

## THE CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.

**W**E SAT by the rivers of Babel and wept,  
 When we thought on the land where our forefathers slept;  
 Our sad hearts were breaking, our harps were unstrung,  
 As on the green willows they silently hung.

For they, who in triumph had led us away  
 From the land they had pillaged and left in dismay,  
 With laughter and jest, added insult to wrong,  
 And bade us be mirthful and sing them a song.

No! never, proud heathen, these valleys shall ring  
 With the music of Zion, for how shall we sing  
 The songs of the Lord, while the hill and the vale  
 Are profaned by the temples and worship of Baal?

In the day I forget how the Gentile defiled  
 The city of God and His people reviled,  
 Let the skill from my right hand forever depart,  
 And my tongue fail to utter the wish of my heart.

Ye daughters of Salem! O weep for our race,  
 The exiles afar in this desolate place;  
 O weep for our kindred who fell by the sword,  
 O weep for the Temple, the House of the Lord!

Proud Princess of Babel! the Lord hath declared,  
 By the mouth of His prophet, thou shalt not be spared;  
 The crown from thy brow by the Mede shall be torn,  
 And thy beauty shall vanish like dew in the morn!

—H. M. STRAMBERG.

## REV. FATHER HARRIS.

**O**NLY a few months ago a friend,  
 living in New Westminster,  
 returned from a trip to the Em-  
 erald Isle. After the first  
 shaking of hands and the welcoming  
 was indulged in, he was invariably  
 asked: "And did you see Father  
 Harris?" or "How is Father Hor-  
 ris?" We were all glad to hear that

the good father is doing fairly well.  
 He is taking a much-needed rest, for  
 he is unable to attend to any priestly  
 duties; yet he is resigned to his posi-  
 tion, seeing that it is the will of God,  
 and he thanks kind Providence that  
 has given him good friends in his old  
 days. Surely he deserved to have  
 them, for he has been the friend of