

THE CLEANER.

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

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HELP, MIGHTY GOD!

Help, mighty God!

The strong man bows Himself,
The good and wise are few,
The standard-bearers faint,
The enemy prevails.

Help, God of might!

In this Thy church's night!

Help, mighty God!

The world is waxing gray,
And charity grows chill,
And faith is at its ebb,
And hope is withering!

Help, God of might,

Appear in glory bright!

IN THE RAPIDS.

Three young men were bathing one summer day in a beautiful river. They allowed themselves to float down the river towards a waterfall some distance below. Two of them at length made for the shore, and in doing so they found that the current was much stronger than they had supposed. Immediately they had landed, they hailed their companion still floating down the river, and urged him to stay no longer, but make for the river's bank. Several had by this time gathered to the river-side, and, seeing the young man's danger, they urged upon him to at once make for the bank, or he would certainly be carried over the waterfall. He began to see his danger and made for the bank. But,

alas, the current was too strong; his very utmost energies only failed to resist its power; he was in the rapids. He cried loudly for help, but no help was near. He was beyond the reach of the most powerful arm, and his own was helpless. The current bore on over the waterfall, and into the boiling abyss below. He was drowned.

How like the way in which many are damned for eternity. In the morning of their life, when youth and health was theirs, they had been warned to flee from wrath to come. The warning fell on listless ears. It was pleasant floating, so by time's swiftly flowing stream they were carried along. But death and judgment suddenly rose up to view; the soul had to meet with God, and the long forever of eternity had to be entered. The soul was in the rapids and presently it was hurled into a Christless and a hopeless eternity. Reader. Are you ready to meet God?

I have only one precious word to say to you: keep close to Jesus, you know you will find there joy, strength, and that consciousness of His love, which sustains everywhere and makes everything else become nothing; there is our life and our happiness.
—J. N. D.