

CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

BONAR.

How goes the fight with thee?
The life-long battle with all evil things!
Thine no low strife, and thine no selfish aim;
It is the war of giants and of kings.
Look to thine armor well!
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosen'd helmets and of broken spears.
Heed not the throng of foes!
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the church's lot.
Side thou with God, and thou must win the day:
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not!
Say not the fight is long—
'Tis but on battle, and the fight is o'er;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And the one triumph is for evermore.

HOW THE QUESTION WAS ANSWERED.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

No botanist has yet been able to find the perfume in a single flower. He analyses it and tells all about its family and habits. He applies chemical tests and tells what elements enter into petals and seed and root, but he cannot find that which makes it fill the room with fragrance. He turns his microscope on it and discovers organisms so small that only the most powerful magnifying glass can find them, but the perfume cannot be found.

This subtle mysterious quality in flowers has been compared to the influence which people have over each other.

A twelve-year old girl was once traveling in a railroad coach with her father. It was one of those raw and gloomy days when there is a general feeling of uncomfortableness.

There was a crying baby in the train and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle, and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath.

A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled at her and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this: "What is unconscious influence?" Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define.

Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a travelling man. He shook off the rain and sleet from his overcoat and looked pleasantly around on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully at the baby and at his anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world, and settled down to read the morning paper.

He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man with the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly.

A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while the mother rested.

The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the train man and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man!" she said.

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it. How good of him to answer your question so much better than I could possibly have done!"—Selected.

GEN. MITCHELL'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

The advice once given by Gen. Mitchell to an audience of poor boys, is as good for the boys of today as it was for the boys

then. He was invited by Mr. Cyrus W. Field to address a Sunday evening meeting of newsboys. The sight of the shoeless, ragged, weather-beaten little fellows seemed to arouse all the sympathy in the heart of the good general, who said:

"Boys, when I see you I feel that I am one of you. No one of you can be poorer or more friendless than I once was. I have known all about being poor."

No wonder all the eyes in the room were fastened on him. He then told the boys this story:

"When I was a boy of 12 years of age, I was working for an old lady for 25 cents a week, and I tell you she kept my hands full. One day after I had endured it as long as I could, I met a man with a team. I addressed him boldly and asked him to hire me to help him. He looked at me and said that he didn't think I'd be of any use to him.

"Oh, yes, I will," said I. "I can rub down and water your horses for you, and do a great many things for you, if you will only let me try." He didn't object any more, and told me to get up and ride. It was hard traveling; the mud was deep, and he was on a long journey. But that was my starting point in my life. I went ahead after that. An independent spirit, push, and an honest purpose, and what capacity God has given me carried me successfully through. Now, boys, don't be afraid. What if you are poor and have few friends? Try again and again. You can push through, if you only live to please God."—Sel.

SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS.

"If a man wants to drink whiskey, that is his business," says the saloon apologist. Let's see. When Bob Poland and Coon Parker were drinking in Heflin, Ala, and in their spree ran a car off the Southern R. R. off the switch and out on the main track down the grade, till it stopped on a high trestle, it became the Southern Railroad's "business."

And when a loaded freight train came along and rushed into the car, causing a \$100,000 wreck, destroying much valuable merchandise, it became the business of a great many merchants and shippers, as well as the railroad.

And when three dead bodies were dug out from under the wreck, it became the business of some wives and orphans.

And when the tax-payers are called upon to support the families whose natural providers have thus been suddenly taken away, it will become the business of several other people.

One man's drinking often becomes the business of several hundreds and thousands of people, and the man who cannot perceive this fact ought to be sent at once to an institution for the education of the feeble minded.—Sel.

WHAT DRINK DOES.

BY A. H. GOTTSCHELL.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Prov. 23:32, 31.

The truth of the above Scriptures can be proven in most every locality where intoxicating liquors are sold and drunk. A gentleman saw it proved in the Washington almshouse. One of the first persons he met there was the wreck of a man who had once been Attorney-General of Virginia. In his office many now noted attorneys had been his students. He had wealth and influence, but lost all through the fatal beverage.

Here, too was a once rich and influential editor of New York. Again and again friends had taken him out of the place, but his love for liquor is so great that he lies in the street like a beast, and is returned by the police. An ex Attorney-General of Carolina was also here. He had stolen a friend's garment and sold it for whisky.

One who was once a noted orator upon political platforms used the beverage when fortune smiled upon him, and when she frowned sought to drown sorrow by its use, but it only brought misery and poverty. Still another in the same institution was an aged man, once the prominent lawyer at the Michigan bar. The poor white-haired pauper had been a man of wonderful ability, influence, and wealth, and by his political power could set men up or pull them down as he will ed to do.

Thus might I continue to swell the list of men in various stations in life who were once bright, shining lights, useful members of society,—kind and loving husbands, breadwinners, sons, even wives, mothers, fathers, and daughters, who have fallen victims to this terrible plague.

How terrible the Bible warning that no drunkards "shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. 6:10. Yet while there is life there is hope. The love of Jesus, the merits of his blood, the grace of God, can take the most helpless drunkard from the gutter and make a saint out of him.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken."—Hab. 2:15.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Put away the evils of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well."—Isa. 1:18, 16, 17.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37, is the gracious word of Jesus.—The Beulah Mission.

