

Yet there are golden days in store,
Eve'n for thy much-loved land ;
When penitence shall melt thy heart,
And prayer uplift thy hand,
The scattered tribes within her gates
Shall yet rejoicing stand.

Oh! Christian brothers, ye who prize
The histories that belong
To Temple fane, and grand old hills,
Which guard that city strong,
Pity the exiles, whose sad fate
Oft points to jest or song.

Join with us in our earnest care,
To guide their wandering feet
Close by the dying Saviour's cross,
Where love and mercy meet,
And every heart-throb seems a long,
Loud welcome to repeat.

And pray, O pray right earnestly,
For power, and light, and love,
Their dark and proud, tho' troubled heart
By God's own truth to move,
That germ of holy Christian faith
Their judgment may approve.

Then shall we in the closest bonds,
Beneath the cross be found,
One in our sympathy and work,
Clasping the world around ;
Till *all* men feel Jerusalem
Is precious, hallowed ground.

And should the stranger's usurped rule
Give place at length to those
Whom prophecy has long foretold
Shall wrest it from their foes,
Together we will hail the end
Of all their heart-sick woes.

And whether on this lower earth,
Or far beyond the skies,
Jehovah's loved, yet banished ones,
To highest glory rise,
Jerusalem, for Christ's dear sake,
We evermore will prize.

K. P. R.