ;
And, what might fill us with surprise,
They seem divided too.

“ By whom shall Jacob now arise ? ”
For Jacob's foes are strong ;
I read their triumph in their eyes,
They think he'll fall ere long.

“ By whom shall Jacob now arise ? ”
Can any tell by whom ?
Say shall this branch that wither'd lies,
Again revive and bloom ?

Lord thou canst tell—the work is thine,
The help of man is vain ;
On Jacob now arise and shine,
And he shall live again.

KELLY.

THE HARP OF ZION.

THE harp of Zion sleepeth
 In the shadow of the hill,
 The child of promise weepeth
 His weary exile still :
 The ages of his sorrow
 Flow on like Jordan's stream,
 He waiteth for to-morrow,
 But cannot see the beam.
 No beam of heaven discloseth
 His father's land of birth,
 His footstep ne'er reposeth
 In the nations of the earth ;
 So thence he blindly holdeth
 The lamp he cannot see,
 While darkness deep enfoldeth
 The homes of Galilee !
 Yet not, O God, for ever
 Thou'lt judge him in thy wrath,
 But bid the darkness sever
 Above his destin'd path ;
 In thy dread book is written
 The period of his doom,
 And the vale thy curse hath smitten,
 As a garden yet shall bloom.
 Even now the destin'd ages,
 Are closing o'er the land,
 And every sign presages
 Its morn again at hand.
 The darkness swiftly weareth,
 Light trembles from the shore,
 Each wind of heaven prepareth
 The wanderer to restore.

WILLS.

O WEEP FOR THOSE.

O WEEP for those that wept by Babel's streams,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell,
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest ?
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country, Israel but the grave !

BYRON.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake ! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the south, " Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north !"

They come, they come, thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

MONTGOMERY.

THE JEW.

He pass'd amid the crowd which throng
The restless city street,
Where hurrying steps for ever on,
And hurried voices meet ;
A thousand homes around him rose
'Mong fanes and arches dim ;
Their dwellers were his scornful foes,
Their shrines were not for him !

His home was where the palm-trees rise,
Where hangs the clustering vine ;
The land—the land of palaces !
The Olive Palestine !
The footsteps of the fleet gazelle
Sounds through her grass-grown courts ;
The halls of princely Israel
Are the lone owl's resorts.

Still, as of old, the palm-tree waves
O'er many a mountain steep,
Where low in their forgotten graves
The holy prophets sleep.
He pass'd—that outcast wandering one—
That exile from a shore,
Whose crown is fallen, whose nobles gone,
Whose beautiful are o'er !

ANON.

ISRAEL'S BLESSEDNESS.

ISAIAH XXXV. 10.

Rejoice, ye desert places ;
Sing forth each lovely isle ;
The Lord of glory graces
Your regions with a smile.
From Lebanon's steep mountain,
And Carmel's summit high,
To Sharon's rose-girt fountain,
The gladdening stream shall fly.
Now comfort ye the fearful,
And bid the weak be strong ;
No eye shall there be tearful ;
Unloosed be every tongue :
The lame shall leap with singing,
The deaf in joy shall hear ;
While 'mid the parch'd waste springing,
Gush waters fresh and clear.
Behold 'twill come as thunder,
The vengeance of the Lord ;
But fear not ye, nor wonder ;
He brings your great reward ;
For He shall raise His highway
Of holiness therein,
Where vice shall find no by-way,
Nor wand'ring fool shall sin.
There, shall no roaring lion,
Nor ravenous beast be found,
When God's redeemed to Zion
Return with joyful sound.
There, sighing, groans, and sadness
Will never more be heard,
When safe return, in gladness,
The ransom'd of the Lord.

FROM THE NATIVITY.

O ZION! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his hosts depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

CAMPBELL.

THE JEWS.]

“ Let God arise.”—PSALM lxxviii. 1.

ARISE, great God, and let thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Israel's race,
Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
And call them to the promis'd land.

Their misery let thy mercy heal,
The trespass hide, their mercy seal;
O God of Israel! hear their prayer,
And grant them still thy love to share.

How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The vast suspension of thy love?
Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn,
And wilt thou ne'er appeas'd return?

Thy quick'ning Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

NEWTON.

ISAIAH LX.

“ARISE, shine; for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”

ARISE, shine forth, thy dawning hour
Of light is come! Lo, Salem's tower
With holy radiance streams;
The glory of the Lord is risen,
The Sun of Righteousness has given
His never-setting beams.

See on the mount the prophet stand,
To heaven he waves his outstretch'd hand,
Bright his uplifted eye;
Touched by a coal of living fire
The word of God his lips inspire,
His mission is from high.

The people sat in darkness dread,
Its blackest mantle o'er them spread
The long unbroken night;
No hope, no prayer, to raise their trust,
When from above the vision burst
Upon the prophet's sight.

He saw the glorious morning star
Rolling in brightness from afar;
He heard from heaven's height
Glory to God, by angels sung,
While through the earth that chorus rung,
To hail the Saviour's light.

If such salvation's dawning beam,
The radiance of its rising gleam,
 What will its noontide be?
When in the sanctuary blest
Jehovah's glorious feet shall rest,
 And all his mercy see.

No sun shall pour that radiant noon—
Lost in its brightness, shall the moon
 In darkness pass away;
The Lamb shall be its light divine,
The glory of the Lord shall shine
 In everlasting day.

ANON.

EASTERN LIGHT;

OR,

JEWISH BAPTISMS AT CALCUTTA,

December 8th, 1844.

WHERE Ganges seeks the Indian sea
 Adoring, yet adored,
 Poor, scattered Beni-Israel, dwell
 That palace-land, their gloomy cell,
 The prisoners of the Lord.
 Hark ! listen to reproof from them,
 Nor build beneath the sky,
 No goodly home, or Gentile gem,
 Can bind them with a tie :
 " This year we'll see Jerusalem !"
 Their restless hearts reply.

'Twas evening, and a city's hum
 Was sinking soft away,
 And, ling'ring in the lovely west,
 The sun, ere he retired to rest,
 Smiled his last golden ray.
 Upon the palm-tree grove it fell,
 And on the tamarind tree,
 On minaret and pinnacle,
 Where joyless rites men see,
 And where God's missionaries dwell,
 That beam shone placidly.

Lo ! entering at the opened gate,
 A band with gentle mien,—
 We know them by their outward frame—
 We know them by their deathless name—
 In other homes once seen.
 There was an aged Israelite,
 With tottering steps and slow,

His head like almond-blossom white ;
 " Yet," said he, " let me go
 To own my Saviour, ere the night
 Of darkness and of woe."

Like Simeon, this patriarch,
 Ere Death's dark vision came,
 Had seen the Lord's anointed One,
 Before his earthly course was run,
 Sped to confess his name ;
 And then the pure baptismal sign
 Was placed on Abraham's head ;
 He has vowed, Jehovah, to be thine,
 O'er him thy pinions spread,
 A shield to save, a sun to shine,
 Be Thou around his head.

And who are those who stand around
 Veiling their loveliness ?
 Ah ! these are Abraham's daughters, brought
 By love to Him whom Ruth once sought,
 The blest Moabitess.
 They to the church of Christ were joined
 By holy rite that hour ;
 May we not trust that they combined
 With youth, a blushing flower,
 To have the Rose of Sharon twined
 Around their banyan bower.

And there was one in manhood's prime,
 Deep thought stamped on his brow—
 A rabbi of the chosen race,
 A teacher in their holy place,
 How did his stern heart bow ?
 Like Saul of Tarsus, he has learned
 (No easy science this),

To count those things which once he earned
With toil and painfulness
As nothing, for heaven's Lord discerned
Eclipses other bliss.

Up to the sacred font he went,
Nor there alone went he—
He held within his arms a child
With Jewish features, soft and mild,
Whose summers had been three.
Are we not led to Shiloh's tent
To see a mother bring
An offering of fragrant scent,
A consecrated thing?
The little Samuel gladly lent
By Hannah to her King.

The angels hovered o'er the sight
That Sabbath evening knew,
And bore aloft to their home of light,
The tidings that a few
Of Jesus' kinsfolk on that night
Had owned that Brother true.

Nor joy in heaven alone—the song
Of God's dear saints was glad :
It cheered them as they passed along
With drooping hearts and sad,
To hope that God would save a throng
Whose first-fruits they had had.

Oh, Zion, lift thy head on high,
Thy fav'ring time is surely nigh,
To thy Immanuel loudly cry,
The dreary veil to draw aside
That doth thy heart so closely hide,
Thy ruins grey to glorify.

ELEGY TO MOUNT ZION.

FROM THE HEBREW.

O TELL me not of the gold and gems,
 Of earthly monarchs' diadems,
 Of their courts of splendour, their halls of state,
 Whose vassals kneel, and princes wait,
 As fear or flattery bows the knee,
 O these are but sorrow and scorn to me !

For I have heard of that brighter dome,
 Where God had chosen his earthly home ;
 Where the spirit of love and of peace reposed,
 And the gates of heaven were never closed,
 Where the sun, and the moon, and the hosts of light
 Were lost in the splendour of God's own light !

But alas ! that bright and blissful fane,
 Its pagan tyrants now profane,
 And its splendour lost, and its spirit flown,
 An idol fills Jehovah's throne !
 And the Moslem's right and the Moslem's rod
 Usurp the temple of our God !

But shall it lie—submissive still
 To its Paynim conqueror's tyrant will ?
 O no ; it shall rise from its lonely tomb,
 And its splendour shall flourish, its beauty bloom,
 And the Lord himself again shall deign
 To visit, O Zion, thy desert fane !

And though I, alas ! may ne'er behold
 The bliss by hallowed seers foretold ;
 Though I can but hope, and weep, and pray,
 I will look for the dawn of thy brighter day,
 Will feel my present anguish flee,
 And forget e'en despair while I muse on thee !

G. J. R.

GOD IS ABLE TO GRAFT, &c.

ROM. xi. 23.

O WHY should Israel's sons, once bless'd,
 Still roam the scorning world around;
 Disown'd of heaven, by men oppress'd,
 Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground ?

O God of Israel, view their race,
 Back to Thy fold the wand'ers bring,
 Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
 To hail, in Christ, their promised King.

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
 The sever'd olive-branch again
 Back to its parent stock unite.

While Judah views his birth-right gone,
 With contrite shame his bosom move,
 The Saviour he denied, to own,
 The Lord he crucified, to love.

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

WESLEY.

THE GLORY OF ISRAEL.

ISAIAH LX.

ZION, rise and be enlightened,
 For thy Light of Life is come,
 O'er thee now hath glory brightened,
 Soon the Lord will bring thee home.
 Darkness all the earth shall cover—
 Darkness on the people fall ;
 But o'er thee shall glory hover,
 And thy Lord be all in all.

Gentiles there shall bow before thee,
 Kings shall watch thy rising star !
 Lo, all nations gathering round thee,
 With thy sons resort from far.
 Thus thine heart, with fear adoring,
 Shall behold thy bounds increase ;
 While on thee earth's fulness pouring,
 All shall praise the God of peace.

Flocks from Afric's mountains hoary—
 Gold from India's shores are thine ;
 When thy Lord beams forth in glory,
 And accepts them at His shrine.
 Who are these like clouds appearing,
 And like doves returning home ?
 Far from isles thy children bearing,
 See the ships of Tarshish come !

Since thy Lord in thee delighteth,
 Strangers shall build up thy walls—
 For although on earth He smiteth,
 Yet in mercy still He calls.

Day and night to every nation,
Shall thy portals open be ;
For the blasts of desolation
Waste all lands that serve not thee.

Zion ! city long forsaken !
Thou shalt bear reproach no more,
Thee hath God in covenant taken—
They who hate thee shall adore.
Joy of every generation !
Riches, honours, peace, are thine,
Thou shalt call thy walls salvation,
And thy gates with praise shall shine.

Sun and moon, no more in splendour
Then will shed their radiance bright,
For in glory pure and tender,
God is thine Eternal Light.
All thy people shall inherit
Evermore the promised land ;
All be filled with one blest Spirit—
I, the Lord, am near at hand !

HABERSHON.

JESUS WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord."—John xii. 12, 13.

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."—Luke xix. 41, 42.

'Tis the time when Salem gathers
 All her favoured children round,
 Praising Him who freed their fathers,
 Long in sorest thralldom bound;—
 'Tis the holy convocation
 By the Lord ordained of old;
 And the blest and chosen nation
 Come their yearly feast to hold.

There, among the mingling masses
 Thronging to the sacred scene,—
 Hark! from lip to lip it passes,
 "Jesus comes—the Nazarene!
 He who bade the soul departed
 Seek its earthly house again,
 At whose voice to life have started
 They who in the grave had lain."

Like the heaving waves of ocean,
 By th' inconstant breezes stirred,
 Thrills each breast with strange emotion,
 Roused as by a magic word.

Like the billows proudly roaring,
 So the crowds, with joy elate,
 In one swelling tide are pouring
 From the sacred city's gate.

Like the voice of many waters,
 Like the deep-resounding sea,
 Israel's joyful sons and daughters
 Raise the song of jubilee.
 "Blessed be the King for ever—
 He who, in Jehovah's name,
 Comes His people to deliver
 From their bondage and their shame."

Such the sounds around Him ringing,
 From the glad, exulting bands ;
 Compassed thus with mirth and singing
 On Mount Olivet He stands.
 From the heavens, serenely beaming,
 Gladsome light around Him falls ;
 Spire and dome are yonder gleaming,
 And the temple's marble walls.

"Now exult, ye towers of Zion !
 Cast away your weeds of woe !
 See approaching Judah's Lion,
 Soon to vanquish every foe !
 Soon shall all the chosen nation
 In one loud, triumphant song,
 Swell the joyful acclamation
 Raised by this rejoicing throng !

"Well may He who long in sadness
 O'er His blinded people mourned,
 Share in this exulting gladness,
 Now no more refused and scorned !"

Hush ! and cease thy idle dreaming,
 Ere a few short days are passed
 This glad scene, so bright in seeming,
 Shall with clouds be all o'ercast.

Mark the sorrow, deep and holy,
 Sitting on the Saviour's brow,—
 Seemed he e'er more sad, more lowly,
 More in grief absorbed than now ?
 These glad sounds, in rapture swelling,
 He can hear already changed
 Into savage groans and yelling
 From the bands about Him ranged.

For these songs of exultation,
 Bursting all around Him thus,
 He can hear the imprecation,
 " Be His blood required of us."
 'Mid the sunshine, calmly flooding
 Tower and temple, spire and dome,
 He can see the tempest brooding
 Of the wrath that is to come.

O'er that proud, apostate nation,
 He can see th' uplifted rod,
 Soon to smite with tribulation
 These despisers of their God.
 Sacred though these towers and regal,
 He even now foresees the day
 When proud Rome's descending eagle
 Low in dust their pomp shall lay.

Thus the gloom of woes impending
 Darkens o'er the Saviour's soul,
 And while shouts the air are rending,
 Clouds of sorrow o'er them roll.

Thus futurity unfolding,
 O'er His spirit darkly sweeps,
 And, that hallowed scene beholding,
 Crowds rejoice, but Jesus—weeps.

Weeps He thus, in sorrow brooding
 O'er the woes He soon must bear?
 Wakes yon hill a dark foreboding
 Of the pangs that wait Him there?
 Does the thought thus wound and grieve Him,
 Bidding these sad tears to flow,
 That his chosen few shall leave Him
 In His hour of darkest woe?

No! though men reject, deride Him,
 While forsaken of His own,
 Yet the Father is beside Him,
 And He cannot be alone.
 But that Father too shall bruise Him,
 And shall hide His face awhile;
 Wrathful Justice shall refuse Him
 On the cross His Father's smile.

Is it then this darkest, deepest,
 Deadliest woe that prompts thy fears?
 Is it therefore that Thou weepest,
 Blessed Lord, these bitter tears?
 No, ah! no, 'tis by a token
 Darker, more portentous yet,
 That sore anguish must be spoken,
 By the Garden's bloody sweat.

Deeper shall thy soul be wounded
 By that frown than *tears* could tell;
Fearless couldst thou stand, surrounded
 By the wrath of earth and hell.

Wherefore, then, this lamentation ?
 Wherefore flow these tears of thine ?
 Is it for the desolation
 Coming on yon glorious shrine ?

