

The Little Gleaners.

The passing moments bear away
Beyond desired recall,
The words and deeds which day by day
From careless workers fall.

So often, all unconsciously,
We load the moments down,
And then review them anxiously,
As fast they hurry on.

We cannot bring them back again ;
They pass without delay,
And bear their burdens, weed or grain,
Toward the far away.

And life moves on, a flowing fount,
While filled up to the brim,
The moments bear a faithful count
Of all they've heard or seen.

They linger where the angels stand,
Those beings bright and fair,
Who lay aside with careful hand
The burdens carried there.

A record stands unchanged and sure,
Without the least mistake :
The angels watch, and oft deplore
The devious turns we make.

When all the harvest's gathered in,
We'll sigh, and sadly view
The weeds the moments had to glean,
Since wheat and flowers were few.

OTTO BULFIN.

Stay Close to Me.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

To-day a friend said, laughingly, to me, "I have just been looking over a hymn-book in which are a number of your hymns : and, no matter what the subject, in nearly every one you have introduced either the words or the thought, 'Lord, stay by me !'"

I let my friend laugh as much as he likes, because I knew that so long as this prayer should be answered, I was on safe ground. For what can I do, that I will not need my Saviour to stay by me ? In my work or my recreation ; in my choice of friends ; in my attempted communion with my Father ; in living or in dying ; in time or in eternity, I always will have need to pray, "Saviour, stay Thou by me."

When you and I were very young and thoughtless, we have sometimes smiled at some good old brother's oft-repeated prayer, asserting that, long ago, we had learned it by heart ; but, as we grew in grace, we also grew in wisdom ; and with the passing years we have gradually learned that there was nothing at which to smile in the old saints' unchanged petition.

Every morning, as we arise, the same needs confront us ; the same Tempter assails us ; the same dangers surround us, and the same prayer which we felt we must offer yesterday morning is the same prayer which we have need to make to-day.

What though the untaught youths and maidens smile ! Still do the older children of God know that the same needs must always fashion the self-same prayer for help, which, offered to the same prayer-hearing God, will never fail to bring to us the same sweet answer of strong, protecting love.

And even while my friend, this morning, was smiling at the number of hymns, on different themes, in which was couched the prayer, "Stay Thou by me," I was realizing that this same petition must always be uppermost in my heart, if I would not fall by the wayside.

Ah me ! I am so weak : I am afraid to take a single step alone. I want my Saviour forever to be close by, and so I breathe again my oft-repeated prayer, "Lord, stay by me."

I arise in the morning, but I cannot arise to the better life except my Saviour will stay by me. I wash my body, but my heart can not be washed unless Jesus is close by me to wash me in the fountain that is filled with blood. I clothe myself ; but unless Jesus is near to me, the robe of righteousness which He has woven for me can never be wrapped about me. I go about my accustomed duties, but not one of them will be faithfully performed unless Jesus stays close by me to give me the needed strength and grace. Difficulties will meet me, but they will never be conquered save when Jesus is near to my side. The tempter will surely triumph over me, unless he sees that standing close beside me, with His shield of love before me, is the Mighty Son of God. Adversity will deprive me of courage ; prosperity will rob me of strength, unless I am held very near to the bleeding side of Jesus.

Another soul may feel that he has power to walk alone the rugged way, and still stand erect and strong ; but I, alas, alas, I am so weak ! Every moment of my life I need my Saviour's strong, protecting arm clasped closely about me. In working and in resting, in waking and in sleeping, my earnest cry must ever be : "Stay close by me." When I draw near to the valley and the shadow of death, dear Saviour, stay by me. When I feel the chilly waves, as they wash my feet, dear Saviour mine, be very near to me. When I stand before the awful bar of Justice, oh, Saviour, Saviour, stay close to me ! And when Justice would strike down my blundering, faulty life, oh, more than ever, then, my Saviour, hide me—wrap me close in Thy protecting arms ; and as you whisper in my frightened ear, "Lo, I am with you always, be not afraid," still cry aloud

to Justice, "I am her shield and her exceeding great reward."

And still, through all eternity, oh Saviour, stay by me !

The Best Way of Meeting the Needs of the Province.

R. A. BURRISS, B. A.

(1) Congregations should close, once and for all, pandering to the prejudices and narrow minded ideas of those people who mistake altogether the spirit and basis of our movement, interpret the New Testament as a code of rigid laws, instead of a text book of the principles of righteousness. These are the people who quarrel about "Capital D's," believe in no preachers except themselves, are enemies to foreign missions, Sunday-schools, and Young People's Societies, and are so pious (?) that they wish to relegate the sweetest sounds of music into the domain of the world. These people, in my opinion, are and always have been the great "millstone" of the movement, the chief stumbling-block to success.

(2) I think an effort should be made to provide every congregation in the province with a regular preacher. This would not only strengthen the remaining members of these congregations, but it would give the movement a chance to grow, converts would be won to Christ, and interested in the work.

(3) Some effort should be made to make the principles advocated by the Disciples, better known. It is surprising to find the utter ignorance prevailing in regard to them, even in the cities. Why not have a series of meetings say in Toronto, led by representative men from the U. S., in order to put before the Christian public the glorious plea for the restoration of primitive Christianity ? I believe there are thousands waiting to hear, and ready to receive the message.

Then, could not something to this end be done by the systematic distribution of literature ? We ought to do something to make THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST, published in Hamilton, stronger and more influential. What is to hinder us launching a paper similar to *The Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, O., or *The Christian Evangelist*, of St. Louis ? We should make THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST one of the best papers of the brotherhood.

(4) Let us all strive to cultivate a deeper and wider spirit of charity and good-will to the denominations. We may be assured that our self-assured superiority, as the favored ones upon

whom the truth has shone, our exclusiveness, our narrowness, will but serve most effectually to defeat the very aims which should lie nearest our hearts, viz., that of winning all men to the fullness and simplicity of the truth. Let us be Disciples in deed and in truth.

About Right.

My own opinion is that a proper, and, for certain reasons the best, designation of a single congregation of believers, is Christian Church, or, if the congregation preferred it, Church of Christ—the two phrases being, in my apprehension, exactly equivalent, and either one expressing the real fact of the case. It cannot be a Church of Christ unless it is a Christian congregation ; and if it is a Christian congregation, it is a Church of Christ. The two designations, therefore, are mutually inclusive, and may be used interchangeably. But I would never speak of the whole brotherhood scattered abroad, as "The Christian Church," because that is not the truth. But it is the truth that as individuals they are disciples of Christ, with a little d, if you please ; and as a brotherhood, characterized by certain peculiarities of belief and practice, by which they are distinguished and known, they are Disciples, with the biggest D in the case.

These are my views, presented for what they are worth, under my own signature and responsibility. Personally, I have no objection to any name that truly and properly represents me. I should be willing to be called a Campbellite, if I were one. But I repudiate it for my brethren and myself, because it is false and slanderous. We are not Campbellites. I try to be a humble disciple of the great Teacher ; and I am thankful that he has led me into fellowship with a brotherhood known as the Disciples of Christ, a name which stands before the world as their appropriate designation, comprehending and signifying what they believe and teach. I sit humbly at the feet of its honored and venerable teachers. I rejoice in the work which they have done ; in the victories over sin and error, which they have gained ; and I feel to-day, as I have felt for years, that their mission our mission, the mission of the Disciples to the churches and to the world, is God-appointed and most holy.—J. S. LAMAR in *Christian Standard*.

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