

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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THE NAME OF JESUS.

I own the name of Jesus,
Let others it despise ;
The blessed name of Jesus,
Above all else I prize.

I bear the name of Jesus—
Profess Him as my Lord ;
Acknowledge Him my Saviour—
Alone beloved, adored.

I love the name of Jesus,
Whate'er the cross I bear,
I find my joy and solace,
And all I wish for, there.

I prize the name of Jesus,
The treasure of my soul,
The sum of all my riches,
My joy unspeakable.

Yes, blessed, precious Jesus,
My heart e'er turns to Thee ;
Come whatsoe'er Thou wiltst,
Thy name my all shall be.

And O ! the name of Jesus
Shall be my deathless song,
When in the realms of glory,
I join the ransomed throng.

THE WRONG TRAIN.

Some time ago, I was standing on the platform of a railway station, when I caught sight of a tall, unhappy-looking old gentleman pacing up and down. He was in a most anxious and nervous state of mind, and so worried the officials about his train, that at last they did not heed his questions.

"My train! my train! is this my train? quick!" he panted out, addressing two young men on the platform.

"Yes, yes, this is your train, I have no doubt," one answered, while he smiled at his companion as the old man pushed to enter a car. "He didn't say where he wanted to go, either, the old stupid!" and his laugh grew loud as he thought of the joke he had played by letting the old man get into the wrong train.

I rushed into the car as quickly as I could, helped him out, telling him that that train was not going to the place I had heard him enquire about. He sobbed with excitement: "I am going to see my dying daughter, and if I had gone by that train I would never have seen her alive again!"

I tried to comfort him, but he had not experienced any of the consolations of the gospel of Christ. Then I gave him a booklet entitled, "Lean on the Rock," but his agitation prevented his reading it when. Presently his train came in, and as I was going his way I entered the car with him. On the way he grew less anxious, and said, "You have been very kind to me; I shall keep your little book as a remembrance of that kindness."

I asked him to read it when he had time; and putting on his spectacles, he turned the pages of my tiny gift, and began to read. He read until the tears coursed down his cheeks, and I silently breathed a prayer that God would bless the words to the soul of the old man.

"Do you lean on the Rock?" he presently asked me.