

The Weekly Directory.

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Friendship.

Scientists tell us that without the power of gravitation constantly acting upon it the universe would disintegrate into its atomic state. The power of friendship is to humanity what gravitation is to the physical world. Take away from the world the element of friendship and mankind would at once assume a chaotic, an antagonistic state. Friendship constitutes the golden links that make of the human family one connected, gigantic chain that encircles the globe. Take hold of the chain where we will, in the king's palace or the peasant's hut, and trace its links and we have finally included all mankind. Through friendship humanity is made a unit. It is the vital essence, the soul of society. Without it society would disappear and human existence would become cold, dull, monotonous, and meaningless.

Friendship may be compared to a telescope, through the small end of which we view our troubles, through the large our joys. True friendship, by sharing our troubles and disappointments, renders them lighter and less grievous to us; while our joys are multiplied many times by sharing them with our friends. No station is too low for friendship to share and brighten by its presence. No rank is so high that friendship is no longer needed, or is without its helpful influence. He, who possesses many friends, possesses that which brightens, beautifies, and blesses his whole existence, and little feels the want of else; he who, though rich in money, is destitute of friends is of all men, most miserable and least to be envied.

Friendship is as old as life itself and as eternal as the soul of man. The most beautiful songs of the poet, the most sublime sentences of the philosopher, and the most heroic deeds of history have been inspired by this divine emotion. The friendship of David and Jonathan has, through past ages, afforded inspiration and joy to all true members of the great human family. Damon and Pythias, with their deathless affection, offer to the writer a vast fountain from which to draw some of his finest ideas. Christ himself appreciated the value of this feeling and knew the extent of sacrifice and suffering to which it could inspire when he said, "Greater love (friendship) hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another."

Love for mankind in general is impossible without friendship for the individual man. Unless we first learn to appreciate and love our fellowmen through particular friends with whom we associate, mankind

in its entirety can arouse no feeling of sympathy or affection within us. In friendship is formed the source of all benevolent, self-sacrificing acts. The missionary who offers up his life in foreign fields or loses it in the slums of our cities, the poor pastor who has laid away his youthful dreams of a life of affluence and fame and gone forth to undertake the heaviest task that the world affords and for whose performance it pays least, each was inspired to such a course by the feeling of friendship and by the great example of that best Friend of all. The philanthropist who freely devotes his earnings to alleviate the woes of his fellows does so because through friendship he was enabled to see in his fellowman his "alter ego" and to recognize his desires and necessities. Friendship is truly one of the qualities of humanity nearest the divine.

Friendship is magnetic in its influence. He who possesses a friendly disposition is never without friends; while he who is self-centred and thoughtless of others is "of the world, a thing apart." Life for him must have little of pleasure or satisfaction. We are told in the Holy Writ that he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city. We believe that he who wins friends is greater than he who wins wealth or worldly honor. The world's choicest gem is a good, true friend, and the day in which we first meet such a friend is worthy of long remembrance. Says the poet:

"Once in a while, within our own,  
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend,  
Once in a while we hear a tone  
Of love with the voice to  
blend

And the dearest of all our dreams come true,  
And on life's way is a golden mile,  
And we lay aside our cross of care  
Once and a while."

If we would then enjoy life in its fullness we must have a friendly feeling toward our brother. We may thus be enabled to lighten the cares and increase the joys of this gray old world wherein we dwell.  
J. W. Barney.

LITERARY.

Horace.

It was a grand day, a delightful afternoon in the springtime of the year 27 B. C., and Horatius Flaccus, the lover of the rustic quietude and the wild flowers and birds, was lying on the green turf in the yard of his mountain home. A little rivulet rushed by at his feet and birds were singing and joyously flitting about in the tops of the great oaks. Nor golden nor ivory pannels, cut in the remotest parts of Africa adorned his house; and ambition for power and thought for riches entered not his peaceful realm. He is content to let the muses sing, and they sing most sweetly in these hills and around this favorite Sabine farm. And who would not delight to lie under an aged oak, on the matted grass; while cool waters glide along in their deep channels; while the birds warble in the woods; and while fountains murmur with their purling streams; wouldn't it invite the soul to pleasant repose; and, too, wouldn't such a vale as this, in which the great poet sat and sang so many years ago, invite lovers to love! Horatius had undoubt-

ably loved—surely, a poet couldn't live without loving—and though he had never married, he thinks over in his mind today old love scenes. A smile plays over his broad, fat face; he is a boy now talking to his young, independent, sweet Lydia.

They have been rather cool and distant here of late and the young Horatius would like for them to become good sweethearts again, so he opens the conversation with his head rather high, lest he should seem to condescend too much:

Horace.—"As long as I was pleasing to thee, and no other more favored, put his arms about your snowy neck, I lived happier than a Persian king."

Lydia.—"As long as thou burned not with more love to another, nor was Lydia after Chole in thy love, Lydia, on the tongues of many, flourished more illusions than the Roman Ilia."

Horace.—"The Thracian Chole now rules me, skillful in sweet song, and a mistress of the harp; for whom I would not fear to die, if the fates would spare her, my living soul."

Lydia.—"Calais, the son of the Thracian Arniters, inflames me with a mutual love; for whom I would twice endure to die, if the fates would keep my living youth."

Now they haven't progressed a step toward a reconciliation. The spirited Lydia does not give an inch. When the exuberant youth, Horace tells of his Chole, thinking thereby to conquer, she sings of Calais, and will die for him. So

he sees that Lydia will have the last say, and he has to come down from his exalted perch of independence. He asks:

Horace.—"What if our former love returns, and unites us, now separated, by a brazen yoke? What if the golden-haired Chole be shaken off, and the doors made open for the slighted Lydia?"

And she is good now:  
Lydia.—"Although he is fairer than a star, and you are lighter than bark and more ungovernable than the foolish Adriatic, with thee I should love to live, with thee gladly die."

Horace laughed out loudly now, and I expect he made the page, sitting near, jump. He enjoyed these love scenes now as much as he had when a youth of seventeen. So, thus ruminating, he calls for a glass of his special Calcubian wine—only one glass—and the jolly, good poet takes his nap. A. C. H.

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