

Contributions.

Our Father.

PETER ANDERSON.

O friends, what mysteries there are to vex,
What unsolved problems rise on every hand!
What puzzling contradictions still perplex,
Which we may hardly hope to understand!

O let us learn the lesson of the past,
That clearer light the ages ever bring;
Let us be patient, he who knows the least
Is always he who knoweth everything.

There is enough of pain and sorrow here,
Of disappointment and corroding care;
The strongest well may feel a hoding fear
At thought of all they know they yet must bear.

We measure others by our little rule,
And fix their faith as desperately astray,
Like little children coming home from school
Chiding each other in the twilight gray.

While at that home whatever may befall,
A loving father waits each weary child,
Whose heart is large enough to hold them all,
Where'er their wandering feet have been beguiled.

O Father! when our little day is done,
And we come home from life's hard school at last,
Wilt Thou not greet us kindly—every one,
Forgiving all the follies of the past?
Hepworth, Ont.

Autumnal Reveries.

EDNA.

O life! thy ways are full of thorns to me,
The roses withered at the first wild blast,
The trees, that once were full of song and cheer,
Are felled—and strewn across my onward path.
My onward path I and piled with blot-
ted leaves,
Torn ruthless from life's history,
page by page,
All seared and brown and bitten by
sharp frosts
Of censure, while the cruel north
winds rage.

The leafless shrubbery on the once
bright lawn,
That sparkled in the golden sum-
mer's sun,
Is now, like life's once verdant fields,
arrayed
In robes of sombrous colors; sad it
seems
To see the spring time past, the harvest
gathered in,
While footsteps slow, my wandering
way pursue,
The autumn time of life has surely
come;
May winter's snows upon my brow
be few.

The summer birds have long since
sought the home
Where south winds rock the ever
fragrant tree;
But no congenial climate now awaits
Or southern foliage begs to shelter me.
But oh! when winter's ice and snow
have passed away,
And once again the snowdrops pale
are seen,
May thorns and roses be as nought to
me,
May I in some small spot of heaven
gleam.

Till He Come.

EDMUND SHEPPARD.

It was just before His intense suffer-
ing in the garden that the Saviour estab-
lished a memorial institution to be
observed by those who love Him in
all succeeding years until He shall
"appear the second time without sin
unto salvation;" an institution that
brings in its symbols a vivid reminder

of the dear body that was broken and
the precious blood that was shed for
the remission of our sins; and surely
it is a joy and a holy satisfaction to the
faithful followers of Christ to recognize
among "all things" that the apostles
were to teach them to observe this
sacred memorial supper which combines
so many sublime and comforting asso-
ciations. Though not seen by us as
He was seen by His disciples when He
first appointed this ordinance, yet,
nevertheless, He is as surely present
with His people now, when in *faith* and
love they assemble on the Lord's day to
honor Him in holy and willing obedi-
ence, as He was with them; and that
presence is realized in the reception of
the light and love that radiate from the
face of Him who beholds us with
delight and regards us with approbation.

It is also a reminder that we are not
our own, that we are bought with a
price, of which inestimable price the
"cup" is a visible token, and thus an
enjoinder that we should glorify God in
our body and spirit *which are His*.

In it, too, we have a foretaste of the
delicious festival at the higher table in
the everlasting kingdom of God, when,
in company with all the glorified saints
we shall sit down and partake of the
marriage supper of the Lamb.

The world sees nothing in this im-
portant Lord's day celebration but an
outward form. The infidel scoffs at it
as a superstitious ceremony; or as a
relic of effete sacerdotalism; and it is
to be feared that many professed Chris-
tians fail to appreciate the blessedness
of this sweet and loving fellowship with
the Saviour. This is apparent in those
who neglect it altogether, or partake of
it only when worldly reasons make it
convenient; or at the intervening long
periods appointed by modern churches.
There are those too who, while they
may attend to it every First Day,
according to Apostolic example, do so
as a mere formal acquiescence to the
rules of the church; or with that light-
mindedness which characterizes some of
our younger brethren and sisters, who
thus entirely fail to discern the Lord's
body or to receive any religious benefit
from what is, to them, only a service
professedly rendered to the Lord, while
the heart is far from Him.

