

THE CLEANER.

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

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"Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief or care,
But before thy Father hastening,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

Sympathy of friends may cheer thee
When the fierce, wild storm is past,
But God only can console thee
When it breaks upon thee first.
Go with words or tears or silence,
Only lay them at His feet,
Thou shalt prove how great His pity,
And His tenderness how sweet.

Think, too, thy divine Redeemer
Knew as thou canst never know
All the deepest depths of suffering—
All the weight of human woe;
And though now in glory seated,
He can hear thy feeblest cry—
Even hear the stifled sighing
Of thy heart's dumb agony.

All Thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there cannot be;
And if whilst they fall so quickly
Thou canst own His way is right,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee,
To allow thy life to be
One long, calm, unbroken summer—
One unruffled, stormless sea:
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast,

He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly now thou may'st not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All small work for good to thee:
Therefore when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

"Calm amidst tumultuous motion."

A friend narrated an experience of the Johnstown flood which we have never forgotten. His home was below that ill-fated city, and when the flood burst he, with others, hurried out upon the bridge, rope in hand, to rescue if possible any who might be borne down the river. Presently, as he waited, he saw a half-submerged house which the rushing torrent was bearing swiftly toward him, and upon the roof of which he saw the recumbent form of a woman.

With a heart thrilling with sympathy and an earnest desire to rescue her, he quickly made ready, and as the strange craft neared the bridge he cast the rope with eager expectancy, but it fell short of the mark. Rushing to the other side of the bridge, as the house swept under the arching span, he again cast the rope with feverish haste and intensity, but again it failed of its merciful purpose. And then as the last hope of rescue faded with the second failure to reach her, and death was before her,