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Faith and Works.

Not in letter, but in spirit,
Doth the Lord our homage ask;
Give him not mere formal service
Rendered as a stated task.

Think no labor coarse or irksome;
Who art thou to judge or say?
Patiently perform the duties
That await thee every day.

Make toil noble, duty holy;
Consecrated, willing hands
Glorify the meanest service,
And fulfil Love's great commands.

By thy life preach thou the gospel;
By thy life prove thou thy creed;
Faith is dead disjoined from service,
Shew thy love forth in thy deed.

Lo, what blessed recognition
Ev'ry loyal soul shall see,
When there comes the tender welcome:
"Ye have done it unto Me!"

—Mabel Cronis Jones in *Pittsburg
Christian Advocate.*

A Veteran Gone.—In the death of Rev. Dr. Dewart the Methodist Church loses one of its oldest and best-known ministers. He was born in 1828, and entered the ministry in 1851. To obtain an education, he walked a long distance to school, and worked his own way, knowing something of the hardships of pioneer life. For twenty-five years he occupied the position of editor of the *Christian Guardian*, and exercised a great influence in moulding Methodist opinion on many great questions. He was a strong writer, being especially at home in controversy. The editor of this paper was associated with Dr. Dewart in the office of the *Christian Guardian* for a year, and had the opportunity of knowing him intimately. He had a kind heart and, while he sometimes gave hard blows, was possessed of broad sympathies. Having very decided opinions of his own on all questions, he was nevertheless tolerant of the opinions of others. His death was quite sudden and unexpected.

"My Cannibal Friends."—None but a Christlike soul and a hero could use the phrase. But it is found in a letter of Chalmers, the martyr of New Guinea, just brought to light, in which he refers to his purpose to visit those whom he calls "my cannibal friends in the Namau district." He says: "The Akerave natives of that district killed 11 Maipans lately, and left nothing but their bones. We must get among them as soon as possible." There are those whose

first thought, in view of the savage nature of these cannibals, would have been to get well away from them. The Christian zeal of Chalmers led him to exactly the opposite conclusion. Men so wicked and cruel must be reached as soon as possible.

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Lies at the Root.—To a company of Christian Endeavor workers calling upon him at the White House, President Roosevelt said: "Yes, gentlemen, the work of Christian Endeavor is more important than the tariff or the trusts; for everything that promotes character and manhood lies at the very root of national prosperity."

✕
An Inspiring Outlook.—"It was striking and inspiring at the meeting of the Boston Methodist Episcopal Social Union the other week," says the *Congregationalist*, "to hear such unvarying expressions of confidence in the zest and volume with which goodness is to dominate over evil in the new century. Methodist Episcopal bishops in their speeches and letters, and Protestant Episcopal bishops in their letters of fraternal regard, all struck the same note of Christian hope and joy. The last century was one of analysis. This is to be one of synthesis. The last century was one of sectarianism. This is to be one of Christian federation."

✕
About Cheerfulness.—The following passage from "Lovey Mary" shows that Mrs. Wiggs, the sympathetic "Cabbage Patch" philosopher has lost none of her original charm: "If you want to be cheerful, jus' set yer mind on it an' do it. Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end up with. When things first got to goin' wrong with me, I says: 'O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gittin' sour!' It wasn't fer my own sake I ast it—some people 'pears to enjoy bein' low-spered—it was fer the children an' Mr. Wiggs. Since then I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile. . . . The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to it like thinkin' more about other folks than about yerself."

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Be Much in Prayer.—In one of his sermons John Wesley said: "Perhaps no sin of omission more frequently occasions spiritual blindness and decay than the neglect of private prayer; the want

whereof cannot be supplied by any other ordinance whatever. Nothing can be more plain than that the life of God in the soul does not continue, much less increase, unless we all use opportunities of communion with God, in pouring out our hearts before Him. If, therefore, we are negligent of this, if we suffer business, company or any avocation whatever to prevent these secret exercises of the soul, that life will surely decay. And if we long or frequently intermit them, it will gradually die away."

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Courtesy.—John Wesley was a Christian gentleman, who believed that courtesy was a part of Christianity. He said: "We are to be courteous to all men. It matters not whether they are high or low, rich or poor, superior or inferior to you. No, nor even whether good or bad, whether they fear God or not. A poor wretch cries to me for an alms. I look and see him covered with dirt and rags. But through these I see one that has an immortal spirit, made to know, and love, and dwell with God to eternity. I honor him for his Creator's sake. I see through all these rags, that he is purpled over with the blood of Christ. I love him and show him courtesy for the sake of his Redeemer."

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A Valuable Prescription.—Here is Dr. Torrey's prescription for men out of work, as he gave it to 4,000 men at the Sydney Town Hall during his evangelistic tour of Australia: First, get right with God; second, ask God to find you honest work; third, get out and hustle. He had never known it to fail. Once in New York he had offered a twenty-dollar gold-piece to anybody who could bring a man who had tried the prescription and failed to get work. One had accepted the challenge and got the money, but he brought it back and said he had not fulfilled the conditions. Gentlemen, try that prescription and you'll find it every time.

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How to Get Happiness.—The author of this incident and comment is Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler: "A millionaire once said to me: 'I never got real happiness out of my money until I began to do good with it.' Be useful if you want to be cheerful. Always be lighting somebody's torch, and that will shed its brightness on your pathway, too."

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The Sunday School.—The *Christian Economist* thinks that the Sunday School equals all other agencies put together as a feeder for church membership, and that churches make a vast and well nigh fatal mistake that slight this institution.