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Wait a Little.—The preacher who didn't fit his last place may be the very man you need. It often happens just so. The best-made garment does not fit every wearer. You liked your old coat because you were used to it. You will get used to the new one in due time, and then you will like it just as well.

A Young Old Man.—Rev. Dr. Carman spent several days at Bay View, the great Michigan summer resort. The clerk at the hotel said the Doctor was the youngest man on the grounds; that he got up earlier, and walked more miles than any one else at the hotel. It certainly helps to keep a man young to be cheerful and take plenty of exercise.

Quite True.—The Baltimore *Christian Advocate* gives the tardy preacher this blow: "The congregation waited nearly twenty minutes after the hour set for preaching before the preacher appeared on the scene. He made no explanation, gave no excuse. The next preaching day the same thing occurred. And, would you believe it? one of the most punctual congregations in the district became careless and indifferent, straggling to church at anything like a half-hour of the time!"

Less Destructive than Usual.—One million gallons of whiskey were burned in Glasgow, Scotland, recently. Thousands of casks of spirits exploded, blowing down the wall of an adjoining flour mill. Three men, three boys, and one woman were killed, and a number of persons injured. The *Christian Advocate* remarks: "We doubt if as much whiskey was ever disposed of before with so few deaths and injuries. Over the bar, it would have produced ten times the number of deaths and injuries, besides unaccountable minor infelicities, unkindnesses, criminations and recriminations, with not a few cases of delirium tremens."

A Fine Answer.—From the Alaskan miners comes a story which is worth repeating. A young Swede, whose opportunities had been so limited that he was nothing but a stable boy before he went to the mines, was fortunate enough to secure a good claim, and to dig a considerable amount of gold out of it. His partner, also a young Swede, asked him one day: "What are you going to do with your money?" "I mean to do more for the world," was the quiet answer, "than the world ever did for me." He meant it, too, for this ex-hostler has since given something like fifty thousand dollars to endow a college and a hospital in

the far West. The more one considers the answer and the deed, the nobler they appear. So many men ask, bitterly, "What has the world ever done for me?" and thus justify the spending of their all upon themselves. So many workers say, impatiently, "Why should I do better work than the world pays me for?" and thus toil grudgingly on. So many souls quarrel with life because it does not give them all they desire, and thus become selfish.

Unique Postal Address.—Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., of London, in addressing a united meeting of Methodist and Presbyterian young people, at the Summer School in Victoria College grounds, referred in pleasant terms to the amicable relations which exist between the two denominations. In speaking of the possibility of union between them he said that, a short time ago, he had received a letter addressed to "The Presbyterian-Methodist minister" of London. The writer of this address is perhaps a little previous, but doubtless there are many persons now living who will see the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches.

Good for Congregationalists.—The Boston *Congregationalist* speaks thus of the great man whose birthday has been so generally celebrated during the past two months: "John Wesley is one of the great heroes of Christendom, and one of the features of the Christianity of the twentieth century is to be the readiness of all its branches to glory in the men who are their common heritage. We wish that Congregationalists might study Wesley's life and work, and note the distinctive qualities of the Methodism he planted. We hope that John Wesley will be the theme in thousands of Congregational pulpits and prayer-meetings this month. His experience and doctrine of conversion of men being made new through faith in Christ and living in him, and his mission to raise up converted men to witness to the truth by which he had been saved, furnish the example and the themes most needed among us now."

Wisely Rebuked.—In Yosemite village during his western trip, when President Roosevelt was riding on horseback through the streets a boy hailed him as "Teddy," whereupon the President stopped his horse and called up the boy and gave him some wholesome advice on the subject of proper respect for dignitaries. The incident serves to attract more attention to this important subject than a hundred comments in the leading news-

papers could have done. On that account the act of the President was wise. It was wise on other accounts also. The boy did not intend anything wrong, but he was worth too much to be permitted to fall into a habit which is not only disgusting but actually degenerating in its tendencies.

Walking Ferns.—*Country Life in America* gives the following interesting information about ferns: "Most ferns are confirmed travellers. New ferns grow out from the underground roots some distance away from the old plant. The average observer scarcely notices this, but there is a native fern that steps off at so lively a pace that its odd habit has long furnished one of the unceasing entertainments of the woods. The walking fern often carpets ledges and tops of shaded rocks. The slender, tufted leaf fronds are singularly unfemaline in appearance. They squirm about and 'walk' by declining their taper tips to the soil, and taking root there and growing. In time clusters of new leaf fronds spring from such rooted tips. By and by some of these, too, bite the earth, and, taking root, start still other colonies, which, in turn, will continue the progress again and again. Naturally, with the lapse of time, the connection between the older tufts and the younger becomes broken, yet one sometimes finds series of three or four linked together, representing as many steps in the pretty ramble."

Two Armies.—Under the heading, "Detroit Surrenders to Two Armies," the *Detroit Evening News* had the following editorial: "Detroit is now in the possession of two armies—the one is that of Santiago, whose deeds breathe the martial spirit and speak the lesson of patriotism and self-sacrifice for country to the youth of the land; the other is the Epworth League, an organization as martial in form, as aggressive in action, with a destination that is even more worthy. The former would fire the blood to deeds of physical daring in a righteous cause; the latter would charge the soul with courage for work in a cause that must be righteous. Thus it will be seen that both organizations are charged with a martial spirit, an aggressive intention to do something. The one would limit its endeavors to the country, the other would work for the redemption of the whole world, and both are dependent for even the partial success of their efforts on the youth of the nation. Soldiers, in whatever cause they fight, must have the ardor of youth, and to the youth of the land both look for the recruits that must be had."