

## The Acton Free Press

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### BE CAREFUL—WHY YOU SAY

In speaking of a person's faults, don't forget your own; Remember those with houses of glass should neither be a dream nor a wish; But talk of those who sin, The better we commence at home, And from there go out.

We have the right to judge a man, But let us not be strict; Should we not like life company?

We know the world is wide, Home may have faults, and who has not? The old as well as young,

Old and young have faults;

Have pity to their sins.

I'll tell you of a better plan; And find it works full well; To try my own defects to cure; Here's to you, my friend, to be And think of some to hope to be No worse than some I know, My own shortcomings old and new. The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence To think of others first; Think of the harm one word may do To those we little know.

Our childrens' "road at home"; Don't speak of others' faults until We have none of our own.

### A Connecting Link

By Ernest Goss

"AIN'T poison, be it?"

Homeward bound of a Sabbath afternoon, Myra Dalton was aroused from a doze by the sound of a boy's voice questioning. It was an affirmative boy of perhaps eight years that she found peering up into her startled eyes.

"A minute ago, Myra, was too disturbed to make a noise," he said, self-condemnation swept through him.

The boy was the latest addition to her class; had come into the class that very morning. Now she recalled how she had been so glad when he had been to her, like a brother; to be civil to him, to draw him to her even as she did to a full dozen other members of the school. But she knew that she had failed, that the boy had passed through the scant veil of courtesy which had clothed the welcome she had extended to him.

"I'm sorry, do you mean, Joe?" she stammered, the color mounting to her cheeks.

"You—you don't like me 'cause I'm a—well, a chink boy, but I'm not tricking over his clothes."

The accusation was true. She could not deny it. Yet she had not the heart to further wound the child. Douglas, in one knee, she drew him toward her.

"There, don't mind," she said comfortingly.

Presently the two walked on. Myra holding the boy's hand, the boy now and then looking up trustfully into her face.

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