

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 UNFOLDINGS OF GRACE IN REDEMPTION.

Far in dim and distant ages,
Long ere time its course began,
Read we in the sacred pages
God had set His thoughts on man.
Tread we softly, for the story
Scarcely human lips may tell,
How in that eternal glory
God the Son did ever dwell.

In the bosom of the Father:
Then was formed the wondrous plan,
That the Son of God should gather
From the race of fallen man,
Heirs for glory—blessed purpose!
Wisdom infinite, divine!
Bend we low in adoration,
Praise, our God, be ever Thine!

UNCLE BEN.

There was a calm look on the old fisherman's face—the calm which had only been reached after many a storm; but he looked as though he had heard the Master's "Peace I leave with you: My peace I give unto you," and was resting with that in his heart.

He was not lonely,—how could he be, when he had sweet memories connected with every plank of the poor wooden cot? And there are words in the large, carefully treasured Bible too, which he ponders out aloud as he sits alone;—loving, comforting words, such as his aged wife was wont to read with him in the old days, before

Mat, poor lost Mat, left his father's home.

"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." Old Ben Watts was uttering the words aloud as he tidied up the place after his evening meal; and he went on: "Well, isn't it according to His will as Mat should be landed safe ashore when the dear Lord calls him? For sure he wants him to give up the drink and the old ways o' sin, an' come an' follow Him. Why! didn't the Saviour die for Mat? an' don't He want him to believe it?"

In a few minutes more, as he laid carefully together the embers of his little fire, a beautiful smile flitted across his aged face, and he exclaimed reverently, "So He bringeth them to their desired haven. Ah! I knowed as He'd bring me a comfortin' thought."

He was too much occupied with his peaceful thoughts to heed the tip-toed entrance of a little blue-eyed child, who, however, soon claimed his attention, by a question she had asked some fifty times before.

"Be Mat a-comin' home to-night, uncle Ben?"

She stood beside him, enjoying the glow from his tiny bit of fire. "Be you 'spectin' him to-night?"