

THE ANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

Vol. XVI.

S. T. BARTLETT, Editor
WM. BRIGGS, Publisher

TORONTO, MAY, 1914

WESLEY BUILDINGS
TORONTO, ONTARIO

No. 5

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

THE lure of the Springtime is upon us. That heart is indeed cold and hard that does not answer to its magnetic pull. Out into the sunshine, drinking in the balmy May breezes until the pure ozone swells

the lungs and its clarifying influence drives the cobwebs from the brain; over the springing meadows tinted in loveliest green and bearing promise of abundant grass; under the spreading limbs of budding forest trees with millions of expanding leaflets; listening to the trill of the bird, the chirp of the squirrel, the bleating of the lamb, the lowing of the calf, the happy whistling of the merry-hearted schoolboy;—here is life—awakened from winter's long sleep and freed from the mighty hold of the Ice King—life abounding, full and free.

We know too little of it because we live too far from Nature's heart. Good for us and only good, shall it be to come closer to her, to cultivate her acquaintance, catch the breadth of her outlook and let the spell of her spirit widen our vision until we see something of the meaning of all her works. The great Creator speaks in tones both sweet and clear in these bright

May days, and His Springtime messages, fraught with assurances of an abiding Providence, whisper peace to the soul and inspire the heart to trust in His love.

Get out of doors. Breathe deep breaths. Stretch your

limbs. Take long walks. Hold converse with Nature and let the Voice that called her into being talk in quiet tones with you. It will bring to you a boon both physical and spiritual, and like the world without on which you look

with admiring eyes, the world within will be renewed in loveliness and purity.

Seek Beauty in the open. She is all around you. The tiny floweret that modestly hangs its head in dewy woodland shade, the springing grasses that await the coming breezes to send their rippling wavelets over all the spreading meadowlands, the bursting blossoms that blushing open their glowing petals to the sun,—all are Beauty's agents and seek an inspiring interview with you.

From out the soil or from out the soul beauty accrues from the operations of the One Almighty Creator who puts no premium on ugliness anywhere, but who would fain see in all His creatures reflections of the perfection that finds its ultimate in Himself. Whatever other aspirations of soul come to us, may these reviving days of Spring evoke from our longing hearts the prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," and we shall

not pray in vain, but in our inner spiritual being shall come increasingly under the potent spell of the same Almighty Spirit who works through the whole creation to the end that He may make all things beautiful in their season.



NATURE'S CATHEDRAL

—C. A. Coles