"Till He come." Yes dear brethren,
"Till He come" the church of Christ
which He has purchased with His own
blood, is exhorted to be loyal to Jesus,
in remembering in His own way the
love which He has for us; the same
love which He had for those of whom
it is recorded; "Having loved His own,
which were in the world, He loved
them to the end." Oh let us be faith-
ful in maintaining and observing the
ordinances of the gospel as they were
delivered unto the Apostles to hand
down to all generations "till He come,"
and, when He does come, we shall meet
Him with great joy, and He shall salute
us with the blessed words: "Well
done, good and faithful servant, enter
thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

"Till He come: O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen,
Let us think how heaven and home
Lies beyond that—"Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board—
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only—"Till He come."

When once a soul, by contemplation,
is raised to any right appreciation of
the divine perfections, and the fore-
tastes of celestial bliss, the glitter of the
world will no more dazzle his eyes than
the faint lustre of a glow worm will
trouble the eagle after it has been be-
holding the sun.—*Southern*.

Our Work in Cities.

JAMES LEDIARD.

In spite of the difficulties attending
our work in the cities, some of which I
spoke of in the EVANGELIST of Novem-
ber first, there never was a time when
our presence and teaching was of more
importance than now; and a well
ordered church in the city is bound to
make itself felt for good as never before.

Amongst the advantages of our work
in the cities and towns are the following:
1st.—It retains for us the many
members who are drawn to these great
centres of commerce, and by giving
them a church home and a continuance
of the religious surroundings to which
they have been accustomed, binds them
closer than ever to the Church of Christ
and to its interests. I think if Toronto,
for instance, could give us the number
of such, that have been added to its
congregation during the past few years,
we would be surprised and certainly
thankful. Such a work is one well worth
doing. Without a church in such
places these members would have done
as scores have done in the past. The
most conscientious and spiritually-mind-
ed would have sacrificed something and
worshipped and worked with some
denominational church and the more
careless and indifferent would have
been lost to the Church of Christ as
workers, and a proportion of them would
have gone back to the world for want
of the help which the church alone can
give. I say to the brethren and sisters
in the country, pray for the workers in
the city, and sustain the work there for
your boys and girls, and you will owe
the churches there a debt you can
never repay if they are the means of
saving your boy from the temptations
that are found in all towns and cities.

A second advantage is found in the
fact that there is a growing desire on the
part of many of God's people to get
nearer to God's word and to New Testa-
ment Christianity. That the Disciples
of Christ in faith and practice and
church government are more nearly
allied to the New Testament pattern
than any other body of people in our
day, I think will be claimed by all
of us, and it will be allowed by all who
know our "Faith and order," we have
always taught that a church should be
carried on in accordance with the
teaching of the New Testament; now
it is a real and very important advan-
tage every time we can present to the
enquirer a church being thus carried on,
and no effort is too great, no sacri-
fice too costly, to demonstrate the fact
that all work and all worship can be
rendered in harmony with the Word of
God; and while this is necessary every-
where, it is especially important that
our city churches should be models;
both in their teachings and practices,
they should be the very best product
of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Lastly, it is an advantage of the times
in which we live and especially of our
city churches, that we can, if we will,
come into closer touch with our religi-
ous surroundings, and doing so will find
that there is a greater readiness than in
the past to give attention to the truths
which have distinguished us as a people.

On the part of both preachers and
people there is a willingness to hear
what we have to say, and it is quite
rarely that the frank utterance of these
truths provoke hostilities. There is
not the shadow of an excuse for any
Disciple of Christ to hold back the
truth anywhere; and in the cities where
men are thrown closely together there
is abundant opportunities to do this.
So I think that now, as never before,
there is an opportunity for the clearest
and most outspoken presentation of the
"truth of the Gospel"

Our especial needs I would place in

the following order: A more complete
personal consecration to Christ and
His work; personal work for Christ
and for sinners; more direct efforts by
preaching and personal appeals to the
unconverted; more individual study of
Cod's Word. Then to these I would
add carefully thought out plans of work
even down to the smallest detail; care-
ful development of the church's talents
and equally careful organization of all
its workers; and last but not least, A
careful avoidance of all doubtful
methods of work. "Preach the Word,"
let us strive to keep both ourselves and
our work "unspotted from the world."
Let us aim to present to view the
church of Jesus Christ in its beauty,
and marred as little as may be by our
human imperfection; then whatever
may be our growth as congregations,
we shall be pleasing in His sight who
has purchased us with His blood.

