

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor. “LET THERE BE LIGHT.” Vol. xv. No. 2

THE CHRISTIAN SOWER.

How blessed to scatter the glorious good
news

Of the Saviour for sinners slain.
To tell them of Him who would Calvary
choose,
That they might have infinite gain.

Oh, what a blest Saviour we have to make
known,
who has met the deep need of our soul,
To speak of His loving heart casting out
none,
But making them every whit whole.

In view of such wondrous, marvelous grace
Which provides such a ransom for all,
Why are there so many who seek not His
face?
'Tis because they've no need in their soul.

Yet God hath declared that all men have
need
Of salvation from sin's dreadful thrall,
So Christ once was offered—thus captives
are freed,
And to such He is all in all.

Yes ALL to the ones who for refuge have
gone
From their guilty and ruined estate,
A refuge where e'en the dread sword of
the throne
Now can only their cause vindicate.

Then gladly we'll scatter the good news
of love,
To a world of poor sinners undone,
And praise His blest name who came down
from above,
God's thrice holy and well-beloved Son.

ROBERT SEED.

Shine, and leave the rest to Him.

A PARABLE.

One night a man took a little taper
out of a drawer and lit it, and then
began ascending a long winding stair.
“Where are you going,” said the
taper. “Away high up,” said the
man; “higher up than the top of
the house where we sleep.”

“And what are you going to do
up there?” “I'm going to show the
ships out at sea where the harbor is,”
said the man, “for we stand here at
the entrance of the harbor, and some
ships far out on the stormy sea may
be looking out for the light even now.”

“Alas, no ship could ever see my
light, it is so very small,” said the
little taper. “If your light is small,
keep it burning bright, and leave the
rest to me,” said the man.

Well, when the man got up to the
top of the lighthouse, for this was
where they were, he took the little
taper and with it lit the great lamps
that stood ready there with their pol-
ished reflectors behind them.

Perhaps you think, reader, that
your little light is of small account,
can you not see what God may do
with it? Shine, and leave the rest
to Him.

FAITH.

In the old days of New England a