

THE PERIL OF FLIRTING.

A friend asked an inmate of an asylum for homeless women what started her, in an evil life, and she replied without hesitation, "Flirting. When I was a child I flirted with boys who visited my brothers. I thought it fun, and never dreamed of harm. As I grew older I continued to flirt. I lost the respect of the men and boys of my acquaintance, and before I realized my position I had a stain upon my name." One can not make sport of a heaven given passion and hope for safety. A girl casts away her dignity and protection with the first glance, the first whisper of mock love. Flirting hardens the heart, blunts the sensibilities, and encourages a deceitful and trifling disposition. Flirting breeds disrespect, disrespect familiarity, familiarity contempt and ruin. Our girls forget that a man has no friendship, no respect nor love for a flirt. No matter how desperate he may be himself, a man uses the coquette as a plaything for an idle moment, that is all.

"Yes, I have great admiration for Miss B.," I heard one young man say to another. "All the fellows honor and respect her. She never flirts."

When that young man married, he chose for a life partner the girl who was open and above board Miss B., who never flirted.

Many girls start flirtations on the impulse of the moment. They are gay and full of life, and think not of the consequences. Permit me to give a word of advice; Pray every day, that when you are tempted to love-flirt, you may remember that such practice is profanity against the very name of God, for He is love—Christian Work.

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these bitter cold mornings and work all day when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of work. It's very hard to have to trudge along in the snow while others roll about in their carriages."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering!"

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard!" said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Dick, there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that the heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."—Sel.

HIS FACE TOLD HIS STORY.

An officer wearing the insignia of a colonel's rank came to see him. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, was full of sympathy. He drew his chair near the colonel, desiring to know what was wanted. The man's complaint was, in brief, that he had been unjustly dismissed from the army for drunkenness on duty. The officer had a good record for gallantry and courage. Lincoln knew him. He never forgot such a case. The lines in the man's face told their own story of long and unrestrained indulgence. Mr. Lincoln heard the story patiently. He rose up, and, as was his habit when moved deeply, he grasped the officer's hand in both his own and said: "Colonel, I know your story. But you carry your own condemnation in your face." The tears were in his voice, and to the officer, who walked out without a word Lincoln appeared like a slice of judgement. The only comment the President made subsequently was: "I dare not restore this man to his rank, and give him charge of one thousand men, when he puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains."—National Advocate.

"Other Christians and ministers who seem very religious and useful, may push themselves, pull wires, and work schemes to carry out their plans, but you cannot do it, and if you attempt it, you will meet with such failure and rebuke from the Lord as to make you sorely penitent."

CIGARETS LIKE OPIUM

Cigaret smoking is a vice comparable only with opium smoking and whisky drinking. It undermines the will of the victim and gains such control over him that he not only becomes incapacitated for useful work, but will go to any extreme to obtain his fatal means of indulgence if he be deprived of it. Yet many a sincere mother looks upon her boy's smoking cigarettes as a modified form of the supposed manly habit of smoking cigars. The cigarette is not a miniature cigar by any means, and if the parent realized that, there would be far less tolerance of the cigaret. This is far from being an argument in favor of tobacco in any form, but the reference is simply for the purpose of emphasizing the baneful effects of the cigaret—the worst of all the tobacco evils, since it is not even pure tobacco but contains drugs akin to opium. So fully is the evil recognized that no large employer of labor will hire a man or boy known to be addicted to cigarettes, and it is a common test to examine the fingers of boys who apply for employment, to discover whether they are stained with cigarettes.

The late legislature of Indian passed a law making it a prison offense to sell cigarettes in that state or to have them in one's possession. More than one suicide resulted because of the sudden deprivation of the cigarettes or else from excessive indulgence by victims who had laid in a stock in anticipation of the passage of the law. This in itself proves that the evils has not been exaggerated and it should arouse those who have not realized the danger and seriousness of the evil.—Home Magazine.

One of the most fatal things in the Christian life is discouragement. One of the most helpful is cheerfulness. A very wise man once said that in overcoming temptation, cheerfulness was the first thing, cheerfulness the second, and cheerfulness the third. We must expect to conquer. When our hearts are faint, then temptation has power. Satan knows this well, and he always begins his assaults by discouraging us.

The following allegory very forceible illustrates this truth:—

Satan called together a council of his servants to consult how he might make a good man sin. One evil spirit sprang up and said, "I will make him sin."

