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The Better Way.

It is better to laugh than to weep,
Though the heart be ever so sad,
For perchance the unselfish smile
May make a sadder heart glad.

It is better to trust than to doubt,
Though the way seem dark and drear,
For faith lifts upward to God,
While doubt can but end in fear.

It is better to love than to hate,
For life at its longest is short,
And love is God's perfect law,
But hate His plans must thwart.

—Mrs. C. De L. Stone, in *New York Observer*.

Young Canadians.—One of the most attractive pictures that has adorned our front page for a long time appears this month. Who can look upon these bright young faces without feeling what splendid possibilities are wrapped up in their lives? The Church can do no nobler or more valuable work than to save, and train the boys and girls for Christian usefulness. The consecrated men and women who are teaching in the Sunday School and conducting Junior Leagues and Christian Endeavor societies are rendering the highest kind of service to the Master. To prevent is better than to rescue. To form character is better than to reform criminals.



Not Like Other Books.—Bishop Westcott's table-talk was very pungent and instructive. We note a recent paragraph in it: "I only once had a conversation with Professor _____, and he professed that he wanted the Bible to be read just like any other book. I ventured to say that I had always tried to read it just like any other book; and it was because I had done so that I had come to the conclusion that it was utterly unlike any other book in the world."



What a Boy Should Know.—In the December *Review of Reviews*, Mr. H. L. Elmendorf, librarian of the Buffalo Public Library, has a fine article on "Some Things a Boy of Seventeen Should Have Had an Opportunity to Read." Among other good things he says: "A boy of seventeen should intimately know the English Bible. He should know it as literature quite aside from its religious teaching. He should know it from having had it read to him from his earliest years, and from reading and studying it himself. A boy who grows up without this intimate acquaintance with the great

masterpiece of all literature is without something for the loss of which nothing can compensate, and which nothing can replace." This is the judgment, not of a minister and theologian, but of an expert in books and a great literary authority.



No Time for Individuals.—Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied: "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this into her album, with this comment: "When last heard from our Maker had not reached this altitude." "If we have no interest in individuals," says one commenting on this incident, in this connection, "then we have no real interest in Christ, and he who waits till he can save many souls will never save one."



Preparation Time.—Youth is the time for preparation. The success of the after-life depends upon the diligence of the first years. A wasted youth is followed by the darkness of misfortune and failure. Youth is the time to gather knowledge. It is the time, too, to form good habits. It is the time to make good friendships. It is the time to find Christ. It is the time to train the faculties for their best work in life. It is the time to prepare for life's business. When youth closes, with its opportunities, leaving one unready for the days of stress, struggle, duty and responsibility that must come, perilous indeed is the darkness that wraps the life and drags it down.



"He Helped Me."—Among the victims of the Chicago fire was Mr. Willis Cooper, one of the most prominent laymen of the M. E. Church, and an active worker in the Epworth League. His loss will be keenly felt, as he was active in almost all departments of Christian work. He was particularly interested in the Chicago Newsboys' Mission, and he will be missed by no class more than by the waifs of the South Side, Chicago, who have shared in the blessings of his kindness and generosity. At the Detroit Convention a little waif came to the missionary booth and asked the young lady in charge if Mr. Cooper was there. She replied that he was not there then, but probably would be before long. He returned to the booth again and again, still asking for Mr. Cooper. The young lady finally asked him if she could do anything for him. "Oh, no," he replied, the tears filling his eyes. "Mr. Cooper has helped me and

I just wanted to see him." He stood around waiting for him for more than an hour, and finally found him. Upon inquiring about the lad from Mr. Cooper it was found that the little fellow was one whom he had befriended in Chicago. "He helped me." That was said by hundreds when they heard the news of his tragic death. He was the idol of the army of his employees. Every man believed in Willis Cooper's sincerity. His Christian character was stamped upon the entire establishment. Whatever the men and women who toiled in his factories might think of religion in general, they believed in the absolute genuineness of that professed by their manager.



Dr. Hamill Coming.—Several of the summer schools have decided to give some attention to the subject of Sunday School teacher training, which is certainly a move in the right direction. Almost all who attend these schools are engaged in Sunday School work, but have not had much opportunity for general preparation. Invariably they are eager to avail themselves of anything that will make them more efficient, and doubtless will appreciate the opportunity presented this summer. Arrangements have been made to secure the celebrated teacher, Dr. Hamill, who will spend a week at the Victoria College School next July. He stands in the very front rank of Sunday School experts, and we are very fortunate in obtaining his services. At Twelve O'clock Point the General Secretary of Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues will conduct a series of training classes for teachers.



The Duty to Talk.—Claudius Clear, in the *British Weekly*, says that it is a positive duty to converse well. "I learned it many years ago from the late Prof. Bruce, of Glasgow. On a certain winter in my Scottish home I had visits from three or four distinguished divines. Two of them had come and gone and left us profoundly depressed. We could extract nothing from them. Our humble attempts at conversation were promptly snubbed by a 'Yes' or 'No,' followed by a prolonged and painful silence. When Dr. Bruce came the clock struck and the fountain leaped. He talked his very best; he listened as well as he talked; he brought out everything that was in you; he made the hours fly. I could not help saying to him on the eve of his departure how grateful I was for the experience. He said: 'I make it a point wherever I go to talk as well as I can. It is a duty to do so.'"