

"Not Always but a Friend."

Scripture:

Text:

On the one hand we have our soul stirred to high emotions by some stimulus, whether it be the listening to music, the reading of a story or a poem, or that still deeper and more profound inspiration that comes to us in the real presence of God in our lives. We feel the tide of emotion, and noble purpose welling up in our mortal nature. It prompts us to the resolutions of good deeds and consecrated devotion. We resolve that we will rise above the common隋  
goodness of the every day life, and do some great deed of benevolence.

something that shall seem worth while  
and enduring. We are even stined to  
the highest hopes by the great example of  
generous gift giving which we see about  
us every where. One has given the money  
to found a great university; another has  
given a library which shall become  
the center of intellectual life of the town;  
Another has built a hospital in which  
many a sick body ~~has~~<sup>null</sup> friend relief  
and health. How wonderful all these  
gifts are. The riuor and the waves  
of them come blowing in upon the  
floodling tide of our emotions, and  
add to the already high flux of emotion  
stimulated by our own thoughts and

the inspiration, just as the wind flowing with the tide becomes one more force to lift the water, even higher than usual. Thus force over force of high purpose and noble resolution fills every boy, inlet, and hidden core of our natures, until it seems that the high purpose must break through the boundaries of our life and flood the whole world with the power that we feel within it.

But the incoming tide is checked at last and finally is forced to come to a full stop before the natural limitations of our life and conditions. We would build great institutions where every hungering soul may find that for which he has the

greatest need, but we have not the money  
to do it with. We would lead every human  
soul out of his sin and suffering, but hardly  
can we find the time to keep our nearest  
and dearest free from the some dangers, and  
we would relieve all hunger and want but  
only with difficulty can we keep the wolf  
from our own door. There they are, the  
steep rugged ~~set~~ realities of our lack of  
money, and power, and time, as invincible  
as rugged and unconquerable as the rocks  
and beaches that line the coast of our  
New England. Against these natural  
barriers the tide of our noble  
resolute hearts with the fury, and  
energy of a storm-tossed lashed sea.

but all to no avail. Slowly imperceptibly  
the tide begins to ebb. Exhausted and beaten  
our noble impetuous slowly retreat, and  
leave exposed to our view all those limitations  
the nakedness of  
<sup>which</sup> for the moment the high tide of our  
emotions had concealed. But now, with the  
tide when the tide has spent its fury, and  
retreated back into the sea from whence it  
came we can see only too clearly the firmness  
and the strength of our own infidelity, against  
which but so recently we struggled in vain.  
Discouraged by the high rocks and mountains  
that surround us and hurl us back as  
we try to do good, try to relieve the pople  
of the world of their wants and satisfy  
their needs and desires, we almost

come to the conclusion that for us with our  
limitations there is nothing that we can  
do, that in any way compares to the great  
deeds that public spirited men who have  
wealth and power at their command may  
do. Sometimes we seriously ask the question  
as to whether or not there is anything for  
us to do over and above the ordinary work  
of keeping ourselves self supporting and  
to a certain extent independent. Is it  
really worth while to try to do anything  
to help the world along when men who  
have so much give so generously?  
In short what have we to give that is worth  
while?

The ocean, baffled and beaten back by

the rocky shores, is still able to water the lands behind the shores, and in a truth in a much more effective manner than by flooding the land. Referring to the heat of the sun it gives of its five fountains of moisture, which rise high above the rocks and precipices, and sailing majestically over all barriers fall upon the earth in gentle refreshing rain, the giver of life nourishment to the growing things of the earth.

There is still another way open for you and me to help men and women who are suffering, who are in need, who are in sin, and sorrow. We can reinforce to the subtle influence of the Divine within

and rising high above those limitations of  
our lack of money, and power, we can reach  
the human soul as a friend. If we ~~would~~  
~~would~~ find one in want, we can say to him,  
I bring you, not money, but a helping hand;  
if we find one in ignorance we can say  
to him, I bring you, not knowledge, but the  
help of a guiding hand; if we find one  
in sorrow, <sup>we can say to him</sup> I bring you, not relief, but come  
to share your burden with you. If we find  
one in loneliness, we can say, I do not give  
you a friend, I am a friend. If we  
find one in sin, we can say, I come to you  
to walk with you out of the darkness into  
the light. The wealth and the power  
of such a ministration is open to every

human soul, and rising above all other limitations we can give, and give freely of this great gift of being a friend. Whenever there is a human soul whether he be in want or in plenty, in joy or in pleasure, he needs the help and inspiration of a friend, not a casual calling acquaintance, but a deep, sincere friend who feels and hopes, and dreams ~~for~~ the welfare of himself and those that are dear to him.

