

# THE CLEANER.

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

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## CHRIST IS COMING.

Christ is coming ! let creation  
From her groans and travails cease ;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore, and faith increase ;  
Christ is coming !  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story  
Of thy bitter cross and pain :  
She shall yet behold Thy glory  
When Thou comest back to reign :  
Christ is coming !  
Let each heart repeat the strain.

Long thine exiles have been pining,  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;  
Soon in heavenly glory shining,  
Their Restorer shall they see ;  
Christ is coming !  
Haste the joyous jubilee !

With that blessed hope before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll on every tongue ;  
Christ is coming !  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !

## A STORY OF THE WAR.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg, hundreds of wounded soldiers were left lying on the ground, on the road ascending Mary's Heights. All night and most of the next day, the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief.

All that time their agonized cries went up for "Water ! water !" But there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress. At length, however, one brave fellow, behind the stone ramparts where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to his love for life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and finding the commanding officer, said to him excitedly :

"General, I can't stand this any longer. Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But, do you know," said the general, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot!

"Yes, sir ; I know it ; but to carry a little comfort to those poor dying men, I'm willing to run the risk.

The general hesitated for a moment, but finally said, with emotion :

"Kirkland, it's sending you to your death, but I cannot oppose such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall, and applied himself to