

This is my-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him.
Matthew xvii. 5.

YOUR BEST FRIEND:

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

AN evangelist not long ago was travelling in Scotland. After journeying alone for some distance, the train stopped at a small station, and a school-boy with his books stepped into the carriage. The evangelist, ever ready to speak a word for his Master, looked at the boy for a few minutes, and then said, "My lad, do you know that I am well acquainted with *your best Friend*?" The boy looked much surprised, but made no answer. "Come," said the evangelist; "see if you can guess who it is." By this time the lad had become somewhat encouraged by the pleasing manner of the stranger, and so mentioned first his father, then his mother, then an uncle, and next an aunt who always filled his pockets with "good things" before saying "good-bye." At each guess the stranger answered "No," to the great surprise of his young friend. "Well," said the boy, "I can't guess." "Then," replied the evangelist, "I will tell you. The best Friend you have is the Lord Jesus Christ." The boy blushed, and in much confusion hung down his head.

Boys, may I ask do *you* know *Jesus* your *best Friend*? If not, you little knew the "joy and peace" you are losing. And if you continue to live without Him, the way you have taken will grow darker year by year, and the end will be "the blackness of darkness for ever."

You cannot be ignorant of the fact that all have gone astray from God "like lost sheep," that "all have sinned and come short" of His glory. If *all*, then *you*; therefore *you*, boy though you are, must receive "the wages of sin," unless another graciously steps in and takes your place. This is just what your "best Friend" came to do. You know the story. Eighteen hundred years ago

He willingly laid aside His glory and became man. He was rich, yet for *our* sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich.

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING.

TWO men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete, he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit, and moved out of a tenement-house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of the year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig, while he played the tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade, and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.—*Wide Awake*.

JOHN MELLON.

HIS father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson, in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bed post with his mother's apron strings."
John Mellon's face flushed at these

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.
Psalm xcvi. 10.