

In Memoriam—Arnold.

WELCOME.

(Written October, 1892.)

Denizen of another world thou art
That surely seek'st a lowly entrance
here.
Earth-born, but heaven sent, thou
seem'st to wear
O'er thy flesh vesture grace from out
the skies;
A union of pure good with frailty,
A sinless spirit fair enchained in clay.
As when thro' leaden clouds the sun
may break
And gild the glowing landscape till a
joy
Seizes the eye beholding—darting fear
Such passing glory sweet should pale
away;
So bend I, parent, o'er thy tender form,
Pondering thy dual heirship of two
worlds,
Praying soft prayers Our Father to
permit
The sunshine of His grace to smile on
thee.

FAREWELL.

(Written August, 1894.)

If now my lips must say it, then—but
stay—
There comes with uttering this, the
saddest word,
The swelling of a tide of grief which
frets
And mounts to 'scape the boundaries
of my heart;
And I not rashly would those syllables
Take rushing on my lips without re-
straint
And leaning on the strength by which
I live.
Dear Father—thou who gavest him to
me—
That form, that sweetest face, that life
and breath,
And all the anointing grace which glori-
fies
The being called a Child;—I thank
Thee well
That into my poor life there sweetly
came
An influence and a charm that won my
thoughts
From earth, and daily fed a flame of
love
And sacrifice of praise from out my
heart.
A little child! We mortals, deaf and
blind,
Our hearts yet burning in us while we
dream,
Stand ignorantly mute before its face,
Oft missing the divinity within,
Nor reck'ning that a sister angel dwells
Beholding still its Father's face in
heaven.
O blessed lot, to live within the bloom
And fragrance of an opening human
bud;
'Tis this, the last, the richest, full'st boon
God giveth, our poor humanity to bless!
What reverence can little lambs inspire!
What tenderness, as pained, we think
of toil!
How leaps our love to meet a childish
smile!
Than childish speech has earth a greater
charm?
Ah, while I muse upon my heritage,
Once mine to enjoy, but now laid up in
heaven,
I feel a strength is mine, O God, to
give
The gift back unto thee from whom it
came.
I would not say the word with hope-
less air,
Nor deem that in a breath hath passed
the wreck
Of all paternal joys. Last link on
earth,
'Tis yet the breathing forth and utter-
ance
Of speech that stretches o'er the depth
of time,
Prophetic of that meeting yet to be,
When soul to soul, we mingle ne'er to
part.
O God, with hand in thine I speak this
word,
Full-grounded in the faith that my
sweet boy
In brighter clime and softer air is well
And blest beyond conception's highest
thought.
We could not care for him so Thou
hast care'st.
And tenderly hast folded safe our lamb.
In love, in faith, we yield thy crowning
gift;
O keep him in thine everlasting arms.
Arnold, as thou art there, I say—Fare-
well.

RUFURN BUTCHART.

Toronto.

Casting Our Care on Him.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

"Cast all your care upon Him, for
He careth for you."

Ah, how sweetly upon listening ear
and weary heart the loving invitation
falls. "Cast all thy care." Why, the
very first word seems to lift the burden
entirely from off our tired shoulders,
for to "cast" a thing away does not
mean to lay it down for a moment, and
then to lift it up again. It means that
we may rid ourselves of it completely.
Then, this being true, you and I need
no longer sigh beneath our weary load,
for we have perfect right to "cast" our
every care on Jesus.

But now, as though he felt we still
might shrink, He says, "Cast all your
care on Him, because He cares for
you."

How gracious are the words! "All!"
Not a few just here and there; not
to bear them as best we can, until
from their weight we begin to sink, and
then with the eye of faith but slightly
opened to feebly look toward Him.
No, no, not thus. But as each new
trial, each new care, comes pressing on
your heart or mine, to cast them, every
one on Jesus.

It may be fanciful, but at times I am
tempted to believe that my dear Lord,
inserted that little word "All" there
that it could not fail to reach such
insignificant lives as mine.

So many of the cares of my life
would seem so trivial to another, yet
they are very real to me. Bruises so
small, yet so sore I could not mention
them to my dearest friend. But into
the listening ear of Christ I do not
blush to mention every one, for

"Well He knows a little thing
Has the power to hurt and sting,
And how little worries wear,
So He numbers every hair."

Yet, still I am so small, scarcely a
speck in the vast creation. Surely
there is danger that, among such a
multitude of worlds, I might easily be
forgotten. What could it matter to the
mighty ruler of a million worlds even
though my heart is burdened, though
my life is weary?

But hark! I hear my own name
called in tones so tender that it seems
to me as sweetest music; and the
words I hear are—"Oh, Anna D.
Bradley, cast all thy care upon him, for
He careth for you."

How strangely light my burden
grows, and how glad and beautiful my
life becomes when I know that He
really speaks to me!

And now, listening still closer to the
heavenly voice, I hear the words,
"Cast all thy care on Him."