Is it that yon tower and temple
 To the ground shall be o'erthrown,
 And the ruthless foe shall trample
 O'er the ruins crushed and strown ?
 No ! though ties most pure and tender
 Link Jeru'slem to thy heart—
 Though her consecrated splendour
 Speaks of more than human art,—

Though full many a recollection
 To thy soul her dust endears,
 Yet not hence the deep dejection,
 'Tis not this that moves thy tears.
 Though her towers, sublime and hoary,
 Soon be levelled with the plain,
 Yet, in more than pristine glory,
 She may rear her head again !

But her faithless sons and daughters,
 Who, despising this their day,
 By remorseless strifes and slaughters
 Shall so soon be swept away ;
 When they raise the voice of wailing,
 'Mid eternal darkness chained,
 Ah ! to them how unavailing
 That the City they profaned,
 By the curse no longer blighted,
 From its ruins shall arise,
 While the light they scorned and slighted
 Never more shall cheer their eyes !

A HEBREW MELODY.

ON Carmel's brow the wreathy vine
Had all its honours shed,
And o'er the vales of Palestine
A sickly paleness spread ;
When the old seer, by vision led
And energy sublime,
Into that shadowy region sped
To muse on distant time.

He saw the valleys far and wide,
But sight of joy was none ;
He looked o'er many a mountain's side,
But silence reigned alone ;
Save that a boding voice sung on
By wave and waterfall,
As still, in harsh and heavy tone,
Deep unto deep did call.

ON Kison's strand and Ephratah
The hamlets thick did lie—
No wayfarer beneath he saw,
No Asherite passed by ;
No maiden at her task did ply,
Nor sportive child was seen ;
The lonely dog barked wearily
Where dwellers once had been.

O beauteous were the palaces
On Jordan wont to be,
And still they glimmered to the breeze
Like stars beneath the sea !
But vultures held their jubilee
Where harp and cymbal rung ;
And there, as if in mockery,
The baleful satyr sung.

But who had seen that prophet's eye
On Carmel that reclined ;
It looked not on the times gone by,
But those that were behind ;
His grey hair streamed upon the wind,
His hands were raised on high,
As, mirrored on his mystic mind,
Arose futurity.

He saw the feast in Bozrah spread,
Prepared in ancient day ;
Eastward away the eagle sped,
And all the birds of prey.
" Who's this," he cried, " comes by the way
Of Edom, all divine,
Travelling in splendour, whose array
Is red, but not with wine ?"

Blest be the Herald of our King
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.

Hugo.

THE CURSE FULFILLED.

LUKE XXI. 24.

SALEM! there was a day when joy was thine,
 When no rude stranger grasped his iron rod,
 When freedom held her rule in Palestine,
 And Israel's children bow'd to Israel's God.

There was a day when heaven-born rays of love
 Poured their full radiance on a line of kings,
 And earth's best vineyard, watered from above,
 Was shadowed over with Jehovah's wings.

There were the stores of high and sacred lore,
 The purest wisdom that the world possessed;
 These winged the soul, supplied the power to soar,
 And gather tidings of an endless rest.

Thine was the temple of historic fame—
 The first oblation of the wisest king,
 The pomp of sacrifice, the censer's flame,
 Both mystic emblems of a better thing.

But ah, no more these gleams of day remain,
 Past like a moon-beam from the mountain's height,
 From Tabor's mount to Esdraelon's plain,
 See the broad shadows of a cheerless night.

Where is thy temple now? forgotten—gone!
 Thy princes scattered in the dust of Time;
 And the bright sun that once on Israel shone
 Has fixed his glory in a happier clime.

That sun was He whose everlasting throne
 Stands inaccessible on Zion's hill,
 Who trod the wine-press patient and alone,
 The faithful herald of His Father's will.

O'er thy devoted sons His tears were shed,
Yet could no tears dissolve those hearts of pride,
Like a submissive lamb to slaughter led,
For thee, the holiest stem of Jesse died.

Years have swept by and heaven's triumphant light,
In heathen lands, has changed the rebel will,
Has forced a passage to the realms of night,
But Israel's sons are unbelievers still.

Yet God hath said that brighter days shall break
When faith shall triumph and rebellion cease ;
When the four winds shall cause the dead to wake,
And Israel's wandering remnant rest in peace.

CROSSMAN.

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

Where is the beauty of that ancient land
 Where patriarchs fed their flocks by living streams?
 Still tower to heaven its mountain summits grand,
 Still o'er them flings the sun his glorious beams—
 But bowed on Lebanon the cedar's pride,
 Nor vine nor olive waves on Carmel's rugged side.

Where is the melody of sacred song
 That floated tuneful down the vales of yore,
 Where David led triumphant choirs along,
 Or Miriam's timbrel swelled on Elim's shore?
 Faint are the quivering notes, and sad, and low,
 That now in doubt and gloom from Judah's children flow.

The cultured plains, once rich with milk and wine,
 Are turned to deserts, 'neath a stranger's tread;
 The land in ashes, mourns her banished line,
 Nor yields her fruits a tyrant's board to spread;
 While through remotest climes her thousands sigh
 To reach their lonely home, and bless it ere they die.

For be their dwellings in earth's fairest plains,
 They still an exile's pensive spirit bear—
 To them, nor hope, nor joy, nor wish remains,
 But, turned to Zion, fondly centres there;
 They mourn it now, as on the willowy shore
 Where far Euphrates rolls, of old they wept it sore.

A time draws nigh shall bid your sorrows cease,
 Seed of the Highest! yet a little while
 And all your wandering shall close in peace,—
 Again for you shall Canaan's beauty smile;
 And where the cloud of heaven's dire vengeance lowered,
 O'er the rejoicing land heaven's sunshine shall be poured.

Then shall the gathering tribes from Sinai's height,
And dewy Hermon, strain their eager gaze
To view, through distance blue, or vista bright,
Each vale, each sacred stream of former days;
While from Amana's top shall burst the voice
Of loudest praise, and bid the listening earth rejoice.

No more shall dark Moriah's brow be crowned
With idol forms, that shame the blushing day,
Her King again shall bless the hallowed ground,
The hills of myrrh exultant own his sway,
His temple rising, evermore shall stand
The glory of all earth, the joy of every land.

With trembling awe shall Judah's children throng
To tread the sides of blood-stained Calvary,
To bless the Man of Woes—rejected long—
For love that lived through all His agony,
And watched, through ages, their ungrateful race,
That hatred gave for love, and scorn for pardoning grace.

His pitying look shall melt their contrite souls,
His smile celestial comfort shall infuse,
As on to endless day Time's chariot rolls
From pole to pole shall spread the joyful news,
Till earth, with rays of Salem's glory bright,
To darkness bids farewell, and springs to life and light.

M. L. D.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

KING of the dead ! how long shall sweep
Thy wrath—how long thy outcasts weep ?
Two thousand agonising years
Has Israel steeped her bread in tears—
The vial on her head been poured,
Flight, famine, shame, the scourge, the sword !
'Tis done ! Has breathed the trumpet blast,
The Tribes at length have wept their last !
On rolls the host ! from land and wave
The earth sends up th' unransomed slave.
There rides no glittering chivalry,
No banner purples in the sky ;
The world within their hearts hath died ;
Two thousand years have slain their pride !
The look of pale remorse is there,
The lip, involuntary prayer ;
The form still marked with many a stain—
Brand of the soil, the scourge, the chain ;
The serf of Afric's fiery ground—
The slave by Indian suns embrowned ;
The weary drudges of the oar,
By the swart Arab's poison'd shore,
The gathering of earth's wildest tract,
On bursts the living cataract !
What strength of man can check its speed ?
They come—the nation of the Freed ;
Who leads their march ? Beneath His wheel
Back rolls the sea, the mountains reel !
Before their tread, His trump is blown,
Who speaks in thunder and 'tis done !
King of the dead ! oh, not in vain
Was thy long pilgrimage of pain ;

O, not in vain arose thy prayer
When pressed the thorn thy temples bare ;
O, not in vain the voice that cried
To spare thy maddened homicide !
Even for this hour thy heart's blood streamed—
They come ! The Host of the Redeemed !

CROLY.

A GREAT SIGHT.

“ And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight,
why the bush is not burnt.”—Exod. iii. 3.

O SAY, in all the bleak expanse,
Is there a spot to win your glance
So bright, so dark as this ?
A hopeless faith, a homeless race,
Yet seeking the most holy place,
And owning the true bliss !

Salted with fire, they seem to show
How spirits lost in endless woe
May undecaying live !
O, sickening thought ! yet hold it fast
Long as this glittering world shall last,
Or sin at heart survive.

And hark ! amid the flashing fire,
Mingling with tones of fear and ire,
Soft Mercy's undersong—
'Tis Abraham's God who speaks so loud,
His people's cries have pierced the cloud,
He sees—He sees their wrong.

He is come down to break their chain,
Though never more on Zion's fane
His visible ensign wave ;
'Tis Zion wheresoe'er they dwell,
Who, with His own true Israel,
Shall own Him strong to save.

He shall redeem them one by one,
Where'er the world-encircling sun
Shall see them meekly kneel ;
All that He asks on Israel's part,
Is only that the captive heart
Its woe and burden feel.

Gentiles ! with fixed yet awful eye,
Turn ye this page of mystery,
Nor slight the warning sound :
" Put off thy shoes from off thy feet—
The place where man his God shall meet,
Be sure, is holy ground."

KEBLE.

REDEMPTION.

HARK! 'tis the prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near;
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.

Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.

To heal her wounds, her night dispel,
The heralds cross the main,
On Calvary's awful brow they tell
That Jesus lives again.

From Salem's towers the Islam sign
With holy zeal is hurled;
'Tis there Immanuel's symbols shine,
His banner is unfurled.

The gladdening news, conveyed afar,
Remotest nations hear,
To welcome Judah's rising star
The ransomed tribes appear.

Again in Bethlehem swells the song,
The choral breaks again---
While Jordan's shores the strains prolong,
" Goodwill and peace to men !"

TAPPAN.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem ! how glad should I have been,
 Could I, in my lone wanderings, thine aged walls have seen ;
 Could I have gazed upon the dome above thy towers that swells,
 And heard, as evening's sun went down, thy parting camels' hells.

Could I have stood on Olivet, where once the Saviour trod,
 And from its height looked down upon the city of our God !
 For is it not, Almighty God, the holy city still,
 Though there thy prophets walk no more, that crowns Moriah's
 hill.

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed, the streets of Salem now,
 Nor are their voices lifted up on Zion's saddened brow ;
 Nor are their garnished sepulchres with pious sorrow kept,
 Where once the same Jerusalem that killed them came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham with joy upon it look,
 And lay their ashes at its feet, that Kedron's feeble brook
 Still washes, as its waters creep along their rocky bed,
 And Israel's God is worshipped yet where Zion lifts her head.

Jerusalem, I would have seen thy precipices steep—
 The trees of palm that overhang thy gorges dark and deep ;
 The goats that cling along thy cliffs and browse upon thy rocks,
 Beneath whose shade lie down alike thy shepherds and their
 flocks.

I would have mused, while night hung out her silver lamp so pale
 Beneath those ancient olive trees that grow in Kedron's vale,
 Whose foliage from the pilgrim hides the city's wall sublime,
 Whose twisted arms and gnarled trunks defy the scythe of Time.



The Garden of Gethsemane, those aged olive trees
 Are shading yet, and in their shade I would have sought the
 breeze
 That, like an angel, bathed the brow, and bore to heaven the
 prayer
 Of Jesus, when in agony he sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary, and where the Marys stood
 Bewailing loud the crucified, as near him as they could—
 I would have stood till night o'er earth her heavy pall had thrown,
 And thought upon my Saviour's cross, and learned to bear my
 OWN.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *thy* cross thou bearest now—
 An iron yoke is on thy neck, and blood is on thy brow ;
 Thy golden crown, the crown of truth, thou didst reject as dross,
 And now thy cross is on thee laid—the crescent is thy cross.

It was not mine, nor will it be, to see the bloody rod
 That scourgeth thee, and long hath scourged, thou city of our
 God ;
 But round thy hill the spirits throng of all thy murdered seers,
 And voices that went up from it are ringing in my ears—

Went up that day, when darkness fell from all thy firmament,
 And shrouded thee at noon ; and when thy Temple's vail was
 rent,
 And graves of holy men, that touched thy feet, gave up their
 dead—
 Jerusalem, thy prayer is heard—*His blood is on thy head.*

PIERPONT.

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

THEN the Deliverance comes; the crimson scroll
 Writ with the madness of six thousand years,
 Shall be as snow; from heaven the clouds shall roll,
 The earth no longer be a vale of tears.
 Speed on your swiftest wings, ye golden spheres,
 To bring the splendours of that morning nigh!
 Already the forgiven desert bears
 The rose; the Pagan lifts the adoring eye,
 The exiled Hebrew seeks the day-break in the sky.

I see the tribes returning in their pomp!
 Before them moves the Babe of Bethlehem's star;
 They come with shout, and hymn, and uplift trump,
 That rang of old on Zion's holy car.
 They come from every region wild and far
 That woe e'er trod, with every swarthy stain
 Of storm and slavery, and barbaric war—
 Sons of the desert, dungeon, mountain, main,
 Turbann'd, and capp'd, and helm'd, a countless, boundless train!

Ancient of days! that high above all height
 Sitt'st on the circle of eternity,
 The hour shall come when all shall know thy might,
 And earth be heaven, for it shall look on thee.
 Blessed be the eye that lives that day to see!
 The grave may wrap me ere its glorious sun,
 Even Father, as Thou wilt, but Thou art He
 That sees the sparrow perish from His throne.
 Father! in life or death, Thy sovereign will be done.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"
 "The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire,
 enquire ye: return, come."—Isa. xxi. 11, 12.

WHAT of the night? What of the night?
 Is the glad morning near?
 Much longer must we wait for light
 Amid the darkness drear?

The night is waning fast away,
 The morning cometh soon;
 Meanwhile a soft and cheering ray
 Is lent us by the moon;
 And stars with purest lustre glow
 O'er all th' expanse of heaven;
 And light enough, our path to show,
 To pilgrims here is given.

"As in a glass, with open face
 The glory of the Lord,"
 Reflected in His works we trace,
 And beaming in His Word.
 But while that light such bliss imparts,
 Ah! can we e'er forget
 That race upon whose blinded hearts
 The veil is hanging yet?

Or can we ever cease to pray
 That light on them may rise,
 And that the Lord may take away
 The scales from off their eyes;
 That after Him they may "inquire,"
 And yet "return and come."
 And feel the prodigal's desire
 For the lost joys of home?

For, surely as the morn is near,
The night, too, shall return—
A night more desolate and drear
Than that which now we mourn,—
A night upon whose cheerless gloom
No dawn shall ever break,
No, not when from the rending tomb
The startled dead awake ;

For then shall deeper, darker woe,
O'er the lost spirit reign,
Than here the guiltiest soul may know
While life and hope remain.

SMALL.

A LAY OF PALESTINE ;

I SAMUEL xvii. 3.

In Elah's vale, at summer eve,
 The pilgrim oft delays
 O'er the now faded joy, to grieve
 For Israel's brighter days ;
 And lingers 'neath the silent shade
 Of many an olive wood,
 Where once, in glittering lines arrayed,
 The hostile legions stood.

In Elah's vale a brook's cool waves
 With silv'ry lustre gleam,
 And many a lovely floweret laves
 Its blossom in the stream.
 The murmuring bee doth revel here,
 And in the sultry ray
 Oft doth the way-worn traveller
 His parching thirst allay.

There, in the lapse of ages fled,
 The fearless shepherd took
 His weapons from the pebbly bed
 Of this pellucid brook ;
 Upheld by energy divine,
 As sacred records tell,
 And soon the giant Philistine
 Before the stripling fell.

Though dimm'd be Israel's glory now—
 Forlorn but not forsaken—
 Hope doth impart a fervent glow,
 The breath of prayer to waken,
 That still the bright and morning star
 May shed a healing ray ;
 The harbinger to realms afar,
 Of Israel's happier day.

