

with God, and which produce the fruitage of love. It is not given to you to determine results, for you might often anticipate the processes of nature and produce immature harvest. Your labor of love is to live the best possible life. By so much you enrich your church, and hasten the coming of the Lord Jesus.

Tiverton, Ont.

Let Something Good Be Said

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame or proof of thus and so
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy: no soul so dead;
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Thought That Cheers

WITH the coming of each day there enters into nearly every life something to depress the spirits, to make the sky darker, and the burden heavier. Something has gone wrong, some cherished ambition has failed, some hope has been blasted, some joy has been turned into mourning, some way of advancement has been hedged up—something has entered into the problem of life to cause it to become more complicated, and to make the securing of happiness more difficult.

"I'll and o'erworked,
How fare you in this scene?"
'Bravely,' he said, 'for to-day I have been
Much cheered with thought of Christ, the living bread.'"

The day that has the thought of Jesus Christ in it is not a lost or empty or unhappy day. To think of him is to receive inspiration for the doing of the daily task, strength fitted to the bearing of the daily burden, help to face the daily temptation, courage to push forward in the daily journey. To think of Jesus Christ every day is, indeed, to feed on the living bread, and to drink of the living water, and to walk in the true and living way.

"Lead Us Not Into Temptation"

"LEAD us not into temptation" is a part of the Lord's Prayer which the narrator often murmurs. To tell the story clearly of how he came to do so he must use the first person. It was midnight, March 3, 1899, and Benjamin Harrison was to be inaugurated at noon the following day. Just after all the clocks had struck and chimed twelve, I met John Coit Spooner, United States Senator from Wisconsin, in the Senate restaurant, and said: "Senator, I must know whether or not Uncle Jerry Rusk is going into Harrison's Cabinet."

"You want to print that in the *St. Paul Globe* eight hours before the inauguration, and I wouldn't tell you if I could!" was the reply.

"Well, to-morrow afternoon, in the midst of the crowd, I can't get to you, and I must telegraph something to the *Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin*. What shall I tell them?"

"It is dangerous for you, and not for me," said Senator Spooner, "but I will trust you. Now you telegraph the *Globe* that I said that, while Senator Sawyer and I are sanguine, we can't say whether Governor Rusk will be a member of the Cabinet or not. To-morrow afternoon you may tell the *Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin* that, since the inauguration of President Harrison, I said that we have just been assured that Governor Rusk will be Secretary of Agriculture."

Well, the temptation was great. Any Chicago newspaper, particularly the *Times*, would have given \$100 for that para-

graph, and I needed the money. Two weeks later, when we chanced to meet in the Senate lobby, Senator Spooner said: "You didn't see the club that I held over your head in that Rusk matter, did you?"

After receiving a negative reply, he said: "Well, I watched those papers; and, if you had broken faith with me, I should have gone to every senator, Democrat as well as Republican, and told all of them that you were untrustworthy, and your days of usefulness as a newsgatherer would have been gone. As it is, however, I am doing you some good, here and there, by bragging on you whenever I can get an opportunity."

Drawing a long breath, I then said, and have often repeated that prayer: "Lead us not into temptation."—*Smith D. Fry, in Woman's Home Companion.*

Two Miles of Sociability

"SOCIABILITY is all right," admitted Bugbee, "for those that have time. I'm too busy a man to indulge. A fellow that's driven all day by business hasn't a minute to be sociable."

"Let's see about that," persisted Wixham. "You still take your constitutional from Massachusetts Avenue to the office every morning, don't you?"

"Bound to; I'd be too nervous to sleep. There's the rub: if I took time to cultivate my fellow-man, as you urge, I'd have to give up that walk."

"I'll prove that you can get the walk and the sociability too. First, you'll meet the man mowing the lawn on the



A TROUT CREEK NEAR NEWCASTLE, N.B.

On the Intercolonial Railway.

Commonwealth Avenue Parkway. You can manage to say: 'The top o' the morning to you!' as you pass. He's a jovial Irishman, and his pithy reply will keep you chuckling to yourself until you come to the cabmen in front of the Vendome.

"You take off your hat, as though you might be going to wipe your forehead, or maybe make a salute, and you say in a hearty tone: 'Aren't you lucky dogs to be able to ride everywhere, while common people like me have to walk?' See if they don't warm right up to you. You'll still be rolling their juicy retort under your tongue when you come to the old man who scrubs the bases of the monuments of William Lloyd Garrison and Alexander Hamilton, every morning. You sing out as though you had known him all your life: 'Keep 'em looking like Spottless Town, eh?' and then stop and ask him, confidential like, why he does it. You'll laugh at his reply.

"As you cross Charles Street buy two peaches for a nickel of the salted peanut and fruit man and pass a cheery time o' day. Wave your hand to the children in the swan boats in the Public Garden, feed the doves and squirrels on the Common, jolly the newboys at Park Street; and let me know how it comes out."

"Say, Wixham," the glum man who hadn't time to be sociable, informed his friend, as eager as a school boy, when they met for lunch: "I had two miles of sociability and got to the office on time. That's a great recipe of yours. Say, the old edger says he doesn't know why he scrubs Garrison and Hamilton, but s'posed it is just to plaze the boss."

—*John F. Cowan, in The Interior.*