

# 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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## THE FATHER'S PROMISES.

Never thought of care can come  
Throwing shadows o'er my home,  
But God's Word lights up the way  
With a more than noontide ray ;  
And I read, in letters golden,  
Many a promise, strong and olden.  
Fear not. Sparrows never fall,  
But your father knoweth all ;  
He who gives them daily food,  
Satisfies His own with good.

Never comes an hour of pain,  
But for sorrows that remain,  
Comes a healing word to me  
Of a land beyond the sea,  
Where afflictions that are grievous,  
At the very shore shall leave us,  
And we all, by death made strong,  
Shall be jubi'ant with song ;  
And I find fresh patience brought  
To my spirit by the thought.

When I stand with timid feet  
Where the uncertain crossways meet,  
And in the shadows of the night  
Cannot guess which road is right ;  
When I shrink in hesitation  
From new scenes of desolation,  
Comes the strengthening word to me,  
"Lo, I always am with thee."  
And, while songs my lips employ,  
I go on my course with joy.

When the duties of the day  
Roughly steal my strength away,  
And the tasks I have to do  
Are not easy, are not few,  
Then to make my courage stronger,  
And my hope to last the longer,  
Comes the Master with His grace,  
And the shining of His face,  
And I gladly do my best,  
Till He sends the hour of rest.

So, whate'er the lot may be  
Which the Father sends to me,  
Never am I comfortless  
With His Word to aid and bless ;  
And, while He His help is bringing,  
I will cheer the way with singing,  
Till, by His unchanging love,  
I shall reach His home above,  
And while bending at His feet,  
Find the promises complete.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

## "RAIN UPON THE MOWN GRASS."

Passing along the street one July day, after a refreshing shower, I was observing how beautiful the new mown lawns appeared, when this portion of God's Word came to my mind, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth." Ps. 72.

Well, there are sharp knives in the mowers, and they have been doing their work ; and I began to think how I had known what it was to pass through the sharp knives of sorrow, trouble and bereavement, in the wisdom and under the eye of my Father, the husbandman.

"Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear,  
Our Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear."

And so He fulfills His Word, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass." Yes, He of whom the Father testified, saying, "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-