T. G. NICHOLAS.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THE BAY
OF CARMEL.

THESE deep blue waters lave the shore
Of Israel, as in days of yore ;
Though Zion like a field is ploughed,
And Salem's covered with a cloud—
Though briers and thorns are tangled o'er,
Where vine and olive twined before—
Though turbaned Moslems tread the gate,
And Judah sits most desolate—
Their nets o'er Tyre the fishers spread,
And Carmel's top is withered ;
Yet still these waters clasp the shore
As kindly as they did before !
Such is Thy love to Judah's race,
A deep, unchanging tide of grace.
Though scattered now at Thy command,
They pine away in every land,
With trembling heart and failing eyes—
And deep the veil on Israel lies—
Yet still Thy word Thou canst not break.
" Beloved for their Father's sake !"

M'CHENE.

JACOB'S SEED.

" I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain."

ISA. xlv. 19.

THE Lord will not forget the grace
 Reserv'd for faithful Abraham's race ;
 His love their wand'rings shall restore,
 And guide them that they stray no more.

Israel! 'tis thine accepted day,
 Thy God Himself prepares the way ;
 Behold the ensign from afar :
 Behold the light of Jacob's Star !

That Star which once on Bethlehem rose,
 A token o'er thy mountain grows ;
 The morn of earth's blest jubilee,
 Sheds its sweet early light on thee.

And Thou, who once on Israel's ground
 A homeless wanderer wast found ;
 Redeemer! on Thy heavenly throne,
 Still call that ancient church Thine own.

Bid her departed light return—
 Thy holy splendour round her burn—
 From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
 A living temple to Thy praise.

ANON.

DELIVERANCE TO THE CAPTIVES.

On the mountain tops appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing—
 Zion long in hostile lands;
 Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
 All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
 Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
 By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
 Cease thy mourning—Zion still is well belov'd.

Lo! thy sun is risen in glory,
 God himself appears thy friend,
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boast and triumphs end;
 Great deliverance Zion's king vouchsafes to send.

Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is pass'd,
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 Days of peace are come at last;
 All thy conflicts end in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

THE HEBREW MOURNER.

Why trembling and sad dost thou stand there and mourn,
Son of Israel! the days that can never return;
And why do those tear drops of misery fall
On the mouldering ruin—the perishing wall?
Was yon city, in robes of the heathen now clad,
Once the flourishing Zion, where Judah was glad?
And those walls, that disjointed and scattered lie,
Were they once reared to heaven, and hallowed on high?

Yet why dost thou mourn? O, to gladness awaken,
Though Jehovah, this city of God hath forsaken,
He preserves to His people a city more fair,
Which the ruthless invader no longer shall share.
No longer the tear for yon city shall flow,
No longer thy bosom the sad sigh bestow;
But night shall be followed by glorious day,
And sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.

ANON.

YE SHALL SEEK ME, &c.

JOHN vii. 34.

GREAT God of Abram, hear our prayer,
Let Abram's seed thy mercy share ;
O may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierc'd and mourn !

Remember Jacob's flock of old,
Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold ;
Remember too thy promis'd word,
" Israel at last shall seek the Lord."

Lord, put thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts ;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

O ! haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng)
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

DAVIES.

THE SAVIOUR'S DECLARATION.

ISAIAH xlix. 15, 16.

Hast thou, upon a mother's breast,
Beheld a sucking child?
And seen her nurse it to rest,
And smile as it has smiled?
The light of her maternal eye,
Love's fairest, brightest token,
Bespeaks so near, so dear a tie,
As scarcely can be broken.

And think'st thou, Zion, my beloved,
Thou timid child of fear,
That mother's heart can ere be moved
From one she loves so dear?
Ah, yes, 'tis true, she may forsake,
All nature's bonds may sever;
But mine's a bond I will not break,
O! I'll forget thee—never.

Then fear not, my beloved one,
The price is paid for thee;
The battle's fought, the work is done,
And thou art wholly free;
Though ever doubting, thou shalt share
Thy bridegroom's coming glory!
Thy name upon my palms I bear,
Thy walls are eye before me.

S O N G

OF A RETURNING HEBREW AT JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
Thou city of the blest,
I come, beneath thy hallowed soil,
To lay my bones to rest.
It is not mine to see thee rise,
In glory from the dust;
But God, the God of Abraham,
Is kind as well as just.
And happy but to die in thee,
I hail the sacred ground,
Where rest from all their wanderings
The sons of Jacob found.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy towers shall rise again,
When comes the Lord's anointed One,
In majesty to reign.
My sun will shortly set; but thou
In glory shalt appear;
Thy King, the God of all the earth,
Thy name—"The Lord is here."
And Gentiles who have spurn'd thee long
Shall make thy glory known;
While all conspire to honour thee,
My father's land! my own!

RAAG.

JERUSALEM.

Four lamps were burning o'er two mighty graves—
 Godfrey's and Baldwin's—Salem's Christian kings ;
 And holy light glanced from Helena's naves,
 Fed with the incense which the pilgrim brings,
 While through the panell'd roof the cedar flings
 Its scented arms o'er choir, and roof, and dome,
 And every porphyry-pillar'd cloister rings
 To every kneeler there its "welcome home,"
 As every lip breathes out, "O Lord, thy kingdom come."

A mosque was garnish'd with its crescent moons,
 And a clear voice call'd Mussulmans to prayer ;
 There were the splendours of Judah's thrones—
 There were the trophies which its conqueror's wear—
 All but the truth, the holy truth, was there :
 For there, with lip profane, the crier stood,
 And him from the tall minaret you might hear,
 Singing to all whose steps had thither trod,
 That verse misunderstood, "There is no God but God."

Hark ! did the pilgrim tremble as he kneel'd ?
 And did the turban'd Turk his sins confess ?
 Those mighty hands the elements that wield,
 That mighty power that knows to curse or bless,
 Is over all ; and in whatever dress
 His suppliants crowd around Him, He can see
 Their heart, in city or in wilderness,
 And probe its core, and make its blindness flee,
 Owing Him very God, the only Deity.

There was an earthquake once that rent thy fane,
 Proud Julian, when (against the prophecy
 Of Him who lived, and died, and rose again,
 "That one stone on another should not lie")
 Thou would'st rebuild that Jewish masonry
 To mock the eternal word.—The earth below
 Gush'd out in fire; and from the brazen sky
 And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow,
 As saw not Shinar's plain, nor Babel's overthrow.

Another earthquake comes,—dome, roof, and wall
 Tremble; and headlong to the grassy bank
 And in the muddied stream the fragments fall,
 While the rent chasm spread its jaws, and drank
 At one huge draught the sediment, which sank
 In Salem's drained goblet. Mighty Power!
 Thou whom we all should worship, praise, and thank,
 Where was thy mercy in that awful hour,
 When hell moved from beneath, and thine own heaven
 did lower?

Say, Pilate's palaces, proud Herod's towers—
 Say, gate of Bethlehem, did your arches quake?
 Thy pool, Bethesda, was it fill'd with showers?
 Calm Gihon, did the jar thy waters wake?
 Tomb of thee—Mary, virgin—did it shake?
 Glow'd thy bought field, Aceldama, with blood?
 Where were the shudderings Calvary might make?
 Did sainted mount Moriah send a flood,
 To wash away the spot where God himself once stood?

Lost Salem of the Jews—great sepulchre
 Of all profane and of all holy things—
 Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur
 To make thee what thou art! thy history brings
 Thoughts mix'd with joy and woe. The whole earth rings

With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have shelter'd with his holy wings
Thee and thy children. You His power defied:
Ye scourged Him while he lived, and mock'd Him as
he died!

There is a star in the untroubled sky
That caught the first light which its Maker made,
It led the hymn of other orbs on high;—
'Twill shine when all the fires of heaven shall fade.
Pilgrims at Salem's porch, be that your aid!
For it has kept its watch on Palestine!
Look to its holy light, nor be dismay'd,
Though broken is each consecrated shrine,
Though crush'd and ruin'd all which men have call'd
divine.

BRAINARD.

THE HOPE OF ISRAEL.

CAME they not from the house of bondage forth—
 From Egypt and her tyrant king?
 Shook not the earth—did not the trembling sea
 Its waves obedient backward fling?
 Then whelm stern Pharaoh in its reflux tide,
 While Israel hymned her conquering God and guide!

Did not the desert yield them heavenly food—
 The rock pour forth a living stream?
 While the cloud-pillar led their steps by day,
 By night an uncreated beam!
 Recoiled not Jordan from their hallowed tread,
 Till to the promised land unchecked they sped!

They conquered, reigned, sinned, and were chastened sore;
 Wielded by God's avenging hand,
 The pestilence, the famine, and the sword,
 Swept wasteful o'er the guilty land;
 The prophet's warning voice is raised in vain—
 In foreign lands they drag the captive's chain.

In their affliction to their God they turned;
 He, pitying, heard their contrite cries—
 Restored them to their loved Jerusalem,
 And bade her walls and towers arise
 In renovated beauty, while the song
 Of joy swelled loud from Judah's ransomed throng.

Judah returned; but where was Ephraim still?
 Where the lost ten of Jacob's race?

Roam they through distant deserts wild and vast,
 Without a home or resting place ?
 Is their's the fettered captive's hopeless doom—
 Find they no peace, no refuge, but the tomb ?

Again stern war beleaguers Salem's towers,
 'Tis conquering Rome's remorseless tread ;
 The eagle, speeding to his gory feast,
 Swoops on the dying and the dead.
 'Tis done—the temple burns, and Judah, thou
 Art crownless, sceptreless, and homeless now !

Thus was the page of prophecy fulfilled ;
 But was this all the light it gave ?
 Did it reveal Jehovah strong to smite,
 And not Jehovah strong to save ?
 Beheld the seer, guilt, judgments, woes to be,
 Yet would no future peace, bliss, glories, see ?

No ! down the vistas of approaching years
 Triumphant visions met his gaze ;
 Lo ! Zion's daughter from the dust uprears
 Her prostrate form, around her blaze
 The glories of her King, the Mighty One,
 The Lord of Hosts, from His eternal throne !

And lo ! from distant east, west, north, and south,
 Trooping in countless throngs they come ;
 Rivers, seas, deserts, smile around their steps,
 While haste the God-led pilgrims home.
 All, all return ; in wond'rous union join
 Thy rod, O Judah, and lost Ephraim thine !

Yes, there they come from their long banishments ;
In vain the nations rage, the Lord
Hath for his battle-bow strong Judah bent,
His quiver is with Ephraim stored ;
The alien armies perish in his ire,
For Jacob's God is a consuming fire !

Awake, awake, O Zion, in thy might !
Put on thy strength, thou rescued one !
Lift up thy voice, sing to the Lord thy God,
Who wond'rous things for thee hath done !
Who hath redeemed, sustained thee on thy way,
Thou mother of a nation in one day !

Arise, ye nations, hasten to behold
Salem, the joy of all the earth ;
The holy city of the mighty God,
Whence issue life's pure waters forth !
Shout, earth ! for now o'er all thy wide domains
The Lord our God, and his Anointed, reigns !

HETHERINGTON.

JUDAH'S CURSE.

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! my heart o'erflows mine eyes
 When on thy sacred hills I see the Moslem's towers arise;
 Will nothing move thy long-lost sons to burst their captive chains,
 And humbly ask of heaven the cause, why thus their land remains?

Without a king, without a priest, the wand'ring outcasts stray,
 Despised, reviled, and still oppress'd, hope gleams not on their
 way;

And now their foes, with malice fraught, that ancient charge
 maintain,

Of mingling with their paschal rite a human victim slain.

Oh, Judah, weep, in anguish weep, a deeper stain imbrues
 Thy uncleansed hand than all the guilt which this wide world
 bedews!

Through eighteen hundred centuries that bitter curse has sped—
 "His blood" (the Lamb of Calvary's) "be on our children's head."

Those crimson drops pursue ye still, as round the world ye roam,
 With more than pagan rites they would pollute your much-
 loved home;

And never will your cruel foes from bitter taunts refrain,
 Until with weeping eyes ye seek the Lord whom ye have slain!

For think ye 'twas some common deed of wilful murder done,
 From age to age thus visited, from suffering sire to son;
 Full many a saint, and many a sage, and royal martyrs too,
 Have since that period bled, yet ne'er such vengeance did ensue.

No, Judah! 'twas thy sovereign Lord, the great creator, He
 Who bowed his head in agony on the accursed tree!
 Then seek no more with impious arm heaven's justice to endure,
 Since what was lightly once esteemed thy curse, is now thy cure.

He died for thee ! yes, *first* for thee, that precious blood was spilt,
But ah, the thought must aggravate thy sorrow as thy guilt,
Full well He knew no other stream could e'er new life impart,
And so he oped his bleeding side, to warm thy clay-cold heart.

Oh, then to cleanse, not to condemn, be now his blood applied,
And wonder at the power and love that yields th' ensanguined
 tide—

That makes thy unbelief a sin, all hateful though they be,
A means to bless the Gentile world, and then to pardon thee !

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM ! thou city of the Great Eternal King !
 The spirit of unnumbered years comes o'er me as I sing ;
 I view thy fallen tow'rs and tombs, and piles of ruins grey,
 And think upon thy glorious sons, thy children, where are they ?

Monarch and mighty one of old, prophet and royal seer,
 Chief captains, high estates, and priests of princely rank appear ;
 I see their wondrous shadows sweep in radiant glory past,
 Like clouds upon the whirlwind's wing when morning swells
 the blast.

Like golden clouds on tempest's wing, when sun of morn looks
 down

O'er warring winds, in majesty, with sceptre's sway and crown,
 When from his palace in the east, his beauteous pomp rolls out,
 The storms exulting hail him, and the stars, departing, shout.

Those forms of light, in vision bright, float transiently away,
 But lo ! o'er earth bursts forth a sun, at whose omnific ray
 The dead, laid deep in dreamless sleep, rending the silent tomb,
 Shall rise and reign a thousand years, in life's unfaded bloom.

He comes ! He comes ! o'er Zion's walls, plenteous in truth and
 grace,

To gather in her scattered sons, his ancient chosen race ;
 Beauty for ashes, oil of joy, and balm for every woe,
 Jeshurun's God, to her loved tribes, shall bounteously bestow.

Though enemies and aliens long in her blest courts have trod,
 Unhallowed hands have strewed in dust the holy house of God,
 Yet now her chains are breaking, and the dark clouds fleeing fast,
 And soon her ransomed sons shall sing, The tyranny 's o'erpast.

RESTORATION FROM CAPTIVITY.

OH, when the Lord restored us to our land,
How did deliverance seem?
A bright, transporting dream!
We laughed for joy, in many a tuneful band.
The heathen cried, even they Thy hand perceived—
“Great things for Zion has their God achieved.”

He hath wrought great things, wherefore we are glad;
Lord! turn the captive train
Like torrents after rain.

Let those reap joy whose seed time was most sad.
He who now sows in scarcity, and grieves,
Shall come home laden with his golden sheaves.

CONDER.

THE GATHERING IN OF THE JEWS.

THE great river Euphrates shrinks low in its bed,
And a spirit's gone forth midst the bones of the dead—
Lo, the crescent is fading away and away,
And a nation in darkness is looking for day.

The glad stars of heaven shall be brighter this year,
The bright sun of heaven more brilliant appear;
And the queen of the heavens more mellowly shine
Over thee, O Jerusalem, and all Palestine.

The "Isles of the West," they are waiting for thee,
And the proud "ships of Tarshish" are rolling at sea
With the wealth of a world to furnish thy halls,
For the sons of the stranger shall build up thy walls.

With the flowers of the spring shall the hopes of a race
Bud forth into promise, and the faithful shall trace
In the dark "roll" of prophecy, brightly unfurl'd,
Truths to shatter the heart of an infidel world.

There's a light to appear, there's a star to arise,
To warm all our hearts, and to glad all our eyes,
The flood of its brightness shall burst forth around,
And a desolate land with its glory be crowned.

The wall of a people has risen on high—
Their travail is o'er and their triumph is nigh;
Let the nations of Europe kneel down and adore,
For the "sanctuary's cleansed," and "the vision" is o'er.

SONG OF A CAPTIVE JEW IN BABYLON.

LET the proud veil of darkness be rolled from before thee,
O Lord ! and descend on the wing of the storm,
Dispersed or enslaved are the saints that adore thee,
And the rude hands of strangers thy temples deform.

And Salem, our Salem, lies low and degraded,
While far from her ruins in exile we pine—
Yet still is the hope of thy remnant unfaded,
The hand that implants it, Jehovah, is Thine.

Alas ! we were warned, but we recked not the warning,
Till our warriors grew weak in the day of despair,
And our glory was fled, as the light cloud of morning
That gleams for a moment, and melts into air.

