

THE GLEANER.

"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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"ONE THING I DO."

One path I seek to tread,
Straight 'tis and narrow,
Joy have I, Lord, in it,
Pain, too, and sorrow.

But One has gone that way,
Him would I follow,
Leaving earth's joys behind—
Selfish and hollow.

And I would seek to trace
Those footsteps only
Of Him who trod the waste,
Friendless and lonely.

His path of grief to know,
His scorn to share it ;
Know what revilings are,
His cross to bear it.

Cross of Christ—death to all
This world counts gladness ;
Yet would I seek for joy,
Where He had sadness ?

That path alone I'd tread,
Tear-stained and gory,
Trod by the Son of God,
Ending in glory.

M. A. C.

COMFORT.

An eminently great and good man lay dying. His mind was calm and his heart was full of joy which showed itself on his countenance, as he uttered the delightful words, "MY GOD." He continued, "Ah, I wouldn't give these two words for all the world to-night."

I remember also the case of a woman who by an accident at sea lost husband, children, means and income. For a time she was inconsolable, and plunged

into the deepest melancholy. Sympathy she would have none, but one day she read in the Psalms, "He is the health of my countenance and *my God*." "MY GOD ! *Mine !*" she thought ; "I have no fear then ; He is quite enough for me." Immediately her mind became calm and serene ; she rested on the Rock of Ages, and stayed there full of the peace which passeth all understanding.

SILENCED.

On one occasion, while Sir Isaac Newton was examining a new and particularly fine globe, a visitor entered his study. This person, as Sir Isaac knew, had often expressed his disbelief in the existence of a God and his conviction that the world and its surroundings were the result of evolution or chance. He was greatly pleased with the handsome globe, and asked,

"Who made it ?"

"Nobody," answered Sir Isaac, "it just happened here."

The man looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant. Who can say that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it but has had a maker. The logic of the great philosopher was conclusive, and the infidel was completely silenced. "All Thy works praise Thee and show forth Thy glory."