

## SELECTIONS FOR

For, the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed:  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still !

And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride :  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;  
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

## VI. FALLEN IS THY THRONE, O ISRAEL !

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel !  
Silence is o'er thy plains ;  
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,  
Thy children weep in chains.  
Where are the dews that fed thee  
On Etham's barren shore ?  
That fire from heaven which led thee  
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! thou didst love Jerusalem—  
Once she was all thine own :  
Her love thy fairest heritage,  
Her power thy glory's throne.  
Till evil came, and blighted  
Thy long-loved olive tree ;  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than thee.

Then sank the star of Solyma,  
Then pass'd her glory's day,  
Like heath that, in the wilderness,  
The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,  
Where once the mighty trod,  
And sunk those guilty towers,  
Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "Ye Conquerors !  
Steep in her blood your swords,  
And raze to earth her battlements,  
For they are not the Lord's.  
Till Zion's mournful daughter  
O'er kindred bones shall tread,  
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter  
Shall hide but half her dead."

But soon shall other pictur'd scenes  
In brighter vision rise,  
When Zion's sun shall sevenfold shine  
On all her mourners' eyes :  
And on her mountains beauteous stand  
The messengers of peace ;  
"Salvation by the Lord's right hand,"  
They shout and never cease.

## VII. JACOB'S DREAM.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

The sun was sinking on the mountain zone  
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine !  
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,  
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,