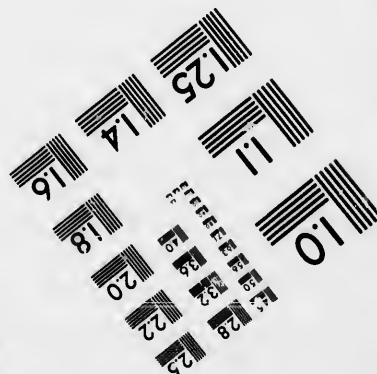
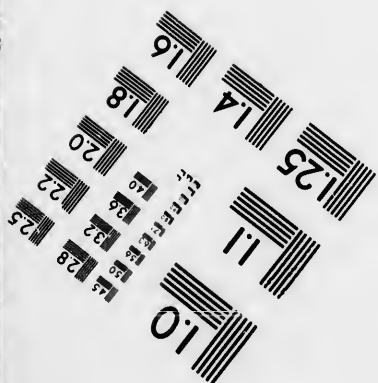
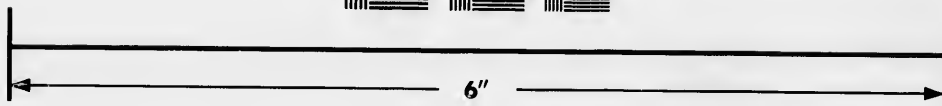
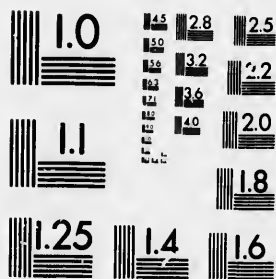


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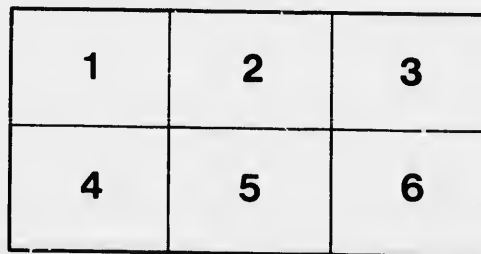
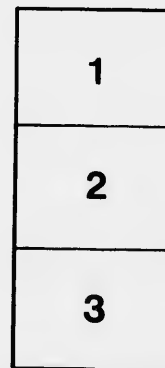
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Man as He is
AND
What he Should be



WRITTEN FROM OBSERVATION.

TORONTO :
JUNE 5TH, 1900.