"How will you do it?" asked Satan.

"I will set before him the pleasures of sin," was the reply. "I will tell him of its delights and the rich rewards it brings."

"Ah," said Satan, "that will not do; he has tried it, and knows better than that."

Then another started up and said, "I will make him sin."

"What will you do?" asked Satan?

"I will tell him of the pains and sorrows of virtue. I will show him that virtue has no delights and brings no rewards."

"Ah, no!" exclaimed Satan, "that will not do at all; for he has tried it, and knows that wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"Well," said another imp starting up, "I will undertake to make him sin."

"And what will you do?" asked Satan.

"I will discourage his soul!" was the short reply.

"Ah, that will do!" cried Satan. "That will do. We will conquer him now." And they did.—Words of Faith.

A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine, writes a lady in Boston, "which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: "Wife, children and over \$40,000, all gone. I am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am not thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died with a broken heart, have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of a man who drinks, let him take warning of my life's ruin."—Christian Advocate.

THE INSTANTANEOUS PLAN THE BEST.

A certain brother said, "I went to hear a great preacher preach on entire sanctification. He worked hard for an hour to prove that Wesley contradicted himself on the subject. The entire discourse was in the direction to show that we are sanctified by growth. I went to hear another one who worked hard to prove that we received entire sanctification at regeneration. Neither of these men quoted much Scripture, and their congregations seemed relieved when dismissed. Then I went to hear a back-woods local preacher on the same subject. During his sermon I jotted down fifty passages of Scripture which he located and quoted correctly. He had to stop preaching to allow a man to shout. At the close of his sermon he called for seekers. Fifteen came forward, some seeking pardon and others purity. Soon the shouts of pardoned and purified souls ascended. So I concluded that the instantaneous plan was the best."

Yes, it is the only right plan—the plan that brings results. Here lies the secret of getting souls saved and sanctified. Preach the word, and follow it up by giving the people chances to seek what you offer them.—Sel.

THE THANKFUL HEART.

If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction!

The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only, the iron in God's sand is gold.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AN INDIAN'S CONVERSION

As I was conducting a quarterly meeting service among the Indians, I called for seekers, and two men came forward and were soon converted. One of them, while giving his testimony, took off his coat and cast it aside, the whole congregation meanwhile weeping profusely.

Later I asked the interpreter to give me his testimony at this point, and he replied that the converted Indian said his old life was very bad, and he would have nothing more to do with it, but would throw it away as he would an old, dirty, ragged coat, and while saying this he had thrown aside his coat.—Gospel in All Lands.

WALES BEFORE THE REVIVAL.

It would be of interest if the facts about the religious and moral condition of the churches and the people of Wales before the revival movement was known.

We heard a man say that Wales was always religious, hence it was easier to have that revival there. That is the old game of Satan to rob the Lord of his glory by attributing spiritual results to natural causes. Also to limit Divine power by restricting it to special localities.

If we mistake not, it was the spiritual dearth of the churches and the irreligious conditions of the people that led Evan Roberts to lay hold on God for the great awakening that did come.

Do not be discouraged, many a community now fast asleep and locked in an icy spiritual death, can and will be prayed out. God is not dead; the World has not lost its power; the Holy Spirit has not been withdrawn; the trouble is that God's people are not praying in faith and an agony of desire for his glory.

"Fellow Christians," cries dear old Dr. Cuyler, "have you never yet won a single soul from sin to holiness? Have you never yet opened your lips to speak of Christ to a dying sinner? Then I pity you when you reach your Father's house in heaven. For amid the innumerable hosts of the glorified, you will not find a solitary soul whom you were the means of bringing in thither. Among the glittering diadem of those who were wise to win, you, alas, will wear a starless crown. Perhaps God will have no crown for thee at all."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

AN ASSISTANT NURSE.

Along the sunny's children's ward
Sweet Gretchen wheels her chair,
A little maid with eyes of blue,
And braided flaxen hair.
The doctors say she can not walk
But Gretchen's laugh is like the sun
For driving clouds away.

She knows a hundred funny rhymes,
And games, and scraps of song,
To help the children through the days
When hours are dull and long.
She takes the lame ones on her lap
And wheels them down the hall;
The doctors smile to see her face,
And Gretchen loves them all.

She waits at evening by the beds
Where homesick babies lie,
And hears them when they say their prayers,
And tells them not to cry.
She tucks the sheets about them close,
With kisses for them all;
Wiping her own eyes bravely lest
The homesick tears should fall!

