

## POETRY.

## PALESTINE.

By Bishop Heber.—Continued

And he, the warrior sage, whose restless mind  
Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd;  
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,  
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew:  
To him were known—so Hagar's off-spring tell—  
The powerful sigill and the starry spell;  
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,  
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.  
Hence all his might; for who could these oppose?  
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Baalbec rose.  
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genai fall,  
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.  
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,  
'Twas oft the houseless Lanton rests reclin'd;  
Strange shapes he views, and drunks with wondering  
ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.  
Such, the faint echo of departed praise,  
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;  
And thus their fabled bards delight to tell  
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!  
For thro' his ivory load Behemoth bore,  
And fir Sofala teem'd with golden ore;  
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,  
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.  
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,  
And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;  
Or ore to Greece the builders' skill was known,  
Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone;  
Yet here fair science nurs'd her infant fire,  
Tann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.  
'Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state  
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.  
No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,  
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke.  
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad  
View'd the descending flame and bless'd the present  
God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,  
Bent o'er her soul the billows of the proud.  
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,  
Fill'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;  
Who sadly told the slow revolving years,  
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;  
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,  
'Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return;  
And their sad lyes, which, silent and unstrung,  
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,  
Would oft awake to chaunt their future fame,  
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.  
His promised aid could every fear controul;  
'This nerv'd the Warrior's arm, this steel'd the Mar-  
tyr's soul!

Nor vain their hope: bright beaming thro' the sky,  
Burst in full blaze the day spring from on High;  
Earth's utmost Isles exulted at the sight,  
And crowding Nations drank the orient light.  
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,  
And bending Magi seek their infant king!  
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant head  
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?  
Daughter of Zion! virgin Queen! rejoice!  
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!  
He comes,—but not in regal splendor dress'd,  
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest;  
Not armed in flame, all glorious from afar,  
Of hosts the chieftain and the Lord of War:  
Messiah comes: let furious discord cease;  
Be peace on Earth before the Prince of Peace!  
Disease and Anguish feel his blest controul  
And howling Fiends release the tortured soul;  
The beams of gladness Hell's dark caves illumine,  
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.  
Thou palsied Earth, with noonday night o'erspread!  
'Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red!  
Ye hovering Ghosts, that throng the starless air  
Why shakes the Earth? Why fades the light? de-  
clare!

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?  
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?  
His the pale form, the meek forgiving Eye  
Raised from the Cross in patient Agony?  
Be dark, thou Sun,—thou noonday night arise

And hide, oh hide the dreadful sacrifice?  
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,  
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,  
Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—  
Weep for your country, for your children weep!  
Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;  
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.  
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,  
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.  
Then Judah rag'd by ruffian discord led,  
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:  
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,  
And war without, and death within the wall.  
Wide—wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,  
And dire debate, and clamorous strife was there:  
Love, strong as death, retain'd his might no more,  
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.  
Yet they, who want to roam th' ensanguin'd plain,  
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;  
E'en they, when high above the dusty light,  
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,  
To their lov'd altars paid a parting groan,  
And in their country's woes forgot their own.  
As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,  
The trampled ranks in mazy carnage roll'd;  
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,  
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:  
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,  
And life's last anger warm'd the dying man.  
But heavier far the fetter'd captives doom!  
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:  
To swell, slow pacing, by the ear's tall side,  
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride;  
To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel  
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;  
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,  
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.  
Ah! fruitful now no more, an empty coast,  
She mourn'd her son's enslav'd, her glories lost:  
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,  
'Twas bark'd the wolf, and dire hymns fed.  
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,  
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vesper paid;  
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove;  
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,  
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:  
While forms celestial fill'd his trance'd eye  
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,  
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,  
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.  
Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?  
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel?  
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,  
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!  
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,  
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!  
Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,  
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.  
Then hallow'd peace renew'd her wealthy reign,  
Then altars smok'd and Zion smil'd again.  
There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,  
And all the bounties of the British queen;  
There barbarous kings their sandal'd nations led,  
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head,  
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,  
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,  
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,  
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow:  
From the moist regions of th' western star  
The wandering hermit wak'd the storm of war.  
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,  
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came.  
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,  
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;  
While heedless youths and tender maids assume  
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.  
In bashful pride the warrior virgins wield  
The ponderous falchion, and the sun-like shield,  
And start to see their armour's iron gleam  
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.  
The blood-red banner floating o'er the van,  
All madly blithed the mingled myriads ran:  
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,  
And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.  
Not such the numbers nor the host so dread  
By northern Brenn, or Scythian Timur led,  
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore  
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore!

## THE HAGUE IN THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

Happening to be at the Hague on the last night of the year, I observed, when putting a letter in the post-office, that the venerable old Abbey Kirk was lighted up, and having half an hour to spare, I directed my way into it. I found a large congregation fast collecting, with whose voices, accompanied by a powerful organ, the old Saxon pile, resembling in barbaresque grandeur the cathedral at Durham, rang and resounded the *voorgezang*. The two sons of the prince of Orange were already in the royal pew, a very modest one, slightly raised, and opposite the pulpit. The elder boy sung with as British a vigour, as his features and complexion were like the British. Then the chapter was announced, and soon the good old Presbyterian king appeared;—a very proper place, I thought, for the victim of popish and radical calumny on the last night of the year, in which they had such a triumph at his expense. After bowing to the people, and a long private prayer, he turned to his grand-children and affectionately shook hands with them, the elder in return turning up the chapter for him. It was a delightful sight, especially as the vile English practice of separating the children of the poor from their parents in Church does not prevail here, and the great mass of the congregation consisted of plain Dutch families, to whom the family affection of the royal seat was thus both a treat and an example.

I could not stay long, but took a note of the hymns for the night, which in Holland are announced on the walls, as used to be in St. George's, Edinburgh.—*Christian Intel.*

## JEWS IN CHINA.

There is a colony of Jews in China at Kac-foong-foo, of whom Mr. Davis, in his work on the Chinese, gives some interesting particulars.—They are said to have reached China as early as two hundred years before Christ. There is a place reserved in their synagogues for its chief, who never enters there except with profound respect. They say that their ancestors came from a kingdom of the west, called the kingdom of Jude, which Joshua conquered after having departed from Egypt, and passed the Red Sea and the desert; that the number of Jews who emigrated from Egypt, was about 600,000 men. They say their alphabet has 27 letters, but they commonly make use of only 22 which accords with the declaration of St. Jerome, that the Hebrew has 27 letters, five of which are double. When they read the Bible in their synagogue they cover the face with a transparent veil, in memory of Moses, who descended from the mountain with his face covered and who thus published the decalogue and the law of God to his people; they read a section every Sabbath day. Thus the Jews of China, like the Jews of Europe, read all the law in the course of a year.

## BISHOP OF LONDON.

A large proportion of the benefited London clergy attended in St. James' square, on Wednesday, Nov. 16th, to present an address from the Fellows of St. College to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, on his restoration to health from his late severe illness. The address was received in the most gratifying manner. In replying to the passage which contained a respectful remonstrance of his clergy to more sparing for the future of his own exertions, lordship promised to heed the caution, but only far as was consistent with his higher duties, and beautifully introduced St. Paul's observations to the elders of the Ephesian Church:—"Not counting my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."—*British Mag.*

Look about you and see if three great idols, Honor, Pleasure, Gain, have not shared the earth amongst them and left them least, whose all it is.—*Bishop Hall.*

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ONCE A FORTNIGHT,

BY E. A. MOODY, LUNENBURG, N. S.

Terms—10s. per annum:—when sent by mail, it shall be paid in advance.

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