Man as He is
AND
What he Should be

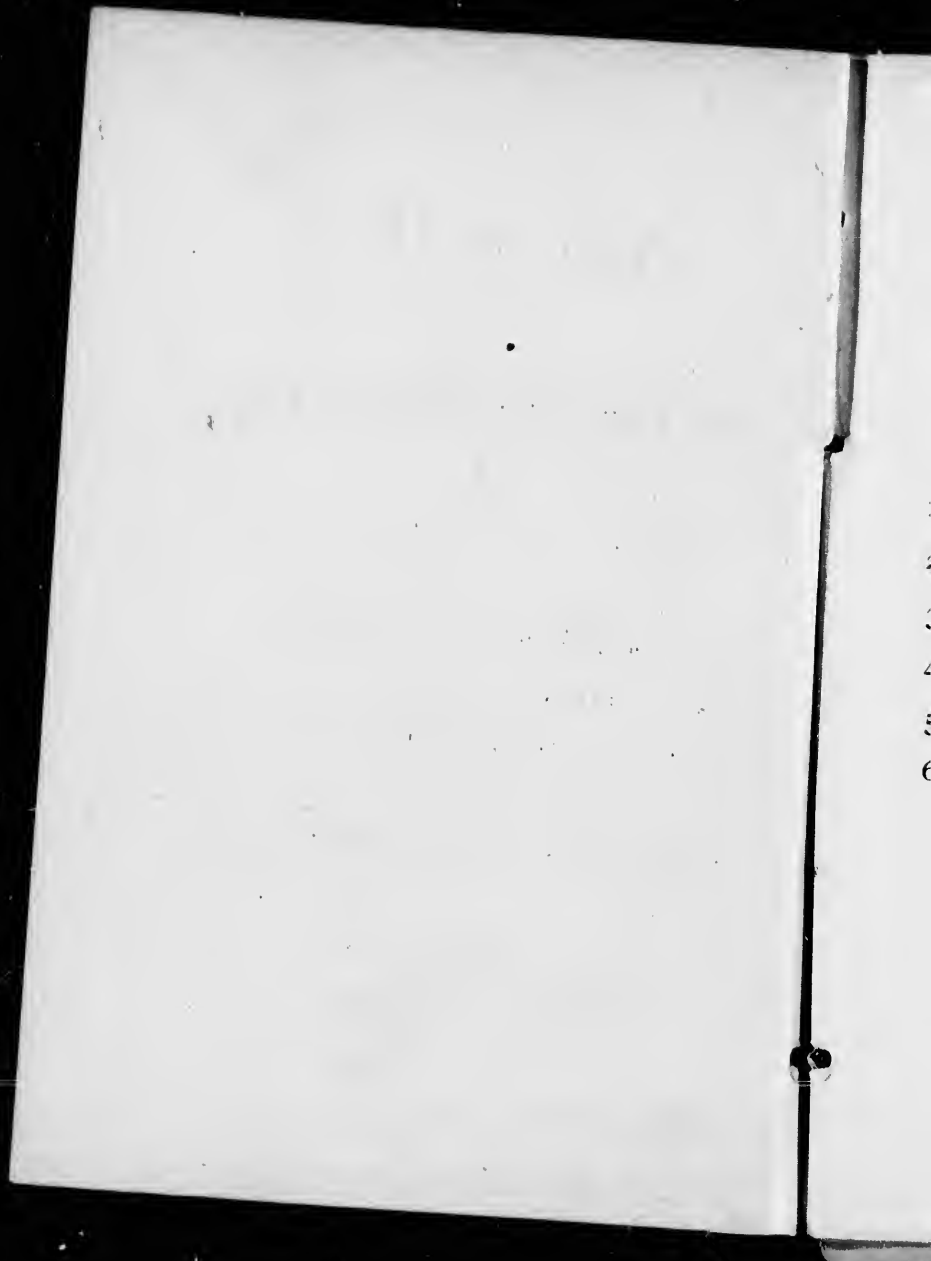


By
A Toronto Street Car Conductor.



WRITTEN FROM OBSERVATION.

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PREFACE.

IN my attempt to write this little book you will please pardon me if you find that it contains some mistakes. You must observe that it is not the product of some well-known, popular author, but that of one who is an observer, and notices what is going on in the world to-day; and when we consider that life is really made up of mistakes we should be charitable in our views toward each other. As I write I would ask to be guided by God's Holy Spirit that I may say something that may help somebody to better their condition.

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INTRODUCTION.

DEAR READER: The time has arrived when I must speak out boldly or shrink from the greatest responsibility that ever rested upon me, i.e., to warn my fellow-men to awake to their own interests—yes, awake from that slumber into which so many have fallen.

Remember, now, I am not speaking of dollars and cents, worldly pleasures, or popularity: if I were, it would not take long to awaken you up; but when I speak of higher things, yes, higher than I have knowledge to fully describe, it may be difficult to get your attention. It did not take long to awaken you when the news came that Pretoria had surrendered; no, you rushed madly, half-clad, into the street and listened, and when you were satisfied the news was true you took your hat and hurried down town. No one had to say to you,

“Come on !” No. Each one said to the other, “Wait for me !” and you rushed madly on, and before you got half way there the air was rent with sounds from every quarter ; bells tolled, whistles blew, rockets went up, fireworks exploded, and above all, the voices of the cheering multitudes rent the very air. Those who were once staid and unemotional were now carried away with enthusiasm — everybody went fairly wild with joy. Such an event the world will never forget, and who could help giving you credit for your loyalty on that occasion. Now when you are asked to wake up, that the Lord is really coming, can you then hear so well ? are your ears then unstopped ? or will you still sleep on till you sleep the sleep of death ?

