

sincerity on our part, but from lack of this comprehending tenderness.

One thought of them in the twilight hour is gentle as of yore; our regard for them has not diminished, but we have been indifferent, passive, neglectful even to discourtesy, and they have slipped away, away, until all that we retain of them is the echo of their voices, the remembrance of former communings, and what we have missed in heart warnings and spiritual upliftings, what they have suffered in little sword thrusts of neglect, we realize dimly with sense of shame.

How did it begin? We hardly know. In something very small—a letter unanswered until too late; a call continually deferred; a kindness unacknowledged; a little selfishness; a touch of temper; a careless discourtesy. Aye, so small a thing in the beginning but the days have slipped into months, the months to years, and our friend whom we have let go is lost to us for all time. And how the remembrance of it hurts; how their faces flit beseechingly before us out of the past. Oh, I speak not of love nor lovers, but only of friends whom through our own neglect we have lost.

Nothing is truer than this—that if we would keep our friends we must put forth effort.

Behold the arts exercised to keep love alive between maiden and lover—the graces of manner, the daintiness of dress, the thoughtfulness and courtesies. Would love endure the strain of indifference and neglect? I trow not. The lover knows it, the maiden is aware of it, and every art is exercised to convey each to each the message of appreciation.

And thus it must be with friendship. We must show our friends that we appreciate them, not merely by our sincerity, but by tenderness towards them.

We must exercise toward them courtesy, a gracious self control and unselfishness. It is not possible nor

desirable to hold them close to us always, but in our intercourse we should treat them with the outer grace that is the sign of our inner regard.

Distrust has slain his thousand friendships, but neglect his tens of thousands. Let us not complain that we have no friends, for the cry is but the echo of our own heart's faithlessness towards one of its truest and most reverent impulses.

There is kindness in the world, there is sympathy, there is the electrical affinity that draws spirit to spirit; and he who is friendless stands self-condemned.

"Friendship demands a religious treatment," says the Concord sage—and that means a reverent treatment; not one of careless discourtesy or neglect.

Therefore, if we would keep our friends, it is ours to remember the letter, to pay the call, to proffer the courtesy, to waive the passing inconvenience, to exercise the unselfishness, to put forth in every way whatever effort is needed, to fulfill the law of the high calling of friendship.

It is one made holy by the world's Master in those last solemn words of His last earth days:

"Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends." Yet even this best Friend drops speedily out of the lives of those who never pray.—Taken from "*Woman's Empire*," edited by Faith Fenton.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT.

The following was taken from the "Western Advertiser," London, Ont., 9th mo. 25th.

"At Balmoral, her Highland home, Queen Victoria is to-day celebrating the attainment of the longest reign of any sovereign who ever sat on the British throne.

"Surrounded by her children and