As the proud heathens trampled o'er Zion's sad daughter,
She wept tears of blood o'er her guilt and her woe,
For the voice of her God had commissioned the slaughter,
The rod of His vengeance had pointed the blow.

Though foul are the sins, oh, lost one, that stained thee,
The blood of atonement can wash them away ;
Though galling and base are the bonds that enchain thee,
The God who imposed them can lighten the sway.

For a star yet shall rise o'er the darkness of Judah,
A branch yet shall flourish on Jesse's proud stem ;
And Zion shall triumph o'er those that subdued her—
Yes, triumph in giving a Saviour to them !

DALE.

A CALL TO ZION.

SING, thou barren and forsaken,
Live no more a fruitless vine—
Lift, O lift thy voice, awaken,
For on thee thy sun shall shine ;
Sing triumphant—
Children numberless are thine.

Stretch thy spreading curtains proudly
O'er the distant heathen lands,
" Spare not," hail thy compeers loudly,
Strengthen thine unbroken bands ;
Thy cords lengthen,
With thee work th' Almighty hands.

Shoot thy branches o'er the mountain,
Shake thy ripen'd fruit abroad ;
Let thy life-bestowing fountain
To the nations life afford ;
Take possession—
Lo, the Gentiles hail thy Lord !

BAKER.

ZION'S SALVATION.

“Thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise.”

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :

“O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.”

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow,
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

A JEWISH ANTHEM.

RECITATIVE.

WHERE yon sad ruin crowns Moriah's steep,
 Thy humbled remnant, Judah, sits to weep;
 Thy gath'ring thousands press the hallow'd ground,
 Bare are their feet, their loins with sackcloth bound,
 The book of sorrows* to their hearts they press,
 And tears and songs bewail their deep distress.

SONG.

Woe to our fathers, woe!
 They have transgress'd Thy word;
 For offerings have ceased
 From the house of the Lord.
 Woe to our fathers, woe!

Woe to our high priests, woe!
 They have transgress'd Thy word;
 Burnt-offerings have ceased,
 Peace-offerings have ceased,
 From the temple of the Lord.
 Woe to our high priests, woe!

Remember, Lord, Thy people's crying;
 Remember, Lord, Thy first-born's sighing;
 Thy favour'd people's high estate,
 Now cast away and desolate;
 Remember, Lord, Thy first-born's love,
 The moaning of thy turtle-dove;
 Remember Zion's ruined fane,
 And build her hallowed towers again.

* The Lamentations of Jeremiah.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the prostrate myriads doom'd to moan
 Their fathers' crimes, their monarch's fallen throne ;
 Their Gentile-trodden courts, their servile fears,
 Their crimes unwashed by centuries of tears.
 Yet, hark again ! amidst their stifling sighs,
 A louder, loftier, chant begins to rise ;
 The voice of prayer cheers Judah's weeping throng,
 Faith warms the strain, and hope renews the song.

SONG.

He is mighty to build His house, speedily, speedily !
 Lord, build ; Lord, build ; build Thy house speedily !
 In haste, in haste, Thy temple raise,
 In haste, Lord, even in our days,
 Build Thy house speedily, speedily.

He is blessed, He is great,
 To build His house, speedily, speedily ;
 Our banner's strength, on Him we wait,
 To build His house, speedily, speedily !
 In haste, in haste, Thy temple raise ;
 In haste, Lord, even in our days,
 Build Thy house speedily, speedily.

RECITATIVE.

So sung sad Israel's remnant, while each press'd
 The roll of promise to his aching breast ;
 And as that prayer expired, by sobs subdued,
 One prophet-voice alone the theme pursued ;
 A pilgrim-prophet* from the west he came,
 Mercy's bright herald, in Immanuel's name.

* The Rev. Joseph Wolff.

SONG.

Israel, from thy dust, arise,
Speedily, speedily !
Drop the veil that shrouds your eyes,
Speedily, speedily ;
By the Spirit pour'd from heaven,
Grace and peace shall yet be given
To Calvary's blood-stained summit torn,
Look on Him you pierced and mourn !
See your Lord in Him who died,
Messiah in the crucified !
Then, Israel, shall your Monarch raise
His house in haste, even in our days,
Speedily, speedily.

THE REV. E. CRAIG.

ZION CALLED TO REJOICE.

Zion, awake, put on thy strength,
 Resume thy beautiful array ;
 The promised Saviour comes at length,
 To chase thy guilt and grief away ;
 Thee for His purchase God shall own,
 And save thee by His dying Son.

Jerusalem, be holy now,
 Satan no more shall dwell in thee ;
 Wash'd from thy sin, and white as snow,
 Prepare thy God, made man, to see ;
 Prepare Immanuel to behold,
 And hear His peaceful message told.

Shake off the dust, arise with speed,
 Too long hast thou a captive been ;
 Redemption's near, lift up thine head,
 And cast away the chains of sin—
 Forth from thy prison come, and shake
 The yoke of bondage from thy neck.

Though ye have sold yourselves for nought,
 And forfeited your claim to heaven,
 Accept the Saviour's love unbought,
 Your treason now is all forgiven ;
 My blood the fallen race restores,
 And saves without desert of yours.

Ye desert places sing for joy,
 Lost man your hymns of wonder raise,
 Let holy shouts invade the sky,
 And every altar flame with praise ;
 For I, almighty to redeem,
 Have comforted Jerusalem.

My arm's made bare for your defence,
To save my church from Satan's power :
Depart, depart, come out from thence,
Defile yourselves with sin no more ;
Be pure, ye priests, who preach my word,
And bear the vessels of the Lord.

Look out and see Immanuel come,
Myriads to sprinkle with His blood,
He many nations shall bring home,
And save them from the wrath of God ;
And earth's remotest bounds shall see
The great salvation wrought by me.

TOPLADY.

THE PROGRESS OF ISRAEL.

THEY trod in peace the Arab sand,
In martial pomp and show,
With banners spread and swords in hand,
None dared to be a foe.
Though wandering o'er the earth's wide face,
None dared molest the sacred race.

For o'er the ark still hover'd nigh
The mystic guide and shield;
A cloud, when day o'erspread the sky,
A flame, when night concealed.
This pointed out their devious way,
Or told their armies when to stay.

But, O! how changed from those glad times!
That wonder how reversed!
They wander still o'er different climes,
But joyless and accursed;
Their remnant scatter'd far and wide,
Without a God, without a guide.

ROCKS.

THE MOURNING CAPTIVES.

WHERE fair Euphrates' silver tide
Great Babylon surrounds,
Weary we sat us down and sigh'd,
Pierced by the captives' wounds.

We wept, as memory's wand restored
The city of our sires,
And on the drooping willows hung
Our long-neglected lyres.

"Sing us a song" ! our foes demand,
Though tears bedew'd our eye.
"How can we teach a foreign land
Lost Zion's melody?"

How can we touch the cords of mirth !
What tones shall we employ ?
While strangers waste our native earth,
How can we sing of joy !

SIGOURNEY.

JACOB'S WELL.

HERE, after Jacob parted from his brother,
 His daughters linger'd round this well, new-made,
 Here, seventeen centuries after, came another,
 And talk'd with Jesus, wondering and afraid.
 Here, other centuries past, the emperor's mother
 Shelter'd its waters with a temple's shade,
 Here, 'mid the fallen fragments, as of old,
 The girl her pitcher dips within its waters cold.

And Jacob's race grew strong for many an hour,
 Then torn beneath the Roman eagle lay;
 The Roman's vast and earth-controlling power
 Has crumbled like these shafts and stones away;
 But still the waters, fed by dew and shower,
 Come up, as ever, to the light of day,
 And still the maid bends downward with her urn,
 Well pleased to see its glass her lovely face return.

And those few words of truth, first utter'd here,
 Have sunk into the human soul and heart;
 A spiritual faith dawns bright and clear,
 Dark creeds and ancient mysteries depart;
 The hour for God's true worshippers draws near;
 Then mourn not o'er the wrecks of earthly art:
 Kingdoms may fall, and human works decay,
 Nature moves on unchanged—Truths never pass away.

CLARKE.

"SING US ONE OF THE SONGS OF ZION."

ON Judah's plains no throng is viewed,
Their voice of joy is still,
There is no festive multitude
On Judah's holy hill.

Amid her waste and grass-grown walls
The bittern calls his mate ;
There is no harp in Judah's hall,
No song in Judah's gate.

No more the timbrel's music floats,
Or cymbal's tones aspire,
Hushed are the viol's tuneful notes,
And mute her sacred choir.

No flame on Judah's altar burns,
No harp in Judah's fane ;
From clime to clime her offspring turns,
And bears the curse of Cain.

Wanderers and fugitives, bereft
Of rest and peace like him,
For God, an angry God, has left
His seat, the cherubim.

Then ye, who seek for Zion's peace,
And o'er her ruins mourn,
Let not your prayers and offerings cease
Till Judah's God return ;

And promised Zion's sacred domes
In nobler beauty rise,
Enriched with costlier hecatombs
Of free-will sacrifice.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

DAUGHTER of Zion, rise, awake, awake !
The gloom of thy deep solitude forsake,
Gather thy long and floating locks that lie
Soiled by the dust in careless misery.

Ah ! wipe away the staining tears that streak
The patient beauty of thy silent cheek,
Bid hope regain her throne of trembling light
In these sad eyes, long dimm'd by sorrow's night.

Wring not in hopeless woe each feeble hand,
But gaze in gladness o'er thy favoured land ;
And let the voice of song rejoicing roll
In tides of rapture from thy grateful soul.

Thou hast no cause to heave that doubting sigh,
The Great Deliverer of the Lord is nigh,
On the far hills how beautiful appear
His coming feet, for gentle peace is near ;
The Lord of Hosts resumes His sacred reign,
And smiles on sad Jerusalem again.

TAYLOR.

THE RABBI AND HIS DAUGHTER.

" My child, my beauteous child, thou canst not die !
Thou canst not leave thy father in his lone
And helpless age ! O, was it not enough,
That thus thy sainted mother in her prime
Should pass away ? My child, thou canst not die !
'Twould be to bring thy father's hoary head
With sorrow to the grave. How canst thou go
Ere yet Messiah come ? Behold ! I see
Bright on the mountain tops His glory dawn.
He cometh ; and glad Zion's daughters seize
The pleasant harp, and sing his kingdom near.
Lo ! they go forth with timbrels and the dance,
To meet the conqueror ! My beauteous child,
Art thou not in the dance ? thy silver voice,
Doth it not swell the melody ? O ! say,
When from the north, the south, the east, the west,
The tribes are flocking to Jerusalem,
Dost thou not go with them ? Is thy fair form
Beneath the stranger's soil ? and thy old father—
Doth weeping mingle with his feeble shout,
When he beholds the King ?"

Thus sadly spake
The Rabbi, while he bent his silvery head
Over his dying daughter's couch, nor checked
The tears that fell upon her pallid cheek.
Slowly the long dark fringes of her eyes
Were lifted ; and still beautiful, but glazed
With death, those eyes fixed on her father's face,

And in soft, whispering accents thus she spake ;—
 “ Weep not for me, my father ; I shall see
 The King in all his glory ; even this day
 I shall behold Him. Lo ! where throned He sits
 At God’s right hand ! His robe is as the light,
 Bound with a golden girdle ; white as snow
 His head ; His countenance as when the sun
 Shines in his strength ; His feet as burning brass ;
 His voice as many waters, yet most sweet.
 Illustrious stars are on His brow—His hands—
 His feet—His side—thence precious blood once flowed
 For my redemption. Father, I have prayed
 For thee to Jesus ;—thou shalt know Him too.”

Wild was the shriek with which the old man rushed
 Far from his daughter’s couch—he rent his clothes,
 And casting ashes on his head, exclaimed,
 “ A Nazarene ! a Christian ! wretched child,
 ’Twas hard to see thee die ; but thus to die,
 Owing the crucified, a recreant to heaven ;
 Ay ! this indeed will break thy father’s heart,
 And bring his head with sorrow to the grave.”

The sudden shock extinguishing the spark,
 The feeble spark that yet remained of life,
 She breathed her ransomed spirit lovingly
 Into the breast of Jesus. He received
 The precious gift ; and clothed in spotless white,
 With harp in hand (harp sweeter than on earth
 The daughters of glad Judah ever swept),
 He placed her mid the countless multitudes
 Who stand around the throne, whose rapturous songs
 In holy harmony for ever swell
 To Him, once slain, who washed them in His blood.

Gloom deep as night descended on the heart
Of the old Rabbi,—while each holy rite
The mourning women due observed with care,
And filled with sorrow's wail the dim abode.
Stern in his desolation, lone he sat
Upon the ground, in robe of sackcloth clad:
When lo! inscribed by her fair hand "My Father"
A packet small was placed all silently
Beside him; long he gazed but touched it not;
At length with trembling hand he opened it;
It was the Testament of Christ. In wrath
He cast it from him as a thing accursed.
Yet glowed the parent's heart within his breast,
The zealot could not quench its sacred flame;
He could not thus insult her latest gift;
Unseen he grasped it, and the precious boon
Placed in his bosom:—long it lay concealed.
But sad reclining one lone eve, he dared,
With beating heart, to read:—strange feelings thrilled
His inmost soul;—his daughter's prayer was heard;
Her dying words were verified;—he felt—
He owned that Jesus is the Christ. No more
Waits he the coming of a temporal king,
Nor pictures fair Jerusalem enthroned
Mistress of kingdoms, queen of vanquished lands,
Rearing aloft in proud supremacy,
While at her feet the trembling nations bow;
His heaven-illumed eye hath gladly hailed
A spiritual—a sin-subduing Lord,
A dying conqueror,—a King of glory,
Whose glory is his cross. All humbled now,
Adoring bends he at the Saviour's feet;
While with meek voice he whispers, "The Lord gave,
The Lord hath taken;—bless'd be His name!"

Yet deem not that the aged man forgets
Jerusalem : her name is on his heart.
He views her future glory pictured bright
By prophets and apostles, and he waits
In holy hope till Israel be restored :
When, not rejected and despised, but owned,
Ador'd and loved, the crucified shall wave
His red-cross banner o'er Jerusalem ;
And with his spiritual sceptre bright,
All gloriously amidst his ancients reign.

S. E. P.

PALESTINE.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song,
Where the holiest of memories, pilgrim-like, throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulun came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between ;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet in the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below ;
But where are the sisters that hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet.

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod ;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessings were heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restor'd and the healing was wrought.

O, here with His flock the sad wanderer came—
These hills he toil'd over in grief, are the same—
The founts where he drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on His brow.

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet ;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore thus dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him !

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness He moved among men ;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bow'd him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone ! but in glory and power,
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;
Unchang'd, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same !

WHITTIER.

MESSIAH THE PRINCE.

Friend of Judah.

WHENCE art thou, Mourner, abject, bleeding, lone,
 Thy beauties faded and thy glories gone?
 And wherefore wander thus from shore to shore,
 As if thou hadst a resting-place no more?

Daughter of Zion.

I was the Almighty's joy in ancient days,
 And brightly did my hallowed altars blaze;
 And as my spicy flames and fumes ascended,
 My gladsome songs with harp and timbrel blended.
 The nations came beneath my shade to rest,
 Besought my favour and pronounced me blest.
 But He has cast me forth a withered stem,
 And sapped the walls of His Jerusalem!

Friend of Judah.

Daughter of Zion! lost one! can it be,
 That 'tis thy wasted, widowed form I see?
 What hadst thou done, Jehovah's wrath to prove,
 Whose name is Faithful, and whose nature Love?

Daughter of Zion.

O! I had sinned, and wandered past belief:
 Not strange my wounds, nor undeserved my grief.
 Thick as the dews on Hermon's favoured hill,
 God's bounties came, His gifts pursued me still.

He fed me, as the shepherd feeds his flock,
 With bread from heaven, with water from the rock.
 Yet were my sins each morn, each evening new;
 I broke His statutes, and His prophets slew!

Friend of Judah.

Yet turn thee, Mourner! He is still the same,
 Not swift to vengeance, nor in haste to blame.
 Though great thy guilt, His goodness far exceeds,
 And like a cloud will hide thy darkest deeds.
 Seek but the fount, through which His mercies flow,
 Thy sins of scarlet He will make as snow.

Daughter of Zion.

