



THE

# Good Neighbour

BY MARY

## From Me To You

"**FRIENDSHIP** is the greatest thing in the world." I don't know just who it is who said that, but I had it sent to me one Christmas in beautiful lettering on a card, and I have treasured the card from that day to this.

Friendship—it is indeed a beautiful thing. Last month, you will remember, I was telling you how the thoughts of my friends lived forever in my garden of memories, and this month I want to tell you how grateful I am for the richness I have in so many true friends. The safest basis for a true and lasting friendship is a desire for the same pursuits, and the sharing of the same dislikes. There is no room in true friendship for jealousy or petty suspicions. Friendship trusts always, and is usually rewarded for that trust by a deep and lasting bond that will not break. A friend is always ready to help in a time of trouble, and needs not to be asked to assist when sorrow comes, nor does she need thanks when the deed is done.

Do you know **ONE** person like this? Yes, even to have one person among all those you know who is always there, always ready and waiting to be at your service, is to be rich indeed. I am fortunate—among those I know I have many who are ready to help when things go wrong, and to rejoice when things go right. Yet I feel that to have a few true friends

is infinitely better than to have many acquaintances who are "fair-weather" friends.

Choosing friends is a difficult matter—like many other things in life, friends come along uninvited, and unasked, and it is often quite a while after they have become true friends before you realise their true value. But, if you are choosing your friends, be careful in the choice, for a man is often judged by the company he keeps. By this I do not mean that you should be snobbish in your friendships—on the contrary, I have known friendships to exist between people who have been rich and poor—but the quality of friendship has not been lessened in any degree by the difference in their stations; perhaps, on the other hand, it has been strengthened.

A friend is one who knows all about you, and loves you just the same, and it is a grand thing to know that there is always someone ready to share your moods with you. But do not forget that you grow out of some friendships. When the time comes to discard these friends, discard them as you would an old frock which you have outgrown, and cherish only the memories which they gave you in happier days.

Byron wrote: "Friendship is love without his wings," and those friends who were meant to be your friends through sunny days and grey will be with you always, whether they are by your side, or many miles away.

Mary

## Mary's "At Home"

I WAS so interested in your "Care of the Hands." I have always been interested in nice hands, although I am not as careful of my own as I should be. Once when my husband and I were on holiday, staying at a hotel, I was talking with some other women who were staying there, and one asked me if I had much trouble getting help. When I said I did my own housework, etc., she said, "Oh! I thought from looking at your hands that you must keep help." So much for that, but it was not just after

fruit picking and jam-making time, or she would have thought differently!—**Laurel, Feilding.**

I LOVED your letter "mother-wise." What a blank there is when any mother is incapacitated for a time, and how she yearns to be at her usual work again. The whole house is disorganised if Mother is absent, and how disgruntled everyone gets. Often these days we are called on to give a sudden word of encouragement, even to strangers. Yesterday I sat