

# 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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## HIS NAME.

Praise the peerless name of Jesus,  
Sing of Him for evermore ;  
Praise the precious name of Jesus,  
Tell its value o'er and o'er.  
Jesus Christ is God's salvation ;  
All who live through Jesus' name  
Were in death and condemnation,  
Heirs of Adam's sin and shame.  
'Tis through Thy death, Lord Jesus,  
Faith can life eternal claim.

Precious blood, the blood of Jesus,  
Did for all my sins atone ;  
Sprinkled blood, the blood of Jesus,  
Speaks for ever from the throne ;  
Telling how His life was given,  
And that He who once was dead,  
Son of Man, God's Son from heaven,  
Is the Saviour as He said.  
Oh, precious blood of Jesus,  
For a world of sinners shed !

At this name supreme of Jesus,  
Every knee, God saith, shall bow.  
Lord of all, 'tis this same Jesus  
Whom the world refuses now.  
Every eye shall gaze upon Him,  
Every tongue confess His name ;  
Every glory centres on Him,  
Wronged of men and put to shame.  
None other name than Jesus,  
God, His Father, doth proclaim.

Praise the peerless name of Jesus,  
Tell of Him for evermore ;  
See Him in God's glory—Jesus,  
Who the weight of judgment bore.  
In the cross, Thy death, Lord Jesus,  
God required what is past.  
Thou art Alpha and Omega ;  
Thou art First, and Thou art Last.  
Now in "the Man Christ Jesus"  
All God's counsel standeth fast.

H. K. B.

## THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

While the service was going on, a man came in, and he stayed while the preacher was preaching. Look at this man for a moment. He was a most dissipated man—a man upon whose face vice was set, a man whom no influence in all China could make better. He was an opium smoker, and had been for years. His lands had dwindled away ; his wife was in poverty and sorrow ; he was a man in the lowest ebb of life even in China. He came in, and he stood listening to what the preacher said. You can tell by his long dress and an indescribable something about him that he is a scholar ; and you might say to him, "Now, why don't you be a man, and give up your opium ? Your wife is starving ; your land is gone ; your house is in ruins. Why not be a man ?" "I dare not," he replies ; "I am afraid if I attempt to give up my opium I shall die. I cannot." "But you are a Chinese scholar. You have read the books of Confucius." "Yes ; I know them from one end to the other. I can repeat them." "Do you never, when you read these Confucian books, say, 'I must be a man, and live a different life ?'" "No, never," he says ; "I dare not give up my opium. I am afraid I should die." This is the impression, unfortunately, of every opium-smoker in China—that