

The Christian Young Man

A Series of Articles for Young Men
By Rev. W. McMullen, B.A.

- I. The Young Man in Politics III. The Young Man in Business V. The Young Man in Trouble
II. " " " the Home IV. " " " the Church VI. " " " Society

I. The Young Man in Politics

"KEEP out. Let the devil run them," say some of the older men. And truly the name of politics to-day has somewhat of an unsavory odor. But what then? Shall we stand aside and let dishonor mould our parties, and drink fashion our policies? God forbid. We need men and clean ideals, and we turn to our young men to redeem our political life from its present moral stagnation. Patriotism is stimulated by religion, not extinguished, and from our churches must come our thinking men, our leaders and our fighters.

Our Christian young men have the right to vote; they have also the right, by argument and persuasion, to make votes.

Many problems are up for solution and settlement: the licensed liquor traffic, public ownership of certain municipal franchises, labor's relation to capital as far as law can adjust it, the better development of Canadian resources, and many others that we have not time to mention. To these the best thought of our land should be turned, and our Christian young men should realize that it is part of their life-work. To such men this paper speaks.

In your political life, don't lose your head. Don't imagine things. Stick to facts. If they point the wrong way, change your views, don't try to change the facts. The wisest man is the man of growing intelligence. Your father's coat may not fit you. Don't borrow a set of opinions and call them yours. Think for yourself, even if you think yourself out of your party. A man never becomes a mere echo until he has committed intellectual suicide.

Then, do not take too big a contract. Don't try to reform everything. Find out the most pressing needs, and put your main strength there. There are little things and big things in national life. Don't waste too much time on the little things.

Keep your temper. The coolest is the strongest. Hot words are often foolish words, and burn alike the source and the target. If you want to rule, begin within. Keep your honor. Honor has sometimes a market value, but it never brings what it is worth. No wealth can pay for a sullied record and the abiding sense of dishonor. The man who sets out to make money in politics will probably become a rogue and a parasite.

Do not fear work. Work on the hustings can seldom overcome lack of organization. If the temperance vote of Ontario were organized, it would be all-powerful, and we would not be a football to-day for both political parties. The man, or party, that would win, must work; and when a man arises who can organize the temperance forces, prohibition will not be far away.

Never lose faith in the people. The heart of the country is sound, and men revere an honest man.

You will be beaten at first, and better so; an easy triumph in early life might ruin you. Don't get out of politics because rogues are in it; better let them get out. Sometimes a good man may have to use rogues, but no wise man ever let them use him.

Take Christ into politics. Put yourself in the background, and work and pray for the best interests of your country. Religion was meant not to destroy politics, but to purify them; not to fetter men, but to free them; to make the ballot box express the sincere conviction of good men, not the venial and perverted vagaries of publicans and sinners.

"But," you say, "a politician must be a party man." "The machine is in politics and it will not tolerate an independent." Perhaps this applies even more forcibly to the United States than it does to us, and yet the machine neither made, nor can

it crush, President Roosevelt; it could not efface "Golden Rule" Jones; and Republican Massachusetts has chosen as Governor, Wm. L. Douglas, a Democrat.

Even party men are tired of party tyranny, and party lies, and leaders that do not lead.

The national craving to-day is for men—not suave, oily, sugary nobodies, but men with clear-cut convictions and shrewdest business sense; men who cannot be cajoled and who will not be dragoned; men with all the fire of youth, and impelled by loftiest patriotism; the clearest headed, cleanest handed and cleanest hearted men we can get.

For such we have prayed, and such we have a right to expect. If you can add anything to honest, God-fearing politics, go in and win.

Florence, Ont.

The Winning Power of Sunshine

JOY is sociable in its nature; grief is solitary. Two hearts are glad when the wedding bells ring out their joyful peal, but we pass out one by one into the great unknown. One writer has said:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you.
Weep, and you weep alone."

This is a foundation principle of human nature. It is the bright, pleasant faces that attract, the merry, cheery word and tone that win a hearing from humanity. True, there must needs be sorrow in the world, and sorrow is ever solitary. Christ himself went through His hour of supreme agony without human companionship. Martyrs are lonely souls, yet their sufferings have made possible added glory to human life. It is part of the self-abnegation that the narrow path must be trodden in loneliness.

The winning power of sunshine is potent in the Christian life. The long-faced, despairing disciple, always dwelling upon his doubts and fears, repels the world and gives it a false idea of Christianity. The happy child of God whose inner peace and joy illumine his face, and whose daily life is a song of praise, is the one who will have stars in his future crown of rejoicing.

Through His sufferings and victory Jesus could say, "I am the light of the world." It is this light, shining through His followers, that draws mankind to Him. The old principle holds true:

"Joy is a partnership;
Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
Gethsemane had one."

—Good Work.

Work While 'Tis Day.

"Whither, O flying hours, whither away,
Bringing so rapidly closing of day?
Can ye not tarry awhile in your flight?
Give me some added time ere cometh night!"
"Nay," cry the hours, as they quickly scud past,
"Work while 'tis day, for the night cometh fast."
"Moments, dear moments, O linger, I pray!
Add but a few of yourselves to my day!
So short it seemeth, so soon it is gone,
So much to do, yet so little I've done!
Can ye not lengthen it out just a mite!
Give me some added time ere cometh night!"
"Nay," cry the moments, "your prayer is in vain;
A moment once wasted ne'er cometh again."

—Mrs. E. E. Williams