

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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THE PERFECT ONE.

When first I heard of Jesus, it seemed some
mystic tale,

A root of barren dryness, no fragrance could
exhale;

But as I came to know Him, His precious
name grew sweet;

And like a perfumed rainbow, love arched
the mercy seat.

At first I saw no beauty, no captivating
spell,

Felt no divine emotion in my cold bosom
swell;

But when through beams of glory, God
shone in Jesus face,

All other objects tarnished before His match-
less grace.

I read that He was wounded, and bruised
upon the tree,

Yet felt no thrilling wonder as though He
died for me.

But since—oh since I knew it, and saw Him
bear my load,

I cannot cease from praising my great re-
deeming God.

O Rose of rarest odor, O Lilly white and
pure,

The chiefest of ten thousand, whose glory
must endure.

The more I see Thy beauty, the more I know
Thy grace;

The more I long unhindered to gaze upon
Thy face.

W. C. M.

FITNESS FOR HEAVEN: WHO HAS IT?

How many people there are in these

so-called Christian lands who are, by
one means or another, vainly trying to
fit themselves for heaven.

The very fact that they are trying
to fit themselves for that place, plainly
shows that they still feel their unfit-
ness for it.

That the most religious man is, in
himself, as totally unfit for heaven, as
the woman of Sychar's Well, who had
had five husbands, is plain enough,
from the Lord's own words to Nico-
demus, "Verily, verily I say unto
thee, Except a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of God." John
iii, 3.

When a soul is awakened to feel its
true state, a step has been taken, no
doubt, in the right direction. When
Job said, "Behold I am vile," he dis-
covered something he had never known
before. When he exclaimed, "I have
heard of Thee by the hearing of the
ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee;
wherefore I abhor myself, and repent
in dust and ashes," he had found out
his true place before God.

Let me say, in all plainness, that no
one will ever get true fitness for heaven,
who has not discovered his own total
unfitness for it.

How, then, are we fitted? is a ques-
tion of vital importance, seeing that
the everlasting weal or woe of every
man hangs upon it.

Many think, like a lady with whom