

FAULT-FINDING

Rev. C. J. Fowler

Fault-finding is a very cheap accomplishment. It is cheap, because it requires no especial skill or talent to become a fault-finder. It is cheap because it does not require any religion nor is it the mark of a saint to exercise it. Anyone can find fault without a spark of the grace of God in their heart.

Some people seem to think that it constitutes an infallible proof of sainthood to tell what other people ought to do. Ensnared behind the shield of their own self-conceit and conscious superiority, they seem to think they are immune from criticism. They forget that the best men in the world have been the most criticised, and those who have been the greatest fault-finders have never been noted as saints.

Fault-finding is as far from sainthood as ill-will can be from love or pride from humility. It is a habit easily formed and hard to break. One of the saddest things in the world is to see an old man or woman who has cultivated fault-finding until the habit has so grown upon them that old age is just a life of constant complaining, discontent and peevishness. Fault-finders make themselves obnoxious to others and are a trial to themselves. They finally "sit in the seat of scorner."

It is within our own choice to end our lives like a barrel of vinegar or a pot of honey. True holiness begets the love that is "kind" and "thinketh no evil." The people who have it are heading for a sunny old age and an entrance into the New Jerusalem.—Heart and Life.

A HAPPY TOWN

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile;
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy,
Blossom sweetly all the while,
Where the Never-Grumble flower,
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience,
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful,
In this charming little town,
And on every hand are shade trees,
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic Benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging,
Called the Frequent-Earliest-Prayer,
Everybody there is happy,
And singing all the while,
In the Town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the Banks of River Smile.
—Heart and Life

TIME

Time is but a stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it, but while I drink I see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away but eternity remains. I would drink deeper, fish in the sky whose bottom is pebbly with stars.—Thoreau.

"Ability to criticise is no mark of superiority."

THE GIFT OF CHRIST

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everything worthy of mention in our christian civilization, we owe to Him!

The gift is unspeakable in its

FREENESS

"If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink thou wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee that living water."

Ignorance is a great hindrance. "If thou knewest" but she did not know. Ignorance was the chief factor in the crucifixion of Jesus. "Had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory."

The gift is free, otherwise it would be no gift. "The free gift," says Paul, "came upon all men unto justification of life."

Free! "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." Come and drink. Hundreds of years before He came to the manger, the prophets saw this, and cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And in the last book of the Bible it is "Whosoever will let him come and take the water of life freely."

The condition of Salvation is faith. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Believe and thou art justified! Look and live! Come and drink! Praise the Lord!

AN UNFAILING SUPPLY

C. B. Holding

"Uncle John, how is it you are never sour and cross like other people?" asked his niece one morning, when he came in from the round of merriment, in which even the strutting gobbler, and the highstepping peacock had taken part as they looked askance at the grey-haired boy romping with his niece's children on the lawn.

"How is it that you never have sour cream for your coffee at breakfast?" asked Uncle John in reply.

"That's another thing—you don't suppose I would serve sour cream when the milk-house is full of crocks of sweet cream, do you?"

"That's it, exactly," said Uncle John. "You don't suppose I am going to treat my friends to sour looks and cross words, do you, when the milk-house is full of sweet cream?"

"I know just as much as before, and no more," said his niece.

"Well, my dear," said Uncle John, "to be more specific, when I get up in the morning, I just fill up my heart with sweet things out of God's Word. When I go to my room at night, if any sour things have dropped into my heart through the day, I just pour them all out at Jesus' feet and start fresh the next day as if nothing had happened."—The Youth's Counselor.

A DROP IN THE BUCKET

It is told of a certain man in a big city that every night he was in the habit of visiting a haunt where poor wretches were accustomed to seek a temporary shelter, and of providing at least one man with bed and breakfast. A friend undertook to argue with him about the uselessness of it, in the face of so much want and misery, adding, "It is only a drop in the bucket!" "That's all right," was the reply, "I'm just attending to my drop."—Ex.

THE BILL

"I know," Olive declared, "that I am not going to be able to resist that scarf much longer. Every time I pass it, it looks lovelier; it is exactly what I need to go with my amber crepe. I am giving Doctor Burgess three days more of grace."

"Doctor Burgess!" Louise echoed. "What in the world has Doctor Burgess to do with a yellow chiffon scarf, Olive?"

"Nothing directly—everything indirectly. I've been waiting two years for his bill and he hasn't sent it. It can't be more than four or five dollars. I suppose it is too small for him to notice, but it makes heaps of difference to me—the difference of a yellow chiffon scarf."

"But—I don't understand," Louise said slowly.

"Don't understand—what?" There was a touch of impatience in Olive's gay voice: was Louise going to be puritanical?

"About the bill. You owe him for those visits, don't you?"

"Yes, I owe him for those visits," Olive retorted, "but considering that I've paid him scores of dollars in my life, and that he has an income of thousands, I think that if he doesn't send in a bill that's his outlook, not mine. It isn't my part to do his bookkeeping for him."

"I wasn't thinking so much of Doctor Burgess," Louise began and then she stopped.

"You might as well say it out," Olive said coldly.

"I'm going to—though you needn't think it's easy. Perhaps Doctor Burgess wouldn't know the difference; but you would, and so would every one who came near you. I mean in the atmosphere you carry. It's so fine to be through-and-through honest, and to make other people feel it. I often think that men like old Judge Norris must help more people than they could ever imagine. It's so easy to let yourself slip. I know, Olive, if you don't."

"I know that you are a dear little Puritan, and I'll forgive you and love you again the next time I see you. But I don't see it your way at all now. And here I am at the club. Good-by till next time."

It was a boys' club, and Olive was immensely interested in it. She was giving a series of talks on "Heroes." Half-way down the hall one of the secretaries met her.

"O Miss Jordan, the saddest thing has happened! Ben Hagan has been caught stealing. He insists that he wasn't—that if other fellows are careless with their 'stuff,' any one has a right to it. He knew it was Jim's knife, but he says that that has nothing to do with it. He seems to have no idea of fundamental honesty. I wish you would talk to him and see if you can make him understand. They think so much of your opinion."

"Why, of course I will," Olive returned. "Oh, isn't it too bad? I—"

She broke off suddenly, and flushed.—Youth's Companion.

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Is it not the inexorable responsibility of womankind to work for peace? Is peace not the consummation towards which all true progress strives? Is the hope of peace on earth and good-will among men a dream of dreamers? One brought to the world two thousand years ago a message that it might become a reality!—Helen Keller.