

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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MY LORD AND I.

(Sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecutions of the Huguenots, three hundred years ago.)

I have a Friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully,
I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek ;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love Him,
He knows I love Him well ;
But with what love He loveth me
My tongue can never tell ;
It is an everlasting love
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys,
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys ;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try,
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing
For some weary soul to win,
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him ;

He bids me tell His wondrous love
And why He came to die,
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear ;
In the burden which he carries,
I gladly take a share,
For then it is my happiness
To have Him always nigh—
We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

REST—A GIFT.

A friend, living some miles from N., was walking along a railway siding, when he looked down upon a roughly built cottage and noticed that the daylight showed through some parts of it. He wondered if anybody could be living in the place that looked so cheerless, and, coming round to the front he found an old lady and her grown up daughter.

At once he said within himself that he would see the place more comfortable before the winter came, and went on his way. But the good purpose was forgotten, and he never thought of the place again until one morning, some few weeks after, he drew up the blind and looked out to find two or three inches of snow on the ground. At once his heart smote him for his forgetfulness. He had that day to go to Newcastle, and it occurred to him that, at any rate, a