~~Let~~ Let each one consider the situation from his own point of view. If you were in straightened circumstances financially, would you want any one to come to you with a large sum of money, and say "Here take this." Would you want to accept it and settle back to live upon it, or would you rather some one

would come, and say, "Here you are in a difficult situation, I will take hold a half you over your feet, and give you opportunity to better yourself." It seems to me that any one would rather accept the assistance from the friend, than the blues from the stranger. If you had a burden to carry, would you really wish to cast the burden off, or do you rather wish for the friendly assistance and encouragement that shall give you the greater strength to carry it. Has you a sorrow that is particularly your own do you really wish to cast it aside by the slings of the loss of memory. Indeed not the sorrow is too precious to be thus disposed of. One would only the friendly sympathy

of his fellow man, and then he can stand under, and be brave in the midst of the greatest sorrow.

He takes a wider view of the question. Does not humanity in general receive more deeply those great services that have been done not as large and magnificent gifts, but as the noble work of a soul consecrated to humanity as a friend of humanity. It was the money of the rich who could give as you and I cannot give that made and supported the great institutions of the Roman world in the days of old, when theatres, public games, and other diversions were resorted to support as means of entertaining the public, and making their life more interesting and enjoyable. They were re-

regarded as worthy channels through which men of wealth might serve the people. It was the money of the wealthy that supported the magnificent temple worship of Judaism in those same days. But it was Jesus of Nazareth, who had not where to lay his head that touched the real heart of humanity. Not that he had money to give to great institutions, but that he went among men as a friend, healing the sick, helping the poor, encouraging the sinful and bringing to them the light of the divine life that shone from his soul.

The men who of their wealth gave Alms to establish to establish those great institutions have long since been forgotten. Their buildings and temples have crumbled into ruins, but Jesus of Nazareth

the single friend, who gives himself to men  
because he lived them, is still spoken of  
in every household with the most tender  
and grateful words.

At the time of the reformation great contributions  
were being made to increase the wealth of the  
cathedrals and monasteries, but the real work  
of those years was done by the poor, but consecrated  
soul of the reformer, who out of their love for  
humanity, gave not alone, but themselves.  
and thus it has always been, and always will  
be that the heart of man is reached and up-  
lifted, not by others, but by the deep consecrated  
friend forever, that springs out of noble  
souls, and minister unto the inward needs  
of the human heart. Not alone our inward

notices, but the long history of human progress teaches us again, and again, that the heart of man, in whatever country, sin or sorrow it may be found, works over and above all else the strength, in uplifting influence that can come only from him who loves a human soul, and ministers unto it by giving his own soul.

We are grateful beyond measure to see these great institutions of learning and education being established all over the world. We recognize and appreciate the wonderful power for good that they are professedly. We rejoice in the hospitals and asylums that are at once monuments to great souls, and the haven of rest for weary in distress and

fair. All the funds, and endowments that  
make possible the betterment of the condition  
of humanity we rejoice in, and are not tardy  
in expressing our affection of them. But  
of what value to humanity is a university  
unless its atmosphere is alive with the friendly  
spirit that exists among the students and  
instructors? Of what value is the hospital  
unless it is supplemented by a corps of doctors  
and physicians, who are friends, comforters  
to the sick and suffering. Of what value is  
a costly church, unless it is suffused with  
the spirit of warm cordial friendship which  
is forever an invitation to the distressed and  
the sinners, as well as the good and  
pious to come in and receive strength

and courage among friends.