Man as He is and What He Should be.

REAL LIFE.

MEN, high and low alike, admit that there is a God; infidels and sceptics at their latter end fear and quake; millionaires cry, "A million of money for a moment of time." Men curse and swear to-day, to-morrow they are in eternity. Oh, what will be the case with you, dear reader? Please don't ask who this is that is speaking, but rather ask yourself, Who is this Great God with whom we all have to do? Oh that I had a tongue of fire, or the gift of an orator, that I could impress upon your mind this one thing that you already know.

Is it not appalling in the extreme when we notice what a lack of deep spirituality there is existing in the average church goer of to-day? yes, even in the average church member? when

once out of church, out of spirituality till church again. Meet them where you may, just speak to them of anything spiritual, and see how hard it is to get their interest aroused along that line. Oh, are we slumbering, or are we really awake to the fact that the Lord is really coming! To come to the point at once, what would be the result with the multitudes who profess Christ to-day if He should really come at this very hour? Are we ready?

It has been said, Life is what we make it; it surely means more than this life, for the life that now is will surely end. There is a life beyond that shall never end, and as we journey on through this life, the further we get advanced, and the more certain we become that there is a life beyond, does it arouse us up enough to our own interests to ask ourselves, as intelligent beings, Whither are we going?

We know that in our natural state we are neither able to live godly lives here, or to make ourselves fit for the world to come hereafter. Man in his

natural state—unchanged—is “of all men most miserable.” He neither has anything permanent here, or any bright hope for hereafter. How few of us drink from those deep things that fill us with the Spirit.

My occupation for five years has made it necessary for me to come in contact with very many people. Each day I have been so occupied that I have been brought in contact with perhaps 500 people, which for six days in the week would be 3,000, or about 13,000 per month, 156,000 per year or a grand total of 780,000 for the five years. I have heard people converse on many things: the capitalist on capital, the merchant on merchandise, the railway magnate on railways, the political man on politics, the architect on his structures, the man of more limited means on labor, the theatre goer on theatres, the dancer on the ball room, the card player on his gambling den, the saloon keeper on his patrons, the pugilist on pugilistics; they all discuss the topics of the day, they speak

of the weather, they speak of everything that pertains to this life, but of all that 780,000 I never heard, in a public way, one person speak of anything spiritual—anything pertaining to the life to come—that better subject which should permeate our very lives. As “a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.” (Gal. vi. 7, 8.) I do not wish to be uncharitable in my views towards the public. I meet with many fine people, many that are charitable, apparently kind and affectionate, but they seem to be taken up with the things of this life. Oh, I am afraid the dollars and cents, love of ease and worldly pleasures take the place, with many, of the better life! How we should converse together of those spiritual things that would not only fit us to live real and noble lives here, but that would have a tendency to fit and prepare us for the great future beyond.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN?

Is it a man with a silk hat and gold headed cane, clean hands and sleek clothes? He may have all these, yea, much more. He may have wealth and a high social position, he may have opulence at his command, he may have a good reputation, and still not be a gentleman. What I claim constitutes a gentleman is a man that is a true man, straightforward and upright in his principles, living in the fear of God, striving each day to show an example to those around. How comparatively little is a real man valued to-day. If he is jovial and genial in his manner and a leader in the vices of the age, he is considered worthy of imitation by those with whom he comes in contact. That, only, is worthy of imitation which has a tendency to better our condition here and

fit and prepare us for the great future beyond, so that by imitating it we may be an example to others. It has been said, and that truly, "A man is known by the company he keeps." I say, "Show me what a man reads and I will tell you what he is." The land is filled with a class of literature that fills the minds of those who read it with evil thoughts; how can people feed on such food and expect to be edified and elevated! May the Holy Spirit awaken many to a desire for those better things that will inspire them to live truer and nobler lives, that will lead them to Him who alone can satisfy the hungry soul. We cannot all have nice faces, wear grand clothes and have opulence at our command, but we can all live true and noble lives, such as becometh gentlemen.

