

"AS YE WOULD."

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him com-
fortless,

When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness—
How could I ask to have what I denied,
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk alone that
day,

How could I dare
When in the evening watch I knelt to
pray—
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and
smart—

How could I hope to have my grief re-
lieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand but to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well
spent.

And lay me down to sleep in sweet con-
tent.

—Edith V. Bradt, in *London Chronicle*.

A PROHIBITION TOWN.

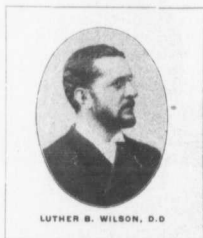
DARTMOUTH is a Nova Scotia town of about six thousand inhabitants, separated from the city of Halifax by an arm of the sea, across which ferry boats constantly ply. It could scarcely be more unfavorably situated for testing the value of prohibition, as its proximity to Halifax, where plenty of whiskey can be obtained, causes it to be made the dumping ground for much of the results of the traffic. For nearly twenty years this town has been under a prohibitory liquor law, and the people consider it to be a distinct advantage. There is not a pool or billiard room in the place, and no child in the schools has ever had to pass an open saloon.

Dr. Frank Woodbury, a prominent citizen of Dartmouth, says: "Prohibition has changed our town from being a disorderly and drunken place to one of the quietest and most prosperous in Nova Scotia. There are many families living in comfort to-day because the husband does not have to pass a saloon in going to or from work. The boys on the streets in the evenings have no temptations to linger around the saloons, because there are none. This is not a Scott Act county, but is under the Provincial License Act, which allows a saloon wherever enough ratepayers petition for it. Numbers of attempts have been made, but with uniform failure."

FRATERNAL DELEGATES.

FOR many years our Church has observed the pleasant custom of receiving fraternal delegations from other branches of the Methodist family, and sending some of our best men to carry back our expressions of good will. In another part of this paper will be found the names of the distinguished men who have from time to time appeared before our General Conference in the capacity of fraternal delegates. This year the British Wesleyan Conference is to be represented by one of their ex-Presidents, Rev. Wolford Green, who is in charge of one of the London Districts, and is Treasurer of the Wesleyan Superannuation Fund. He has the distinction of being the wealthiest Methodist preacher in England. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States is sending to us Rev. Luther B. Wilson, pastor of the Foundry M. E. Church, Washington, D.C. He is said to be a man of culture, spirituality, and of beautiful spirit, who will no doubt worthily represent his Church.

The M. E. Church South has appointed Rev. W. P. Murrah, D.D., President of Millsaps College, Jacksonville, Mo., as



LUTHER B. WILSON, D.D.

their spokesman. He is regarded as one of the leading men of the Southern Church.

These honored brethren may count on a very cordial reception when they appear in Winnipeg.

THE MAN WHO LOOKS FOR GOOD.

BY ELIJAH P. BROWN, D.D.

HAVE you ever seen him? Do you know him? If not, I want to tell you that he is a good man to know.

I met him on the train one day when everyone I had talked with for hours seemed to have been a born pessimist. He came along smiling in such a pleasant way that I was glad to share my seat with him.

There was a baby just across the way that had been crying and fretting for an hour, and although I had been much disturbed over it, my new acquaintance did not appear to notice it at all, but he presently asked me if I noticed how patient the mother was. I could see it very plainly then, but I had failed to observe it before.

The brakeman called out the stations so indistinctly that no one could tell what he said, but the optimist beside me remarked that he had a very pleasant voice.

The newsboy talked through his nose in a way that made me glad when he was gone, but the man who looked for good discovered at once that his hands were clean. I had not noticed that.

A young woman in front of us put up the window, and I was made very uneasy about the dust and cinders. My close observer noted the girl's pale face, and fearing she was ill, hoped the fresh air would do her good. Strange, but I hadn't thought of that.

After a number of things of this kind had happened, I turned to the man and said:

"You seem to see good everywhere"; and he replied:

"Well, why shouldn't I? The world is full of it, and it is hard to miss it."

"Were you born that way?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," he returned. "I'll tell you how it was. I used to be just the other way. In fact, I looked for bad everywhere, and I always found it, too. I was like a man I knew when I was a boy, who made a business of looking for thorns, and it was astonishing how many he could find. He wanted them for something or other for some kind of a factory, but his constant search for thorns made him blind to about everything else. It just seemed as if he couldn't see any other kind of a tree, and as for fruit and flowers and sunshine and so on, he was as blind as a bat."

"Well, there was a time when I was just like that thorn hunter. I couldn't see the good at all, but oh! how easy it was to see the bad. One day I said to myself, 'This way of living is foolishness. I've had enough of it, and it's got to stop.' I determined that I would quit looking for things that made me feel cross and surly and see if I couldn't find something that would make me feel more like living. And so I turned over a new leaf and started right then and there to look for good."

"The day happened to be Sunday, and I went to church. The preacher roared in a way that was deafening, and there was nothing worth while in his sermon; and yet I was able to find more than a dozen things about the man and his preaching that were commendable. In the first place, his necktie was faultless and his coat fitted him perfectly. His pronunciation was good and his speech was grammatical. His gestures were graceful and he stood squarely on his feet and didn't run his shoes down at the heel. I would rather see a preacher a little weak in his theology than in his ankle bones, anyhow. His theology will come all right in time, but his feet never will."

"The choir sang wretchedly that morning, but I had gone to church to look for good, and I had to see that there were some very good-looking people among the singers. The girl who sang the solo seemed to have neither life nor music in her, but her dress was very becoming. There was a woman in the next pew to me who had a very coarse look, but she had very pretty buttons on her jacket."

"In the next room to mine at the hotel that night was a man who snored like a sawmill, but in a few minutes I was able to note that his time and tone were both very good, for snoring. As an unstudied effort it was certainly very fine. In spots