

Christ's True Friends.

TWELVE disciples in a house, and so many people gathered together that "that they could not so much as eat bread?" What have the crowd assembled for? To listen to Jesus. Some of them His enemies; but the greater number attracted by the wonderful things He said and did. There seemed to be very few ready to help Him, but many to hinder Him.

Somebody pushes through the crowd. He has a message for Jesus—His relations want to get Him away, they want Him to leave off teaching and come home. They say He is mad to be going on in this way, and they try to hinder His work. But Jesus would not stop till He had finished. "My mother and relations! Whosoever will do the will of God, the same is My brother, My sister, and mother."

Christ's friends are those who love and obey Him, who help on His work in the world, and who are ready even to suffer for His sake. For such, Jesus has all the love which is due to a mother, sister or brother. Of them God says, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters." Are you one of Jesus Christ's friends? "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."



A Boy's Sermon.

"Eddie," said Harrie, "I'll be minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

Harry began:—"My text is a short and easy one—*Be kind*. There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for children, and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermons:—

"First. *Be kind to Papa*, and don't make a noise when he has the headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is; but I do. I had one once, and I did not want to hear anyone speak a word.

Second. *Be kind to Mamma*, and do not make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed' half a dozen times over.

"Third. *Be kind to Baby*—"

"You have left out 'be kind to Harry'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I don't mean to mention my own name in the sermon. I was saying, *Be kind to Baby*, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourth. *Be kind to Jane*, and don't scream and kick when she dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in church," said Harry.

"Fifth. *Be kind to Kitty*. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon nearly done?" asked Eddie. "I want to sing.

And so without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse or give out a hymn, Eddie began to sing, and so Harry had to stop.

But did not Harry preach a capital sermon? Young folks should practice it.

Not Ashamed.

I THANK God," said a noble Christian lady once in my hearing, "I thank God that although looking back upon my life since I came to Jesus, I see much in it that has been faulty and wrong, yet I have never been ashamed to own myself a Christian. How could I," she continued. "Could I blush to speak of my honored

earthly father, or dear brother and sisters? A thousand times no! Then, how could I be ashamed to declare that God, the Eternal, loving Father, has in infinite condescension adopted me for His child?—that the Lord Jesus left His glorious throne above and stooped to death that He might purchase me for His own? In grace He vouchsafes to call Himself my Brother. Ashamed of Him! No, indeed. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord!"

Little reader, the Lord Jesus is ready and willing to put this great honor upon you. He has redeemed you at a mighty cost—you a little lost sinner! Now He offers Himself as your Brother and Friend. Will you refuse Him?

Perhaps you feel inclined to accept His offer, but dread that some relative or friend may *ridicule you for becoming religious*. Oh, cast away such unworthy hesitation! Turn to Him now, just as you are. He will receive you. And throughout your life may this be all your joy, "that Christ is not ashamed of you."