

nothing slow about him; and when he got too old and too stiffened in the limbs to run any more, and God saw that he needed rest and repairs, whom did God send after him? A slow-going team that could not make the wheels go around? Why no; He sent horses of fire, and chariots of fire, and God's grand old racer stepped into the flaming chariot and was swept across the last wire before the great grand stand at the rate of one million miles per minute. So, dear boys, never ignore religion because you think it is too slow. Let us run with patience the race set before us. Life is so full of disappointments that we have to learn patience to battle with its storms, etc. Are you an owner? Have the best horses attainable. Are you a driver? Always drive to win. Are you a groom? Be the best horse polisher in the land, but above all, give yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is your friend and brother. Now, if any of you boys are ever hurt or sick, and feel your need of a friend, please let us know, for many kind people in the city of Windsor will be glad to comfort you in sickness, and share with you when in distress.

At the close of the service we received many a hand-shake, and thank you, coupled with the ever-welcome words, "Come again." And among the rest was our hairy friend who dominated the crowd by shouting "silence." With tears in his eyes, he said, "I thank you very much for your kind words, and let me say, if there were more men like you in this world it would be a great deal better than it is." I said to myself, and said it slow, "if I thought as well of myself as that old man thinks of me, I would be a great deal happier than what I am." I left the grand stand that beautiful Sunday afternoon feeling more forcibly than ever the beauty and pathos of Punshon's lines:

"Sick men of evil behavior,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish,
Soothed by a pity of thine;
By the wayside, many ones languish
So pour in the word and the wine."

Windsor, Ont.

[The sequel to this incident will appear in next month's EPWORTH ERA.]

SOME TRIALS OF YOUTH.

BY REV. W. McMULLEN, B.A.

THE predominant note in youth is, undoubtedly, one of cheer: a song, not a sigh; a *Te Deum*, not a *Miserere*. In this sense it is true, "Joy cometh in the morning." Yet youth has its trials, and sorrow is not peculiar to age. Let us consider a few of these trials.

I. *Wounded self-esteem.*—We start out with incorrect estimates of our abilities. Often a young man has been taught to consider himself a genius; and, while the estimate may possibly be correct, yet he soon learns that he must fight hard if he would reach his proper place. The path to the stars is steep, and genius itself must climb, not fly.

Until we reach our true place amongst

men (and some not least amongst the sons of men, never do reach it), we will be ignored and elbowed aside, and unmercifully snubbed, and will suffer thereby.

As we writhe impatiently under the sting of the world's forgetfulness or contempt, what remedy can we find?

There are two specifics, Patience and Faith.

Not unwise is the old proverb, "All things come to him who waits." But the very essence of youth is impatience. Sun, moon and stars must all be built in a day, and the young fire heart burns fiercely against the barriers that hem it in and keep it down.

Hard is the lesson, brother, but it must be learned. Have faith in God. Have faith in thyself and wait. So shall neglect, contempt and scorn, but stimulate and develop the strength they cannot destroy.

II. *Loneliness.*—Youth loves companionship. Nature has no youthful hermits. The buoyancy and sprightliness of youth find no echo in the staidness and decorum of age. Youth demands youth; and, if the demand be denied, suffering ensues. Yet it happens, not seldom, that high purpose and loyalty to Christ create an impassable gulf between the young Christian and his comrades. To him comradeship means disloyalty, duty and loneliness, yet he chooses the right path.

This is a trial, and perhaps, my brother, there shall come to thee no harder conflict than when the young manhood wrestled with nature and the evil one and proclaimed its power, and no trophy gained in after years will grace thee as the crown of thorns thou hast won and bound upon thine own brow.

Lonely swings the sun in his splendor, lonely the earth in her orbital sweep, and lonely the youth whose life path knows no fellow; but blessed, infinitely blessed, if, like sun and earth, his orbit sweep in true line around his centre, God. Lonely, yet not alone, for angels minister to him and he walks with God.

III. *Passion.*—To many a man and woman the body is a mass of energies, the ultimate purpose of which they but dimly comprehend, and of the power of which they are largely ignorant. The question comes to each in youth, "Shall I blindly obey my mysterious impulses and yield assent to the gratification of my desires, or shall I resist them?" To yield means ruin. Man was made for mastery, and the body must be brought under control of reason and conscience. This is no child's play, but demands all our strength. Not by violent spasmodic effort but by steady, ceaseless, prayerful wrestle shall a young man cleanse his way.

IV. *Privation.*—What youth desires, it desires vehemently, but every life has its limitations, and we soon learn that a great many desirable things lie beyond our reach.

Why should it be so? Why should you lack books, or money, or music, or friends when you want them so much? We cannot tell. Why are sun and moon bound? Why do they not swing free? You also are part of a universe, and bound by its (i.e. God's) laws. But,

you say, these privations prevent my highest development; are you sure of that? Were Milton, and Bunyan, and Lincoln dwarfed by their privations?

The masters of music were not born in cathedrals: the masters of poetry were not cradled in song. The thinkers of the past had not half your library. All lives are limited. The manger cradle is a typical one. Make the best of life. The lark has not falcon's wings, but she soars out of sight.

It may be, brother, you are as a caged bird, and the bars that shut you in destiny forged long ago. Fret not thy life away in fruitless irritation against the bars, but sing thy song, thy life song, sad or glad, low or loud, without impatience or fear, and when at last the Master's hand unbars the cage, thou shalt fly home. But if you had money you would do so much good. If the toad had wings it would fly; but God, who made it and thee, simply asks of each what he has given each to do; from thee, brother, thy duty and none other. Privation is but the shepherd's crook; hate it not.

Hartow, Ont.

THE SECRET OF RELIGIOUS ATTRACTIVENESS.

BY REV. JOHN POUCHER, D.D.

HOLINESS by many is associated with a demand for self-surrender, accompanied with intense pain, either physical or mental, so that some are repelled from an effort to be religious in the ordinary way. Union with the Church is supposed to involve a sacrifice of personal privileges, and a recognized favor is bestowed on those already members. Each accession is estimated according to his or her ability to share in the burdens of the organization.

Much canvassing must be employed to secure additional adherents. Social calls must be made and the people of high standing must show great deference to those who are to be invited. In an evangelical effort there must be much direct and urgent solicitation, and a grat ad will be made when a favorable decision is reached.

Why should not the Church so adorn herself that her beauty will be desired? There will always be coarse spirits that cannot discern the lovely features of piety until considerable advance in righteousness has been made. In many cases it may be necessary to use the arts of persuasion to induce sinners to become candidates for sainthood, but God's sanctuary ought to be regarded as the goal of most exalted ambition. Christian fellowship should be so attractive that even the unregenerate, yet incapable of appreciating spiritual values at their real worth, will eagerly strive for a place in the fold.

Let every professor of religion determine to present a personal character so lovely and rich that it may be taken as a model for all others who wish to succeed in living. Let him without vain-glory portray an ideal life attained through faith in Christ. Let it be distinctly proven that such a state is possible to