

Earnest Christianity.

VOL. 3.]
NO. 8.]

AUGUST, 1875.

[NEW
SERIES.

GIDEON'S FLEECE.

“And Gideon said unto God, let me prove, I pray Thee, but this once with the fleece.”—JUDGES vi. 39.

ALL night long, on hot Gilboa's mountain,
With unmoistened breath, the breezes blew ;
All night long the green corn in the valley
Thirsted—thirsted for one drop of dew.

Came the warrior from his home in Ophrah ;
Sought the white fleece in the mountain pass,
As he heard the crimson morning rustle
In the dry leaves of the bearded grass.

Not a pearl was on the red pomegranate,
Not a diamond in the lily's crown ;
Yet the fleece was heavy with its moisture,
Wet with dew-drops where no dew rained down.

All night long the dew was on the olives,
Every dark leaf set in diamond drops,
Silver-frosted lay the lowland meadows,
Silver-frosted all the mountain tops.

Once again from Ophrah came the chieftain ;
Sought his white fleece 'mid the dewy damps,
As the early sun looked through the woodlands,
Lighting up a thousand crystal lamps.

Every bright leaf gave back from its bosom
Of that breaking sun a semblance rare ;
All the wet earth glistened like a mirror,
Yet the fleece lay dry and dewless there.