Yes, there's a time, though yet, alas! concealed,
 When my Desire, my Prince, shall stand revealed;
 Let the Messiah come, my woes shall cease,
 And all my sufferings end in joy and peace.

Friend of Judah.

Alas! poor Mourner, those fond hopes are vain;
 Thy Prince has come; and comes but once again,
 In that dread hour when earth and seas are fled,
 To judge in righteousness the quick and dead.

Daughter of Zion.

When did He come? Through many an anxious year
 I've watched to see that Conqueror appear;
 Before whose presence all my foes shall fly,
 And whose compassion shall my sorrows dry;
 But His bright advent, by my seers foreshown,
 Has never yet on this lone earth been known.

Friend of Judah.

You knew Him not. Your fancy had portrayed
 An earthly prince, in earthly pomp arrayed ;
 You thought to see your ancient power restored,
 And your oppressors quail beneath your sword ;
 And thence were led to scorn His humble mien,
 And hate and slay the lowly Nazarene !

Daughter of Zion.

O ! name him not. It baffles my belief,
 That he, that abject one, that child of grief,
 Who, but for others, oft had wanted bread,
 And had at times no shelter for his head—
 That he could be the KING I longed to see,
 Or that His star could rise in Galilee.
 No ! He, who comes His mighty arm to bare,
 To burst my fetters, and my walls repair,
 Must be both David's Lord and David's Heir !

Friend of Judah.

And He was both, that Jesus you despise,
 Your own Jehovah in a mortal guise,
 And in Him met a thousand prophecies !
 Of David's line, and born in David's town,
 A virgin's son, the Plant of old renown ;
 A man of woes, yet armed with might so dread,
 He stilled the tempest, and He raised the dead ;
 No captive monarchs followed in His train,
 But never mourner sought His aid in vain ;
 He healed the sick, empowered the dumb to talk,
 Restored the maimed, and bade the cripple walk ;
 And, more than all, the outcast to allure,
 Proclaimed His glorious gospel to the poor !

You wounded, bruised Him, and though guiltless slew,
Yet He was wounded, bruised, and slain for you.
You knew not, when His sainted spirit fled,
That 'twas "the blood of sprinkling" you had shed;
But learn it now, all other hopes forego,
And in the Nazarene your Saviour know.
Through faith in Him shall all your sorrows cease,
For He 's the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace;
And while a healing balm His accents bring,
He is at once your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Through life He'll guide you, lead to Canaan's shore;—
And when your pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
He'll bring you to His banquet-house above,
And there His Banner o'er you shall be Love!

Daughter of Zion.

Thy words are daggers to my tortured soul!

Friend of Judah.

Come them to Him, and He will make you whole!

DR. HUIE.

JEWISH BATTLE SONG.

Ho! PRINCES of Jacob! the strength and the stay
 Of the daughter of Zion—now up, and away;
 Lo, the hunters have struck her, and bleeding alone
 Like a pard in the desert she maketh her moan;
 Up, with war-horse and banner, with spear and with sword,
 On the spoiler go down in the might of the Lord!

She lay sleeping in beauty, more fair than the moon,
 With her children about her, like stars in night's noon,
 When they came to her covert, these spoilers of Rome,
 And are trampling her children and rifling her home.
 O, up, noble chiefs! would you leave her forlorn,
 To be crush'd by the Gentile, a mock and a scorn?

Their legions and cohorts are fair to behold,
 With their iron-clad bosoms and helmets of gold;
 But, gorgeous and glorious in pride though they be,
 Their avarice is broad as the grasp of the sea;
 They talk not of pity—the mercies they feel
 Are cruel and fierce as their death-doing steel.

Will they laugh at the hind they have struck to the earth,
 When the bold stag of Naphtali bursts on their mirth?
 Will they dare to deride and insult, when in wrath
 The Lion of Judah glares wild in their path?
 O, say, will they mock us, when down on the plain
 The hoofs of our steeds thunder over their slain?

They come with their plumes tossing haughty and free,
 And white as the crest of the old hoary sea;
 Yet they float not so fierce as the wild lion's mane,
 To whose lair ye have track'd him, whose whelps ye have slain;
 But, dark mountain-archer, your sinews to-day
 Must be strong as the spear-shaft to drive in the prey.

And the tribes are all gathering, the valleys ring out
To the peal of the trumpet, the timbrel, the shout ;
Lo, Zebulun comes ; he remembers the day
When they perill'd their lives to the death in the fray,
And the riders of Naphtali burst from the hills
Like a mountain-swollen stream in the pride of its rills.

Like Sisera's rolls the foe's chariot-wheel,
And he comes, like the Philistine, girded in steel ;
Like both shall he perish, if ye are but men,
If your javelins and hearts are as mighty as them ;
He trusts in his buckler, his spear, and his sword—
His strength is but weakness—we trust in the Lord !

LXXX.

HOPE FOR THE JEW.

O who is the man that passeth us by
 With a joyless glance in his deep, dark eye?
 Either blighted hope, or sorrow, or pain,
 Curl his lip and his nostril with cold disdain.

He seemeth a wanderer full of care,
 With his thoughtful brow and his jetty hair—
 He dwelleth apart from the rest of men,
 And peace is his heart's rare denizen.

It is Judah's son in a Christian land,
 And he standeth where God's own people stand,
 Where the life streams flow o'er the fountain's brink,
 But he turneth away, and will not drink!

Alas! for the eyes which blindness hath sealed
 To the glorious light, by love revealed;
 Alas! for the footsteps that rudely stray,
 With never a guide, in a trackless way!

Where the ocean waves of the north lie bound
 In fetters of frost the long year round,
 E'en there he cometh, lone Israel's son,
 Poor homeless, desolate, wandering one!

'Mid the cities vast of temperate climes,
 Or the south with its wrecks of olden times,
 Can Jehovah His chosen tribes forget
 While His fair sky bendeth o'er Zion yet?

No! bitterly smitten, and scattered wide
 By the curse of the God they crucified,
 The sceptre of mercy those lips may kiss
 That are silent in utter hopelessness!

The eye of Jesus turns never away
From the path of His brethren, while they stray,
All ready to bring the weary in
To the Temple that knoweth no stain of sin.

The glory of Zion hath long gone by,
But the word of Jehovah cannot die ;
And to us the angelic task is given
To win lost Israel back to heaven.

O swifter yet speed, ye beautiful feet,
Till mercy and peace for ever meet,
When Judah's repentant voice shall rise
In tremulous joy to greet the skies !

EMILY.

PALESTINE.

THE rust is on thine armour, Palestine !

The plume is mouldering on thy golden crest ;

No more upon thy brow the jewels shine ;

The shroud is folded on thy weary breast—

Yet not the grave itself can give thee rest.

Wild sounds of war and woe around thee sweep !

Pale queen, thou liest in a tomb unblest—!

The orphans of the sword thy vigil keep ;

Strange life is in thee still, thy slumber is not sleep !

O to have seen thee in thy grandeur towering,

When inspiration lightened from thy throne,

When from his ivory halls and shades embowering

The oracle of nations, Solomon,

Saw the swart pilgrims of the torrid zone,

The fur-clad men who sit beneath the pole,

The bronze-checked sons of western worlds unknown—

All come to see his mighty hand unroll

The wonders of the earth, the secrets of the soul.

Nay, in thy deadliest day, Jerusalem,

My spirit would have clung to thee and thine,

And mixed my blood with Kishon's purple stream,—

I see the heathen serpent round thee twine

The coilings of the Legion's brazen line,

Folding in flame around thy temple-tower.

Wine-press of God ! harvest of wrath divine !

What groans of millions told thy final hour,

All ages' agony, all nations' claims, thy dower.

Then came the desert-wolves, the Saracen,
And wolf-like, tore thy remnants from the grave;
Then came the Turk, the tiger from his den,
And still oppression, like the Dead Sea wave,
Rolled o'er thee, Israel, of earth's slaves the slave!
Thy exiled footsteps trod earth's furthest land—
Earth's deepest dungeons heard thy anguish rave;
Still, in her proudest halls, or wildest strand,
Thy once-illustrious brow bore scorn's deep-graven brand.

But is there no new glory in the sky?
Is not the morn-star rising on the cloud?
What turns all nations to thee, heart and eye?
Why o'er thee rings the Arab trumpet proud?
Why are thy vales with Turkish slaughter ploughed?
Why on thy hills the thousand beacons gleam?
Is not the summons come to rend thy shroud?
To bid thy Urim and thy Thummim beam?
Rise, ransomed, from thy tomb, lost, loved Jerusalem!

ZION GLORIOUS!

Lo! founded by almighty hands,
Amid the holy mountains, Zion stands,
 Jehovah's own abode;
The sacred courts, where more He loves to dwell
Than in thy goodliest cities, Israel,
 What glories wait thee, city of our God!

Hereafter, at thy sacred seat
The Egyptian shall the proud Chaldean meet,
 With gifts shall hither come—
And swarthy Cush, and Tyre, and Palestine
Shall crowd thy gates, and call thy children thine,
 And boast of Zion as their native home.

Jehovah shall approve their claim,
And register full many a Gentile name
 Among the chosen race;
Nations unborn shall join the choral throng,
And swell the hallelujah's ceaseless song—
 Thou well-spring of my joy—thou holy, happy place!

CONDER.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

“ But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord, the veil shall be taken away.”—ST. PAUL.

I saw them in their synagogue,
 As in their ancient day,
 And never from my memory
 The scene will fade away.
 For, dazzling on my vision, still
 The latticed galleries shine
 With Israel's loveliest daughters,
 In their beauty half-divine.

It is the holy sabbath eve—
 The solitary light
 Sheds, mingled with the hues of day,
 A lustre, nothing bright ;
 On swarthy brow and piercing glance
 It falls with saddening tinge,
 And dimly gilds the Pharisee's
 Phylacterics and fringe.

The two-leaved doors slid slow apart
 Before the eastern screen,—
 As rise the Hebrew harmonies
 With chanted prayers between ;
 And 'mid the tissued veils disclosed,
 Of many a gorgeous dye,
 Enveloped in their jewell'd scarfs,
 The sacred records lie.

Robed in his sacerdotal vest,
A silvery-headed man,
With voice of solemn cadence, o'er
The backward letters ran ;
And often yet methinks I see
The glow and power that sate
Upon his face, as forth he spread
The roll immaculate.

And fervently that hour I prayed
That from the mighty scroll
Its light, in burning characters,
Might break on every soul.
That on their hardened hearts the veil
Might be no longer dark,
But be for ever rent in twain,
Like that before the ark.

For yet the tenfold film shall fall,
O, Judah ! from thy sight,
And every eye be purged, to read
Thy testimonies right.
When thou, with all Messiah's signs,
In Christ distinctly seen,
Shall, by Jehovah's nameless name,
Invoke the Nazarene.

CROSWELL.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

SHE sang of Judah's sunbright hills,
 Of Judah's waving woods;
 She sang of all its living rills,
 And holy solitudes.
 Not that she'd seen its cloudless skies,
 Or trod its verdant plains—
 Yet ever since her voice could rise
 She'd woo'd them in her strains!
 She turned her pale face eastward now,
 And turned her harp-strings low,
 And a red flush came o'er her brow,
 Like evening light on snow!

" O when wilt thou descend in might,
 God of the Hebrews' trust,
 And sweep our foes from Zion's height,
 As whirlwinds sweep the dust?
 Despair each feverish bosom fills,
 Where hope was wont to dwell—
 But one fresh breeze from Judah's hills,
 And all would yet be well!
 Sighs for neglect, and tears for guilt,
 With each petition blend;
 Thou'st promised, and we know Thou wilt,
 But when wilt Thou descend?

" We marked the sear leaves fade, and thought
 Our hopes were like them then;
 But now that Spring the woods hath sought,
 They bud and bloom again:

It is Thy glowing breath that thus
Hath made the landscape new ;
But let Thy favour shine on us,
We shall be joyous too !
We know a land where cedars be,
And stately palm-trees bend ;
Our hearts grow faint that spring to see—
O when wilt Thou descend ?”

Sweet Jewish maid ! thy evening lay
Hath died on copse and hill ;
Yet thoughts and hopes it stirr'd, shall stay
To sooth my spirit still !
A holy lesson Thou hast taught
By these sad notes of thine ;
And did I read it as I ought,
A happy life were mine.
If thus to climes by thought made dear
Thy daily songs are given ;
O why do we, who sojourn here,
So seldom sing of heaven ?

R. R. S.

THE LAST WAR :

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY A CONVERTED JEW, AMONG THE
RUINS OF JERUSALEM.

RIPE is the vintage of the earth,
Its clustering grapes are round and full ;
And vengeance, vengeance, bursts to birth,
Sudden and irresistible ;
Messiah comes to tread amain
The wine-press of the battle plain.

The cry is up, the strife begun,
The struggle of the mighty ones ;
And Armageddon's day comes on,
The carnival of Slaughter's sons ;
War lifts his helmet to his brow—
O God, protect Thy people now !

Assemble quickly, fowls of air,
Come to the supper of the Lord ;
The great ones of the earth prepare
To reap the harvest of the sword ;
And captains' flesh shall be your food,
And ye shall drink of heroes' blood.

The cry is up, the strife begun,
Destruction springs from field to field ;
And soon shall Slaughter's work be done—
Soon shall Abaddon's legions yield—
Unnumbered thousands shall be slain,
E'er day break on Megiddo's plain.

And though the pride of Gog increase,
 Till he, stern monarch of the north,
 'Gainst Judah's unwalled villages
 Shall lead his countless myriads forth ;
 Messiah still shall heed their prayer—
 Their God shall to the fight repair.

Yea, come, O King ! and take the spoil,
 With thy confed'rates share the prey ;
 Ha ! ha ! death " grims a ghastly smile,"
 The morning dawns—and where are they ?
 The pall, the pall, great Autocrat,
 Spreads o'er thee in Jehoshaphat !

Come, scattered race of Judah, come ;
 Come, long-lost tribes of Israel ;
 The Lord of hosts shall make you room—
 Ye in your Father's land shall dwell ;
 Your cov'nant-keeping God is true,
 And Canaan is reserved for you.

Wake, Zion, wake, put on thy strength,
 Don thy rich garb, Jerusalem :
 Rise, shine, thy light is come at length,
 And Thou the Gentiles shalt condemn ;
 But hark ! the war-whoop nearer sounds,
 From land to land Destruction bounds.

Down, Babylon ! down, Mahomet !
 Impostor and Apostate, down !
 Your day is past, your sun is set,
 Now reap the whirlwind ye have sown ;
 Drink, yea, drink deep, the wine's poured forth,
 The red wine of Jehovah's wrath.

They drink, they drink, they fall, they fall,
 With all their sorceries and charms ;
 And Desolation grasps them all
 Within his vast and withering arms ;
 The " strong one " has them in his toil,
 When, lo ! a stranger shares the spoil !

The graves are cleaved—the *saints* arise—
 The resurrection of the just ;
 And now into their kindred skies
 Up leap the tenants of the dust ;
 They rise to meet their Lord in air,
 And tune their hallelujahs there.

Hosanna ! hark, the melody
 Strikes sweetly on my ravished ear,
 The constellations make reply
 In echoes from each distant sphere,
 Till all the wide expansion rings
 With " Live for ever, King of kings."

He comes, He comes, the heavens rend !
 Floods, clap your hands, ye mountains, joy—
 Forests, in glad obeisance bend,
 Earth, raise your hallelujah's high :
 Let Zion wake the lofty strain—
 " Live, King of kings—for ever reign."

Hail ! happy day, haste on, haste on—
 Then, then, O earth, a heavenly breeze,
 Descending from Jehovah's throne,
 Shall greet thee with a kiss of peace ;
 And in its glory shall appear
 " The city of the Lord is here."

“MY GOD WILL BRING BACK.”

O LAND of Canaan, pleasant land,
 With milk and honey once o'erflowing,
 Where once the rose of Sharon bloomed—
 Where white-flowered myrtles once were growing!
 All dreary now and desolate—
 The olive and the cheering vine
 Are trampled down by ruthless feet,
 Ah, woe is me for Palestine.

In untamed majesty erect,
 Still rise the peaks of Lebanon;
 In wreath of snow and cypress clad,
 But all the cedar trees are gone.
 The surges still unwearied beat,
 Where Carmel rears his rugged brow,
 But now, no prophet-seer ascends
 To watch the cloud arising slow.

Yet it shall rise, yet it shall spread,
 Though small at first—an infant's hand—
 Yet it shall rise, and spread and cheer
 With genial showers the drooping land!
 Strong is the Lord! His word is sure;
 Strong is the Lord, and He hath sworn
 The rose shall bud and blossom yet
 Where rankle now the brier and thorn.

The Gentile nations plot and plan,
 And kings combine, and armies move—
 Blind fools! they little know what arm
 Is ruling all, unseen—above.

O rend the heavens ! oh, Lord, come down—
 Before Thee bid the mountains flow !
 See, Lord, Thy house, once beautiful—
 Thy holy cities, all laid low.

O for the son of Jesse's lyre,
 Or Jeremiah's patriot numbers,
 To rouse the scattered tribes once more,
 The couching lion from his slumbers !
 O for the prophet Daniel's prayer—
 His breathless, panting supplication,
 To call down showers of grace once more
 On God's beloved, chosen nation !

O men of Judah ! men of Judah !
 Can ye thus tamely, idly stand ?
 Will ye be called the only men
 Who love no more your fatherland ?
 Up, men of Judah ! up, arouse ye !
 Gather your silver and your gold ;
 Assemble—claim the land God gave ye,
 Be wisely strong, be meekly bold !

O daughters of Jerusalem !
 How can ye braid your glossy hair,
 How can ye join the dance and song
 While Zion's hills lie waste and bare ?
 " If thee, oh, Zion, I forget,
 Let my right hand forget its skill ;
 Yea, if above my chiefest joy
 I do not think on Zion still."

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! low weeping on the earth,
 Where are thy garments beautiful, thy summer songs of mirth;
 Wherefore with wild and tearful eye, with torn and aching breast,
 Wander thy weary sons, nor find one spot of peaceful rest?

No cloudy pillar now by day, no guardian fire by night
 Is with them in the wilderness, their guide, their shade, their
 light,
 Alone they wander on,—their God in anger veils his face,
 And foes unvanquish'd and unawed their fainting footsteps trace.

Yet turn their dim and longing eyes to that rich beauteous land,
 Where once a queen, thou sat'st secure beneath His guardian
 hand;
 They know His wrath will pass away, and they shall yet be blest
 In Judah's fair and verdant vales,—in Judah's bowers of rest.

O, raise the weeping glance of faith to Calvary's holy mount!
 Wash all thy sins of deepest dye in its blood-gushing fount!
 So gathered in, no more to stray, thy ransomed sons shall sing
 "Dominion, glory, honour, power to Judah's Saviour King."

Hark! 'tis the Bridegroom's voice; (put on thy beautiful array—
 Shake off the dust!) "Arise, my love, my fair one, come away;
 Gone is the winter; flowers appear, a bright and smiling band;
 And the soft turtle's gentle voice rings sweetly through the land;

"The fig-tree putteth forth her figs of young and softest green;
 And on the vine in fragrant bloom the tender grape is seen;
 Sweet is thy voice,—thy countenance is comely as the day:
 Awake! my love, my fair one; arise and come away!"

S. E. P.

ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
The yoke of Judah's bondage break;
Tear from her captive neck the chain,
And raise her from the dust again.

Awake! as in the days of old,
Bring back the wanderers to thy fold;
Shall Israel's sons for ever rove,
Far from the house and land they love?

O, no before my gladdening eyes
I see the star of Jacob rise,
The fulness of the isles is come,
Return, ye exil'd children, home.

They come, they come on every side,
To Zion bend a whelming tide,
To Zion bend, no more to stray,
The vail—the vail is borne away.

Before their steps where'er they go
Peace like a river deep shall flow,
The conqueror shall conquered be,
And captive led captivity.

ANON.

THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL.

HAPLESS Israel! sad, dejected,
 Grief-worn, wandering to and fro,
 Long hast thou forlorn, rejected,
 Drank the bitter cup of woe;
 From the land of promise driven,
 From thine Eden land and home,
 With a heart all wrung and riven,
 Doom'd the wide, wide world to roam.

O'er the dark and gloomy mountains,
 O'er the desert's burning sand,
 Parch'd with thirst, where cooling fountains
 Never lave the barren land.
 Ever on, and onward flying
 From the tyrant's cruel grasp;
 Or in bitter bondage sighing,
 Slavery's fetters doom'd to clasp.

Doom'd in captive bonds to languish,
 Still to drag the galling chain,
 Doom'd to reap the bread of anguish
 Sown in tears, and toil and pain;
 Doom'd to fierce and fiery trials
 For rejection of thy God,
 Smitten 'neath Heaven's wrathful vials,
 And Jehovah's chastening rod.

But, O Israel, captive daughter!
 Loose thee from thy weary chain;
 From thy prison-house of slaughter
 Rise to light and life again.
 Burst thy cruel bonds asunder,
 Rise from thy captivity;
 Strike thy foes with dread and wonder,
 Rise and be thou ever free.

For the dawn of blissful ages,
Chasing sorrow's gloomy night,
Long foretold by holy sages,
Bursts upon thy longing sight ;
Glory's sun has risen o'er thee,—
" Rise and shine, thy light is come,"
God himself shall go before thee,
He shall lead the captive home.

Thee His chosen holy nation,
He shall raise to sovereign sway ;
Chief in mortal power and station,
Thee shall every land obey.
In the brightness of thy rising,
In thy pure millennial rest,
In thy life and light rejoicing
Every nation shall be blest.

All thy foes shall flee astounded,
Wither'd in their strength of pride,
Host on host shall fall confounded,
Strewn like leaves in autumn-tide ;
While each burdened, suffering creature
From the penal yoke set free,
Shall through all the realm of nations
Share eternal jubilee.

ANON.

JERUSALEM.

CITY of David! thou art desolate,
And fallen Jerusalem sits captive now
In dust and darkness. Every holy one
Has long forsaken the polluted land.
Where stood the cross, the avenger's ensign waved.
The Roman came, and thy proud temple fell;
The Pagan brought his idols; these displaced,
The mumming priests usurped the Christened fane
With stores of relics, crosses, holy wares,
And venal pardons; till the Saracen
Came in his might, with zeal iconoclast,
And swept away the unhallowed trumpery.
Now for the honour of the Prince of peace,
Europe pours forth her motley Christian hordes,
Frenzied with demon zeal, to plant anew
The red cross banner on the goodly soil;
Again the nameless horrors of the siege
Were acted o'er. The conqueror blush'd to take
His golden crown, yet not refused the name
King of Jerusalem. Brief the boast profane,
Again the crescent triumph'd. Palestine
Shook back into the sea the leagued hosts
Of armed apostles, churchmen militant.
Then domes and minarets, with convent towers,
Again co-mingling rose. Then pilgrims came
Crouching to Turkish lords, and rival sects
Bargained and quarrelled for the sepulchre—
Ineffable disgrace! Loathsome abuse
Of names and things most holy! trodden down
By all in turn; Pagan and Turk and Tartar—
So runs the dread anathema—trodden down

Beneath the oppressor, darkness shrouding thee
From every blessed influence of heaven ;
Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron-bound,
As with a curse, thus art thou doom'd to lie :
Yet not for ever.

Mighty Lord, how long ?

How long, ere prophecy's dark veil withdrawn,
Shall shew consummated thy wondrous schemes
Of deepest wisdom ! ere, the times fulfilled,
Jerusalem shall rise and break her yoke
Of bondage—shaking off her loathed weeds,
And call her scattered sons from every clime
To be again a nation ? When the crescent
Shall wane, and fade, and vanish ; and the troops
Of demon shadows, as their altar fires
Grow pale, shall shuddering flee the golden dawn.

CONDEN.

THE BLESSINGS OF ISRAEL.

“ O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion.”

PSALM XIV. 7.

In ancient time our fathers made
 Vain gods of wood and stone,
 And all the earth to idols bowed
 Save Judah's land alone ;
 Around that blest and happy land
 The light of heaven shone,
 For there the true and living God
 Had made his statutes known.

And Israel's sons, a favoured race,
 Were chosen by the Lord,
 His own peculiar worshippers,
 The guardian of His Word.
 The Lord to them his prophets sent,
 To them His Law was given,
 He would have led them as a flock,
 And brought them safe to heaven.

But they rebelled, and would not fear
 Their own Almighty King ;
 They spurn'd the blessings of His love,
 The shelter of His wing.
 His Word, where deep prophetic lore
 In solemn warning rose,
 Proclaimed, in vain, the awful truth
 Of Judah's coming woes.

And now their land is desolate,
 Their cities overthrown ;
 And Israel's wandering exil'd sons
 'Mong all the nations roam ;

The light that led their fathers on
Shines not around their path,
For love despised, and mercy spurn'd,
Have kindled into wrath.

O Lord! incline our hearts to pray
For Israel's scatter'd race,
Remove the veil that hides from them
Their own Messiah's face;
O banish from their darken'd hearts
Their unbelief and pride,
May they behold their promised King
In Jesus crucified.

Thine only is the power, and Thine
The grace that can renew,
In mercy do thou look upon
The lone and outcast Jew.
Fulfil the promise of Thy Word,
Bring the despised again,
Nor let the house of Jacob seek
Their fathers' God in vain.

O, when shall Judah's Christian bands
To Zion's hill return;
And prayer arise, like incense sweet,
And contrite spirits mourn?
Crown'd with her fairest hope, the Church
Shall glory in the Lord,
And earth her jubilee shall keep
When Israel is restor'd.

ANON.

THE DESOLATION OF JUDAH AND AFFLICTION
OF THE JEWS.

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people!
How has she become as a widow, she that was great among the
nations
And princess among the provinces, how has she become tributary!
She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks:
Among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her:
All her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become
her enemies.
Judah is gone into captivity, because of affliction and because of
great servitude.
She dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest:
All her persecutors overtake her between the straits.
The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn
feasts:
All her gates are desolate: her priests sigh,
Her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.
Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper;
For the Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her trans-
gressions:
Her children are gone into captivity before the enemy.

THE LORD WILL NOT CAST OFF HIS PEOPLE.

For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee :
Though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered
thee :

Yet will I not make a full end of thee :
But I will correct thee in measure,
And will not leave thee altogether unpunished.

At the same time, saith the Lord,
Will I be the God of all the families of Israel,
And they shall be my people.

Thus saith the Lord,
The people which were left of the sword found grace in the
wilderness,

Even Israel, when I went to cause him to rest.
The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying,
Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love ;
Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.

JEREMIAH.

THE OUTCAST JEW.

In Pagan lands and Christian, still the Jew
 Is found a wanderer, from them all outcast ;
 O, who the fate of Israel's seed can view,
 " Of old the first of nations, now the last,"
 Nor counted of their number, and scarce class'd
 As beings of one race ; O, who can gaze
 Unmoved upon the tree o'er which has pass'd
 The fire of heaven that scath'd, but did not raze ;
 Destined to flourish yet, the pride of future days.

Here roams an Israelite, an heir of scorn ;
 His raven locks are blanching ; and his high
 Arch brow-lines, less by time than sorrow worn,
 Have furrow'd o'er ; while underneath, an eye
 Dark as the cave whose secrets none dare pry,
 But whence a piercing glance is sent around,
 On each,—on all, yet neither smile nor sigh
 Reveals the joy or grief of that profound
 Unsocial Hebrew breast, whose mysteries none may
 sound.

" Son of the daughter of Jerusalem !"
 Thou art Christ's witness though thou know'st it not.
 Where is thy high-priest with symbolic gem ?
 Where is thy temple ? canst thou point the spot
 Where stood the ark—the mercy seat—the pot
 That held the manna ? an oblivious blot
 Effaces the long records of the whole,
 And falsifies the hope of thy deceived soul.

ZION, THE LORD'S BATTLE-AXE.

"As Babylon hath caused the slain of Israel to fall, so at Babylon shall fall the slain of all the earth."—JER. li. 49.

Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war ;
For with thee will I break in pieces the nations,
And with thee will I destroy kingdoms ;
And with thee will I break in pieces the horse and his rider ;
And with thee will I break in pieces the chariot and his rider ;
With thee also will I break in pieces man and woman ;
And with thee will I break in pieces old and young ;
And with thee will I break in pieces the young man and the maid ;
I will also break in pieces with thee the shepherd and his flock ;
And with thee will I break in pieces the husbandman and his
yoke of oxen ;

And with thee will I break in pieces captains and rulers.

And I will render unto Babylon,

And to all the inhabitants of Chaldea

All their evil that they have done in Zion,

In your sight, saith the Lord.

Let the violence done to me and to my flesh be upon Babylon,

Shall the inhabitant of Zion say ;

And my blood upon the inhabitant of Chaldea,

Shall Jerusalem say.

Therefore, thus saith the Lord ;

Behold, I will plead thy cause, and take vengeance for thee ;

And I will dry up her sea, and make her springs dry.

Ye who have escaped the sword, go away,

Stand not still :

Remember the Lord afar off,

And let Jerusalem come into your mind.

For in that day, saith the Lord of Hosts,

I will break his yoke from off thy neck,

And will burst thy bonds,
And strangers shall no more exact service of him ;
But they shall serve the Lord their God,
And David their king, whom I will raise up unto them,
Therefore fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord ;
Neither be dismayed, O Israel ;
For, lo ! I will save thee from afar,
And thy seed from the land of their captivity,
And Jacob shall return,
And shall be in rest, and be quiet,
And none shall make him afraid.
For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee ;
Though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered
thee,
Yet will I not make a full end of thee ;
But I will correct thee in measure,
And will not leave thee altogether unpunished.
Why criest thou for thine affliction ?
Thy sorrow is incurable for the multitude of thine iniquity ;
Because thy sins were increased, I have done these things unto
thee ;
Nevertheless, all they who devour thee shall be devoured,
And all thine adversaries, every one of them, shall go into captivity ;
And they who spoil thee shall be a spoil,
And all who prey upon thee will I give for a prey ;
For I will restore health unto thee,
And I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord,
Because they called thee an outcast, saying,
This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.

JEWISH CHANT.

“ WHEN imprisoned at Bokhara,” says the Rev. Dr. Wolf, “ the king permitted some persons to visit me. Our conversation was not about Jerusalem only, but of the King of Jerusalem, the Lord Jesus Christ,—‘ God over all, blessed for ever.’ That was a great consolation to me; when I was overwhelmed with melancholy thinking of my poor wife and child, I and my visitors chanted together—

THE King our Messiah shall come,
 The mighty of the mighty is He :
 The King our Messiah shall come,
 The blessed of the blessed is He.
 The King our Messiah shall come,
 The great one of great ones is He :
 The King our Messiah shall come,
 The holy of holies is He !

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE rage of Babylon is roused,
The king puts forth his strength,
And Judah bends the bow,
And points her arrows for the coming war.
Her walls are firm, her gates are strong,
Her youth gird on the sword,
High are her chiefs in hope,
For soon will Egypt send the promised aid.
But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the chiefs?
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength and arms and promised succour vain.
His meagre cheek is pale and sunk,
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet awful is its glance;
And who could bear the anger of his frown?
Prophet of God! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come,
In vain, thy warning voice
Summon her rulers timely to repent.
The Ethiop changes not his skin,
Impious and reckless still,
The rulers spurn thy voice,
And now the measure of their crimes is full.
For now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear,
Far as the eye can reach
Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.
The consummating hour is come!
Alas! for Solyma;
How is she desolate,
She that was great among the nations, fallen.

SOUTHEY.

ZION, THE LIGHT OF THE GENTILES.

"The Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."—ISAIAH lx. 3.

OH Zion, when thy Saviour came
In grace and love to thee,
No beauty in thy royal Lord
Thy faithless eye could see.

Yet onward in His path of grace
The holy Sufferer went,
To feel at last that love on thee
Had all in vain been spent.

Yet not in vain o'er Israel's land
The glory yet shall shine,
And He, thy once rejected King,
For ever shall be thine.

When thou beneath the peaceful reign
Of Jesus and His bride,
Shall sound His grace and glory forth
To all the earth beside ;

The nations to thy glorious light,
O Zion, yet shall throng,
And all the list'ning islands wait
To catch the joyful song.

PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Zion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate—
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song.
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dark wing beneath the ivy shade.
Oh Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Loved for Thy mercies, for Thy power adored!
If at Thy name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source;
If at Thy name, like sheep, the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bowed his marble head;
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine!
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise; thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring;
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;

The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Fills every gate, and measures every tower,
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He, the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head,
To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more.

