

THE CLEANER.

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

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

Vol. xiv. No. 2

CHRIST'S ABIDING BEAUTY.

The beauty of Lebanon fadeth,
The glory of Carmel decays,
The dew falleth not upon Hermon,
And silent are Bethlehem's lays ;
Fair Sharon is shorn of her splendors,
And Sharon's delightsomeness wanes,
But the glory of Jesus remaineth,
HIS beauty for ever remains.

The chiefest among the ten thousand,
The desire of all nations is He ;
We never shall know what His beauty
Till Him in His glory we see ;
No shadow can cloud or diminish
The brightness which in Him obtains,
For the glory of Jesus abideth,
HIS beauty for ever remains.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

TWO MEN.

I know something of the life of a man who is often named as the most distinguished philosopher of the nineteenth century. He slept but four hours out of twenty-four, and he lived ninety years. Never sick, never idle, never weary, he traveled and read and wrote and studied enough to wear out half a dozen ordinary men. He learned many languages. He was familiar with every department of science. He explored vast libraries. He knew the scientific men of all nations. He received a hundred thousand letters. Princes and kings delighted to do him honor. Titles and diplomas, degrees and

badges of distinction were scattered like rubbish about his room. Ministers of state, generals in the army, officers of kingly courts, professors of colleges, travelers, academicians, students, citizens, all counted it a privilege to have seen his face, an honor to have known him. And that man, with his unwearied and wonderful mind, ranged through all the departments of nature, science, literature, philosophy, and found no God, no Saviour, no heaven, no promise or prospect of everlasting life. With all his discoveries he never found the river of God's pleasures.

I know something of the life of another man, who was not permitted even to own himself. He lived and labored and suffered for another man's profit, for another man's pleasure. The value of his life was estimated as men estimate the value of farms and merchandise. The creations of art, the stores of literature, the wonders of science, the refinements of taste, the rewards of industry, the stimulus of intellectual cultivation, the charms of home, the delights of peace and liberty, were not for him. And yet that poor man had such pleasures as belong to the infinite God. He had expectations that overpassed the boundaries of earth and time. He could read his