

THE CLEANER.

"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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JESUS, THE UNFAILING FRIEND.

I'm glad I came to Jesus
There is no love like His,
No friend so kind and tender,
In a cold world like this.
When sin-sick, sad at spirit,
I longed for rest and peace,
The great Physician, Jesus,
Healed my poor soul's disease.

I cannot do without Him,
I need Him day and night ;
I need Him in life's sunshine
To keep me at His side !
When clouds and shadows gather
And fill my heart with fear,
I breathe a child-like prayer,
And then they disappear.

I take my daily burden
To this unfailing Friend ;
He will as He has promised
The needed grace me send.
The prayers and petitions
He's promised to fulfill,
In His own time and order,
According to His will.

So now I'll live for Jesus,
And joyfully sing His praise,
I am a living witness,
A witness to His grace.
While here I'm patient waiting,
To meet Him in the air,
Soon with His ransomed people
His home in glory share.

Plainfield, N. J.

S. S.

Christ thinks no one too bad to receive, if they do not think themselves too good to come.

I WISH I HAD YOUR FAITH.

Many and many a time when I have spoken to anxious souls have they said to me, "Ah ! I wish I had your faith." But just notice the blunder they make. Instead of looking at Jesus, who is the object of faith, they are looking at their faith and comparing it with mine and all the while rejecting the gift which is offered to them.

Suppose, now, I were to present something to you, my reader, for your acceptance ; would you look at your hand and say, "My hand is not large enough ;" or, "My hand is not clean enough ;" or, "My hand is not strong enough ;" or any such foolish thing ? Certainly not ! If it were something which you valued and much needed, you would simply stretch out your hand and accept it with thanks.

Now "the gift of God is eternal life through (or in) Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. vi. 23. What then does God require of the anxious soul ? Surely not to look at the hand which receives it. (For faith is merely the hand which lays hold of, and receives the gift.) But to take it at once from the hand which offers it, and thank the Giver. Besides, it is not the strength of the faith, nor yet the amount of it that saves the soul ;