Lo! cherub hands the golden courts prepare;
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun, nor moon they need—nor day, nor night—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light;
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.

HEBER.

HEBREW MELODY.

ISAIAH liv. 1.

SING, O barren wilderness,
Break forth aloud in song,
Brilliant and cumberless
Roll its tide along.

Ocean, floods, and fountains
Echo forth the sound,
Caverned rocks and mountains
Reverberate it round.

Enlarge thy habitations,
Go, prosper on thy way,
And after generations
Thy calling shall obey.

Thou shalt not witness sorrow,
Nor be by fear undone,
But bright shall be thy morrow
As the meridian sun.

Thy God will not forsake thee,
But husband thee aright,
And to many nations make thee
An animating light.

Awhile have I forsaken thee,
As a mate-forsaken dove,
But again in mercy taken thee,
O daughter of my love!

No more will I oppress thee
With the weapons of my wrath,
But beautify and bless thee,
And pleasant make thy path.

Though mountains may be moved,
And hills be scattered wide ;
Yet from Judah, My beloved,
" My face I will not hide."

My loving-kindness never
Shall falter or decrease,
Nor be removed ever
My covenant of peace.

O Thou ! afflicted, smitten,
Uncomforted, behold,
Thy redemption hath been written
In characters of gold !

With sapphires thy foundation
Will I firmly lay and raise ;
On thy gates shall be Salvation,
And on thy bulwarks Praise !

PRIDEAUX.

THE CONTRAST ;

OR, BABYLON AND JUDEA.

FALLEN is the golden city, in the dust

Spoiled of her crown, dismantled of her state—

She that hath made the strength of towers her trust,

Weeps by her dead, supremely desolate—

She that beheld the nations at her gate

Thronging in homage, shall be called no more

Lady of kingdoms ; who shall mourn her fate ?

Her guilt is full, her march of triumph's o'er,

What widowed land shall now her widowhood deplore ?

Sit thou in silence ; thou that wast enthroned

On many waters—thou whose augurs read

The language of the planets, and disowned

The mighty name it blazons ! veil thy head,

Daughter of Babylon ; the sword is red

From thy destroyer's harvest, and the yoke

Is on thee, O most proud, for thou hast said,

"I am, and none beside," the Eternal spoke—

Thy glory was a spoil—thine idol-gods were broke !

But go thou forth, O Israel, wake, rejoice !

Be clothed with strength, as in thine ancient day ;

Renew the sound of harps, th' exulting voice,

The mirth of timbrels, loose the chain and way,

God hath redeem'd His people from decay ;

The silent and the trampled shall arise !

Awake, put on thy beautiful array,

O long-forsaken Zion ! to the skies

Send up in every sound thy choral melodies !

And lift thy head ! behold thy sons returning,
Redeem'd from exile, ransom'd from the chain ;
Light hath revisited the house of mourning—
She that on Judah's mountains wept in vain,
Because her children were not, dwells again,
Girt with the lovely ; through thy streets once more,
City of God, shall pass the bridal train,
And the bright lamps their festive radiance pour,
And the triumphal hymns thy joy of youth restore !

HEMANS.

BALAAM'S PROPHECY.

NUM. xxiii. 9.

SHALL I curse—said faithless Balaam¹—
 Those whom God hath cursed not ?
 How shall I defy the people
 Whom the Lord hath ne'er forgot ?
 Vain endeavour,
 To o'erturn blest Israel's lot.

From the mountain-tops I see him,²
 Lo, the people dwell alone,
 And unreckoned 'mong the nations,
 Fellowship with all disown ;
 O ye righteous,
 Be my last end like your own.³

God hath spoken, and shall do it,
 He doth not repent or lie,
 He hath blessed, none can reverse it,
 Israel, lo, thy God is nigh.
 Shout in triumph,
 For thy King reigns gloriously.

Goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,⁴
 And thy tabernacles fair ;
 Thou art mighty as the lion,
 When he couches in his lair ;
 O thou'rt blessed !
 Who to curse thee now shall dare ?

1 Num. xxiii. 8.

2 Num. xxiii. 9.

3 Num. xxiii. 10.

4 Num. xxiv. 5-9.

O'er the kingdoms with dominion,
 See the Star of Jacob rise !¹
 Israel's sceptre, wide-extending,
 All behold with wondering eyes—
 Tremble nations !
 Who shall live when God doth this ?²

For the Lord will strengthen Judah,
 And the house of Joseph save ;
 He will bring them back, and place them
 As his "horse in battle" 's brave.
 Shout ye victors
 O'er your fierce oppressor's grave :

HABERSHON.

¹ Num. xxiv. 17.

² Num. xxiv. 23.

³ Zech. x. 3 6.

PALESTINE.

ALL hail to Palestine! the wanderer's rest,
 And Solyma the Holy in her pride!
 She who among the nations, by the side
 Of Thebes and Tyre, hath reared her golden crest:
 Devoutly wearing on her gem-starred breast
 The veil of heaven's high mystery denied
 To Nature's throned Isis, fain to hide
 Her mythic form beneath a shrouding vest.
 Hail! hail to Palestine! all hail the sod
 Drunk with the blood of martyrs, and hot tears
 Wrung from the burning hearts of those that trod
 Through cruel ways their meed of darkest years!
 Thy shrouded splendour, and thy victim's doom,
 Witness alike of light beyond the tomb.

All hail Judea, unhallowed of the nine!
 The hills and rocks, instinct with living fire,
 Ring with the echoes of thy prophet-lyre;
 Each mournful wail, each wild lament the sign
 And evidence of Love's concealed design;
 Love, matchless and alone, its flaming pyre
 Hath burned into the skies, and in its line
 Traced out in glory, hail to Palestine!
 Beauty for Salem! Ethiopian bride
 Of all-pervading Light! mysterious queen
 Of Hope's glad city, with her gates spread wide,
 And jasper towers, from whose resplendent sheen
 Eternity proclaimeth, deep and far,
 Glory to Zion's crown, the bright, the morning star!

THE ATHENÆUM.

JEREMIAH.

“Come see, was ever sorrow like to mine?”
 What more than human woe, dread voice, is thine,
 While armed shapes of terror throng the cloud,
 Which over Judah brings destruction's shroud,
 Carrying our griefs and supplicating still?
 It is the Man of Sorrow climbs the hill
 Of Calvary, o'er Salem shedding tears
 In Anathoth's sad seer—He witness bears.

“Come see, was ever sorrow like to mine?”
 From age to age still sounds that voice divine;
 Still Zion's daughter heaves the sigh—
 “Say, is it nought to you, ye that pass by?”
 Ye heavens, be hung with sackcloth, and thou earth,
 Shorn of thy beauty, let the robe of dearth
 Clothe the green mountains; they their Maker own,
 But of mine, Israel I am not known.
 “Seek ye the ancient paths, and ye shall live;”
 But they cry out, “we will not!” I would strive,
 But strong-armed vengeance, as it grows more deep,
 Holds them in her embrace and lays asleep;
 While I o'er your destruction watch and pine—
 “Come see, was ever sorrow like to mine.”

THE CATHEDRAL.

JERUSALEM.

'Twas eve on Jerusalem !
 Glorious its glow,
 On the vine-cover'd plain—
 On the Mount's marble brow ;
 On the temple's broad grandeur,
 Enthroned on its height,
 Like a golden-domed isle
 In one ocean of light ;
 And the voice of her multitudes
 Rose on the air,
 From the vale deep and dim,
 Like a rich evening hymn.
 But whence comes that cry ?
 'Tis a cry of despair !

What form stands on Zion ?
 The prophet of woe,
 His frame worn with travel,
 His locks living snow—
 His hand grasps a trumpet,
 The heart's-blood runs chill,
 At its death-sounding blast
 All the thousands are still—
 All fixing their gaze,
 Where, like one from the tomb,
 The shroud seems to swim
 Round the long, spectral limb,
 And the lips pour in thunder
 The terrors to come !

"Thou'rt lovely, Jerusalem!
 Lovely, yet stain'd;
 Thou'rt a lion's whelp, Judah,
 Yet thou shalt be chain'd;
 Thou'rt magnificent, Zion!
 Yet thou shalt be lone;
 The pilgrim of sorrow
 Shall see thy last stone.

"Hark! hark! to the tempest,
 What war fills my ear?
 'Tis the shouting of warriors,
 The crash of the spear;
 The eagle and wolf
 On that tempest are roll'd,
 Twin demons of havoc
 To ravage thy fold;

"They rush through the land,
 As through forests the fire!
 Woe, woe to the infant,
 Woe, woe to the sire!
 Rejoice for the warrior
 Who sinks to the grave;
 But weep for the living—
 A ransomless slave.

"But, veil'd be mine eye-balls!
 The red torch is flung,
 And the last dying hymn
 Of the temple is sung;
 The altar is vanish'd,
 The glory is gone,
 The curse is fulfill'd,
 The last vengeance is done!

“ Again all is darkness—
Year rolls upon year ;
I hear but the fetter,
I see but the bier ;
But the lions are coming,
They war from the sand ;
'Tis Amron and his Saracens—
Curse of the land !

“ Like the swamp-gender'd hornets,
They rush on the wing
By thousands of thousands,
With death in their sting ;
Like vultures they sweep
O'er Moriah's lov'd hill,
And the corpse-cover'd valleys
By Kedron's red rill.

“ Where, where sleeps the thunderbolt ?
Heaven ! hear the cries
Of the Ishmaelite slave
To his prophet of lies.
Hear the howl to his demons,
His frenzy of prayer ;
Mix'd with Israel's lament
Of disdain and despair !

“ It has come !—and the throne
Of the robbers has reeled,
And the turbans are floating
In gore on the field ;
I see the proud chiefs
Of the West in their mail,
And my soul loves the standard
They spread to the gale.

“ Stay, vision of splendour !
On Jordan’s rich marge ;
They rush to the battle,
Earth shakes with their charge ;
Like lightning, the blaze
From their panoply springs,
I see the gold helms
And crown’d banners of kings.

“ Yet evil still smite thee,
Thou daughter of tears !
No trophy is thine
For the strife of the spears ;
The stately crusader,
And Saracen lord,
But give thee the choice
Of the chain or the sword.

“ Again all is silence !
The long grass has grown
Where the cross-bearer sleeps
In the rich sculptured stone ;
And the land trod by prophet,
And chaunted by bard,
Is left to the foot
Of the wolf and the pard.

“ But who rides the whirlwind ?
The drinkers of blood !
From the summit of Lebanon
Rushes the flood ;
’Tis the Turcoman ravening
For slaughter and spoil !
O helpless gazelle,
Thou art now in the toil.

“ King of kings ! on our neck
Sits the slave of a slave,
As wild as his mountains,
As cold as our grave ;
All his sceptre the scourge,
All our freedom his will,—
Yet thy children must linger—
Must agonise still.

“ Fly swift, ye dark years !
Still the savage is there,
The tiger of nations
Is couched in his lair ;
The field is a thicket,
The city a heap,
And Israel on earth
Can but wander and weep.

“ King of kings ! shall she die ?
Hark ! a trumpet afar—
It thrills through my soul,
Yet no trumpet of war ;
I hear the deep trampling
Of millions of feet ;
And the shoutings of millions,
Yet solemn and sweet.

“ Now the voices of thunders
Are rolling on high ;
The pomp has begun,
The redemption is nigh ;
I see thy crown'd fathers,
Thy prophets of fire,
And the martyrs, whose souls
Shoot to heaven from the pyre.

“ Who comes in His glory,
Pavilion'd in cloud ?
Judah, cast off thy shame—
Israel, spring from thy shroud ;
Thy King has avenged thee—
He comes to His own,
With earth for His empire,
But Zion His throne.”

ANON.

JERUSALEM DESTROYED.

ZION! thine eye beheld and wept too late
O'er tower and temple, crumbling in decay—
The crashing column, and the fallen gate,
And saw the deadly paleness of dismay
The faces of thy priests array,
And high-born maids and matrons desolate,
And helpless infants, sadly led away
Before the haughty foe, in mournful state
Above thy scattered ruins sadly seated,
Devoted city; from thy woes in vain
Thy glance upturned to heaven for rest entreated;
Say, didst thou then bethink thee of the stain,
The guilt, of which thy measured crimes completed
On Him thy hand had crucified and slain?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ZANNOTTI.

LAY OF THE JEWISH CHILD.

PART FIRST.

THE INQUIRY.

"REUBEN, come near," thus spake in accents mild,
 A Hebrew mother to her orphan child,
 "Thy face is foul with weeping, who has done
 Thee wrong—tell me why weepest thou, my son?"
 The boy looked sadly in his mother's face,
 And thus he spoke, clasped in her fond embrace:
 "I have heard thee say that my brow was fair—
 I have heard thee speak of my shining hair,
 When folded to rest, like a flower at night,
 I have heard thee call me thy heart's delight;
 I have heard thee whisper, in tones of joy,
 'O sound be thy slumber, my gentle boy!'
 My mother! oh, thou hast been kind to me,
 And thy child, thou saidst, was a joy to thee;
 That ne'er had he given thee a moment's pain.
 Mother, sweet mother, say those words again!"
 "Thy speech is strange, and thy looks are wild—
 What meanest thou? speak, my beloved child."
 "Then tell me, kind mother, for thou must know,
 Why the children at play avoid me so?
 What deed have we done, of guilt and of shame,
 That our people they hate, and mock our name—
 That though I love them, with affection true,
 They spurn me away, and call me a Jew?
 It is for this, my mother, my tears fast flow,
 Oh it breaks my heart to be treated so;
 You remember the time you said that we
 Our holy Jerusalem should speedily see;

In my dreams, oft since, at the evening calm,
I've sat 'neath the shade of the stately palm,
I've wandered at will by the way of the sea,
And bathed in the waters of lone Galilee ;
By Jacob's well I have lingered to drink,
And the aloes have pluck'd from Jordan's brink ;
On Sharon's plain, roses and lilies fair
I've gathered, my mother, to deck thy hair ;
Exulting, I've stood on the Olive Mount,
By the Kedron's brook, and Siloa's fount,
And roamed with fair children through Salem's street.
O bright were their looks, and their faces sweet ;
But morning comes and they fade from my view,
O what would I give, were my dreams but true ;
Over desert-sands, and through depths of snow,
Thither, oh, thither, mother, let us go !"
" My child, thou hast read in the Holy Book
That a jealous God on sin cannot look ;
But Israel sinned and was doomed to dreè
Shame and scorn, contempt and captivity,
To wander for ages spoiled and oppressed,
For the sole of her foot to find no rest ;
And such, my child, still is sad Israel's fate,
A desert her land, her city desolate ;
The time is at hand, it is true, when we,
Like doves to their windows, away shall flee ;
When the scatter'd tribes again shall meet
With joy and rejoicing in Salem's street,
And the haughty strangers who scorn us now,
At the soles of our feet shall bend them low ;
And Zion, forsaken for ages, shall be
An eternal joy, and excellency ;
Thy mother, ere then, my child, may be laid
With thy father, to sleep in the cypress shade ;
In hope go thou forth, and abide the doom
Of thy people, which not 'causeless has come !"

PART SECOND.

THE DISCOVERY.

Two troubled years have come and passed away,
And in a darkened room that young child lay ;
Among the boy's companions, there was one
Who loved the Hebrew mother and her son,
Who, when the mother, worn with watching, slept
By the sick couch, the midnight vigil kept,
Loving the boy, with love that casts out fear,
He breathed the name of Jesus in his ear,
And through the lonely nights, him taught to trace
The ways of mercy to our guilty race ;
" What said the Christian youth ? " the mother mild
Inquired while bending o'er her dying child :
" O, my mother, he told me joyful things,
And strange beyond a child's imaginings ;
He told me out of the Christian's Book,
That Messiah, for whom we blindly look,
Has already come—that Jesus was He—
Jesus who died on the accursed tree ;
And he read to me from the gospels true,
The things that He came to suffer and do ;
How star-led kings came their homage to pay,
To the manger where in Bethlehem He lay,
But that in His own lov'd Israel's view
As a tender plant and a dry root He grew,
While bearing their griefs and sins' heavy load,
They stricken esteemed Him, and smitten of God ;
Though the joy of His life was doing good,¹
They thirsted to shed His innocent blood ;²
They crowned Him with thorns, deriding His claim,
And they nailed Him to death on the tree of shame,

While, the sun growing dark, oh ! dread to see,
'Eli,' he cried, 'lama sabaethani ;'
Thus it pleased the Lord on Him to lay
The sin of the world, which He took away ;
Mother, oh, mother, my words cannot tell
The burden that now from my spirit fell,
The darkness it fled from my wondering view,
I knew why they mock'd and called me a Jew,
The answer it was of that prayer so dread,
'His blood be on us, and our children's head ;'
I know I am dying, but weep not for me,
The King, in His beauty, mine eyes shall see ;
Oh mother ! before I depart, sing with me, sing,
'O grave, where is thy victory ? O death, where is thy sting?''
Thus called he through the night, and at the break of day
The blessed angels bore a Christian soul away !

