

A True Friend.

The friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within.
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—
Although it seems not so—he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who never rebukes, nor censures, nor delays,
To come with eagerness and grasp my hands
And pardon me ere pardon I demand,
He is my enemy although he seem my friend.
—From the German.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

Thirty-nine years ago a woman was carried to one of the New York hospitals, expecting to die there. She was afflicted with an incurable disease of the spine, and the doctors gave her only a few months to live. But live she did, and after a year in the hospital was carried to a little rear tenement, where she has laid in one position without the power of moving, for thirty-eight years. There are probably but few cases of greater suffering and physical inactivity to be found in the country.

"What a horrible life!" you say. On the contrary, she is one of the sweetest-faced women to be seen anywhere, and her life is full of cheerfulness and usefulness. She never mentions her own suffering, and after a few minutes with her the visitor forgets that this is a bed-ridden woman. Her own troubles is a matter entirely off her mind. She who cannot remember an hour without the most terrible pain is lost in gratitude to God.

The atmosphere of a sick room is generally associated with gloom. But that little tenement room is so charged with religious trust that misfortunes seem blessings, and pain the medium for relief. He who came from simple curiosity, remains full of tender, prayerful emotions.

But this woman, who, with the greatest suffering, can barely move her arm, is not only a spiritual enthusiast, but a practical worker for the poor. She has hardly a cent in her purse, but she constantly speaks of "my poor" as if she were as rich as a queen. Consequently her room has become a Mecca for the benevolent, and a sort of clearing house for food and clothes for the unfortunate.

During the last year she has received nearly three thousand calls; and as about half of these visitors came to give, and the other half to receive her charities would be vast even for a rich and vigorous healthy woman.

She looks upon herself as permitted to live to be an authorized servant of the Lord, and so she rarely speaks of her personality in connection with her benevolence. But a glimpse into her diary, which she daily writes with great difficulty, reveals a life of which any professed follower of Christ might be proud. She seems never to have failed to get what she wanted for the poor in her neighborhood who have come to her for help. Here is a chance entry:

"Have a place for E—to work. Praise the Lord. I shall be able to give the old lady four dollars a week until her granddaughter begins to earn something, then I trust to be able to give her two dollars a week."

During one of her Thanksgiving festivals for poor people she was in peculiar suffering, and was unable to eat for some days. The noise of preparation exhausted her. The sight of food was nauseating to her; nevertheless she had collected in her room at that time fifty turkeys, sixty chickens, a table loaded with bread, barrels of potatoes and apples, and packages of tea and sugar. Here is a record of one year's work, as copied from her diary. She was loath to give it:

"Received from my kind friends for the poor, and distributed among \$1,732.50. Sent twenty-five children to the seaside for one week in August. Received from Mrs. H—, for the poor, twelve garments and one ton of coal. From Mrs. J—and Mrs. M—their usual donations of dry goods, muslins, flannels, and calicoes. Collected for Convalescent Home, \$74; collected for Free Home for Incurables, 40, besides garments, coal, etc. Received for my poor, fourteen tons of coal from city funds."

Such is the life of one who for nearly forty years has never changed her position in bed. She knows every poor family in the neighborhood, which of its members are employed, idle, sick, needy, or in mischiefs.

"My Father is very kind to me," she said, with a beautiful, happy smile. "He permits me to be the instrument of so much good."

If the record of such a life does not shame those of who profess Christianity, and are in vigorous health, out of our blindness and indifference to the opportunities of usefulness to all about us, what can Youth's Companion.

Pass It On.

Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just money enough to pay my fare; and that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything I needed in the way of meals. I had what I wanted so long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth, for hours, wretchedly ill and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," I said, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with a gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened.

"Ah," said he, see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had to go to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying—a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears, as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, I haven't enough money to pay my fare. I want but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on.

I gave him the sum needed, and got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me.

"Now to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you; and remember, if you meet anyone that needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir, I will!" cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with eagerness.

I reached my destination and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief, as if to say, "It's all right, sir; I will pass it on."

Gossiping in the Presence of Children.

A habit of indulging in gossip is pernicious in its influences and results over us all. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true," that we oftentimes give a willing ear to the stories circulating about our friends and acquaintances, and more is the pity that we are tempted too readily and yield to the temptation to tell these detrimental reports over again to other willing ears.

It is astonishing how thoughtless parents often are of their manner of speech before children. Children are very attentive listeners. They may seem to be interested in their play or their books, but nevertheless nothing said by their elders escapes their ears. Children like to hear what their elders are talking about, especially if the talk is carried on with a show of mystery.

Friends may speak depreciatingly of some other friend, without a thought of the consequences, and perhaps without even a remembrance of the words spoken a few days afterward, but the child who hears it make a memorandum of the sins of commission or of omission which are talked over, and thus an unjust prejudice is acquired, which the parent is astonished to hear expressed perhaps weeks afterward.

"What mother says must be so" is the argument a child uses to reason out the wrong and right of things. Mother is the ideal of all that is true and just and good.