The careers of great men remain enduring monuments of human energy. A man dies and disappears, but his acts remain and leave an indelible stamp upon the race, and thus the spirit of his life is prolonged and perpetuated,

moulding the thought and will, and thereby contributing to form the characters of others. The men that advance in the highest and best direction, who are the true examples to society, illuminate the moral atmosphere around them. It is natural to admire and revere great men—men of true spirit. They better the nation to which they belong and lift up, and not only all who live in their times, but those who live after them. Their great example becomes the common heritage of the race. They connect the present with the past and help on the increasing purpose of life, holding aloft the standard of principle, maintaining the dignity of human character, and filling the mind with traditions that are most noble and worthy in life. Washington left behind, as one of the greatest treasures of his country, the example of a stainless life—of a great, honest, pure and noble character, a model for his nation to govern themselves by at all times. Men such as he are the true life-blood of a nation ; they elevate and up-

holdit. Such men as these shall never die.

When D. L. Moody was near his end in this life, he said, "Some day soon you'll hear 'Moody is dead!' Don't you believe a word of it; I shall never die." And is he dead? Nay, he shall never die; his deeds shall live forever; such men mould and stamp on a nation an impression it never forgets.

On an occasion when a certain distinguished American gentleman was traveling, he came in contact with an Englishman who said, "You seem to have all classes here but one." "Who are they?" "An Old Country gentleman," said the Englishman, "that is, a man who is left a large fortune by his parents and goes around doing nothing." "Oh," said the American, "we have lots of them here; we call them tramps; what we call a gentleman is a man that works for an honest living." So you see a true honest man possessed with a clean heart and spotless character, though he may labor and toil, yet in the true sense he may be called a gentleman.

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PLACES OF SIN AND VICE.

What are they? It seems to me they are so numerous at the present time one can scarcely tell where to begin to describe them. I think one of the most prevalent is the house of ill-fame. I am going to speak, now, of something that the press and pulpit, through a sense of modesty, has failed to approach. I have no apology to offer for what I am going to say other than a sense of my duty to my fellow-men. I realize that it is my duty to speak out when I know there is such a terrible evil existing at the present time. Yes, you would blush with shame if you only knew where these places exist, and you would blush still more—you would hide your very face—if you only knew, in many cases, who frequents them. You would not be so

ready, often, to lift the hat to recognise many as gentlemen, some of whom are nothing but a disgrace to themselves and a reproach to society. Just think of a so-called Christian city containing so many places where the morals of so many are defiled. I do not wish to throw a reflection on any man's character, far be it from me to be personal in reference to anybody's character; but when I go to church, I just listen attentively, and when the preacher is done, if the cap fits I just put it on and go right home a-thinking, What's the use of me listening for some one else—what's the use of somebody else listening for me. So if the cap fits anyone, oh, pray, just wear it for a little while, and if it helps you any, please keep on wearing it. Oh, young man, when you enter such places think of those dear ones at home. Think of your dear mother, your sisters; can you take them with you there? Oh, married men, if any there should be and I fear there are, what about your dear wife at home whom you pledged

yourself to love and cherish? Have you any daughters whom you love and admire? Ah! who are you anyway? Are you at all a man? Perhaps your friends think you are. Can you, yourself, really claim the name? "Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?" Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his hunger; but whoso enters such a place lacketh understanding, and is worse than a fool.

What about other places which I have failed to describe! What about the pugilistic fighting in the ring, which is a disgrace to any civilized city, yet men think it great sport, and call it game? What about the club rooms where society people meet? Some say, Its all right; society people will do nothing wrong. I'll tell you how I can find out. Do they take with them their boys? They say, Oh no; I'll take them with me to church. That will do; go on, I say; for if you can show me a place where a man has any business to be if he cannot take with

him his son, I'll take it all back, for I
have a son of my own—he is dear to
me—and when I go out I take him by
my side, and I am careful how I walk
because I know he'll watch his guide.