A.

HYMN.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 10, 11.

Bow every knee, at Jesus' name,
And every tongue confess ;
Let the redeem'd with joy proclaim,
" The Lord our righteousness."

To Him, through all the rounds of time,
Perpetual prayer be made ;
O'er sea and land, from clime to clime,
Homage to Him be paid.

Ye young, ye old, with every breath
Let praise like incense rise ;
Life be " the Daily Offering ;" Death,
" The Evening Sacrifice."

Let heaven and earth reply " amen !"
And all their hearts adore
The Lord of angels and of men,
For ever, evermore !

Sheffield.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Of the literal Jerusalem, "glorious things" indeed are spoken. Once the joy of the whole earth, when rebuilt and re-peopled it will be the joy of the whole earth again. Much as we desire to see this glorious day, we must not forget that there is a Jerusalem "which is above," and of which the Jerusalem on earth was only a dim and imperfect image. This is that city for which the patriarchs looked; "a city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God." This city He has prepared for His people to dwell in, and is so glorious that, because of its exceeding glory, "He is not ashamed to be called their God." In this great and glorious city, may it be the happiness of all who have read these pages, whether Jews or Gentiles, to dwell.

" O passing happy were my state,
 Were I but worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 His praises there to sound."

The following magnificent hymn on the heavenly Jerusalem, was written in 1640, by one of the Scottish worthies, Mr. David Dickson, Minister of Irvine. It is worthy of its subject, and is, we trust, a fit strain with which to close these "Lays and Laments for Israel."

O MOTHER, dear Jerusalem,
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 O happy arbour of God's saints!
 O sweet and pleasant soil!
 In thee no sorrows can be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt nor any sore,
There is no death, nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish cloud o'ershadows thee,
No cloud nor darksome night,
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway,
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasures every way.
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Would God I were in thee,
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

No pain, no pangs, no hopeless grief,
No woeful night is there,
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
No well-away, no fear.
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone,
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

Ah, God ! that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold,
For why ? the pleasures there abound
Which here cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,
With carbuncles do shine,
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing pure and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows chrystal clear,
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 There angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond square,
 Thy gates are made of Orient pearl—
 O God, if I were there!

Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
 And end my grief and plaints,
 Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
 And place me with Thy saints,
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 And see God face to face,
 They triumph still and ay rejoice,
 Most happy is their case.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 Thy joys when shall I see,
 Thy King sitting upon His throne,
 And thy felicity!
 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
 So wonderfully rare,
 Are furnished with all kinds of fruit,
 Most beautifully fair.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,
 Continually are green;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As no where else are seen.
 Quite through the street with pleasant sound
 The flood of life doth flow,
 Upon the banks on every side
 The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripen'd fruit,
 For evermore they spring,
 And all the nations of the world,
 To thee their honours bring.
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,
 Full sore I long to see :
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 That I might dwell in thee !

There David stands with harp in hand,
 As master of the choir,
 A thousand times that man were bless'd,
 That might his music hear.
 There Mary sings magnificent,
 With tunes surpassing sweet,
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 Singing about her feet.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 Thy joys fain would I see ;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 And take me home to Thee.
 O plant Thy name in my forehead,
 And take me hence away,
 That I might dwell with Thee in bless,
 And sing thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, the happy throne,
 Jehovah's throne on high,
 O sacred city, queen, and wife,
 Of Christ eternally.
 O comely queen, with glory clad,
 With honour and degree,
 All fair thou art, exceeding bright,
 No spot there is in thee.

O passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found,
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound ;
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favour and His grace,
According to His promise when
Earth was His dwelling-place.

Lord, take away my misery,
That there I may behold
With Thee in Thy Jerusalem,
What here cannot be told.
And so in Zion see my King,
My love, my Lord, my all,
Whom now as in a glass I see
There face to face I shall.

O blessed is the pure in heart,
His Saviour he shall see,
And the most holy heavenly host,
Who of His household be.
O Lord, with haste come end my grief,
These gins and fetters strong,
For I too long have dwelt in tents
To Kedar that belong.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,
Fetch me Thy fold unto,
That all Thy angels may rejoice,
While all Thy will I do.
O mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?

APPENDIX.

THE 137th Psalm is, perhaps, the finest strain of a nation's sorrow and despair to be found in the poetry of any people. What has been said of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, may be said of it : " Every word seems written with a tear, and every sound seems the sigh of a broken heart." It is alike distinguished for the breathings of genius, of patriotism, and of grace. Of all the Psalms, it has been most frequently versified by the poets of other lands. Several of these versions have been inserted in the preceding pages. It may gratify some of our readers, and may not be inconsistent with the object of this work, that we insert the following additional ones. It is, perhaps, a Scottish prejudice, but none of the versions we have seen, in our judgment, equal the one contained in our Scottish Psalms ; and even it, compared with the original, but imperfectly portrays the feelings of the forlorn captives, who by the " rivers of Babylon sat and wept, when they remembered Zion."

BABEL'S STREAMS.

I.

SITTING by the streams that glide
Down by Babel's towering wall,
With our tears we filled the tide,—
Whilst our mournful thoughts recall
Thee, O Zion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps unstrung,
Not acquainted with the hand
Of the skilful tuner, hung
On the willow trees that stand,
Planted in the neighbour land.

Yet the spiteful foe commands
Songs of mirth, and bids us lay
To dumb harps our captive hands,—
And, to scoff our sorrows, say,
"Sing us some sweet Hebrew lay."

But, say we, our holy strain
Is too pure for heathen land;
Nor may we our hymns profane,
Or tune either voice or hand,
To delight a savage band.

Holy Salem, if thy love
Fall from my forgetful heart,
May the skill, by which I move
Strings of music, tun'd by art,
From my wither'd hand depart.

May my speechless tongue give sound
 To no accent, but remain
 To its prison roof fast bound—
 If my sad soul entertain
 Mirth, till thou rejoice again.

CAREW.

Born 1589—Died 1639.

II.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

BESIDE the streams of Babylon in tears
 Of vain desire, we sat remembering thee,
 O hallow'd Zion, and the vanish'd years,
 When Israel's chosen sons were blest and free.

Our harps neglected and untuned we hung,
 Mute on the willows of the strangers' land,
 When songs like those that in thy fanes we sung,
 Our foes demanded from thy captive band.

How shall our voices on a foreign shore,
 (We answer'd those, whose chains the exile wore)
 The songs of God—our sacred songs renew?
 If I forget, midst grief and wasting toil,
 Thee, O Jerusalem, my native soil,—
 May my right hand forget its cunning too.

III.

THE rivers on of Babilion,
 There when wee did sit down,
 Yea, even then, we mourned when
 Wee remembered Zion.

Our harp wee did hang it amid,
 Upon the willow tree,
 Because there they that us away,
 Led in captivitie,

Requir'd of us a song, and thus
 Ask't mirth, us waste who laid,
 Sing us among, a Zion's song,
 Unto us then they said.

The Lord's song sing can wee, being
 In strangers' land? then let
 Lose her skill my right hand, if I
 Jerusalem forget.

Let cleave my tongue, my pallate on,
 If mind thee do not I,
 If chiefe joyes oe're I prize not more
 Jerusalem my joy!

Remember, Lord! Edom's sons' word,
 "Unto the ground," said they,
 "It rase, it rase," when as it was
 Jerusalem her day.

Blest shall he be that payeth thee,
 Daughter of Babilon,
 Who must be waste, that which thou hast
 Rewarded us upon.

O happy he shall surely be,
 That taketh up, that eke
 Thy little ones against the stones
 Doth into pieces breake.

Old American Version of the Psalms, printed in 1640.

IV.

ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
 Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed—
 While Zion's fall, in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
 When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay;
 In mournful silence on the willows hung,
 And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

Our hard oppressors, to increase our woe,
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow—
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
 Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
 Oh hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,—
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race—
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
 My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
 O'ertake her foes, with terror and dismay—
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise her children to eternal day.

BARLOW.

V.

BY Babel's willowy stream we sate
 And wept—a mournful band:
 We thought of Zion's cruel fate,
 And our once glorious land—
 And on the branches, all unstrung
 By grief, our voiceless harps we hung.

For those who led us captive there,
 Those who had done us wrong,

Demanded mirth from our despair,
 And bade us wake the song ;
 But how, with faltering voice and hand,
 Raise Zion's song in heathen land ?

If I forget thee, Salem, let
 My right hand all its skill
 And tuneful craft e'en so forget—
 My tongue no more fulfil
 Its office, when I prize thee less
 Than aught of earthly happiness.

Remember, Lord ! fierce Edom's joy
 At Judah's overthrow—
 " Raze, raze the walls, o'erturn, destroy,"
 They said ; and cheered the foe :
 Remember, and requite to them,
 Their hatred towards Jerusalem.

Thou, too, who madest desolate,
 Shalt be thyself laid waste ;
 Proud city, thine shall be our fate,
 Thy sons our misery taste—
 Blest be his ruthless hand from whom
 Thy little ones shall meet their doom.

CONDER.

VI.

By Babel's streams in grief we sate,
 And wept in memory of thee,
 O Zion, lost and desolate,
 The home no longer of the free.

The harp that Israel's monarch swept,
 We hang'd upon the willow trees,
 That in the neighbouring waters dipt
 Their branches bending to the breeze.

Those who had led us far away,
 In slavery from our happy land,
 Now bade us sing in mockery,
 And strike the harp with joyous hand.

But never shall this voice be raised,
 To charm an impious conqueror's ear ;
 The sacred songs, with which we prais'd
 Our God, shall not be chanted here.

Ah no ! the skill hath fled the hand,
 The harp is wet with tears of sadness,
 In chains, and in a foreign land,
 How can we tune the notes to gladness ?

Oh lov'd Jerusalem ! if my heart
 Should ever cease to mourn for thee ;
 May this right arm forget its art,
 My tongue for ever silent be.

Dark, deep revenge, will yet awake
 In wrath, o'er thy polluted shrine—
 And bless'd be they who vengeance take,
 Proud Babylon, on thee and thine.

ANON.

VII.

It was the golden sunset hour,
 When evening breathes her sigh,
 And day's last lingering glance was thrown
 On the deep emblazoned sky ;
 In Babel's bright and flowery vales,
 Where the murmuring waters stray'd
 We met, a mournful captive band,
 In the willow's lonely shade.

We wept for Salem's balmier groves,
For Sion's sacred shade—
Where our fathers bent with holy awe,
And their solemn offerings paid.
High on the drooping boughs we hung
Our harps of mournful song,
No trembling hand to wake their voice,
The wild chords swept along.

But the whispering zephyr kiss'd the strings,
And their music murmur'd low ;
And as the light-winged breezes pass'd,
They bore our plaint of woe ;
They ask a song in a stranger's land,
When our home is far away,—
For mirth, when the dreams of joy are fled,
And the flowers of hope decay.

How shall the song of joy be sung,
Where Baal's temples rise—
Where the pining heart in a stranger scene,
In its lonely sadness dies ?
Land of our homes ! where once the voice
Of the mighty dead was heard—
Where the holy breath of the heavenly gale
The prophet's spirit stirred.

Ne'er to thy vales may the captive come
At evening's placid hour,
And waken the music of other days
In the radiant sun-lit hour.
In vain—in vain does his trembling heart
For the groves of Salem sigh,
Still must he wear th' oppressor's chains,
And sad and lonely die.

T. W. A.

VIII.

By Babylon's proud streams we sate,
 And tears gush'd quick from every eye ;
 When our own Zion's fallen state,
 Came rushing on our memory,
 And there the willow groves among—
 Sorrowing, our silent harps we hung.

For there, our tyrants in their pride,
 Bade Judah raise the exulting strain,
 And our remorseless spoilers cried—
 " Come, breathe your native hymns again."
 Oh! how in stranger climes can we
 Pour forth Jehovah's melody ?

When thou, lov'd Zion, art forgot,
 Let this unworthy hand decay ;
 When Salem is remember'd not,
 Mute be these guilty lips for aye ;
 Yea, if in transport's liveliest thrill,
 Thou, Zion, art not dearer still.

Think, Lord, on Edom, and repay
 Her cruel hate with equal woes,
 How thus, on Zion's fatal day,
 Her ruthless sons invoked our foes,
 " Haste, haste, the lordly towers o'erthrow,
 And lay proud Salem's bulwarks low."

Daughter of Babel, doom'd ere long,
 The retributive hour to mourn,
 Blest be the man, who Zion's wrong
 Shall on thy guilty head return ;
 Blest he, who grasps thy serpent brood,
 And dyes the rock with infant blood.

IX.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
 In exile we sat down to weep,—
 For thoughts of Zion, o'er our soul,
 Came like departed joys in sleep—
 Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
 Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
 Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined,
 The chords, untuned, and trembling rung,
 With mournful music on the wind;
 While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
 Cried—"Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
 Far from our own delightful land?
 If I prefer thee not above
 My chiefest joy—may this right hand,
 Jerusalem! forget its skill,
 My tongue be dumb—my pulse be still!

MONTGOMERY.

X.

WE sate by Babylon's broad river,
 There were we captive kept;
 And there we thought of Zion ever,
 And bitterly we wept.

With sorrow, on the drooping willows,
 Our tuneful harps we hung,—
 And as the breeze swept o'er the billows,
 With mournful notes they rung.

For there our conquerors, disdainful,
 With bitter taunting tongues
 Said, whilst our thoughts were sad and painful—
 "Come, sing us Zion's songs."

Oh ! how amidst these mocking strangers,
 Can we her anthems sing ;
 How in captivity and dangers,
 To gladness wake the string ?

No ! if I do forget thee ever,
 Jerusalem ! bright land—
 Let word by me be spoken never—
 Cunning forsake my hand.

Remember, Lord ! how Edom shouted
 In Zion's troublous days ;
 When the fierce foe her sons had routed,
 " Rase Zion—rase her—rase."

Oh ! mighty Babylon's proud daughter,
 Made but to be overthrown,
 Bless'd shall he be, who comes to slaughter,
 And dash thine infants down.

G. L.

XI.

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
 We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
 And Sion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
 With silent strings neglected hung
 On willow-trees that wither'd there.

Meanwhile our foes, who all conspir'd
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
 Music and mirth of us requir'd ;
 " Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

How shall we tune our voice to sing,
 Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
 Shall hymns of joy to God our King
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

O Salem, our once happy seat!
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move!

If I to mention thee forbear,
 Eternal silence seize my tongue;
 Or if I sing one cheerful air,
 Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
 In thine own city's fatal day,
 Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface,
 And with the ground quite level lay."

Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be
 Of grief and woe the wretched prey;
 Blest is the man who shall to thee
 The wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay.

Thrice blest, who with just rage posscest,
 And deaf to all the parent's moans,
 Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
 And dash their heads against the stones.

ENGLISH PSALMS.

XII.

By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
 When Zion we thought on.
 In midst thereof we hang'd our harps
 The willow trees upon.

For there a song required they,
 Who did us captive bring :
 Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and said,
 " A song of Zion sing."

O how the Lord's song shall we sing
 Within a foreign land ?
 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
 Skill part from my right hand,
 My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave,
 If I do thee forget,
 Jerusalem, and thee above
 My chief joy do not set.

Remember Edom's children, Lord,
 Who in Jerus'lem's day,
 Ev'n unto its foundation,
 Raze, raze it quite, did say.
 O daughter thou of Babylon,
 Near to destruction ;
 Bless'd shall he be that thee rewards,
 As thou to us hast done.

Yea, happy surely shall he be
 Thy tender little ones
 Who shall lay hold upon, and them
 Shall dash against the stones.

SCOTTISH PSALMS.

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