

The Upward Look

Daily Faithfulness

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.—Luke 16:10.

These words are taken from one of the many parables which Jesus spoke before His disciples and followers, and also before many who were His enemies. How varied and beautiful are the lessons which Jesus taught by these parables and how the people must have listened to Him with awe and admiration. We sometimes feel that if Jesus were on earth today to guide and direct us, how differently we would live. But we forget that Jesus is just as near us today, as though He were living on earth in bodily form.

Just in like manner as we forget the never-failing presence of our Lord by our side, so also do we forget the worth of the small, insignificant things in life, and we are always striving after something greater. If a commission were formed to make a tour with the object of finding out how many people were fully satisfied with their lives, and who never found their daily tasks monotonous and dull at times, we wonder with what success they would meet. We fear they would soon become discouraged and consider their undertaking

hopeless. To strive after something better is good. To faithfully perform the small duties of life is greater.

We are all prone to think that our lives do not count for much in the world and that anything we may do towards its betterment will bear little or no fruit. But is this not where we make a mistake? For after all is it not the little things in life that make up the world? And we are told in this verse that "he that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." So we may rest assured that if we are faithful in accomplishing the little things when we have an opportunity to do something greater we will be better fitted to do so. And an opportunity to do something great is within our reach at all times—that of doing faithfully and cheerfully the daily duties that God has appointed for us to do.

It is an easy matter for some of us to take an active part in connection with some good work, say the Sunday School, so long as everything is running smoothly and while the novelty lasts. But if the scholars begin to fall away, or interest is beginning to slacken, then we are immediately tempted to give up. It is those who will stay right with the work when the time comes who are worth their weight in gold. This is another example of everyday faithfulness.

Many a good man or woman is living a life of worth in a quiet and

obscure way by caring for an invalid or aged relative or helping the needy, and yet no one gives them a kindly word of encouragement or appreciation. But they are doing a grand and glorious work by simply doing their duty.

We are all anxious to receive the praise of our fellowmen for any little act we may perform, but even though the world may seem indifferent what reward of faithfulness can equal the simple commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Matt. 25:21.—R.M.M.

Cigarettes

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb, "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wan't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician slapped two leeches on the young man's arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the emphyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."

By sewing a small twist of maline or net around the crown line beneath a broad-brimmed hat you will be able to keep the hat in place when on the head by fastening it to the hair by means of hairpins caught through the meshes of the net.—Ex.



**Come again, Pie Time, and often.
For wholesome, digestible "eats"
—give us PIE.**

**At its very best wrapped in a FIVE
ROSES crust.**

**Upsets Pie Prejudice without upsetting the
Eater's Insides—FIVE ROSES flour.**

Great for Pie Crust—top and bottom.

And Puff Paste and Difficult Things.

Close-grained—melting—even textured.

Flaky, too, and crinkly—crisp yet tender.

**Put into your bake things the rare nutlike
sweetness of Manitoba wheat kernels.**

**All soppy with the rich red juice of the
cherry—or lemon pie—or apple—or healthy
custard—meat, may be, or mince—**

**Put the FIVE ROSES "crust end" about 'em.
See the hungry wedges fade behind busy milk teeth.**

At Pie Time—

Use FIVE ROSES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended