

THE GLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Vol. x. No. 12

COME AND GONE.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; again, I leave the world, and go to the Father." John 16; 28.

Christ the Lord has come and gone,
He the Father's will has done—
Glorified His name below,
Died to save our souls from woe.

He is now gone up on high,
Far above the azure sky;
Seated on the Father's throne,
Proof that all is truly done.

He is there to intercede,
For His own in time of need;
He's prepared a blessed place,
For all who truly bow to grace.

Christ the Lord will come again,
Those who trust Him now, will reign,
Have a seat on His own throne,
And His foes be all put down.

He's wanting all to come,
Come to Him while yet there's room,
He has died and died for all,
Those are saved who heed his call.

Mercy's day will soon be o'er,
Mercy's voice be heard no more;
Sinner, come without delay,
Now improve His gracious day.

R. HUTCHINSON.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The noble missionary Moffatt tells a beautiful story. He says, "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the

village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she came with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat.

She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she replied:

'I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world place.'

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints.