

THE GLEANER.

"Let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."—Ruth 2; 7.

Thos. Somerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

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THE CAPTIVES' WAIL.

We sat by the waters of Babylon, sad,
And wept for Jerusalem, dear,
Our harps on the willows, no music, no song,
No friend the poor captive to cheer.

They want us to sing of dear Zion a song,
The home of the blest and the free,
But how can we sing in the ene my's land,
While we in captivity be.

We long for the courts where Jehovah is King,
Where there is true happiness, rest ;
We sigh for thee Zion—we never can sing
To strangers the song of the blest.

O turn our captivity, Jehovah, again,
We long for Jerusalem's shore ;
We'll take down the harps and tune them
anew,
Sing praises as never before. S. S.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

I was travelling between Paris and Bourdeaux, and had just left Angouleme, when a smart and showy young man stepped into the carriage where I was, and seated himself between me and another traveller.—He saluted me with politeness ; and, after the first customary words, said to me, "Sir, I think you are from Paris?"

"I left it yesterday," I replied.

"And I am sure," he continued, "you must have seen the Huguenots (a piece of music.) What a wonderful production it is ! So original ! Every one is flying to it ! Were you not enchanted."

"The Huguenots?" replied I, putting my hand into the pocket of the coach, where I had put the New Testament which I read on my journey, "I have here what the Huguenots held as their greatest treasure."

The young man exclaimed with surprise, "The treasure of the Huguenots ! What may that be I pray ?"

I presented the book to him ; he read its title, and returned it to me immediately, saying with contempt, "O, as for that book, it is good for nobody, I think, but old women and people of weak minds."

"I know, sir," I replied, with feeling, that it is excellent for me, who certainly am not an old woman. As to my mind, I shall say nothing—you can judge of that."

The young man blushed, and said, with some confusion, "A thousand pardons, sir, if I have offended you by my foolish expression : but allow me to speak quite freely, and to tell you that I cannot comprehend how a man of sense and intelligence, such as (with respect) I acknowledge you to be, can approve of, and above all, believe in such a production."

I confess I was tempted to oppose weapon to weapon, but the words of the Holy Book came to my mind, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." Leaving, therefore, in its scabbard of clay the feeble sword