

the rule of justice. Christ's law is the "law of love." This law means service and sacrifice. We must not only do justly but we must love mercy. The cross and not the balance sheet is the symbol of Christianity. I prefer the gospel of the carpenter to the gospel of the banker. I prefer the epistles of the tent-maker to the epistles of the millionaire. Every church should be an organized aid-society—every vestry a meeting place from which expeditions of mercy should start to the nearest souls in need. When we have men and women devoting their time to drying up the rivers of tears flowing from the sunken sockets of half-starved eyes, then, O then, shall we have a cheerful happy, laughing world.

It is surprising how a stroke of wit or flash of humor will quell a mob or set a whole audience laughing. "That motion is out of order," shouted the chairman of a political meeting as he saw a rowdy raising his arm to throw an egg and the whole crowd shouted and won the chairman friends for ever after. Lord North once calmed his noisy enemies while trying to speak in Parliament. To add to the confusion prevailing, a dog began to howl in the body of the house. North surveyed the scene and then calmly remarked: "I have been interrupted by a new member, but as he has concluded his argument I will now resume mine." On another occasion, a dog got into the House of Commons while the same gentleman was opening one of his budget speeches: "By what oppositionist am I now attacked?" he enquired when a wag shouted out—"The member from Barkshire," and the effect was overpowering. "When you have finished your 'lecture,' said the professor to a very self-conceited young man, 'bow gracefully and leave the platform on tip-toe.'" "Why on tip-toe?" enquired the would-be orator. "So as not to wake the audience," responded the professor. And the few that were awake and heard the conversation set up a roar that ever after-