So friends, where'er you go
Take with you your boy,
And if you walk right-well
He'll prove to you a joy.

A right good man he'll be,
That's worthy of the name;
He'll say, I've walked where papa
went,
That's where I got my fame.

THE DRINKER.

Who is he? He may not be a drunkard at the present time. The man I saw down town last night hanging on to a post was not a drunkard at one time. He was likely once a worthy citizen, respected by all who knew him. Who is he now? Ah! nobody knows, nor not many care. Those who were once his friends have now forsaken him, and those who are now his friends are not worth having. If I were one of those unfortunate fellows I would ask the nearest way to a place where nobody knew me, but since I am not I'll walk along thinking, Its worth something to have my senses.

Some men think they are wonderfully clever because they can take a drink and let it alone, but did'nt all who are now the slaves of drink think the same at one time? It seems to me

they did, yet, how many have died
beggars and filled a drunkard's grave.

Is it not a dangerous thing to meddle
with? It seems to me it is. We have
seen men on pay day go in to have just
one drink, but when they came out
they could not walk, and it took them
just two days to sober up. What were
their poor wives doing all this time? Per-
haps working hard to keep things going.

A dark and blinded thing is man,
Yet full of fancied light;
O Lord, do not our prayer despise,
But give these blind men sight.

Behold how unconcerned they dwell,
Though 'reft of sight they be;
They fancy they can see right well,
And need no help from Thee.

It is reported that there is a certain
Rev. gentleman in this city who makes
it a common practice to use strong
drink in his home, giving it also to his
family. In time one of his sons became
a drunkard. The father in frenzy
turned him away from his home be-
cause he got drunk. Did he not real-

ize that perhaps he, himself, was the cause of his son becoming a drunkard? If he had done his duty would he not have banished the liquor from his home instead of his son? Oh, if you could but gaze, for a short time, at some of the back doors of this city, and see what was taken in there, you would have some idea where a great deal of the drinking habit was taught, yes taught by the parents themselves, and they will have to give an account thereof at that great day.

I like to see fine places, and great residences, but some men live in them with their wives and families in ease and luxury, little considering what it has cost others. Many homes have been broken up, their owners wrecked in body, their families gone to ruin, perhaps lost their reputation, their character, and, worst of all, their souls, all through this cursed traffic upon which so many live in luxury and ease. I heard a man say one night that he had made \$15,000 in a short time through keeping a hotel. It just struck me,

Mr. —, How many souls have you ruined? I wondered if he had ruined 15,000. When a noted millionaire was about to die, he said: "Friends I have but few, and no wonder, for all my life, in order to build myself up, I tramped others down. Oh, what an experience for a man to acknowledge at the end of his life! What an example to leave behind! Music is a sweet thing, but what music is there in a man who, while hanging to an iron post, at eleven o'clock at night, is trying to sing, "I'll not go home till morning?" He ought to have been home long ago rocking the baby and singing sweet melodies to his wife. If wives would lock the door at ten there would be less drunken husbands, but, alas! it often happens that the wives are out too, and have taken the key with them. If so, and they chance to meet on the street, I'd rather you were there than I.

THEATRE GOING.

It seems to me it has become, at the present time, a part of the education of society to attend theatres. For instance, in the afternoon you might observe mothers with their daughters going to the theatre. Again in the evening you may see fathers, mothers, sons and daughters all going to this common place of attraction. What do they see there? I never was there, so cannot exactly say. Oh, he is green, they say, he never was at the theatre. Well, you may call me green if you like; it don't annoy me any, for I do not crave for education along that line, and the more people I see going the less desire I have to attend.

What do they see? I said before, I never was there; well there are other

ways to find out ; I have been told by others who were there. I remember talking to one man who told me what he saw. He said he had traveled far and near. "Remember I'm no saint ; I've entered vice and sin ; I've been to theatres all over this vast continent ; I've been in places of sin and vice, and I never came in contact with anything so degrading, so disgraceful as some of the theatres in the city of Toronto."

