

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

Miss Holman, a quiet, tastefully-dressed maiden lady, with a charming air of old-fashioned loveliness about her, stood in the vine-wreathed doorway of a quaint country parsonage with a hip roof and skylights that looked out into the thick branches of fir-trees that stood up stiff and straight like sentinels each side of the door.

"How exactly that dainty little woman fits into the restful picture," thought Mary Wright, a somewhat weary-faced young girl, as she pushed back the gate, walked up the gravel walk, and said pleasantly:

"Good afternoon, madam. Is Mrs. Holt at home?"

"Not just now," was the reply, "but she left word that any calling friend must wait a little for her. Will you walk into the parlor or shall we sit here?"

"Oh, here, if you please," replied Mary. "We shall not be poor company if, as I suppose, Mrs. Holt is our mutual friend."

The older woman looked into the face of the younger with a winsome smile, as she said in a fresh, cheery voice:

"Have we not a stronger tie than that? Have not both the best friend, who in his own gracious words, said, 'Lo, I am with you always'?"

"Yes," said Mary, as she took Miss Holman's proffered hand and sat down by her side on the little porch. "Yet it seems easier to speak of a mutual friend who may just at the time be away from us than it is to speak of this best friend, though we may love him and are his professed disciples. I suppose it is because we are timid."

"That thought is a delusion," said Miss Holman, gravely, for you are not at all timid. You were entirely self-contained, my dear, when you came here and asked for Mrs. Holt just now."

"But I am not alone in this backwardness of speaking of our Saviour," pleaded Mary.

"No, my child, more is the pity. It is a prevailing weakness of Christian society. It is one of the reasons why the world lies so long in wickedness. Christians do not realize their union with the Lord Jesus. If they did they would have a holy boldness that would make it easy for them, out of loving, loyal hearts, to speak to others about their absent master."

"Now please tell me what this union with Christ is," said Mary, anxiously. "I know I love him, and yet it is not easy for me to speak of him. It is a heavy cross upon me to even testify of him in our little social meetings, and yet I am more and more dissatisfied with myself because I do not own his name and serve him better."

"Do you remember those words of Paul when he tells us we are the temples of the Holy Spirit?"

"Yes, madam, I often recall them; but how am I to realize their significance?"

"By cheerfully going forward and showing the religion of the Master in just as pleasing and desirable an aspect as possible, by being self-poised, patient, charitable always, long suffering, gentle, pure in thought and expression, not only with fellow-Christians, but with the world's people; and so you shall make an abiding impression on them for good."

"But," said Mary, "how can I do all this and yet live my every-day life, guarding my walk and talk with almost everybody, Christian and unbeliever alike, with whom I come in contact?"

"That is just the point, my dear. If, when you meet with those who know nothing of this Saviour so precious to you, you do not fail to speak of him, your fancied timidity will be dispelled and your life will become a joyous one right away. And then if you break the ice with fellow-disciples in loving, loyal reference to our common Lord, you will doubtless find them responsive."

"I was set to work," continued Miss Holman earnestly, "just after my conversion by carrying out this idea of a mutual friend, and in every instance the words I wanted to say have been put into my mouth in some way, as they were by you this afternoon. It has been my privilege to point out this way to scores of others, and if they each in turn, are faithful, what may not that one simple thought accomplish? If each man, woman and child who finds him will only come out from the world in the sense of making it their chief joy to serve him by telling some one else of him, what a work might be done!"

Never Alone.

As Sung by THOS. E. LEYDEN.

Arr. by J. P. Weston.

Musical notation for the first system of the song 'Never Alone'. It includes a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 1. I have seen the lightning flashing, And heard the thunder roll; I have felt ain's 2. When this world's winds are blowing, Temptations sharp and keen, I... have a 3. When in affliction's dark val-ley, Tread-ing the footpaths of care, My Saviour 4. For... me he died on the mountain, For me they pierc'd his side; For me he

Musical notation for the second system of the song. The lyrics are: breakers dashing, Trying to conquer my soul: But I heard the voice of my peace in knowing My Saviour stands be-tween: Stands to shield me from helps me to carry My cross when heavy to bear: When my feet are entangl'd with open'd the fountair The crimson sin-cleansing tide: For me he's pleading in

Musical notation for the third system of the song. The lyrics are: Sav-our -Telling me still to fight on - And he promis'd never to leave me, dan-ger, When earthly friends are all gone. For he promis'd never to leave me, bri-ars Of sin, to tum-ble me down, My Saviour then whispers this promise, glo-ry, From whence he'll come for his own; He'll remember me, for he's promis'd

REFRAIN. Musical notation for the refrain section. The lyrics are: Never to leave me a-lone. No, never a-lone. No, never a-lone. 3dv "I never will leave thee alone." No, never alone. No,

Musical notation for the final system of the song. The lyrics are: lone,.... He promised never to leave me, No, never a-lone. never a-lone,

"I often feel a burden for the unconverted," said Mary, "and I pray for them."

