

JERUSALEM—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

By Very Reverend Aeneas McD. Dawson, V.G., LL. D., F. R. S., etc.

I.—THE OLD.

Vetera transierunt ; ecce facta sunt omnia nova.



HERE'S mourning in Sion ; fast flow her tears ;
 New terrors each day increasing her fears.
 Why weep'st, O city so fair, populous, grand,
 So long the glory of Judean land ?
 Deserted our Temple ; no more shall rise
 Sweet odour of incense piercing the skies ;
 Our offerings and sacrifices spurned,
 The great holocaust for sin never burned.
 Ah ! Sion ! who but thyself is to blame
 For thy ruin, cruel bondage and sh. me ?
 To mercy, long time, thou often wert called :
 But mercy thou scorned'st, thy Prophets appalled
 Fled from thy walls, or were ruthlessly slain,
 Thine anger in vain, Heaven soothing their pain.
 Ah ! turn to the Lord, ye viperous race,
 Oft hath He saved : seek ye once more His face
 And Mercy will shine ; as of old He forgave
 In the desert when to idols ye gave
 The worship, ever HIS only, heaven's Lord,
 And scorned ungrateful His merciful word.
 A plenteous land he graciously bestowed
 You His people to be solemn He vowed ;
 Your battles He fought, each enemy quelled,
 Chastised and forgave as oft's ye rebelled.

Israel repent ; open Mercy's gate ;
 Even now repent, avert thy direful fate.
 Think of thy deeds :—My Prophets doomed to death,
 Thee earnest warning with their final breath.
 Thy lifeless, fiendish idols serve no more ;
 Drink, O my people, drink at mercy's store.
 Return ye whilst ye may : seek now the Lord,
 No more scorning, reject His healing word.
 Flee, my faithful, to the lone mountains flee ;