In conclusion, let us not forget that
there is a work for us to do outside our
own congregational life. A wide field
to be occupied. The field is the world,
wherever there are men unsaved, where-
ever there are followers of Jesus walk-
ing in partial darkness and ignorance
of His will, there we have a work, to
save the one and to enlighten the other.
It is a glorious thing to be a disciple of
Christ, to be the Lord's free man. Let us
magnify our office, let us both pray and
work to bring others to enjoy the same
privileges.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot.

SHOPPING.

Trotfoot and Lightfoot and Winnie
and Harry felt very wealthy. Uncle
Will had given them each a bright
silver quarter, and they were just
aching to "buy themselves rich," as
Uncle Will said.

They were to go down town in the
morning and stay nearly all day, and
have their lunch in a great big
restaurant.

First of all came the ride in the street
car. That was great fun. Harry put
the fares in the little closed box the
conductor held. Trotfoot thought it
was like a coffee pot made without a
spout. He soon discovered that to
ring the bell once meant to the driver
"Stop the horses;" ringing it twice
meant "Drive on again."

When they were down town there
were so many people hurrying to and
fro, and the rattle and roar of the
horses and wagons on the paved streets
made it quite bewildering. It was nice
to step inside a store where the noise
was reduced to a loud hum.

One store was full of dishes, nothing
but beautiful china and delicate glass
ware. Lightfoot trod softly and kept
her little elbows close in, for fear she
might knock something down.

But the toy store! Lightfoot and
Winnie Ohed and Ahed over the dolls.
What dolls there were, to be sure.
Dolls asleep in lace hung beds dolls
presiding at dinner tables, dolls dressed
and undressed, dolls piled up regard-
less of noses and toes, and dolls
carefully disposed in boxes.

Lightfoot had set her heart on one
exactly like Ethelwyn Lacy's, but alas!
a quarter wouldn't buy it. Kind Aunt
Maggie, noticing the sorely disappointed
little face, put more money in her
hand and the doll was hers, airily
attired in pink tissue paper as yet, but
Aunt Maggie promised wonders for her
to wear.

Winnie had decided to spend her
quarter in candy, which she generously
shared, keeping some of the daintiest
pieces for Ethelwyn.

Meanwhile Trotfoot and Harry had
gone by instinct to the rocking horses.
The man in charge put Harry up on a
fine war horse. Trotfoot carefully ex-

amined its mouth and harness with the
air of one who knew all about it.

"This is a good one, I'll buy it,"
said Harry, fishing in his mite of a
pocket for his quarter.

The salesman smiled. "A quarter
is not enough to buy it, little chap,"
said he. Harry's face fell. "There was
a sharp struggle in Trotfoot's mind.
Could he really give away his quarter
without doing any one of the many
things he intended with it? He took
it out and handed it to the man with-
out a word.

"Even two quarters won't buy it,"
said the man with a kind look, handing
back both pieces. "It would take
fifty quarters to buy it."

Harry got off slowly with a mist
before his eyes. Trotfoot took his
hand, saying, "Never mind, Harry,
when you come to see me Ben will put
you on Dapp'e, and you can ride him
to water every day." Then, turning to
the salesman, "My father is a farmer.
We have three horses and two colts,
and when Ben takes them to the creek
to water, he puts me on Dapple to ride,
and one day Dapple stepped into a
hole and I fell into the water over his
head, and Ben walked right in with his
boots on and picked me up and told
me to run home fast."

It cheered Harry wonderfully to look
forward to riding on a real live horse.
He pocketed his quarter and smiled
away the mist that made one rocking
horse look like two.

Lunch was a strange meal to Light-
foot. The men in dress suits who
moved so quickly yet so quietly, who
could bring in two heavily laden trays
at a time, seemed very queer to her.
She forgot to eat, watching them.

If any one had told Trotfoot that he
would go home with his quarter un-
spent, he would scarcely have believed
it. What he did with it will take
another chapter. AONES.

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