



TOMB OF ABSALOM, JERUSALEM.

### A Lincoln Story.

Abraham Lincoln was no sooner inaugurated President of the United States than he was besieged by a horde of office-seekers; and much of the time he should have given to the weighty concerns of state he was compelled to devote to listening to their claims. It is a marvellous tribute to Mr. Lincoln's patience and kindness of heart that he never lost his temper. He hated to say no, but there were not enough offices to go round; so he often met the importunate applicant with a story that left him in good humor, but effectually balked his ambition to serve his country as post-master or in one of the departments in Washington.

Among those who went to Washington soon after Lincoln was inaugurated, was a man named Chase, whose home was in New Hampshire. He had worked hard for Lincoln's election, and thought he was entitled to some consideration. He wanted an office of some kind. He had several interviews with the President, but could get no satisfaction. One day

Mr. Lincoln noticed him in the throng of office-seekers, and calling him into his private office, said:

"Chase, you are from New Hampshire, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I never was in New Hampshire but once," said Mr. Lincoln, "and that was in the fall of the year—a cold, rough day, and a high wind was blowing. Just outside the city I noticed a big bull-thistle, and on this thistle was a bumblebee trying to extract honey from the blossom. The wind blew the thistle every which way, but the bumblebee stuck. I have come to the conclusion that persistency is a characteristic of everything in New Hampshire, whether men or bumblebees.

Chase laughed, but said nothing. Doubtless he thought that at last he was to be rewarded with an office. Then Mr. Lincoln went on, thoughtfully:

"Chase, I have often wondered whether that bumblebee got enough honey out of that bull thistle to pay him for his gymnastics."

This completed the interview. Chase left the presence of the President, and a few hours later started on his way home to New Hampshire.

He went back to his business, which was that of running a sawmill, and managed it so successfully that he became one of the substantial men of his town. He had the good sense not to be offended at the President's somewhat pointed story, with its personal application, and when Mr. Lincoln was shot there was no more sincere mourner than he.



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