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BEING A BOY

ONE of the hardest things for the average man of middle age to do is to remember that he was ever a boy with just the kind of boy feelings that boys still possess and manifest in their life from day to day.

Because many a man fails to recall his own boyhood and re-live the days of his early youth he gets out of touch with the boys about him and grows crabbed or cynical in his relations to them. One of the

best exercises for any man is to replace himself in his memory among the scenes of his early days and live over again the years of his childhood. It might not be a most pleasant review for some men, it may not be an easy act for any man; but unless he would get out of sympathy with boy-life, it is necessary for every man occasionally to do this. True, he cannot be a boy again in actual fact, but he can revivify his flagging powers of thought, feeling and action, by recalling to his jaded memory the refreshing scenes of long ago. Because, no matter how poor his circumstances or hard his lot, every boy has his good times.

The buoyancy of youth, its optimism, its freedom from care, its superiority to adverse circumstances, its habitual disposition to make the best of everything even though the boy may grumble in the doing of it, all the characteristics of young life have been ours to a greater or less degree some-time, and we do well to recall them occasionally and give them as full a place as our changed outlook permits in mid-life or advancing age.

Being a Boy! Pity that we should ever cease to be boys, at least in spirit and sentiment, in vivacity and vision, in simplicity and sincerity, and that losing the boy's viewpoint we decline into mediocre men and grow old before our time. It would be a mightily beneficial exercise for many men to get out among the boys again and by close personal contact with them try to regain some of the lost fervor of their youth, damaged and almost destroyed

by the hard grinding experiences of the passing years. Only by living fellowship with actual boys can men retain youth. Reading about boys is good, there is no lack of that; but mingling with boys and studying them at first hand is another and altogether superior plan. To get where boys are and be a boy among them for a happy care-free half holiday, is a most excellent tonic and vitalizes the

whole man as nothing else can do. If you do not know this as actually true, try it and prove it for yourself, my brother man.

Look at the "kiddies" in this picture. It was between sessions of Conference in Gananoque that two men, usually exceedingly busy men I assure you—the editor and Dr. W. A. Thornton,—were taking a "constitutional" together and chatting over affairs of the League generally, and saw the boys and their splendid dog having a right jolly time on a side street. It was worth a whole dozen of theoretical treatises on "The Boy" to watch the three healthy young animals in their gambols and play. And incidentally,—between acts so to speak,—we got the picture. Doesn't it make you feel like having a romp with old "Bruno," "Captain," "Doctor," "Toby," or whatever the dog of your childhood was called? Surely it does, and you will be wise if, unable to do just that, you do the next best thing and have a romp with somebody else's dog or "do a turn" with somebody else's children. At least, resolve that no matter what

your age as a man may actually be, you will never forget what it feels like to be a boy. The cares of life may press heavily, but it will ease the heartache and lighten the load to let memory say, "I am a boy again! The days come back when smallest things made wealth of happiness." Be a boy in spirit, though never one again in age, and both you and the boys about you will be healthier and happier for your resolve.



READY FOR A RACE

"A man's best friend, a boy's best playmate, is his dog."