

From sea to sea, from spreading pole to pole
In every age, oh, tell the tidings o'er—
"That very Jesus shall return once more!"
Hark! angel-voices rend the vaulted sky,
In thrilling tones those shining angels cry,
"Why stand ye gazing on yon glistening dome?
Heaven has received your risen Master home!
The time will come, when, as ye saw him rise,
He shall descend in power the parted skies."

THE HEBREW'S LAMENT.

Thou art the land of all my dreams,—
Thy wanderer's heart is thine,
And oft he lingers by thy streams,
O holy Palestine!

A stranger in a stranger's land
O'er hill and vale I roam;
But hope forever points her hand
Towards my father's home.

They tell me that on Zion's hill
The Cross and Crescent shine:
But oh, my heart is with thee still,
Beloved Palestine.

I know that Israel's weary race
Are scorned on every shore,
And scarcely find a dwelling-place
Where they were lords before.

Yet, 'mid the darkness and the gloom,
A light begins to break;
O Israel, from the dreary tomb
Thy buried hopes awake,—