Think of this, mothers! What wonderful trust your little child places in you and your judgment and actions. Is it not a very serious matter to be a child's ideal of what is best and truest in motherhood? "Mrs. So and So must be a dreadful woman," reasons the child who has heard that neighbor spoken of in a deprecatory manner. And if that neighbor has a child, what a show of superior goodness the child of the gossiping mother carries about with her hereafter when she mingles with Mrs. "So and So's" child!

How pitifully she regards her in the light of her mother's depreciating estimate—it is such a dreadful thing to have a mother who does things which mother thinks are so bad! Two thirds of the gossip circulated about persons is libelous, because it is untrue, and if legally followed up would prove a crime. The sad results of scandalous stories are often pitiful in the extreme.

We try to have our children acquire habits of truth and justice that will help them on in right living, but are we particular to teach them not to speak untruthfully or unjustly of their little playmates? When they come to us with a story which depreciates the good qualities of some little friend, do we counsel them not to tell over anything which will hurt the reputation of that child? Do we help them to acquire the habit of that charity which thinketh no evil of one's neighbor? —The Evangelist.

Undying Influence.

Not long ago, in one of our cities, two prosperous men of business, who had been friends in their boyhood, were thrown together for an hour's journey by rail. Each knew of the other, and they had occasionally met, but their ways were so far apart, and business cares so pressing, that it was like the meeting of those who had been separated by land or sea. Of course, their minds went back to the earlier days, and "Do you remember this?" and "Have you forgotten that?" seemed to preface every sentence. By-and-bye one of them said, hesitatingly:

"Do you remember the winter we went to a little Sunday-school at the old red brick down on Bee Street? The other's face flushed a little.

"I have never been able to forget it," he said. "At least, there have been times when I should have been ready to brand all religion as a humbug, if I hadn't remembered that Sunday-school teacher."

"Well, I'm not a Christian, by any means," said the first speaker, "but a word or two she said to me, at just the right time, saved me from getting into a scrape that would have ended in my everlasting disgrace."

A Christian worker, who has taken the trouble to make inquiries, recently said: "It would surprise you if you knew how many, even among those who are not Christians, have been influenced to better lives by the Sunday-school teacher."

Helps To Patience.

A woman, whose life has been long and chequered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine, one day, looking cross and ready to cry."

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? Tomorrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed over again."

"Look, my child," he said; do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for little in themselves; but it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life."

A Good Memory.

Dr. Buckley, of the Christian Advocate, in a recent editorial, clinched his argument with this incident:

In Philadelphia a lawyer was cross-examining a merchant far advanced in years, whose character was so high that if he could not break him down his case was lost. The only chance was to discredit his memory. Among the questions asked was that he would state some circumstance which had occurred twelve or fifteen years before, with details, that the jury might judge of his capacity. He was indignant, but under protest said to the lawyer:

"About twelve years ago your father called upon me and said: 'My son is about to graduate. Will you kindly loan me \$10 to purchase him a suit of clothes?' I remember this as if it were yesterday; and I also remember that neither you nor your father have ever paid me one cent on account of that loan."

She Supposed They Knew.

A story at the expense of the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston is related in *Happy Thought*. An excursion party from the club, it appears, had gone to a rural part

of the state, and in default of sufficient hotel accommodations, some of the members were obliged to seek quarters in a farmhouse.

Simplicity was the order of the day. Everything was scrupulously clean, but there was a natural absence of some of the luxuries of high-priced city hotels. Some of the ladies of the party discovered that there were no keys in the locks of their rooms, and waited upon the farmer's wife.

The good woman was surprised. Why, she said, we don't usually lock our doors here, and there's no one here but you. But then, I suppose you know your own party best. The visitors did not insist upon the keys.

Like a Fairy Tale.

The Dowager Empress of China has had a romantic history. She was an extremely beautiful girl, the daughter of poor parents who lived in the suburbs of Canton. When the family was starving she, knowing her commercial value persuaded her parents to sell her as a slave. She was purchased by a renowned general, who delighted with her beauty, disposition and general cleverness, adopted and educated her as his daughter. When, later, the general was summoned to Peking he could think of no finer gift to offer his sovereign than his daughter. The Emperor found her so charming that he made her his wife. When her husband died, in 1888, the slave empress became regent, the present emperor being only 7 years old. She found China crippled by debt and torn by internal rebellions, yet five years ago, when she handed over the governing power to her son, peace and prosperity reigned throughout the vast empire.

Old-Fashioned Wives.

A pretty young married woman said in our hearing the other day: "Lorraine is such an old-fashioned wife."

"And what," we queried, "do you mean by that?"

"Oh," laughed the gay little matron, "such queer notions about her duty to her husband and home. Why, she declines all invitations unless he is included, and never, under any circumstances, is away from home when he returns at night. Then she always gets up to breakfast with him, and even goes so far as to prepare herself certain favorite dishes for him, instead of leaving such fussiness to the cook. She doesn't go away in the summer until he is able to go, too, and, in fact, she fusses over him in the most absurd fashion."

"After the pretty creature had vanished to join a party of friends at dinner a reflective mood stole over us, and in the twilight we thought how much happier many a household would be if there were more old-fashioned wives instead of the type which we had just had a chance to study. —Philadelphia Times.

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MRS. FRANK STEPHENS, Chatham, Ont.

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

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