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Daily Duties "Your daily duties are a part of your religion, just as much as your devotions are. He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause."—H. W. Beecher.

The Month of November!

- No sun, no moon!
- No morn, no noon.
- No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
- No sky, no earthly view,
- No distance looking blue,
- No road, no street, no "other side of the way;"
- No end to any row,
- No indications where the crescents go;
- No top to any steeples.
- No recognition of familiar people,
- No courtesies for showing 'em—
- No knowing 'em!
- No travelling at all, no locomotion,
- No inking of the way, no notation;
- "No go," by land or ocean;
- No mail, no post,
- No news from any foreign coast;
- No park, no king, no afternoon gentility,
- No company, no nobility;
- No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
- No comfortable feel in any member;
- No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees;
- No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, NOVEMBER.

—A. Warwick.

November is derived from *novem* and *imber*, or the ninth month in the Roman year. In Saxon it was sometimes called "blot-monat" or "blood-month," from the number of cattle slain and stored for winter provisions; others named it "windy-month," because of the high winds common in this month.—*Loaring*.



Why is it that too many of us, especially the young, are inclined to confine our religious duties to the Church and Sunday? Why is it that so many seem to think that that only is religious which pertains directly to the sanctuary or the Sabbath? Because we desire our young readers to look upon all life as sacred, all duty religious, we have selected the brief paragraph which appears in the preceding column to both awaken and forewarn them. Mr. Beecher was right in the words quoted. Religion cannot be limited to times, places, or occasions. It must permeate all our experiences and make itself influential in the proper discharge of every duty.

What a great and yet grand word "duty" is. Yet it frightens us sometimes with a sense of compulsion, and follows some people like a constable for fear of whom they do certain things and refrain from the doing of others. It should not be so. Not that we should not feel the constraints of Duty, but we should be moved by some higher and nobler feeling than fear in doing what it counsels. Kingsley called Duty "the command of Heaven, the eldest voice of God." If he was right, surely we may well listen to what it says and without dread perform its behests. If we do, we may eventually prove the truth of one of Cecil's sage remarks, "Duties are ours, events are God's" and again "Do your duty and leave the rest to God." Because Duty and God are thus vitally connected in all human life, "duty" is a grand word and conveys an inspiring message to all who would obey His voice.

And yet how humdrum our "daily duties" are to most of us. So much routine, so little variety, so much drudgery, so little joy, such an endless round of successive acts that come with pitiless return every day—small wonder, perhaps, that we grow tired with the monotony of it all, and think it almost unworthy a child of God. But simply because we are His children it is true as Keble has written,

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

This thought makes all the world a sanctuary, every act one of devotion, and all loving deeds worship. And are they not? He who said that He was among his people as one that served, moved as He was by the omnipotence of Love, has shown us how if we will pay the price, we may shape our lives after the noblest and loftiest model. Yes, it is the spirit within that determines whether or not an act is one of real religion.

J. G. Holland truthfully said that "Duty, especially out of the domain of Love is the veriest slavery in the world." But with Love prompting and sustaining us, we know something of the mighty motive power that so constrained Livingston that he could say after years of toil and hardship, "I have never made a sacrifice." He did his duty. Yes, but he did it in such a way that it was his greatest pleasure, his highest joy, his daily inspiration.

Let us not think that the constant recurrence of the endless claims of home or school, of shop or office, of farm or factory, mean less religion for us. They mean more, and if rightly met will assure us of more as we grow in years. And do not think that only when on your knees or in his House can you be well-pleasing to God. He delights as much in your loving work as in your lowly worship, and will bless you the more in the outward performance of the latter because you have honored him in the proper discharge of the former. "In all things to do the will of God my Heavenly Father," is the way the League pledge runs, and it voices the highest aim, the noblest ambition, the holiest purpose that any of us can cherish. Such doing is our duty, but it is never irksome or hard if the impelling spirit be Love.

Living thus, you need not fear the inevitable consequences that follow unfaithfulness. There will be no "flaw," the "loom" will have at last a complete pattern perfected. The Master's eye will accept it, and because you have aimed to be like him and have done your best to attain your ideal, you will be satisfied.

The future is fixed not by any arbitrary law of the Almighty, but by the