Was ever friend so tender, so unself-
ish? He does not ask to share my
joys. He, who for thirty-three years,
walked up and down the earth, well
knew that while the sunlight lasted
there would be plenty by our side to
share its brightness. But shadows fall,
and often then our earthly friends for-
sake. Then He, who learned what
sorrow means, waits close beside our
hearts, and the words that come to us
are: "Keep all thy joys, if you will; but,
child of my love, cast every care on
Me."

"Cast all thy care upon Him."

Oh, thank God that it is no broken
reed upon which we are asked to lean,
but on the safe, eternal Rock of Ages
that never can be bent or broken.

Weak, oft tempted brother, sister,
you and I are bade to cast our every
care on Him.

But why, say why, should we cast
all our care on Him? For the sweetest
reason that earth or heaven could give:
because "He cares for us."

He cares for me! Oh thought so sweet,
I leave my burden at His feet.

Take K. D. C. Pills when a
laxative is required.

Edification or Fellowship Ser-
vices.

E. R. BLACK.

The student of the New Testament
learns that the disciples of Christ must
'edify one another.' The student of
church history knows what an impor-
tant factor edification is in the growth
of the church. We are taught by the
"living oracles" and the history of the
nominal church that no congregation
of believers can attain to the best
experience in "righteousness, peace and
joy" without exhorting one another.

The mission of the church of Christ
is to give the "gospel to the whole
creation" by the preached Word and by
the Word lived—Christ in us. Aside
from the exceeding great and precious
promises, as incentives to this divine
work, the New Testament economy
provides the Lord's Supper, and the
fellowship "exhortation," or "edifica-
tion" service as the most effective
helps. No church need expect to
"grow up unto him in all things" if
any of God's appointed means of grace
are neglected. We may not be able to
satisfactorily explain the philosophy of
the benefits of the edification meeting,
but an experience of the blessings is of
more value and satisfaction than the
philosophy.

The Christian Endeavor societies
have more nearly copied the New
Testament idea of church worship than
the churches themselves. Yet the C.
E. meeting is not an ideal church
service. It is but a service for part of
the church, of those, too, who naturally
are least able to edify and exhort.
Nevertheless, no one who has had ex-
perience in C. E. work would for a
moment question the great value of
their weekly meeting when carried on
according to the intention of the pledge.
But the ideal church meeting for wor-
ship is a meeting of the whole congre-
gation, and not a portion only, nor of
one class or age. Neither can it reason-
ably, sensibly, be a service in which
but a few participate, but it must be
one in which all are partners; the
young and the old, the weak and the
strong, the "babe in Christ" and
"those strong in the Lord and in the
power of his might." As in the giving,
and as in the joys and sorrows, so in
the church worship, there must be
fellowship, partnership, in order that
the body may make "increase of itself."
Each one, every one, must "confess,"
"pray," "sing," "exhort," "edify,"
"encourage," and "comfort" other
members. It is a part of that giving
—the consecration of the tongue—
that is more blessed than receiving.
Let every follower of the Lord try it.

The plan of the Endeavor service is
a good model. As in it every active
member is expected to be present
and take some part aside from singing,
so every member of the Church of
Christ, in order to his own and his
brethren's "growth in grace and know-
ledge," in order to be in fellowship, in
order to be an active member of the
body of Christ, in order to the obed-
ience of the apostle's exhortation, must
contribute in song (in spirit if not
otherwise able), in reading of the word,
in exhortation, in confession, in thank-
sgiving and prayer. It matters nothing,
absolutely nothing, how broken his
utterances, how disconnected the ex-
pression of his thoughts, how ungram-
matical his language, how fearful his
heart, if it is the fervent endeavor of a
believer. The servant of Christ is an
active Christian Endeavorer, with or
without the pledge, or else he has for-
gotten that he was cleansed from his
old sins. There must then be some
weekly church service of this sort,
whether it be at 11 o'clock Sunday
morning or 8 o'clock Thursday evening.

We have such a service, Wednesday
evening, where the writer lives, and it
has proved a mighty help, a blessing
almost inestimable, not to be compared
with the weekly prayer meeting as
generally conducted. Every member
of the congregation able to attend (and,
generally, none are absent who are
able) leads the meeting in his turn,
reads, exhorts and prays, no matter
how feebly, and criticism is as far
removed as sympathy is from cold-
heartedness. It is not always an easy
task to work up such a service, no
more than it is an easy task to become
Christlike. The same effort spent
upon such a service as is given to the
building up of an Endeavor society will
be much more successful and per-
manent in results. It so develops
individual spirituality, "the unity of
the Spirit" in the congregation, sym-
pathy among all the members, young
and old, courage in confession, and
usefulness in the Lord's vineyard, as to
afford cause for everlasting joy. All
the good of a C. E. society we have in
such a service without anything that
may be questionable to the Lord.
There is no pledge no compulsion, no
separation of service for young and
old; and who will deny that work done
or service engaged in for Christ without
a pledge or a society is nearer the
ideal than done with an additional
pledge and a society?

