

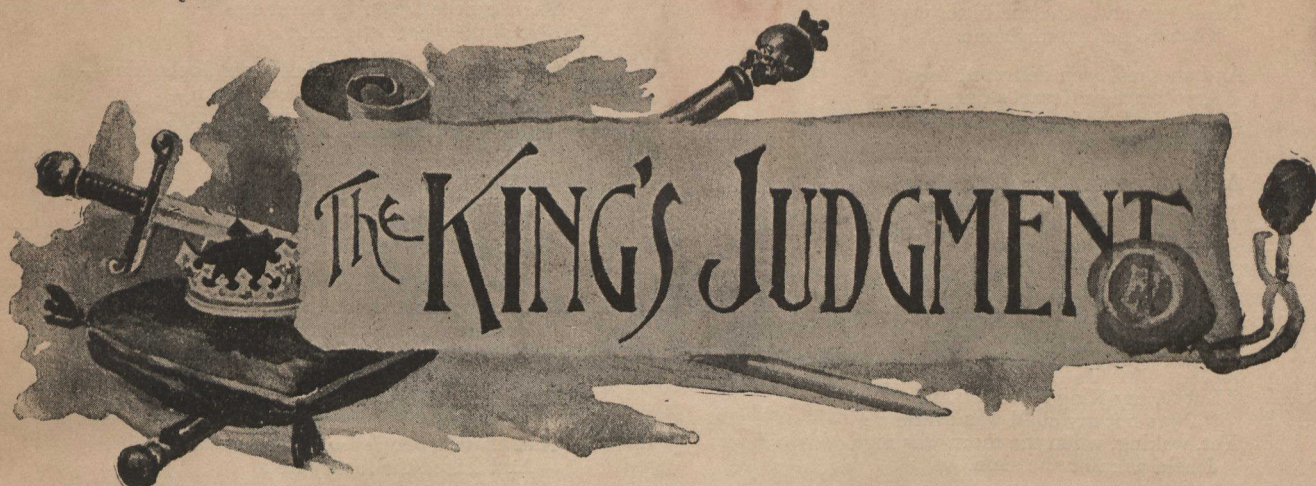
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NO. I.

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.



BY CASTAR RETT.

MOHAMMED'S slaves in darkness grope
Where once the Chosen were allied,
And sad decay now mocks the scope
Of old Jude's pride.

The ancient streets have lost their grace,
The temples fallen in decay,
And heathen customs take the place
Of Israel's godly way.

But tho' the centuries have changed
The grandeur all that once was there,
The bright, historic deeds have ranged
Among the ruins e'er.

For time may set destroying seal
On that which perishes for aye;
Yet time continues to reveal
The Book of Truths to-day.

Then, reading there, in thought we go
To yonder city, once so grand,
Where wisdom marked a monarch's show,
Who godly ruled the land.

* * * * *
Within the ancient city now—
The holy capital—we see
The new-crowned king in reverence bow
To God the grateful knee.

Before the Covenantal Ark
The king makes offerings on high,
And feasts his servants all, to mark
The day that God was nigh.

"The king is good, the king is just,
The king is wise beyond compare;
And lives not he that may distrust,
Nor aught his judgment dare!"

Thus, while the servants, feasting, bless,
And loud their master's praises sing,
Two social exiles in distress
Come suing to the king.

Their look bespeaks the bounds o'erstept;
Their shameless course they cannot hide;
And raiment poor, and illy kept,
But proves the loss of pride.

And one is brazen in the wrong,
As only woman lost can be;
And stands she there, defiant, strong,
Before his Majesty.

Her purple lips are firmly set;
Her hardened features harder grow;
And selfishness alone is met,
Where sympathy should flow.