

## Satisfaction

E. M.

If every day I could dispense some good;  
If every day I could make someone's burden lighter,  
If every day I could make some drear pathway brighter,  
If every day I could make some dark heart look whiter,  
I should be satisfied!

If every day I could grow nearer God;  
If every day I could make some dim vision clearer,  
If every day I could make some faint hope seem dearer,  
If every day I could bring heaven a little nearer,  
I should be satisfied!

South Berwick, Me.

## The Feats of Orators

AT a recent session of the U. S. Congress some orators tried to talk out the time so as to prevent the passage of bills. One of them held the floor for thirty-six hours.

This was a great feat, but there have been others. Very few public speakers would undertake to hold a country crowd against the attractions of a traveling menagerie. Sergeant S. Prentiss, an eloquent lawyer of Mississippi, once did, but he was no match for the Bengal tiger and the Indian elephant. In an exciting political canvass he had sent printed bills all over the state, announcing when and where he would speak.

The manager of a traveling menagerie, hoping to profit by the crowds that would collect to listen to Prentiss' eloquence, determined to "show" at the same places and on the same days. The eloquent politician, ignorant of this arrangement, began a speech at a certain town to an audience of several hundred ladies and gentlemen.

When he had spoken about an hour, he observed some of the people on the outskirts of the crowd looking over their shoulders. Soon more of the audience grew uneasy, and looked away from the speaker. Thinking he was growing dull, he became more animated. It was in vain.

The movement of the crowd caused him to turn and look. To his dismay he saw, just coming over the hill, an elephant, dressed in scarlet trappings, with a howdah on his back filled with musicians. Following in the rear was a long line of wagons and cages. A few well-mannered persons, retained by politeness, remained, but the majority of the listeners scamped to greet the procession.

"I will not," said the orator, closing his speech, "knock under to any two-legged beast, but I yield to the elephant."

One of the orator's friends, however, resented the interference of the elephant in strong language. "I wouldn't notice him, Andy," said Prentiss. "He's no gentleman. Don't you see he carries his own trunk."

As the menagerie was likely to draw away other audiences, Prentiss came to an understanding with the proprietor to divide the time and the big tent. Therefore, at Holly Springs, he spoke under the tent, and standing on the closed cage of the hyena.

There were large anger holes in the top of the cage for the admission of air. Mr. Prentiss, being lame, carried a cane. In the course of his gesticulations, he pushed his cane violently through one of the holes. A horrible yell from the enraged hyena saluted him. The audience shouted. But the orator mastered the hyena.

"Why, fellow citizens," he exclaimed, "the very wild beasts are shocked at the political baseness of the times! Hear his yell of patriotic indignation!"

A tempest of applause greeted him, and that hyena proved good for a hundred votes.

Sometimes a long speech has an unexpected effect.

Lord Gillies, a Scotch judge, belonged to the class who think clearly and quickly, and express their thoughts in a

few words. Such men are the natural foes of dull thinkers, whose prolixity—

"Like a wounded snake drags its slow length along."

His lordship detested long speeches, and the lawyer who discoursed before him "about all things and certain others" was made to see that the judge thought him a bore.

There was once a case tried before Gillies in which both parties had, to some extent, been successful. All that remained to be disposed of was which party should pay the costs of the other.

Mr. Erskine, the plaintiff's lawyer, was a man of infinite tact. Knowing the judge's passion for brevity, he humored it.

"As your lordship knows all the facts," he said, "I will not waste time in restating them, but simply remark that, in my opinion, we are entitled to our costs." He then sat down.

Mr. Thompson, the opposing counsel, an able lawyer, had one failing; he would make long speeches. On this occasion, he occupied two hours in trying to show that his client was entitled to costs.

When he had finished, Lord Gillies stopped Erskine, who was preparing to rise, with the remark:

"No occasion for any pleading on your part, Mr. Erskine. Mr. Thompson has gone so minutely through the case that he has satisfied me you are entitled to your costs. I therefore find expenses due to your client."

"But, my lord!" cried the bewildered Thompson, rising to his feet.

"Clerk, call the next case!" said Gillies, coolly cutting off his speech.

## "Forget It"

"No man can accomplish great things unless he is an optimist." But what does that mean? There are some folks who call themselves by that name—although there is usually another "ism" attached to their beliefs—who have adopted mottoes something like the following:

"Forget it."

"There is no evil."

"Look happy and you will be happy."

"There happy any situation if you smile enough."

"You can conquer any situation if you smile enough."

"God's in His heaven—all's right with the world."

Sounds rather pretty, doesn't it? There is a certain amount of truth in these little "sunshine" opiates, but what are the facts?

In the first place, there are some things which it would be criminal to forget, because there is evil. Looking happy and smiling is a very fine antidote, but we can't all be "Happy Hooligans" and most of us don't want to be. We'd rather be real men, leaving the tomato can and the scrubby beard to those who enjoy that sort of thing.

There is sin in the world. There is tragedy. There is suffering. Hundreds of thousands of children are in mills and factories who should be at home or in school. There are slums, with their hell-holes. There are saloons, with drunkenness and brutality. There are underfed and overworked men and women in our great cities. Will the rosy-posey doctrine of the long-haired man and short-haired woman doctrinaire smile these away?

"God's in His heaven"—yes, but all's not "right with the world." It's going to be right, and that's why we can well afford to be optimists—but not the kind that expect to usher in the millennium by a smile. There is a work to do, and fighting, too. It is a work and a fight that requires red-blooded men. It is a task that has the assurance of success because God is in the heavens. It is a great thing to realize that it is His task, working through us. We are commissioned to it. That should give nerve to the arms, and power to the blow of every fellow who has taken upon himself his share of the task of helping to redeem the world from the particular evil which he sees most.—The Rev. Charles Stelzel, in *The Interior*.