We are not here raising any objec-
tion to the C. E. pledge or work.
God bless it. We are persuaded it
has been of immense value to the
church and the world. But if it is
right, if it is Christian duty or privi-
lege, and there can be no doubt about
it, to "strive to do whatever He would
like to have me do, to pray and read
the Bible every day, and to support
my own (Christ's) church in every way,
especially by attending all her Sunday
and mid-week services," and "to take
some part, aside from singing, in every
prayer-meeting," then my pledge of
faith in and alliance to "Jesus Christ
the son of God" will not allow me to
neglect any of these things.

Yet we know the church, as we have
it, is very imperfect; and reasonably so,
and there may be many congregations
that need the pledge and the society to
help them into light and duty, and into
the joy of an edification or fellowship
meeting. But, when we have been
helped, can we not, ought we not, take
a step forward, nearer the ideal, "put
away childish things," and bring the
whole congregation together, without
pledge or society, and "exhort one
another," "pray for one another,"
"edify one another," "have fellow-
ship one with another," "comfort one
another," "confess our faults one to
another," and "in psalms and hymns
and spiritual songs," sing "with grati-
tude in our hearts to the Lord?"

Aylmer, Ont.

What "Senex" Thinks on Some
Things, Past Present and
in Prospect.

Another change from summer to the
fall of the year suggests some reflections
on the past, as well as greater activity
in plans and purposes for the future.
I attended the funeral of a worthy
grandfather yesterday, and Sept., and
the thought occurred to me, a grand-
father, also, that some reminiscences
and remarks on changes in my lifetime,
and on principles in general harmony
with those approved by the CANADIAN
EVANGELIST, might, perchance, inter-
est some of your readers. Certainly
your main object is of the very highest
importance; but even things lawful are
not always expedient, and the best of
men may differ as to the best modes of
promoting the best of causes. But too
often also men have inferior motives,

and shrink from suffering reproach, as
our Jesus said, "For my sake"

We can all rejoice when prosperity
attends our course, but sickness or
adversity may become the greater bless-
ings to our higher interests. Therefore
let us always be ready to say, "Thy
will, not mine, be done."

I have lived through several periods
of great political and religious excite-
ment. My first experience as a youth,
in Edinburgh was the alarming con-
tribution in 1830 on the Reform Bill, when
the Iron Duke, Wellington, the cor-
queror of Napoleon at Waterloo, was
believed to be ready to slaughter the
utmost rather than yield to the demands
of the intensely excited nation. Tens
of thousands at Birmingham and other
cities were ready at a moment's notice
to march to London and scatter or kill
their Tory opponents, with the prob-
able result of a complete change of
government, from a monarchy to a
republic. But a civil war was avoided,
and the convulsions over the Reform
Bill were happily ended by all parties
loyally recognizing that admirable
principle in the British Constitution
called Responsible Government, which
has been so successful in Canada since
her rebellion, and is now in operation in
Australia, and will be in other colonies
whenever the people are ready for it.
This very admirable feature of the
British system strengthens the empire,
and far more readily adjusts the diffi-
cences which arise between the executive
and legislative bodies than can be done
when, for example, months intervene—
as in these United States—between
the election of a president whose
principles or policy may be the very op-
posite of those of the one to be dis-
placed. These months may be used
with desperate zeal to thwart the very
policy of which the people have just de-
clared their approbation, and to per-
petuate the very opposite. I was in
Edinburgh, 1828 to 1832, a lad in a
place of business, whence I ran, as
every boy did, to hear the news of the
Reform Bill on the arrival of the post,
as the guard in his livery trumpeted its
course through the dense crowds which
blocked the streets to the post office.
There the news was as quickly as pos-
sible declared from the balcony. The
voice of the people was there heard.
Yes, and its echoes reverberated over
the city like peals of thunder. The
ecstasy was extreme when the news of
the passage of the Reform Bill arrived.
The peace of the country was secured.
Never were such crowds in the valleys
of Edinburgh under the shadow of
Arthur's seat; nor ever had been heard
so many orators at the same time doing
their utmost to fill the ears and hearts
of the immense gatherings of the people.
Places of business were closed, and
every body that could, went to partici-
pate in the joy of the nation.

So much for my first lesson in poli-
tics. And so I was thenceforth a re-
former—yes, in Canada, before and
after the rebellion.

But your readers are religious people,
and care more about one's religion than
his politics. I may therefore say that
my parents were devout Scotch Baptists
and that when I left home and came
to Edinburgh I attended services in
the pleasure, where three elders and
three precentors met the eyes of the
audience, instead of the common one
minister, to preach, etc., and one
precentor to lead the tune, in which, as
a rule, the whole congregation heartily
joined. I never saw "revival services"
in Scotland, but first saw them, in
extra style, in Canada at the camp
meetings. Prayer, in Scotland, was
ever solemn and reverent, and the con-
trast at some of the noisy camp meet-
ings quite astonished me, and seemed
more like the Baal worshippers so con-
temptuously treated by Elijah. It was