But you say, "We don't go to them ; we go to the higher class." Higher class ! where are they ? "Oh," you say, "there are some good acts." I am not speaking of the exceptions, but of the principle of theatre going. I claim it is to-day one of the worst evils of society ; it detracts from the mind anything true and noble, filling it with unworthy imaginations. It is fascinating in the extreme. One person told me he had become so fascinated he had to attend. I said, That just proves my point to the letter ; are you a better man, to-day, than you were before you began to attend theatres ? "No," he

replied, "I wish I had never saw a theatre in my life." Reader, are you getting better from day to day by attending theatres? I fear you could not answer in the affirmative.

Who are the people you are supporting? Are they worthy of your patronage? Perhaps you think it don't matter to you. I say it does. You have no right to patronize anything you cannot fully endorse. I could tell you something about some of the actors on the stage, but I don't want to be personal, so had better not. I would say, however, as far as I have found out, some of them are not a very nice kind of people—not worthy of patronage—not worthy the support of respectable people. If everybody else goes to the theatre, Reader, let them go; that don't matter to you and I; we have to give an account for what we do, not for what they do. We have to give an account for every act, for every trace of example we leave behind. It seems to me one of the troubles of today is, we float too much with the cur-

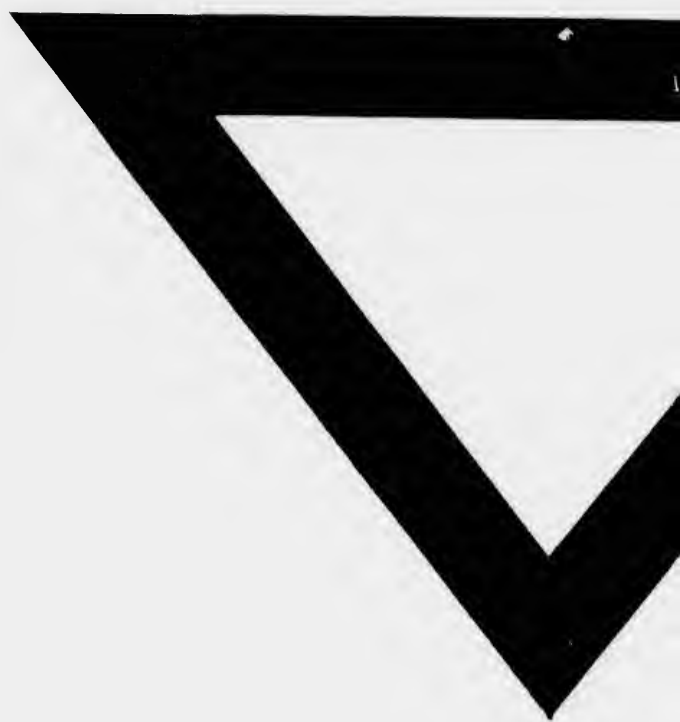
rent of life. What we need is to pull for ourselves—we'll have to die for ourselves ; we'll have to give an account for ourselves of the deeds done in the body, and the examples we leave behind—it seems to me, then, we should pull with all our might for the right. We should ask ourselves in everything we do, Is this for the right? If we die in the very act, Is this for the right? Who wants to die in a theatre, a club house or a saloon? You say, "We don't go there to die." I say, Then don't go there to live.

DO WE DO OUR DUTY?

It is strange when we meet with those we think above, the hat will almost raise itself; again, when we meet those below, it will fit quite close to the head.

Are we interested in our fellow-men as individuals, high and low alike? or do we recognize those beneath us? Do we try to lift them up, or do we tramp them down? If we are interested in them as individuals it speaks volumes for us; if not, it speaks more than volumes against us.

What can we do? what is our duty to our fellow-men? Well, what will we do when we get to the gate that opens into the Eternal City if we find that they are there before us? Will we turn back again and not enter because they are there? I think not. Can we help them here, or should we fold our arms



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