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A. C. CREWS, Editor.



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MY BLESSINGS.

My blessings are so many, Lord,
They fall as ripe fruit from the tree,
And fill my soul with plenteousness;
As songs of fair, sweet minstrelsy,
I scarcely know from whence they came—
They come unheralded by name.

My skies are cloudless, save a rift
That vagrant floats across the sun,
As downy as an April drift
Of snow—and even now 't is gone;
And where erstwhile it was, I see
A depth of calm immensity.

My flowers blow with scarce a bud—
E'en gently touched by worm or frost,
My garden is a scented flood—
A flame, a flash, a holocaust
Of color—dazzling fair to see—
And lo! these flowers bloom for me!

May I be mindful day and night
That my dear blessings, small and great,
Are bounties from the Infinite,
And all my comely fair estate
Is only mine to use for good—
To share in Christlike brotherhood!

—S. B. McManus.

A Christ-like Plan.—The church universal has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mr. B. F. Jacobs, who was one of the most prominent Sunday-school workers on the continent. In speaking of him at the International Convention held recently in Denver, Dr. Potts said, "He was a man in Christ, for Christ, with Christ," and as Dr. Dixon added, like Christ.

Consistency.—A knot of men, laying asphalt walks, were discussing their employer. "Yes," said one of them, he is a great church man, and a pretty nice man, but he don't put tar enough in his walks." The professed Christian who is not honest and consistent in his daily life brings reproach upon the Church. It is not right that it should be so, for a distinction ought to be made between the declared principles of religion, and the wrong-doing of the church member, but as a matter of fact many fail to do this. How careful we should be to have profession and practice agree.

Can you Undo?—"The evil that men do lives after them." A visitor in a hospital found a young man near death. "Can I do anything for you?" he enquired as he bent over the cot. "O, sir," cried the young man, "Can you undo?" In response to a kindly word, he opened his heart and unburdened his soul to the visitor. He told how he had led this companion and that one astray,

how he had ruined this pure life and that one. "O, sir, can you undo this awful work that I have done? Can God undo it?" No one, not even God, can undo what sin has done. God will forgive the penitent, but forgiveness cannot take away the smart from the soul of a converted man who sees the evil he has done and cannot remedy. One reason why the world grows better slowly is that men do more harm in their riotous youth than they can cancel in the days of their sober manhood.

Valuable Suggestions.—In speaking to the Christian Endeavor Convocation, recently held in Manchester, England, Rev. Dr. Maclaren, the famous Baptist preacher, made a strong address, in which he suggested that one of the criticisms launched against the movement, not always, he thought, without a suspicion of truth, was that it went in for little bits of emotional religion, scraps of hymns, and snippets of Scripture. He appealed to the Endeavorers to foster the intellectual side of the spiritual life, and take a manly grasp of grave questions. The advance of the kingdom must begin in individual hearts, and then, in concentric circles, it must be widened to our village, our town, our nation, the world.

Ought to have been there.—In the dark days of the Boer war, just after the battle of Magersfontein and the death of General Wauchope, a man stood in the Warship Street Police Court, charged, on his own confession, with being a deserter from the Black Watch. He had deserted eight years before, had married and settled in business. He had read on the Sunday of the death of General Wauchope, and of the numbers of his old comrades who had fallen on the field. He told his wife then, for the first time, of his being a deserter, and the next morning gave himself up. He said to the magistrate that he felt he must rejoin them now. In broken accents he said: "I knew so many of them, sir. I ought to have been there. I've got a heart in me, and I want to go now." That man might have seen his old regiment on parade, and the glitter of the pomp and pageantry would not have moved him. But the picture of his general dead on the field, and of his comrades beaten, wounded, fallen in battle, stirred his soul as nothing else would, and brought home to him the full infamy of his desertion: "I ought to have been there." So many a man has doffed the uniform of Christ and has striven to forget. But when he hears of the glory of some great battle for righteousness, when some hero falls on that field, when he hears of old comrades

hardly pressed but bearing dauntless hearts, he is smitten with the thought, "I ought to have been there." He has forsaken Christ and missed His glory.

Revives the Memory of the Holy Club.—Bishop Vincent, in his address before the Irish Wesleyan Conference, spoke of the Epworth League as follows: "It is a singular coincidence that, with this comprehensive view of the relations and responsibilities of the Church in our age, there should have been developed such organizations as 'The Oxford League,' 'The Epworth League,' 'The Society of Christian Endeavor' and 'The Brotherhood of St. Paul' for the edification and direction of young people. Our denominational representative in this splendid service is the Epworth League. The very name is full of pleasing and stimulating suggestions. It recalls the home at Epworth and thus exalts the family. It enshrines in Susannah Wesley the idea of a strong, cultivated, consecrated, aggressive Christian womanhood and motherhood. It connects home and university, for as one thinks of the Epworth parsonage, he must also think of Oxford university. Oh, that the letters that passed between Susannah and her son John, between Oxford and Epworth, were still extant! Again, the Epworth League revives the memory of the Holy Club, with its fourfold mission of critical Bible-reading, a personal seeking of conformity to the will of God, works of mercy and help among the destitute and neglected people of Oxford and, incidentally, its recreative readings in classic literature. All these things are revived in the Epworth League of our American church. It is our church military academy. It appeals to the Methodist enthusiasm and passion for the universals in its departments—educational, social, philanthropic, evangelistic and missionary. It is training up a generation of earnest, active, many-sided young Methodists as catholic-spirited as they are denominationally loyal."

The World's Navies.—In his argument on the naval appropriation bill, U. S. Congressman Meyer submitted a table of the number and displacement of the vessels of different classes built and building for the seven principal naval powers. The table showed the naval strength of the respective powers to be as follows:

	Built.		Building.
	No.	Tons.	
Great Britain.....	578	1,583,005	105 433,020
France.....	388	634,870	90 181,130
Russia.....	277	462,315	74 136,220
Germany.....	242	359,135	20 117,250
United States.....	107	303,825	59 264,015
Italy.....	210	279,815	12 68,930
Japan.....	152	251,100	24 8,680