

Box 1, Folder 30, Item 6, Photocopy of Newspaper obituary for Mrs. E. J. Harvey (1907 June)

IN MEMORIUM.

On Sunday afternoon, June 16, the sweet spirit of E. J. Harvey took its flight to the beautiful New Jerusalem.

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,

Fair spirit, rest thee new,

Even while with us thy footsteps trod,

His seal was on thy brow.”

A friend to the friendless, a comforter to the widow, a helper to the helpless, an attentive listener to even the prattle of a small child, a sacrificing mother and a Christian women has laid down the duties of earth to take up a Christian's praise in heaven.

The frail little body is at rest. The willing feet always glad upon an errand of mercy bent, the ready hands whose gentle touch smoothed the aching brow and sweetly ministered to the needy, the bright eyes, mirroring the pure thoughts of the Christlike soul within the pure lips parting only for kindly words that would sooth, encourage and uplift the depressed and add a halo

of joy about the more hopeful, the unselfish heart, pulsating with magnetic influence toward the great Throne of Grace these are at rest, "Asleep in Jesus."

"By their works we shall know them." She has lived and the world is better in that her pure life has spent its holy influence here. Yes, we know that her sweet spirit has been transformed to a more fitting sphere. God, spared her to us that we might see and feel that Jesus will abide in us and we in Him. If we try His ways to follow. The Bible was her guide and the inspired Word her familiar reflection.

It was the Lord's day. The little brass clock her gentle hand had wound, the little clock that has marked the hours for the artificial stimulants to her weary little form, ticked on and to the friend who watched by her side, it seemed to say, "Passing away, passing away." O, Beautiful Sabbath. Beautiful as this ebbing life has been.

The slanting rays of God's great orb of day kissed the listless leaves goodnight, a soft zephyr stirred the drowsy flowers to revive and send back a parting smile to their great benefactor. Surely the presence of the Lord was in that room. Gently hovered the awaiting messengers of God, eager to clasp the fluttering soul already sanctified and paving its dissolution with prayer. Slowly the quivering lids drooped, gentle the strained muscles softened into a quiet repose, the look of suffering on the wan face was transformed into that precious smile we loved so well, the fluttering spirit snapped the latch of morality, lingered a moment to drop a blessing upon the heads of the watchers and then with a cry of exultation soared to its heavenly home to mingle its glad hosannas with the saints. So holy was her life that it pleased God to choose His sacred day of rest as the birthday of her sanctified spirit to the New Jerusalem.

“Justified through faith alone,

Here she knew her sins forgiven

Here she laid her burden down,

Hallowed and made meet for heaven.”

To you, dear sons and daughters, we, your friends feel a frailty in offering your solace.

Commit thou all thy griefs

And Ways into His hand

He shall direct thy wandering feet,

He shall prepare thy way.

You knew her sweet life and her pure, lovely presence was a great stimulant to you in your hours of trial. The memory of her gentle solicitude for her dear ones around her own sacred fireside will ever keep you on your guide and instill you with an earnest desire to follow in her footsteps and be ever mindful of the Saviour’s precious promise “to him that endureth to the end” God alone can fill the vacancy she has left and how fitting it is to transplant a fuller love for God in the heart bowed down with bereavement in the loss of a sainted mother.

“Is not death a gain to those

Whose life to God was given?

Gladly to earth their eyes they close,

To open them in heaven.”

To you, dear little grandchildren, let us ask you to feast your innocent memories on grandma’s smile and her sweet life. You loved her and her presence with you hallowed your pathway with beautiful sunshine. Were we selfish enough we might wish you were your sweet sake it were better she were here, but God knows best. He has taken her home. She has left a legacy more precious than a throne a Christian’s faith and the vibrations of a saint’s prayer.

Let us all rather reflect her influence and with God’s help we too will “leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”

“Though cast down were not forsaken

Though afflicted not alone;

Thou didst give and thou hast taken,

Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.”

HER FRIEND

MAUD S. GAINES