

Editorial Notes

While this is the last issue of THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA, let no one think for a moment that the paper has died. The change of name does not involve dissolution so much as resurrection. For many years some of our readers have looked regularly for the monthly visits of this paper. We trust they will welcome the appearance of YOUTH AND SERVICE, and find its messages just as timely as those of the ERA ever were. We are thankful for all the kindness and consideration accorded the ERA in the nearly seventeen years of its ministry, and confidently look for the same spirit in even larger measure for the new paper. We hope our next issue, the first of YOUTH AND SERVICE, will be but the beginning of many years of increased and helpful service by the paper. If you would like any of your friends to receive the first number as a sample copy, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly mail it to them.

Congratulations to Saskatchewan, the driest province of Canada to-day! "It's a long, long way" apparently for Ontario yet to travel; but we'll "make the grade" as the westerners say, some day. When? Just as soon as the men at the head not only say they see things as they ought to be, but dare to do things as they know in their heart of hearts they ought to be done. Not more light but greater courage is most needed in Ontario legislation, or we err in judgment of the case.

Still another! Good! Just as we are making up this issue for the press the encouraging news comes that Alberta promises to give her neighboring province a close run for Prohibition honors in Canada. So we must add to the above paragraph this later one: "Congratulations to Alberta, the second dry province of Canada." Well! well! the Ontario Government's commission on the regulation of the liquor traffic is so revealing the baseness of the business in this province that we begin to hope that even our provincial premier and legislature may be yet compelled to follow the lead of the sister provinces of the west. But we had rather see them leaders than laggards in so vital a matter.

"Politics are rotten!" At least, so a man said in our hearing not long ago. If they are, whose fault is it, we want to know? How did they become so? Nothing decomposes save under unhealthy conditions. Who made the conditions such that politics could so dreadfully rot, we wonder? Not the citizens who have always voted according to principle; not the men who have refused to be forever bound by party ties; not the voters who considered the casting of their ballots as sacred a duty as saying their prayers—who then? Perhaps you. Think it over. If politics are rotten, somebody's to blame.

"I'd sooner be a live coward than a dead hero." Really, we unintentionally overheard these words fall from the lips of a young woman who, with two female companions, was walking along Spadina Avenue a few days ago. Don't know what they were talking about, or whose case they were discussing; but so she spoke anyway. Do you share her sentiments? Think! Of what use is a coward either dead or alive? How much is any fellow worth without a brave man's heart? We incline to the thought that a dead hero never dies. "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Nothing truer than this. A coward ought to have short shrift these days, a hero you cannot kill. A coward does not know what life really is. Mere physical existence isn't life. A hero may live longer though he occupies his physical body but a few years than a coward who breathes a hundred years. No, no, a dead hero is worth a million living cowards.

"It's only some drunken soldiers," they said as they passed a crowd on Queen Street the other day. We saw them go unthinkingly on their way and pondered on the significance of the "only," for if there is any sight more

deplorable than drunken soldiers we don't want to see it. And it is not hard, we regret to say, to find men in the King's uniform staggering along under a load neither the country nor God imposes upon them. But perhaps we are not wholly correct in this statement. Certainly the Almighty does not lay the burden of drunkenness on their shoulders; but we are not so sure of the country. Of course, soldiers do not drink at the country's expense in money actually paid out for the drink, and yet the country must meet the bill in their lessened efficiency. Still, we make it easy for the men in khaki to get drunk, the subtle charm of so-called good-fellowship allures them on to intoxication, and the leaders of government, who alone have the control of the situation, say "Amen." Truly we are a queer people, aren't we?

"Don't be a child forever, Jack!" we heard a mother admonish her well-grown son a while ago. The mother meant well, and yet there are some things which characterize children that we would do well to hold on to as long as possible. We thought of the apostle's counsel, "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." What the son referred to had been doing to call forth the maternal reproof—for such we think it was intended to be—we cannot know; but mother evidently wanted Jack to conduct himself as a manly lad, and doubtless she was right. Two things parents should avoid, however; first, a disposition to hurry their boys into immature men, and second, a desire to keep their boys little children forever. We want men, but not before their time. We want children, but not longer than natural growth warrants. We may always cultivate qualities that make us childlike, though we cannot long afford to be childish in habits of either thought or deed.

The difference between mere movement and useful action was well expressed by Bishop McDowell when he said in one of his telling addresses that the Church too often treats its men as a certain father treated his bustling boy. Coming into his father's study, the boy asked, "Father, what can I do?" The father was busy preparing a paper on "The Boy Problem," and he hurriedly replied, "There is a pile of sand in the yard. The man who brought it put it in the wrong corner. I wish you would move it to the other side." The boy went to work with a will, but presently came again. "Father, I've done that. What can I do now?" The father, still busy, said, "I think that sand might better be at this end of the yard. Shovel it over there." The boy went less cheerfully, but resolutely, wanting to help his father. The third time he came for a job, and the father said, "On the whole, I believe I'd like that sand back where it was first." But the boy said, "Not on your life! I'm not looking for something to take up my time. I want to do something."

When you don't feel like reading, that is very likely the time to read a light but wholesome book. When you really want to read, that's the very time to read some volume that deals with great realities and the profounder truths of life. The one dread I have is, that when I reach my winter days I shall have reason to bemoan the wasted hours of the springtime of life. The moments are golden. In nature there is a hibernating animal. Youth-time is the day of preparation against life's long winter evening. In the aftermath of our pilgrimage but few new thoughts are born. The mind, weary with the toil of years, turns within for rest. At the sunset we feed on the unforgotten treasures of the past. That person who refuses to cultivate the habit of reading good books yields to mental disintegration. It is not how many but what kind of books you read. The character of books we read is prophetic. In a large sense literature is the undergirding of character. It is the foundation of shifting sand or the impregnable rock on which manhood rests. Just as the physical nature betrays the character of nutriment it receives, so does the mind reveal the pabulum on which it is forced to subsist.