

## Don't Say It

By D. A. Manker

My mother used to say, "Least said, soonest mended." This homely philosophy is, among all our important lessons, about the hardest to learn. Words are peculiar things. By them, one may become loved and admired; may become despised and overburdened, clear on out into dark despair. Words may increase appreciation among acquaintances or drive a wedge between friends. If what you have to say cannot be counted on to do somebody some good, "don't say it!"

Don't say it if you are not certain, having full evidence that it is the truth. Half-truths, insinuations, surmisings expressed often create a bad matter and more often make a bad matter worse! "May as well say it as to think it" is cute as a saying but tragic as a practice. No one is ever obliged to apologize for a "thinking" but most of us have chewed the ashes of things we have said. Because most anything we hear which is uncomplimentary of some one has a dangerous likelihood of being untrue or partially untrue. It is best to either let it die in your dull ears, or be told further by someone else. As for you, here's good advice, "Don't say it!"

Don't say it if it is quite certainly the truth. The instance of reporting evil to proper authorities to terminate or avoid a bad situation is seldom. Chit-chat and gossip that has neither moral motive nor wholesome result is disastrously frequent. Too often those who should be informed of wrong-doing are left in the dark, while an evil flourishes. Too often those who "only hear to tell" the sweet, juicy morsels of gossip are unwilling to meet their words in solemn conference. In most instances, even the truth is better handled if you just "don't say it!"

Don't say it even when you are sorely tempted to do so. Idle gossip is bad enough. It is worse to deliberately agitate some things under the pressure of a subtle, persistent temptation. The desire to be your friend's "wiser," first informant, to seem to have been more clever than average, to pose as trusted with more "information" than others tempts some people to talk. Haven't you seen them so? Did you notice their shiny eyes, their smug, confident manner, their sense of profound achievement? They were surprised that you hadn't heard! Well, they will "let you in on it!" To people so tempted, shall we say, "Don't say it!"

Don't say it, for if you do it will probably come back to you. The next time you hear it, it will be like something someone shouted from the housetops. It will be carefully wrapped up and plainly labeled with your name, but it will be changed, enlarged, accented and dressed up so that without the label you would scarcely recognize it. If you have anything uncomplimentary you feel the urge to say about anyone, remember, before you say it, that nine times out of ten the drums of the jungle will beat out your remark and get your words there before you arrive. And some of the drummers will put in an extra beat not in the text, or will leave out a tap or two to make it worse than intended. Unless you are prepared to meet it again, in distorted form, ugly in its scars, if it is uncomplimentary, "Don't say it!"

The tongue, more devastating than marching

The King's Highway

## TEACH-O-GRAMS

Basil Miller

I am a teacher who bears no burden for the unsaved in my class. Yet I confess myself Christian—partake of the communion service—have been baptized—occasionally attend prayer meeting—go to church only on Sunday morning.

I cannot intercede for my class—five minutes a day, and often that much time a week I spend in private prayer and devotion—my heart is unflamed with passion to win others.

Yet I wonder why the school grows so slowly and the church receives but few members and the minister seems so dull-in-earnest about redemption.

I take the class on picnics, give them jolly good times—

But I cannot agonize over them.

Is my character so worldly that the gospel which they read in my life makes no appeal?

Revivals I criticize as being all emotion.

My own tears of repentance are hard to shed.

When others pray I tend to linger in my seat, hesitate.

My gospel light shines but dimly on those pupils.

If I knew the glory of winning just one as well as I know the geography and history and literature of the Bible I would be so happy!

The injunction of the New Testament burns upon my soul, "Lest I myself become a cast-away."

May I not lose the beauty and radiancy of the Christian life.

I realize prayer will inflame my soul.

I resolve to pray—intercede—weep—and win!—Sunday School Digest.

## SERVE WHERE YOU ARE

A policeman in Birmingham, becoming a Christian, was so greatly troubled by the sights and sound of sin among which he worked that for a long time he and his wife prayed, "Lord take me out of the police service. Give me some other work." Still no answer came and no other work was opened for him. At last he said to his wife: "I think we have been making a great mistake. We have been praying that I may be taken out of the force, and I begin to think that He has put me there to work. Now I am just going to pray that He will help me to serve where I am."

That was the beginning of a life of marvelous usefulness. His influence over the men was so great that he was promoted to be head of the detectives. He was instrumental in the salvation of many criminals. The place where God has put you is the place where you can do the best service for Him.

—Selected

armies, more mighty than the mailed fist, more deadly than a serpent's sting, has for all time been man's amazing paradox. Sometimes used to both stir up and reveal sublimest feelings and profoundest thoughts, it is as often employed to the exactly opposite end. Smite a man with clenched, angry fists and repentant words will heal the hurt. But smite him with either cruel or careless words and for that hurt there is healing alone in the forgetfulness of remote tomorrows. Just "Don't say it!"

—Wesleyan Methodist.

## "But Prayer..."

(Acts 12:5)

But prayer is the link that connects us with God. This is the bridge that spans every gulf and bears us over every abyss of danger or of need.

How significant the picture of the Apostolic Church: Peter in prison, the Jews triumphant, Herod supreme, the arena of martyrdom awaiting the dawning of the morning to drink up the Apostles' blood, and everything else against it. "But prayer was made unto God without ceasing." And what was the sequel? The prison open, the Apostle free, the Jews baffled, the wicked king eaten of worms, a spectacle of hidden retribution, and the Word of God rolling on in greater victory.

Do we know the power of our supernatural weapon? Do we dare to use it with the authority of a faith that commands as well as asks? God baptise us with the holy audacity and Divine confidence! He is not wanting great men, but He is wanting men who will dare to prove the greatness of their God. But God! But prayer!

Pray hardest when it's hardest to pray.

Sir Thomas Browne, the well-known Physician who lived in Norwich in 1605, and was the author of a very remarkable book called *Religio Medici* which had a very large circulation, was a man of much prayer. England was during his life passing through one of its greatest convulsions, and it was a period of much political excitement. Yet although a great and exceedingly busy man, the following words were found amongst his private papers:

"I have resolved to pray more and pray always, to pray in all places where quietness inviteth, in the house, on the highway and on the street; and to know no street or passage in this city that may not witness that I have not forgotten God.

"I purpose to take occasion of praying upon the sight of any church which I may pass, that God may be worshipped there in spirit, and that souls may be saved there; to pray daily for my sick patients and for the patients of other physicians; at my entrance into any home to say, 'May the peace of God abide here'; after hearing a sermon, to pray for a blessing on God's truth, and upon the messenger; upon the sight of a beautiful person to bless God for His creatures, to pray for the beauty of such an one's soul, that God may enrich her with inward graces, and that the outward and inward may correspond; upon the sight of a deformed person to pray God to give them wholeness of soul, and by and by to give them the beauty of the resurrection."—Emmanuel

## Better Acquainted

The new minister in a Southern church preached an eloquent sermon, and in his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants and needs. The old negro janitor was an interested listener from an alcove in the balcony. After the service one of the deacons asked the old man what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers a mighty good prayer, Uncle Mose?" inquired the deacon. "Ah sho'ly does!" replied Uncle Mose. "Why, dat man done exed de good Lord fo' things dat de last preacher didn't even know He had!"—Church Business.