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Easter Morning

BY MRS. ANNIE E. SMILEY.

Up from the cold, dark prison of earth
The early flowers are springing.
O'er hill and valley, with tones of mirth,
Glad Easter bells are ringing.
Awake, my heart! and take thy part
In the season's eager voicing!
Shall I be sad while the world is glad,
And all Nature is rejoicing?

The Lord is risen! O soul, rejoice!
For angel choirs are winging.
Awake, my heart! awake, my voice!
And fill the world with singing.
All things are new, spread out to view,
And earth from sleep is waking;
The night is past, and morn at last
In golden light is breaking.

Something New for Easter.—With some the one thought connected with Easter is something new to wear. 'How strange it seems that the beautiful suggestive flowers and Easter offerings are not dreamed of. They are right in thinking of something new for Easter—but not a new hat—something new for the Spirit to wear, new thoughts, new loves, new joys, new purposes; to live a life that might be called a resurrection life—a life of joy in our triumphant King; of holy pride in Him as conqueror over death and the grave.

Just So!—Speaking of the irritability, quarrels and despondency very prevalent as a consequence of depleted nerves, one of our exchanges well says: "Our day needs a gospel of fresh air, exercise and sleep."

Encouraging.—On the authority of the *Church Economist* there are more Christian believers, more students of the Bible, more churches and more money raised for Christian enterprises than ever before since the birth of Christ. Though there are waste places, this is inspiring.

Universal Peace.—In a discussion of universal-peace programmes, the *New York Observer* concludes: "It is the religion of Jesus Christ which will ultimately gain the victory over hate and battle and international back-biting and wrong-doing. But to that high and noble ideal of universal peace, each individual may contribute something of momentum and might by word of testimony, by written witnesses, by personal pleas, by patient argument, and best of all, by himself leading a peaceable life in all faith, love, and godliness."

A Terrible Reckoning.—It is stated that Russia's war bill up to date is as follows: Lost, human lives, 100,000; lost, one fleet, \$50,000,000; lost, one fortress, \$20,000,000; general expenses, \$300,000,000 Total expenditures, \$550,000,000 and 100,000 lives. Well may the question be asked "to what purpose is this waste?"

The Burnished Reflector.—Here is good counsel from Bishop C. H. Fowler: "Have only one chief end. The headlight on an engine is a small lamp, backed and set forth by a burnished reflector. Then it casts forth its brightness, pointing out and illuminating the way for the speeding travellers. Your lamp may not be large, but if you will put behind and about it the burnished reflector of a consistent consecrated life, it may shine forth into the darkness, guiding hurrying pilgrims safely through the night."

What is Civilization?—The Japanese ambassador to France recently made this caustic comment on the modern world's estimate of what constitutes civilization: "We Japanese have for many generations sent to Europe exquisite lacquer work, delicately carved figures, beautiful embroidery; but the European nations described us as uncivilized. We have recently killed some seventy thousand Russians, and every nation in Europe is wondering at the high degree of civilization we have attained."

The Awakening of China.—Bishop J. W. Bashford has a wonderfully optimistic letter in the *New York Christian Advocate* on "The Awakening of China." He says that there are remarkable indications of a great religious movement in that country. The missionary workers who attended his Conferences report that whereas for years they declared the Gospel message to deaf ears and unresponsive hearts, now the Chinese crowd into the schools, hospitals and churches faster than they can be cared for. Bishop Bashford believes that with the doubling of the missionary force on the field as much progress could be made in the next four years as has been accomplished in the past forty years.

Superstition.—In the new Cunarder, the *Corona*, which will be the largest passenger steamer in the world, there is no No. 13 in the state-rooms. The omission is designed to meet susceptibilities of passengers who believe the number unlucky. Old superstitions certainly do die hard.

Winter in Canada.—Rev. Dr. Clark has an interesting article on "The Joys of Canada in Winter," in a recent number of *The Christian Endeavor World*. He appreciated his experience in Montreal and Quebec so much during the month of February that he expresses surprise that more tourists do not come from the United States to breathe the tonic air of "My Lady of the Snows." He says: "So it would be if people of more southern climes only knew the joys of Canada in winter. Instead they shiver at the suggestion, and thank their stars that they were born in a warmer clime. And yet, like many other mental bugbears, these brinks of cold and discomfort take to flight when you fairly look at them, and you find to your surprise that Canada, paradoxical as it may seem, is one of the warmest and most comfortable countries in midwinter on the face of the earth, equalled in this respect, only by northern Sweden and Russia. There is more shivering misery, I venture to say, in the stone palaces of southern Italy in a winter day than there is in a winter of days in all Canada. The simple reason is that the people of Canada expect cold weather, count on it, love it, and prepare for it. The people of Italy seem surprised each year that such w-ather has come again, but prefer to chatter and shiver during the few cold weeks rather than to make themselves comfortable with fires and furs."

Why It Was Done.—Prof. Charles Wagner gives the following account of how he came to write "The Simple Life":

"The way I came to write 'The Simple Life,' was an accident. At a wedding we were seven. There were the groom and the bride and the witnesses, six, and the pastor seven. I talked to them about the home, the fireside, and their manner of life; just to the six. One of the six was a daughter of a public man, a politician. After a few days she came to me and said:

"I wish you would talk at my wedding just as you did at the wedding of those working people."

"I said, 'I cannot talk at your wedding like that. There will be two thousand people at your wedding.'

"Well," she said, 'you just talk just like that.'

"So I did; and in the audience there was a publisher. There is always a publisher in every audience. And he wrote me that he would like to publish my talk. That came like an inspiration to me. I had never thought of writing a book on the simple life, but so the book was written, and it has spread all through France and Europe and this country."