"And so do scores who do not use the means God has given them to carry on his work of saving sinners. We have opportunities constantly of working for Jesus. He sends some one every day to me. This afternoon it was you, dear. I might have let the opportunity slip—there were plenty of other things pleasant to chat about."

"Nothing so pleasant as this," said Mary, looking through her tears into the gentle face beside her. "I was feeling utterly dissatisfied with my life, well knowing that I was doing nothing at all; that in a spiritual sense my life was a blank to those about me. What religion I have is folded up and hid away in my breast for my own secret comfort, and I came to ask Mrs. Holt, provided I could muster the courage, how I could set myself at work; and without asking a question my query is solved. It seems to me the Lord must have known of my perplexity."

"Do not doubt it, dear," said Miss Holman. "But there comes Mrs. Holt, with her face that is always a benediction, so full of peace is she. And some time, my child, you and I and all those we have helped shall stand before our best friend in heaven. Think of that as well as of his sweet service here below, and so take courage to make his work your chief joy." Selected.

MR. WOOLLEY'S STORY.

A lady writing to the *Christian at Work* about the Northfield meetings tells the following story:

Mr. John C. Woolley, of Minnesota, is a reformed drunkard. He is a lawyer, it is said of great ability, and had an income of many thousands of dollars before he was overcome by his appetite for liquor. His story was one of the most thrilling that I ever heard related in public, and in spite of a certain hesitancy in the speaker, was

effective to a degree that is seldom equalled.

"I was in New York at one time," he said, "trying to get sober. I had no money, and was just living on anyhow from day to day, almost starving, but determined to live an honest, sober life. Suddenly, I received a letter from my wife saying that she and my three boys were coming on from the west,—that I must engage a house right away. They were coming to live with me. What could I do? But by borrowing a little and working very hard, I managed to fix up some rooms for them, and we set up our home again. We were very happy. I did not drink, and though I earned only a dollar a day as a printer, we lived on it. We had rice for breakfast, and bread for dinner, and rice for supper, but we didn't mind it—oh, no! My wife sang for joy, and smiled all the time, and the boys pretended they never liked anything as they liked rice; and as for butter, they scorned it!—didn't want any under any circumstances!"

"One day I went up the river on some business. I had to change cars at a certain place, and as I stood waiting at the junction, the fumes from a saloon across the way were constantly wafted to me. It was cold weather, and there was a warmth and comfort about them which appealed to me. I stepped over and ordered a glass of whiskey. The bartender got it for me. I lifted it to my lips, when suddenly my wife's face rose up before me, and I set the glass down. I sat for a while on the other side of the room. Suddenly I got up and rushed over to the counter. 'Give me that glass of whiskey,' I said. I drank it, and I knew nothing more for ten days. Then my wife, who by writing and telegraphing here and there, had got track of me, came and brought me home."

"Oh, I was wretched! I was ashamed to the last fibre of my being; I was lying in bed that night, long after my wife and the boys were asleep, and I was making up

my mind that I would run away before they awoke. I would bury myself where they could not find me. I had tried, and they had done all they could to help me, and I had failed. There was no use in trying any more. I would just give up and go off by myself and die the drunkard's death for which I was destined."

"Suddenly a voice seemed to speak to me. It seemed to say—and I do not think I had heard the words for years—'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' A new feeling, different from anything that I had ever known, possessed me. I seemed to know that Jesus Christ was in the room, and that he loved me."

Mr. Woolley went on to describe the waking of his wife and children, the little praise meeting that they held around the bed in the dim light of daybreak, and the wonderful way in which he had been sustained since then. There was scarcely a dry eye in the audience as he concluded. If Christ could save a man like this, what could he not do for all of us? Mr. Woolley put in a powerful plea for the abolishing of wine at the communion service.

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