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Building

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the safe foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters pillared fair.
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries,
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.

Folly of Hatred.—In an address before a club recently, Booker T. Washington said, in passionate earnestness: "No man is great enough, and no force is strong enough, to induce me to hate any man, whatever his race or color. We are strong as we love and help, and we are weak as we hate and hinder." These words explain to a great extent the secret of Booker Washington's strength and success.

Sealskins Growing Scarce.—At the annual sale of sealskins in London, in December, it is said that 18,000 skins were sold at a total of \$2,000,000. The average price was something over \$100 a skin, Behring bringing a little less and British Columbia about \$125 each. The prices show the high-water mark, and none but a millionaire can afford to buy these garments in the future. The supply of skins has reached the lowest level, there being only 50,000 pelts from sealries throughout the world against twice that number a year ago. In 1890 about 250,000 pelts brought \$40 apiece

and into their blood in exactly the same way as if they were in water. When put in the water again the fish soon regained their wonted liveliness. While it has been demonstrated that fish can be kept alive in this way, it remains to be shown whether in the somewhat abnormal process their food value in any way deteriorates.

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Memorial to Livingstone.—A beautiful memorial is soon to mark the spot where the great Livingstone died while on his knees at Ilala, near Chitambo's Kraal, Central Africa, not far from seventy miles southeast of Lake Bangweolo. The place is off the line of travel in Africa, and remote from the mission stations founded in the central district since Livingstone's death. His heart was buried beneath the tree on the spot where he died, but the place is marked by an obelisk. It is now proposed to establish two strong mission stations, one at Chitambo, which is nearly 250 miles west of Lake Nyassa, the other one at Miron.

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Why They Could Not Win.—With great frankness General Kuropatkin has discussed the causes of the Russian failure in the late war. When all is boiled down it comes to this, that the common soldiers had "no enthusiasm to fight" and "no will to conquer," and that, in general, "there was not a sufficient number of officers of all grades with the nerve and spirit capable of enduring the fatigues of a conflict lasting over several days." This is probably a correct diagnosis of the case, and the same principles apply to the enterprises of the church. Capable leadership and enthusiastic workers in the rank and file are the essential elements of success.

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Keeping Fish Alive Out of Water.—A German experimenter has succeeded in keeping fish alive out of water, by the use of a large glass case filled with shelves like a book case, where were fat carp, pike, trout and bass, and other watery denizens, all apparently well and happy, moving their gills and fins exactly as if they were in the water, although they had not felt that element for thirty hours. The explanation is that the floor of the case was covered with a thick layer of damp cloth, which kept the air in the receptacle moist, and the gills of the fish in consequence never became dry. The "air" in the box was pure oxygen, being supplied from a cylinder at the side of the case, after bubbling through a jar filled with water. A pipe at one end of the case allowed the excess oxygen to escape, carrying with it the carbonic acid from the lungs of the fish. In short the oxygen passed through the wet gills of the fish

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Patriotism.—In a forceful address delivered by Hon. Speaker St. John, on the subject of patriotism, he referred to Canada as being "a great country to live in, her people enjoying great favor, liberty and protection. The salutary influence of our climate, unexcelled perhaps in any country of the world, is inferior to the salutary influence of our laws; our soil, rich to a proverb, is less rich than our British constitution; our rivers, lakes and streams, unequalled within the area of any nation of the earth, are less copious than the streams of social happiness which we all enjoy; our air, so pure, so rare, is less pure than our civil liberty; our gold, silver and mines, illimitable and incalculable, are less rich than the wealth of our Canadian citizenship; and our hills and mountains, gigantic and inspiring, reaching up to heaven and down to the foundations of the earth, are less exalted and less firmly founded than the religious sentiment of our people and the benign and everlasting religion that has blessed us, and will bless our offspring after us."

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After the Rally—What?—In the attractive decorations of Parkdale Methodist Church, Toronto, in which the large Sunday School assembled for three services on Rally Day, a number of beautiful mottoes were hung as banners from the gallery on a background of prettily draped red, white and blue bunting. These had been carefully selected and arranged, and will no doubt leave an impress when other features of the service have been forgotten:

"Life is a service, whom will you serve?"
"That flower which follows the sun does so even on cloudy days."
"Character is habit crystallized."
"Opportunity comes with feet of wool—treading soft."
"A holy life is a voice."
"Don't try to hold God's hand, let Him hold yours."
"Power to its last particle is duty."
"As well say nothing as nothing to the purpose."
"The Bread of Life is love."
"The salt of life is work."
"The blessing of helping the world forward happily does not wait for perfect men."
"On the great clock of time there is but one word, Now."