

# 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 Unsearchable Riches of Christ."

Eph. iii. 8.

"Though He was rich, yet for your sakes  
He became poor, that ye, through His  
poverty, might be rich." 2 Cor. viii. 9.

Aye, rich—with all the wealth of heaven's  
store—

(Gift of grace divine.)

So rich, that earth with all its treasured store  
Fades into insignificance—nay more—  
Is utterly contemned, and spurned away  
By every heir of God and child of day.

How comes this wealth to sinners lost,  
undone ?

It comes to us by grace, through God's dear  
Son,

Who saw our lost estate, and bare our woe,  
That we may with Him dwell who loved  
us so.

Said I, "To dwell with Him?" Ah, there's  
the key

That unlocks all God's treasure house for me!  
In Christ I am, His boundless wealth I share;  
God's Word declares I am His Son's co-heir.

Blest saint of God ! earth's glories fade away  
Before the effulgence of eternal day.

Now let thy soul forever find

That wealth unsearchable.

ROBT. SEED.

Scripture is a divine, and therefore  
exhaustless treasury in which God  
has made ample provision for all the  
need of His people, and for each be-  
liever in particular, right on to the  
end. Hence we should study it all,  
ponder it, and have it treasured up in  
our hearts, ready for use when the  
demand arises.

## A DYING MISSIONARY.

A young Englishman, some fifty  
years ago, left his home to preach  
the Gospel in Terra del Fuego. The  
divine call was clear to him. This  
was God's appointed task for him.—  
He spent his limited fortune in fitting  
out an expedition; only to be re-  
pulsed by the natives and driven  
back a penniless, unsuccessful but  
resolute man.

He urged his plea upon the church-  
es and sailed again. He was now  
permitted to land. He pitched his  
tent among the people and prepared  
for work. His companions died and  
he was driven again by the super-  
stitious natives to the shelter of his  
boat.

At length in the shadow of a torn  
sail he lay dying. Not a soul had  
been given for his hire. Was his  
life wasted, then? In his last mo-  
ments he wrote these words, which  
were found long afterwards :

"My little boat is a very Bethel to  
my soul. Asleep or awake, I am  
happier than tongue can tell. I am  
starving, yet I neither hunger nor  
thirst. I feed on hidden manna and  
drink at the King's well. I am not  
disappointed, for I remember this,  
'One soweth and another reapeth.'"

A failure? A wasted life? Nay;  
let the thousands of converts, who