

# THE CANADIAN EPWORTH ERA

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**A Big Book Store.**—John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store has under its roof the biggest bookshop in the world, and has sold, in the past six years, ten million dollars' worth of a single work of reference.

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**Gambling Among Women.**—The clergy of London, England, and in fact, the whole country are up in arms against the increase of gambling on the race track by women, which has become so common that there are a number of women bookmakers plying their trade in London and other big towns.

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**Stay Green.**—Napoleon once said: "To replace is to conquer." That was a subtle ruse for a young man's reading. The books read sought to suggest true, pure and high things. Many young men said: "I need to know evil, I'll be green if I don't." Thank God for your greenness. Stay green towards evil if you live to be as old as Methuselah. Life is too short for the culture of evil. What you need is culture in goodness.

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**Quick Work.**—A trial was recently made in Austria to determine in how short a space of time living trees can be converted into newspapers. At Elsenthal, at 7.35 in the morning, three trees were sawn down, and at 9.30 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, whence the first printed and folded copy was issued at 10 o'clock—so that in 145 minutes the trees had become newspapers.

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**A Splendid Philanthropy.**—A year ago Sir Ernest Cassel placed at the disposal of the Egyptian government \$40,000 to be used for the benefit of sufferers from disease of the eye. A travelling hospital has been accordingly established under the direction of Mr. A. F. MacCallan, formerly of the London Ophthalmic Hospital. The hospital consists of several tents, and is moved from place to place, to obviate the necessity of patients making long journeys to obtain treatment.

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**Roosevelt's Favorite Character.**—President Roosevelt is a faithful student of the Scriptures. Bunyan is one of his favorite authors. One day a celebrated woman novelist came to him and said: "Tell me, Mr. President, what character in fiction comes nearest your idea of what a man ought to be?" "Great Heart,"

replied the ready man. "He is, in my estimation, the finest figure of a man that can be found." "I'm afraid I'm not so well informed in modern fiction as I thought I was," she said timidly. The President smiled. "Oh," she said hurriedly, "one of the old pagan heroes, of course, whom I have forgotten. Where shall I find him?" "In the 'Delectable Mountains,'" said the President, turning to the other guests.

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**A Valuable Tribute.**—An ex cabinet minister of Japan, Baron Maejima, has this to say of Christianity: "No matter how large an army or navy we may have, unless we have righteousness at the foundation of our national existence, we shall fall short of success. I do not hesitate to say that we must rely upon religion for our highest welfare. And when I look about me to see upon what religion we may best rely, I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the nation."

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**Both are Bad.**—Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons, wife of the champion prize-fighter, defends herself for witnessing prize fights personally. She says: "Is it any more demoralizing than the race-track where I see, every time I attend the races, groups of women who, they tell me, are from New York's best society?" It seems really to be a question, not of which is the better, but which is the worse. And, "when in doubt choose neither," where both are bad. Even a secular Journal like *Collier's* says: "As to racing, it is so honeycombed with gambling, and gambling is so demoralizing a kind of dissipation that, in spite of its many interests of a worthy kind, racing as a whole is fairly open to the repartee of Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons."

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**Drink in the Russian Army.**—An article in one of the magazines throws some valuable side-lights upon the character of the Russian Army. It says: "Usually the officers take to drink. The quantities of vodka, champagne and whiskey they consume every day in their mess would amaze even the seasoned toppers in other armies. I have seen Russians drink four or five glasses of vodka and cognac before dinner merely for an appetizer, and consume liquor during the meal in the same proportion. On Russian warships which I have visited, the same heavy drinking goes on in the wardroom. The officers usually saunter down there about five o'clock in

the afternoon and take a few nips before dinner—and go on drinking steadily until that meal is served. Dinner often lasts for two or three hours when there are guests present, and by the time the officers go up on deck most of them are incapacitated for the proper performance of their duties, although they are too seasoned to appear obviously drunk. This sort of thing goes on constantly in both services, but it is worse in the navy. It is needless to point out how seriously it detracts from efficiency."

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**Take Care of Yourself.**—Dr. Wendell Holmes was asked one day how to live long, and he replied: "Get a fatal disease and then take care of yourself." The truth in the reply is found in the fact that men rarely ever take care of themselves until they become diseased. A well, vigorous and robust man never thinks of his health. He plays the prodigal with his energy and nerve force. Now, if a man in delicate health is enabled to live a long time by taking care of himself, how long ought a man to live who is possessed of a strong and healthy physical organism? Owing to our habits and environments, but few of us live out more than one-half of our days. We are guilty of a wonderful waste of life.

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**Not Great, but Good.**—Not long ago a unique celebration was held on the shores of the Bay of Quinte in memory of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Barbara Heck. In referring to this, Rev. E. S. Ninde, D.D., has this to say of the Mother of Methodism in America, in the *Michigan Christian Advocate*: "Measured by many of the standards in common use, Barbara Heck would not be called a great woman. Her parentage was humble; her education and general advantages only such as one in her position would naturally enjoy. She possessed no extraordinary gifts. Here was the greatness, not of genius, but of absorbing fidelity to the truth, high-souled devotion to duty. Having entered upon the service of her Master, she had no other thought or desire than to honor Him. Others drifted, but she remained steadfast. Day by day she quietly and faithfully did the work that God brought to her hand. She neither sought nor expected great opportunities. Little did she dream that future generations would hail her as the 'Mother of American Methodism.' In utter submission to the divine will she simply said: 'Here am I, Lord, send me.' And He sent her on one of the most glorious missions ever committed to a human being."