

LESSONS BY THE WAY.

By the Secretary.

No. 999. Montreal, July 6th, 1879.

Bank of Montreal.

Pay to William Jones, or Bearer,
One Hundred and Seventy Dollars.

\$170.

“ONLY A LINE LEFT OUT.”

SUCH were the words overheard while walking down town one evening. The speaker was a young man, who was conversing with a friend while passing along the street. The words started a train of thought.

“It was not much,” yet whatever it was, it was evidently something which had caused annoyance or inconvenience, else, why should the young man now make it a subject of conversation with his companion? It was evident that while he was inclined to think it a trifle, others took a different view of the matter.

Again, he said “It was *only* a line left out.” Only—not much to talk about—only one line. My memory went back to a scene at a polling place during a municipal election in the City of Montreal. The contest was a close one. Every voter was urged to exercise his franchise. A keen party man came up to the poll and asked for his ticket. “What is your name?” “John Blank.” “Where do you reside?” “No. 9 John Street.” A pause,—while the clerks looked down the list of voters. “No such name here.” “Oh, it must be, I have resided here for years, and have voted in this ward every election.” “Can’t help it, we have no such name.”

It was no use arguing. There were the books, and the name of John Blank was not there. “It was not much, only a line left out,” but that man could not vote.

Again, another illustration. A friend of mine received a check in payment of an account. He was much in need of the money, and the receipt of the check was hailed with pleasure. He laid it on his desk, and proceeded to make up his deposit form, when, lo! a glance at the check revealed the fact that there was no signature. He called a lad, and bid him haste to the merchant’s office and secure the signature. In a few minutes the lad returned, saying, “Mr. ——— has gone out of town, and will not return for eight days.” It was not very much, *only a line left out*, yet it resulted in a protested note, additional expense, and much annoyance.

But these were only temporary inconveniences. The citizen could see that his name was properly enrolled before the next election should take place. The merchant could make explanation which would free him from permanent difficulty at the bank. In other words, the wrong might be put right.

But, dear reader, remember there is a time coming when the omission of a