

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

WE do not realize how much influence a kind word from us may have in other people's lives.

The story is told of how a young man found himself far from home, and without friends, one Christmas time, and had at last yielded to temptation and drink.

Christmas morning he had a message to deliver to one of the great publishers in the city. As the young man spoke this gentleman saw the lines of hard living in his face, and then holding out his hand said: "I wish you a merry Christmas, my lad."

Taking up a book composed of brief sketches of great English, French, and German authors, he handed it to the young man. "Let these noble friends," he said, "be your companions in the lonely hour; you cannot have better."

The young man took the gift, overcame with gratitude at the publisher's unexpected kindness.

"Not long ago this young man died, after having lived a long and useful life. During his last sickness the newspapers eulogized his life in these words:

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child; a journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end."

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life I owe to him and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

IT MAY NOT BE.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripen'd field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes day by day the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stay'd
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and clothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that, revives and springs again;
And early call'd, how blest are they
Who wait in Heav'n their harvest day.

—J. G. Whittier.

TREATING FOR TRADE.

TREATING in general is wrong. It is a perversion, a misconception of the social feelings. It is a radical mistake that sociability and good feeling can be best expressed through the fumes of a glass of liquor. I heard the other day of a man who had struggled with himself to overcome the habit of drink; and a large circle of resident friends, knowing his weakness, aided him by not putting temptation in his way. He kept straight for nearly three years and was congratulating himself that he had conquered, when an old college friend, who had not seen him for years, met him by chance, and knowing of no better channel to revive old memories and express his feeling of good fellowship, proposed that they drink to the memory of old times in the old college. This struggling man, who had resisted all other forms of temptation, yielded to this one. The result was his downfall and the undoing of all that had been done. He never got on his feet again. Rather a bad way to express good feeling.

Treating for trade is especially pernicious, unnecessary, and productive of bad results on the principle of the two-edged sword. First, merchandise commends itself for what it is when honestly and intelligently presented by seller to buyer, and the transfer from one to the other should be the result of the combination of the qualities of the merchandise and intelligent presentation. And it is subversive of the elementary principles of sound business to endeavour to obscure or cover up defects in the merchandise by the cheap operation of bribing the buyer with one or more drinks. Second, the buyer who will lay himself open to such a charge, whether the same be more or less applicable, does not properly represent the true interests of his employers, because, as buyer, he is the channel for the investment of their capital in merchandise, to the proper and intelligent selection of which he is supposed to give technical knowledge the result of training and experience. This knowledge he should not permit at any time or in any way to become clouded or dimmed with the fumes of liquor purchased by the salesman, the acceptance of which, in addition to the above business reasons, must dull his sense of honour and independence. Entirely apart from this, moreover, no man has a right, for self-

ish reasons, to lead another man into what may be his worst temptation.

An experience of over twenty-five years as an active salesman in the wholesale dry-goods business in New York city and on the road, justifies this expression of views, and I unhesitatingly place myself on record as saying that *it is not necessary to treat a man in order to sell him goods*. And I have known many young men gifted by divine Providence with intelligence and activity, who started their business career with firm determination to become men useful to themselves their trade, and the community, whose lives have been wrecked, whose business opportunities have vanished, because of the existence of this baneful and needless custom. Whatever we may think of moderate drinking in general, I can say from experience that no young man on the road, away from the good influences and restraints of a home, and subject to all sorts of new temptations, can afford to touch liquor in any form whatsoever, on any occasion, or for any reason.

"How, then, can I get a hearing and secure trade?" Work hard, tell the truth, don't be easily rebuffed. I don't mean to be "cheeky" and to make yourself a bore, but be persistent, patient, gentlemanly, and impress the buyer by repeated calls, characterized as above, with the idea that you mean to obtain his acquaintance, secure his confidence and make a customer of him. Only lazy or incompetent men, or those who inwardly feel that their goods are not just right, need to resort to treating in order to secure trade. All others can rely on push, tact, open eyes, square dealing, clear consciences, and keeping everlastingly at it.—*John P. Faure in St. Andrew's Cross.*

THE RESTFUL YOKE.

MARK GUY PEARCE tells us of an incident which occurred in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden:—

"I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said, 'I wish I had known what you were going to preach about; I could have told you something.'

"'Well, my friend,' I said, 'it is very good of you. May I have it still?'

"'Do you know why His yoke is light, sir? If not, I think I can tell you.'