

THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Sonnerville, Editor. "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

Vol. XIV. No. 3

"OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST."

Heb. iv. 14-16.

Thou great High Priest of God on high,
To Thee I look, to Thee I cry,
So weak, so feeble, wilful, proud,
I come to Thee with this my load,

Of care, of sin, of lust and shame,
To find all covered by Thy name.
The name of Jesus—oh, how sweet,
It bows my soul low at Thy feet.

It bids me look upon the cross
And see Thee there in shame and loss,
Taking my place of guilt and death,
Yielding to God Thy sinless breath.

It bids me see that from Thy side,
Flowed forth the blood—a healing tide,
For all who cleansed by faith therein
Have washed their robes so white and clean.

Empty the tomb—removed the stone,
Seeking for Thee, but Thou art gone ;
Forth from the grave in glory bright,
Bursting death's bands of power and might.

Ascended now, at God's right hand,
A Priest for Thine, a feeble band,
Knowing their sorrows, weakness, sin,
A throne of refuge Thou didst win.

That mercy, grace in time of need,
They would obtain, and on Thee feed,
Thou great High Priest of God on high,
Thy people ever find Thee nigh.

Brooklyn, 1899.

A. J. R.

THE LARGEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.

The little city of Freyburg in Switzerland has the largest organ in the

world. When in full play it pours forth a tempest of sound through a forest of pipes, seven thousand eight hundred in number, shaking the walls and the foundation of the old St. Nicholas Church in which it stands.

All the musical bands in Boston, New York and Philadelphia combined would not make an orchestra equal in power to this mighty instrument alone. And it is all the work of one man, named Aloys Moser.

He was poor; he was not thought to be a master in his art; he never received any adequate reward for his labor. Without assistance or suggestions from others, he formed the design of building for his native city an organ which travelers from distant nations would turn aside from their journeys to hear, and which, when heard would make an hour never to be forgotten.

And so poor Moser began his life's work, and he persevered through long years in the face of opposition and poverty and ridicule, until his task and his life were finished together. His aim may not have been the highest nor his motive the best. But he persevered with the faith of a martyr till his work was done, and now it stands among all similar works in the world like Mont Blanc among the mountains of his native land, peerless and alone.

When skillful fingers touch the keys