

this remarkable people which, like the burning bush, is never consumed, for some great purpose before the final coming of our Lord."

Strange has been their fate. The victims, through the ages, of spoilation and persecution—the wandering race of the weary foot—the "Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind." On them, with all the bitterness of fate, has descended the woe invoked by their fathers: "His blood—the blood of the Innocent One—be on us and on our children."

Anathema marantha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

On the west side of Jerusalem is the Golden Gate, supposed to have been the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. It is now walled up, as the Mohammedans say that through this gate the Christians will enter to conquer the city. There is also a tradition that in the valley of tombs below, the Last Judgment will take place, when Mohammed, standing on the Golden Gate, and Issa—Jesus—on the Mount of Olives, will judge the world.