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HOPE ON.

There was never a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above
it;

There is never a mountain-top ever so
bleak,
That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and
dark
That the stars were not somewhere
shining;

There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary and
long.

That will not some time have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape
is where

The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may,
if we will,

See the beautiful blue above.

Let us hope on though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast,
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at
last.

—*Morning Star.*

Would Reap All the Gain.—If the Church treated her ministers generously in the matter of holidays she would reap all the gain. For every new idea which comes to the minister's mind, and every new book he reads, and every new sight he sees, and every new gallery he visits during his holidays, pass into his words and into his life, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of congregations would come back to their own souls with usury of reward. So says Ian Maclaren in the *June Ladies' Home Journal*.



A Fraternal Spirit.—At the recent convention of the California Christian Endeavor Union held at the state capital, Sacramento, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Whereas the Epworth Leagues of California are to welcome the young people of their denomination to San Francisco, 1901; Therefore be it Resolved, That we, the Endeavorers of California in convention assembled, join with them in greeting the Methodist young people of the world, and hereby express our gratification that this gathering of Christian workers is to come to our State.



Natural Allies.—The *Methodist Times* of London, has this to say about the complications in China: "Our natural allies are the Americans and the

Germans, and we believe that the load on the present occasion should not be taken by us, but by our American kinsmen, who have not provoked the jealousy of France, and Russia, and Germany, as we have, unhappily, by our mistakes in the past. If the American Government would undertake to secure concerted action on the part of all civilized nations, that would be the safest course to follow. But clearly we can not stand idly by and allow events to drift in view of our almost unlimited interests and responsibilities, and also the wellbeing of the human race. We cannot shirk our responsibility, we must face it.



Brotherhoods.—Societies of various kinds for men seem to be on the increase. Rev. Calvia L. Connell thinks that the Brotherhood is a necessity. He says: "The men's society in the church, of the church and for the church, has become a necessity. A Brotherhood in any church that brings together the men of the church and congregation of all ages, with simple Scriptural initiatory ceremony, that, while giving due attention to the social and fraternal phases of work, makes most prominent the evangelistic, experimental and practical; that, with a high ideal of a noble, unselfish Christian life, as a leader, enjoins upon its members, pure and consecrated manhood; that organizes its members for systematic, philanthropic, evangelistic work among men, and demands that they shall live holy, godly lives, will be found to be the kind of society needed in Methodist churches.



Hot Weather Religion.—Dr. Gilbert, the new editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, thus calls attention to the need of watchfulness during the heated season: "It may be that we do not need any absolutely new variety of religion which shall bear this brand, but it is certain that we need considerably more of the good old kind to help us stand the strain that the hot months and torrid days bring upon us. When there is such a drain upon the vital forces, and normal energy is reduced almost to the minimum, it is peculiarly difficult to exercise self-control and keep an amiable mood. Temper is more easily aroused—indeed quite impossible to suppress—when nerves are racked and on edge, when every slightest thing seems to exasperate them beyond endurance. The blood easily mounts in excess to the brain, the face is flushed and hot, and, unless there be rare watchfulness, such physical conditions will almost necessarily and inevitably result in anger and sharp words. There will be irritability, petulance, querulousness, hectoring, complaining, scolding, quick explosions of wrath. There will be general misery all around,

in the individual himself and in everybody about him."



To Drive the Devil Out.—Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark has been writing some very interesting letters from the various countries which he has visited in his trip round the world. In a recent article in the *Sunday School Times* he gives the oriental idea of the great society of which he is president: "The president of the Christian Endeavor Union in Foo-Chow, a bright young Chinaman, gave this admirable definition of Christian Endeavor: 'Its object,' said he 'is to drive the devil out.' Then he went on to make the remarkable statement, which westerners might question, that 'since the devil had been driven out of western lands, he had come to China to live. And now,' said he with enthusiasm, 'let us all unite as brothers to drive him out of China, that, like the Gadarene swine, he may be driven into the Eastern sea to be swallowed up in the waters.' I have always regarded this as a most happy and comprehensive definition of Christian Endeavor. In a broad way, its object, whether in America or China, is 'to drive the devil out.' To do its work in the best way, it must unite all the young people 'as brothers.' Its energy, activity, and fellowship could scarcely be better expressed."



The Mind Become a Machine.—The danger to the mind of absorption in one pursuit, is strikingly illustrated in the case of Mr. Darwin, who thus records his own experiences: "Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure; and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that pictures formerly gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music.

My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts; but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."