

our best side; try to do them good. But we should make friends only with those who are worthy of our friendship. We should choose them by using our reason to aid the instinct of which I spoke before. If a boy suits us; if his tastes are our tastes; if his strength is of a kind to aid our weaknesses; if his weaknesses are such that our strength may lead him to higher things; if we feel that by aiding each other we may go on from better to better, "linked in all fellowship of noble deeds," then we are safe in choosing him as a friend, and in feeling that each will aid the other to grow more and more into the stature of a perfect man.

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GOOD FUN

If you ask a boy, "What have you been doing?" and he answers, "Oh, having some fun," you are little wiser than before you asked the question. He may have been sliding down a cellar door or climbing a tree, standing on his head or jumping with his feet, getting up a whistling match or getting down a watermelon, pitching quoits or playing ball, making a speech or singing a song, telling a story or cracking a joke, or doing any one of sixty other things, or watching others do them—so many different doings are wrapped up in that little three-letter word.

It is a good word, too. We could not spare it, either out of the dictionary or out of our lives. I know there are people who think it a nonsense word. Even if it is a nonsense word, there is an old rhyme that runs:

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

But it is not a nonsense word. It holds lots of good sense. Fun is simply another word for play. Play is as sensible as work; not in the same amount, of course, but in fair quantity and at the right time. It rests from work and prepares for work. Life is a serious affair, its burdens are many, and so are its trials, pains and sorrows; therefore there is need that men should take a little dose of amusement once in a while to help the body bear the strain. Every one should

have some fun,—which is an accidental rhyme.

But please mind the title. I am speaking of good fun. There is a bad sort, which doesn't deserve the name of fun at all. Sometimes I have heard boys speak of stealing apples, trespassing on private grounds, breaking window panes in empty houses, and other wicked pranks as "such fun";—but such acts are crimes. They are not to be laughed at, but punished.

But bad fun is not all of the vicious kind. It may be fun out of proper place and time. A girl may have a lovely time with a skipping rope and be very much admired in her graceful exercise, but suppose she should go skipping down the church aisle on a Sunday morning, shocking all the worshippers—you wouldn't call that good fun, would you? Of course, no civilized girl would do such a thing. I use it only by way of example, to show that fun out of place and time is not good.

Also as to persons. When one is in trouble, or is crying, or is angry, no person of right feeling will make sport of it. Surely no reader of this paper would find amusement in pointing out the defects or mimicking the actions of one who is deformed or maimed or unsound, or who has an impediment in his speech or other imperfection. Those things call for sympathy and silence.

Good fun is fun that all may enjoy alike. It is not obtained at the expense of another. That is the trouble with what are called practical jokes. The enjoyment of them is not equally divided. Some one is made to suffer humiliation or anger for the amusement of others. It is a very poor retort to ask an indignant person who has been thus imposed upon, "Can't you take a joke?"

But fun that is a misfit as to place, time and person, is not the only bad kind. Too much of it is not good. There are some light-hearted ones who are light-headed too. Girls that are always giggling and boys that are always grinning are trying to the patience of all sensible people. Cheerfulness is right at all hours, but the play that we call fun is like the sugar we use in food—a little is agreeable, but too much is sickening.

It is not pleasant to say so much about bad