

near a large city, and well stocked. Our unfortunate acquaintance had early acquired the ruinous habit of indulging in the cup, and now did not possess one dollar of his own. He was travelling at his brother's expense, and we anxiously watched if the change would work any salutary effect on him. Alas for human expectation, he found too great facilities to obtain liquor at the bar on the steamer, and from some of the other passengers, and, much to our regret, the wrecking process went on.

As we sailed by the island of Anticosti, the mate of the ship, pointing to the coast, remarked: "There lie the bones of one of our best ships." Another wreck, we thought, with which man's carelessness had much to do. As we coasted along the shores of Ireland, the ruins of a once mighty castle arrest our attention; still another wreck. The bones of that ship might be raised to walk the waters once more like a thing of life; the walls of that ancient castle might again be re-built, tasks much easier than to revive those moral wrecks, yet both are possible if we follow the Divine Architect in the latter. We have frequently passed by church buildings, the pulpit silent, the doors closed, and the congregation scattered, why? In some instances an ill-advised pastor and people, in the very spirit of the Babel-builders of old, have proceeded to erect a building far beyond their financial strength. Sister churches were expected to assist them, the pastor made rash promises as to the large amounts he could collect, but all this proved an utter failure. Then a "*finangelist*" was called in, and paid an extravagant sum to boom the finances; all was promised, but little was paid, and the mortgage was eventually foreclosed, and the three or four good brethren who became responsible are, involved in financial ruin. The church is closed. Ah, what a wreck. Some of these buildings have been closed from results more natural and less blameworthy, yet there has too often been a great lack of wisdom and of the true genius of Christ in building such churches.

In our acquaintance are a number of ministerial wrecks, men in some instances of splendid talents, who at one time promised to take the lead in and reflect credit on the denomination; but what are they to-day? Sad wrecks. They foundered on

some darling sin, or they rode some hobby to death, to their own ministerial ruin. At some crucial time they missed the true corner-stone Jesus Christ, and a wreck was the result. Think of Judas, Simon Magus, and Demas; and think of the grand possibilities within them: but alas! what wrecks we see in them! And so it is with many Christians we know; they are only wrecks of what they might have been.

Some supreme moment has passed, some opportunity has slipped by, some evil habit has been formed, some sin pampered until it has become master, and their ship has veered from its true course, to founder upon a rock. Christ must be the *Omega* as well as the *Alpha*; we need not only to build on Him at first; but all the way through life, He must be the very corner-stone of all our building.

"On what foundation do you build, neighbor,
Your hopes for the future fair?
Do your walls reach down to the rock below,
And rest securely there?
Sad wrecks lie round you on the sand, neighbor,
The floods and the storms are near,
Will the storm-blast hurl to earth thy walls,
Or blanch thy cheek with fear?"

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FAULTFINDING.

Is there anything good in finding fault? The practice is denounced without qualification. Writers in the present day seldom admit there is any good in it. Men wrap up their sins and cover their faults with the feeling that they are not to be discovered or referred to. The faultless and the faulty are to be both treated alike. Is this right? If by "faultfinding" is intended the practice of those who can see nothing good in others to praise, but who are quick to pounce upon whatever is wrong, and who are known to be captious and unjustly censorious, such conduct ought to be condemned. Faultfinding is hardly the term for it.

If faults exist they ought to be discovered. How are faults to be corrected that are never found out? We arraign the ancient aphorism as misleading—"One mend-fault is worth a dozen find-faults."

Can anybody tell us how a fault is to be mended that is not first found? It is said the Spar-