

Shall I Save my Money or Invest it in
a Life Policy?

What is the difference whether I save my money or invest it in a life policy?

What is the difference between saving a few buckets of water in case of fire and securing an interest in a powerful engine?

What is the difference between hoarding a few bushels of wheat in the garner, in case of a famine, and investing them in the ground?

A life policy cannot lessen the liability to disease or to accident any more than science can abolish the law of gravitation. But it can stay some of the consequences, just as science can overcome the force of a fall.

It can change some of the results of the inevitable. It stores up protection. It enables the individual to avail himself of a magnificent system, and the moment he does the human wish is less helpless; he is a part of a benign organization. It abolishes one of the most corrosive worries of life. It cannot drive the wolf from the door—happily in this country industry can do that; nor can it shut out death, but it can hang an amulet round the mother's neck, and misfortune shall not come when death arrives.

I suppose that a life policy represents as nothing else can represent frugality and unselfishness in perfect equipose.

It is documentary altruism. It is a deposit against which nothing but love can draw.

It is the planting of a tree, which, grow as it may magically in a night, you shall never see, but when your arms are paralyzed it shall come into sight with its leaves spread protectingly, and those you love shall gather under it, safe from the rays that burn and from the winds that chill.—The Statement.

When Papa was a Boy

When papa was a little boy you really couldn't find,

In all the country round about a child so quick to mind.

His mother never called but once, and he was always there;

He never made the baby cry, or pulled his sister's hair.

He never slid down bannisters or made the slightest noise,

And never in his life was known to fight with other boys.

He always rose at six o'clock and went to bed at eight,

And never lay abed till noon; and never sat up late.

He finished Latin, French and Greek when he was ten years old,

And knew the Spanish alphabet as soon as he was told.

He never, never thought of play until his work was done,

He labored hard from break of day until the set of sun.

He never scraped his muddy shoes upon the parlor floor,

And never answered back his ma, and never banged the door,

"But, truly, I could never see," said little Dick Molloy,

"Now he could never do these things and really be a boy.

—Scottish American.



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