

Poetry.

THE JUDGMENT OF TYRE.

(Ezekiel xxvi, xxvii, xxviii.)

O City set at entry of the sea,
The merchant of a hundred hundred
isles !

Thy bounds are, as the bounds of ocean,
free ;

Thy builders' art hath decked thy
front with smiles ;

For thy ship boards the firs of Senir's
miles ;

And out of Lebanon the cedar tree

Doth make thee mar ; for thine oars
Bashan piles

Her oaks ; the Ashurite of ivory
From Chittim's isles hath framed thy
benches fair to see.

Fine linen, brodered fair, of richest hue,
In Egypt spun, thou spreadest for a
sail ;

And scarlet from Elishah's isles and blue
Are for thy covering ; in sun and gale
Sidonian seamen bear thy purple bale ;

Old men of Gebal too thy pilots are :
O'er all the seas thy traffickers prevail ;
In thee thy Persians and thy men of war
Hang up their shields and show thy
comeliness afar.

The slaves of Tarshish loosen in her
mines

Their stones of silver to delight thine
eyes,

And Javan founds her brass ; Dedan de-
signs

Her ornaments of ivory thy prize ;
Fine linen Syria sends thee for thy
dyes,

Coral and agate ; Israel, oils and balms ;
The wealthy noble in thy market buys
The wine of Helbon, Kedar rears thee
lambs ;

Ashur and Sheba send their spices and
their palms.

Perfect in wisdom, beauty, — thou hast
been

In God's own garden, happy king of
Tyre :

Thy royal robes were blazing with the
sheen

Of ruby, beryl, jasper, and sapphire,
and diamond and gold ; thy tuneful
choir

Of pipes and tabrets in thy youth was
heard ;

Thou hast walked forth amid the
stones of fire ; —

The covering cherub, on God's moun-
tain reared ;

Perfect, till in thy courts iniquity ap-
peared.

Hide, hide thy face, the Lord doth cast
thee forth ;

The King of Babylon, a king of kings,
With horses and with chariots from the
north