

# THE CLEANER.

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

Thos. Somerville, Editor.

Brantford, Sept., 1895.

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## THREE MONTHS TO-DAY.

Three months to-day at noon, mother,  
You reached the home above,  
And entered into joy and bliss untold;  
No human tongue can utter,  
No human heart conceive,  
The glories which in spirit you behold.

The face of Him who loved you,  
And whose love had won your heart,  
With rapture you will gaze upon for aye;  
The One who here in weakness  
Had filled your life with praise,  
And whose mighty arm sustained you day  
by day.

How gently did He call you;  
How tenderly He hushed  
His weary one to rest, with touch so mild,  
The eyes so softly closing no more on earth  
to wake,  
But ope with rapture to His “Arise My  
child.”

And as we knelt beside you,  
With hearts bowed down with grief,  
And watched each shortened breath, each  
gentle sigh,  
For you our precious mother,  
Our soul went out in praise,  
That the last tear has dimmed your loving  
eye.

And as we gazed upon you,  
So calmly resting there,  
And thought of all the weary way those feet  
had trod;  
The many, many heart-aches,  
The weariness and pain  
We felt, in sorrow; we must praise our God.

And as the days go by, mother,  
Our hearts tho' bowed with pain,  
Doth think of thee with rapture, “home at  
last;”  
The eternal weight of glory,

The great and mighty gain!  
The weariness and pain forever past.

And still anticipating,  
We glory in the thought,  
We shall behold thee in His presence bright;  
Oh, glorious reunion!  
Such hope His Word hath wrought,  
Here will our hearts in His great love delight.

And now we would press on, mother,  
Not overcome with grief,  
But seeking still to speak His message true;  
His arm of mighty power  
Is able to sustain;  
His grace can make us more than conquerors,  
too.

A. H.

Clinton, July 18th, 1895.

A FEW OF THE LAST SAYINGS OF  
THE LATE MRS. HARTT, CLINTON,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE APRIL  
18th, 1895.

“Worthy, worthy is Jesus. To think of  
Him picking up a poor thing like me. How  
precious to know that Jesus is mine; that  
self-same Jesus that walked on earth. Jesus,  
oh, I love Thee. I hope His name will be  
the last name I sound on earth. All the  
way in the journey He has been with me.—  
He never laid on me more than I could bear.  
To hear His voice—to see His face.

When the Doctor said, ‘You may stay a  
few days yet,’ she replied, that is not good  
news, Doctor. Oh, how I long to be at rest.  
She then quoted these lines,

Jesus can make the dying bed  
Softer than downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

I wonder if I will go home to-day. She  
repeated this over and over during the day.  
If I am unconscious at the last, just mention  
the name of Jesus; I want His name to be