

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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ETERNAL LIFE.

Praise God for salvation and the life we receive
When we with our hearts on His Son do
believe.

What wonderful mercy! what infinite love!
That brought Jesus our Saviour from heaven
above,

To suffer and die and to hang on the tree,
That sinners believing in Him might be free.

And when they receive Him they are born
again,

And life everlasting through Him they obtain;
The just wrath of God which did them
condemn,

They never need fear, Christ bore it for them.
Though they were once aliens and strangers
to God,

They have been brought nigh through Jesus'
blood.

Their sins which were many like the sand
on the shore,

Are all washed away to be remembered no
more.

They shall never perish, but will firmly
endure,

For their hope and their calling and election
is sure.

Oh, poor doubting saint, why then need you
fear?

For your ransom is paid and your title is
clear.

The debt you once owed was every bit paid,
When Christ on the cross the sacrifice made.
Praise God for salvation, the free gift of His
Son,

Which all may obtain through the work He
has done;

And the life everlasting which never will end,
Is only through Jesus, the sinner's true
Friend.

THOMAS BUSTARD.

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

One night, when I was a lad, lying
in my bed at home, I awoke, and it was
dark, and I heard a voice in the night
—not a song, but I heard the voice of
my mother as she lay upon her bed of
pain. She was twenty-five years in
the valley of the shadow of death.—
Her "light affliction" endured for a
quarter of a century, but it was "but
for a moment," seeing that it led to the
"eternal weight of glory."

I shall never forget how the sound
of her dear voice floated into my dark
room and my disquieted heart, "Yea,
though I walk through the valley,"
think of it rising in the air at 2 o'clock
on a dark winter morning with the
wind howling round your house, "Yea,
though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death I will fear no evil,
for THOU art with me."

I am saying it in a rough, unmelodious
man's voice. I heard it hymned
in the exquisite tone that only a man's
mother's voice can ever have to his own
ear. Sing it. Sing it in the darkness.
Sing it now all the more if the valley
seems long. You are passing through
the valley."

It is a tunnel, but only a tunnel, and
like all tunnels, it has light at both
ends, and certainly it has light at that
end to which you are travelling. Some
of the railway stations, I notice, are
entered through tunnels. I do not