Thus, while we rejoice in all the good that men of wealth can do, it still remains for us, as well as for them to do the greatest and most enduring by the simple acts of a friend when the tides of our emotions rise high and still higher in our souls, and beat against the rocks of our limitations, and sink back again defeated, let us not be disengaged. A greater work remains for us than the giving of money to any cause. ~~to~~ <sup>for</sup> we can give of our strength and devotion.

In the world we live in, the world that you and I live in there a plenty of other souls who need our help. I took up the paper and glanced over the items of news. I read

of a young man of 21, upon whose labors a widowed mother, an invalid, and his small brother were dependent for their daily wants. Discouraged, because he was thrown out of employment, and unable to bear the disappointment of his mother when he should tell her of his misfortune, he takes his own life by jumping into the Holston River over such a sore need. Alas, need surely calls cash handed to him by some relief organization? Indeed he did not, but simply wanted the strength and power that could come to him through a friend, who would just take a part of the burden and give him courage to take up his noble tasks. One of the most healthy. I read of a woman of eighty

years found dead in a lonely room in one of  
the crowded districts of a large city. Did she  
wrote alone, or a friend? I speak of hundreds  
of men and women who are living in the  
very vice of degenerate life. Do they want  
money to be sent in giving alms to them,  
or do they want a friend to go where  
they are, and lead them away from the  
degrading conditions in which they live  
and stand side by side with them, and  
work side by side with them until they  
are freed from the chains that bind them.  
We speak with a subdued voice of some  
one who is a sinner, we half apologize  
for troubling a person who has been at  
times bad. We are not quite as strong

voiced and delighted when we speak  
of some person, who has a seeming sick-  
ness to his nature, yet when the tide of emotion  
rises within us we would half then all  
providded we had the money, and we become  
despondent and gloomy because we have  
not the money. But the very thing that they  
need most, the only thing that will help  
is the strength of a friend. Let you and I  
con be.

One of the most pathetic and saddening bits  
of laterotome in all history is the story of Jesus  
in the garden of Gethsemane. That great  
soul who had given his life to the quiet  
ministering of the saddened sinning lines  
of Palestine. That great friend of all the

soul of man, was looking forward to a death  
which the prejudice against him clearly  
foretold him, He leaves behind him all those  
unto whom he had been a friend in sorrow and joy  
in pain and pleasure, in doubt and faith.  
He leaves behind him all but the disciples  
who are ~~those~~ nearest and dearest to him,  
and with them he goes ~~into~~ into the garden  
of Gethsemane to get the strength that comes  
from the companionship of true and dear  
friends, and the power that comes from coming  
into the real presence of God. Heavy at heart  
with the burden upon his heart, sad because  
he must give up the life that he loved  
so, he goes aside from his loved friends  
leaving them to watch with him, while

he sought strength and encouragement in prayer. Coming back to them, whom he believed to be watching with him, who, he thought, to be as heavy with sadness of his offwoking colony. He finds them asleep, the care and interest in him, and his ~~bunker~~ baulkily forgotten. Here in this wort trying ton of his life, when he needed them wort, he is left entirely alone. I can about see him as he returned to them, whom he left to share this on of agony with him, and found them asleep. I can about see him, as he stood looking down upon them in the dim evening light, and thinking of the chipping away of all those who might help him to bear his burden. Can you not about hear

the tender voice, softened now by a modulation  
of half regret, and half loneliness, as he said  
to Peter, "What, could ye not watch me  
one hour?"

The story is so touching, and so appealing  
because it is so true to human nature. Every =  
day, some human soul enters a garden of  
Gethsemane, there to pour out to God the  
inmost secrets of a life, in a moment of  
supreme sorrow and pain. Every day the soul  
returns to the ~~the~~ friends, by whom <sup>it</sup> thinks  
it is supported, and finds them sleeping.  
Oh, if you would only get away from an =  
selves for a little, and may beside some  
suffering in the garden of trials, and sin,  
what a power ~~of~~ we could be to them

Home we could help to bring sunshine  
and hope into their lives. They do not care  
for our coldly offered Rhine, today would  
glow, and reject them, but their soul  
longs for the friendship we withheld,  
and every a human being given to death  
stunted, dwarfed by sin, and wickedness,  
simply because some one who might have  
been a Christ unto that soul, has given  
only a glass of blues.