

STEADFASTNESS.

"But I can't do half those things," said a bewildered new pupil to the teacher of physical culture, as they stood together in the gymnasium. "I simply can't do them at all."

"If you could, there would be little use in your coming here," was the sensible reply. "You are here to learn how to do them; to train your limbs and muscles to strength and suppleness."

That is the story of life. We say we cannot do this thing, we cannot endure that, we are not strong to climb this ideal or bear that burden, or to struggle successfully with the temptation and wrong that overmaster us so easily.

What is the use of trying when we have failed again and again?

But that is just what we are here for—to learn how through failure and mistake to grow a little stronger, by every endeavor, whether it end on foothold or fall. We are here to try.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

AN HONEST TRAVELLER.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening, in a distant city, on the "Greed of Gold," and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early next morning there came into the minister's study a fine looking, intelligent man about forty years old. "Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve," he asked.

This was his story:

He was the traveling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveler on Sunday evening and the minister's sermon had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that very night a letter to the firm for which he was traveling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

"And," said the manly man before he left the minister, "last night I slept with a sense of peace and security, such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined: I shall starve before I shall sell another drop of liquor."

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of the church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

"I am in need of just such a man."

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—*The Baptist Young People's Union.*

THREE TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP.

What is a friend? We often speak the word lightly, not realizing how much it means. A friend is one who needs us and one whom we need. Around us may be many whose companionship we enjoy, but were they to suddenly drop out of their places there would be no soreness, no sense of deprivation, no lack of comfort elsewhere. We do not miss them; neither do they need us.

A friend is one to whom we cling, though many leagues of space separate us, whose fellow-feeling we never doubt, though years pass with no sight of his face or word from his pen. We know our friend loves us, and that when we meet again it will be on the same old terms; we shall begin where we left off.

A friend is one in whom we can confide. The secret chambers of our soul open to his touch on the latch; we give and take tenderest confidences.

Noting these three characteristics of friendship, we can see how great a thing it is to have found a real friend. Many go through life without it. Thousands imagine their friends are numbered by scores, but if subjected to these tests every one of them would fall off into the great sea of common humanity or comradeship. In view of all this how great is the wonder of the Lord saying to us, "Ye are my friends."

If we are Christ's friends, then he needs us as we need him; then he loves, though our eyes see not his face, nor ears hear sound of his voice; then all the secrets of God are, or are to be as soon as we can bear it, revealed unto us.—*The Congregationalist.*

SERVICE.

There are many illustrations in practical life of the value of service. Mrs. Morrow tells the story of a wealthy family in San Francisco who engaged the service of a young Japanese to wash windows, polish silver, and do whatever was required. He was always called Saul, and was faithful and obliging. At the end of four years, he left of his own accord. Nothing more was heard of him until one of the daughters, traveling in Europe, attended a court reception at Berlin, and was introduced to Saul as Lieut. Karo Yatani. She learned that he was wealthy and the nephew of the Mikado of Japan. His appointment in the German army was by request of his uncle, who had decided to adopt the German military system. The young lady enquired, "Why did you take the position of a servant?" He replied, "Although rich, I believed I could best serve my country by beginning where I did, and thus become familiar with American manners and customs."

A STRAIGHT ANSWER.

The City Temple was packed from floor to ceiling on a recent Sunday evening, when the Rev. R. J. Campbell preached on the "Ethics of Commercial Life," especially as applying to shop assistants. One of his most telling points was his experience with a young man—a clerk in an antique furniture shop—who went to him at the close of a recent Thursday morning service and submitted the following case:

He was selling an antique cabinet to a gentleman. The cabinet was genuine with the exception of one corner, which was a modern addition. Just when the customer was about to decide he asked the assistant if it was entirely genuine. The latter hesitated, but seeing the master's eye upon him, and knowing that failure to effect a sale meant under the circumstances instant dismissal, he replied, "Yes, it is quite genuine," and sold it.

"Now," said he, "what would you have done, Mr. Campbell?"

"I don't know," was the reply, and the vast congregation sat spell-bound at the ingenuous confession; "but," continued the preacher, with inimitable effect, "I know what you ought to have done, and so do you. You told a lie!"

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"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee"—burden and all. "Thee" is the greatest burden that thou hast! All other burdens are but slight, but this is a crushing burden. But when we come to the Lord with our burden, he just lifts up his child, burden and all, and bears him all the way home.—*Charles A. Fox.*

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