

# 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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## SAFE HOME.

Safe home, safe home with Jesus over there,  
On Canaan's blissful shore,  
With saints and angels now His glory share,  
To worship and adore  
Her precious Lord, she loved and longed to  
see,  
Who gave Himself to die to set her free.

Safe home, safe home, O glorious resting place,  
To live with Christ on high,  
No more by faith beseech His love and grace,  
No more for comfort sigh.  
Her pilgrim journey now forever past,  
The promised rest is gained, enjoyed at last

Safe home, safe home, the darksome river  
crossed,  
No more to long for home.  
We follow, though a little longer tossed,  
Until the Lord shall come,  
Then join our friends, our loved ones in the  
air,  
And sing salvation's song in mansion's fair.

S. S.

## ALWAYS HAPPY.

There was a minister once, who did not fully understand what he was preaching about. He knew that a true Christian ought to be happy at all times, but still he didn't exactly see how that could be in a world where there is so much trouble. He prayed very earnestly that God would help him to understand it. One day after praying he felt strongly impressed that if he took a walk he would get some information on the

subject. He started out, and soon overtook a plain looking man.

“I wish you a good morning, my friend,” said the minister.

“I never had a bad morning, sir,” replied the man.

“That is very singular. I wish you may always be so fortunate.”

“I never was unfortunate,” said he.

“I hope you will always be as happy,” said the minister.

“I never was unhappy,” said the other.

“I wish you would explain yourself a little,” said the minister.

“That I will do cheerfully. I said that I never had a bad morning, for every morning brings me something for which to thank God. And what I have cause for praise, whether it rains or hails or snows, no morning comes to me without joy. If I am poor in this world's concerns, I can yet thank God for loving me and giving me His grace. You wished that I might always be fortunate; but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God, and I believe that His will is always good in whatever He does, or permits to be done.— You wished me always happy; but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God.” “Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say rejoice.” Phil. iv. 4.