Day after day, along the rows
Of little cots all white
Sweet Gretchen sings, and wheels her chair,
And makes the whole room bright
With living sunshine, dearer far
Than gold from any purse.
And so the doctors call her now
Their First Assistant Nurse.
—By Mabel Earle in the Sunday School Visitor.

A MANLY BOY.

It was a crowded railway station, and a raw December day. Every few minutes the street cars emptied their loads at the door, and gusts of cold wind came in with the crowd. All hurried as they entered. All were laden with bag, basket, box or bundle. Shivering groups stood about the great round stove in the centre of the room. A small boy called, "Tillygram and Broken Needle," which last meant the "Brooklyn Eagle." Another boy shouted "Cough Candy and lozenges, five cents a paper."

Every five minutes a stream of people flowed out through the door, near which a young man stood and yelled, "Rapid transit for East New York!"

The gate was open but a minute, and closed again when enough persons had passed through to fill the two cars upon each train. Those so unfortunate as to be farthest from the door must wait until next time. Among those unfortunate ones was an old Swedish woman, in the heavy shoes and short frock of her own native Northland. She had heavy bundles, and, though she had a place so near the door that many pushed against her could not seem to get out. Her burden was too heavy for her to hold as she stood, and when the rush came and she seized one package from the floor by her side, she dropped the other, and, in trying to get it, some one crowded and pushed her aside. The bundle was in the way; an impatient foot kicked it beyond her reach, and before she could recover it again the door was shut. The kind old face looked pitifully troubled.

Suddenly, as she bowed her old gray head to lift the abused bundle from the floor, a bright, boyish face came between her and her treasure, and a pair of strong young hands lifted it to her arms. Surprise and delight struggled in the wrinkled countenance, and a loud laugh came from the boys whose faces were pressed against the window outside the gate.

"See there, Harry; see Fred, that's what he dashed back for!"

"No; you don't say so! I thought he went for peanuts."

"No; not for peanuts or popcorn, but to pick up an old woman's bundle. Isn't he a goose?"

"Yes; what business has she to be right in the way with her budget? I gave it a good kick."

"Here comes the train. Shall we wait for him, Harry?" And they pounded the window, and motioned for Fred to come out.

But he shook his head, and nodded to the little woman at his side. He had her bundles, and her face had lost its anxious look, and was as placid as the round face of a holiday Dutch doll.

"Come along, Fred. Come along! You'll be left again."

"Never mind, boys; off with you; I'm going to see her through."

And they went. And Harry repeated to Dick, as they seated themselves in the train. "Isn't he a goose?"

"No," was the indignant answer; "he's a man, and I know another fellow who's a goose, and that's me, and Fred makes me ashamed of myself."

"Pooh; you didn't mean anything. You only gave it a push."

"I know it; but I feel as mean as if Fred had caught me picking her pocket."

The train had whirled away. There was another rush. In the crowd was an old Swedish woman, but by her side was Fred Monroe. He carried the heavy burden; he put his lithe young figure between her and the press. With the same air he would have shown his mother, he saw her through. And when the gate shut I turned to my book with grateful warmth at my heart that, amid much that is rude, chivalry still lives as the crowning charm of a manly boy.—Silver Cross.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"Children, I have a story to tell you," the old Doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself; but somehow I don't feel very strong today."

"He walked with me to the road which turned off to the town. As he left, he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. 'When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farmhands at the door.

"One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'—Selected.

JUST LOVED ME."

Two little four-year-olds were at play on the lawn when the tiny girl slipped and fell. In a moment her companion had helped her to her feet again and stood with an arm about her neck until her sobs ceased.

"What did little cousin do for you when you were hurt?" asked the mother a few minutes later.

"Nuffin; he just loved me," answered baby, the tears still standing in her blue eyes, but the comfort of the tenderness she had received shining through them. "He just loved me over it."

Oh, the divine wisdom of the treatment! There are so many fall and hurts where older people feel called upon to bring reproof, advice, warning, wise-sounding platitudes instead of the blessed love that would heal and strengthen. Many a weakness, many a slip, many a wound grows into permanent scar and deformity for lack of the balm of sympathy and tenderness. Many a warped life and embittered heart might be saved if only there were someone to "love it over" the hour of hurt and danger and temptation.—Exchange.

Our talk is a good deal harder on the nervous system than our work.