

BEING FRIENDS.

This old world is aching for the want of true friendship. In order for a person to perform friendly acts he must first be a true friend. This requires all his manhood plus the spiritual power which is given him from above. Men have tried to substitute everything in place of friendship until the circles of true friends have become few and far apart.

In this twentieth century with all of our modern inventions, we hardly take time to be courteous, let alone being friendly. This hurry-up age has provided means by which we can communicate with the uttermost parts of the earth, but it has robbed us of our closest and dearest friends. Even in the home we don't find that warm love and friendship that were once there. There was a time when the home was the most attractive place for the son and daughter. The heads of the home commanded and held the deepest respect of their children. The son honored his father because he loved him, and the daughter obeyed her mother because she knew her to be her best and most reliable companion and friend. The family was bolted together with bars of love and ties of friendship that did not break under the greatest strain. It is a sad fact, nevertheless it is a true one, that there are numerous well-equipped houses, but very few contented homes in our land today. Society at large lacks the art of friendship. Their social functions tend to be shallow and the result is that young people are living on the surface of things in the social and religious realms. Young people, consider yourselves, consider others! Show this generation that you are honorable and are their friends indeed. Lift up such a standard of purity and true friendship that ere each day closes someone will be made to realize that there is an influence on the earth and that is genuine friendship.

Friendship is hardly a true synonym of love, yet it is closely akin. True friendship involves love. In order to be friendly one must love and vice versa. The Bible says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." It also teaches that we shall be friendly to those that are not friendly to us. Jesus Christ was the greatest friend that ever walked upon soil. He sacrificed His home in Heaven in order to transform aliens to His own friends whom He loved and who in return loved Him. One has said, "A foe to God is ne'er true friend to man." We believe that his statement was verified by the teaching of Christ and the apostles. Let us become acquainted with Christ and His teachings in order that we may learn this secret and teach the lesson to the world.

G. A. ROGERS.

"I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt that I did trust Christ—Christ alone—for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."—John Wesley.

That man lives best who lives a life hidden in Christ.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you tomorrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into the street car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sickly boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie; wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers? Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

The gentleman heard no more of the conversation, but he noted the look on the faces of the five girls which showed their displeasure, and also that their consciences smote them under this rebuke, so well deserved and so powerful in its simplicity.

After riding a few blocks Nettie left the car, but she did not leave the little ones comfortless for the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy with radiant face held in his hands a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat them all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah," said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake. God bless her."

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the horse-car.—New York Evangelist.

"I AM DIFFERENT."

A young girl who was dissatisfied with her home life, and always talking of her grievances, and showing her discontent in voice, look and manner, surprised a friend one day by her quick step, bright smile and happy voice.

"How the things at home?" the friend asked, thinking that some good news had made the change.

"Oh everything is just the same, but I am different," was the reply.

The grace of God will make us new creatures in Christ Jesus.—Selected.

WHAT A PROP PROVES

A young fellow who had secured a position which exacted long hours and hard work, was offered sympathy by some of his friends. "It's an outrage," they said, "that you should have to do work of this kind. Can't your uncle do something for you? He's a rich man and ought to have influence."

"I didn't ask my uncle for any assistance."

"Well, he should have offered it. It's a shame for him not to help you when he is so able to do it."

The boy was something of a philosopher. "Look here," he said. "When I see a tree propped up, I conclude that it's either a sapling that hasn't had time to get deeply rooted or an old tree that has about finished bearing. It always strikes me that a prop is a reflection on the tree. Now my uncle thinks I'm able to stand on my own feet, and I thank him for his confidence."

The young man was right. When we prop something, it is because we think it cannot stand by itself.—Sel.