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I Glean.

A plaint—a prayer; I scarce can tell How on my ear the echo fell !—

"I glean ! I glean ! at my Lord's behest:

Not in the pasture my heart loves best, Mine is a sterile and barren field, Sparse is the handful my toil doth yield !

How will my pitiful gain appear,

When the Lord of the Harvest draweth near ?

Barren pasture and alien race! God, can this be my proper place ?"

I heard, I gazed; the saddened tone Came from a gleaner all alone, Bending over her dreary toil:

Scarce an ear on the hardened soil !

Far from the land that gave her birth,

- Far from the hearts that knew her worth,
- She gleaned what the reapers glad passed by-
- The grain which else would but rot and die !
- Yet her toil was part of a mighty whole,
- For every ear was a deathless soul, She could not guess, as her gain she
- sought, The worth of the mighty work she wrought!

But, as I listened her plaint and prayer, A voice came, lifting her load of care : "Oh, happy gleaner, to thee is given To gather store for my garner, heaven! Rejoice ! rejoice ! for thy hands may hold In their weary grasp full ears of gold ! And the priceless gain thy labour brings May feed the nation and nurture kings— Kings and priests who shall hold their sway,

In the kingdom for which thy faith doth pray !

Thy seeming failures my victories fill,

- For in doing them thou didst my will ! Then smile, not mourn, as thou view'st the scene,
- And shout with gladness, 'I glean ! I glean ! !

-H. A. B., in All the World.

Point Better than Points.

Point is better than points. If the selected lesson text is ten verses, and each verse contains two distinct facts or statements, there are many teachers who seem to deem it their duty to make twenty moral points in their half-hour's work. There are other teachers, much fewer in number, who understand the art of making the whole lesson converge to a common point. The result of the first sort of work is that the pupils have felt a pricking sensation covering considerable area of feeling. The result of the second sort is that the pupils are conscious of a single definite truth having gained a lodgement within them. A chestnut burr will prick and scratch the surface, but it will not sink very deep as an arrow-head.-S. S. Times.