HOW SHALL THEY HEAR WITHOUT A PREACHER?

Bishop Taylor told of a village in Africa where he called for a day with his little missionary boat, but was not able to remain or leave a missionary with them. They were bitterly disappointed and long entreated him to alter his purpose and leave a teacher among them. But it was beyond his power, and he sorrowfully left them. As he sailed up the river he saw them standing on the bank beckoning to him with eager entreaty.

Two days later he returned, sailing down the stream. As they passed the village, the natives were still upon the banks watching for him; and as they saw he did not intend to land, they became wild in their gesticulations and cries, waving their arms, leaping high in the air, shouting and crying in every way to attract his attention. He felt the appeal in every fibre of his being, but he could do nothing. He had no one to leave, and as he sailed down the river, his heart was broken with the sight of the village.

When at length they passed out of view and were hidden by a projecting promontory from their sight, he said he heard a great and bitter cry go up from these people, loud and long, until it pierced his soul, and seemed to go away to heaven as a protest to God against the cruelty of man. It was the lamentation of the heathen after God. Oh, friends, we shall hear that cry! It will come up in our ears once more in the judgment day. What are you going to do about it now? God help us to stand in that awful hour and say: "I am pure from the blood of all men."—Sel.

TWO UNFORTUNATE EXTREMES IN RELIGION.

The cold intellectual, that tends towards rationalism, and has no patience with any emotion in religion.

The hot headed, inflammable spirit, that tends to rant and censoriousness, and has no patience with that which is unemotional.

Both tend to spiritual blindness.

Both think they are right.

Both have a basis of truth and reason, but it is lost in the chaff.

How unfortunate, when neither can, or will, bear and forbear.

We cannot get along without ice in season; no more can we get along without fire and warmth in season. Both are needful. But—

What a misfortune to grow lop-sided. How glad the enemy is to see his cause strengthened by the contentions in the Christian fold.

Can't something more be done to save the cause of Christ from its mistaken friends.

Oh! for the Spirit of Wisdom and Love!—Christian Standard.

YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY.

For being courteous to all.
For doing good to all men.
For speaking evil of no one.
For hearing before judging.
For holding an angry tongue.
For thinking before speaking.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardons for all wrongs.
For being patient towards everybody.
For stopping the ears of a talebearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill reports.—Selected.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A SINGLE SOUL.

MRS. A. C. MORROW.

"Ruth, I have ticket for the concert of the Bell-Ringers, on Wednesday night. Can you go?" Alice said to a friend, as she stopped at her gate.

"It is prayer meeting night."

"I know; but they sail for Europe Friday night, and this is their last concert."

"But I never stay away from prayer meeting for anything."

"But this is a sacred concert—and only once. We can worship just as well there."

So, reluctantly, against her convictions, Ruth consented.

That night the girl dreamed that an angel in shining raiment stood beside her and asked gently, "Where are you going tomorrow night?"

And she answered, "I thought I would go to the concert."

Then the angel said sadly, "Have you so little appreciation of the value of a single soul?"

Vividly the vision came back to Ruth the next morning, as she lay, saying softly to herself, wondering what it could mean—"So little appreciation of the value of a single soul."

She decided that she must take back her promise to attend the concert, and go to the prayer meeting.

Ruth sat in the house of prayer with a strange joy in her soul, singing:

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of Thee;

Spring Thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

As the music ceased, the girl sprang impulsively to her feet.

"I meant to hear the Bell-Ringers tonight," she said, "but I decided that I would rather come to prayer meeting; and I am happier here than I should have been at the concert; and I am sure no music could be sweeter to me than the hymn we have just sang."

As the hour for closing drew near, the pastor arose, and invited any who would give themselves to Christ to come forward.

As he waited, in silence, a lady in mourning walked slowly up the aisle, and, kneeling, was shown the way of salvation.

When the service was ended, a friend came to Ruth, and said:

"The lady who went forward wishes to be introduced to you."

Much astonished, the girl went to receive the introduction to Mrs. Walters.

"I want to tell you" the lady said, "that I owe the fact of my being a Christian to night to your testimony. I have not been inside of a church for ten years. I came here to please a friend, and when you said you would give up a concert for a prayer meeting, and that no music could be sweeter to you than the hymn,

Jesus, lover of my soul,"

I thought to myself, 'There must be something in religion, and I am going to have it.' So, I wish to thank you that it is because of your testimony that I shall go home tonight a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Ruth held out her hand, and pressed gratefully that of her new friend.

She knew now the meaning of the angel's message.

She could not tell Mrs. Walters how nearly she had come to proving recreant to her trust, nor of the dream that had influenced her in the true direction, so she answered simply:

"I thank you for telling me this. I shall never forget it."

Yet she little guessed what cause she would always have to remember it.

Ruth's home was close beside the railroad track. About midnight she was awakened by a horrible crashing sound.

Looking from the window she could see where the midnight express and the 11.30 freight had collided.

The frantic cries of the frightened, and the piercing shrieks of the wounded made her shudder. But she bravely put away all thoughts of self, and, calling her father, was soon ready to go with him to the rescue.

And the first face that looked into hers, as she stood beside the burning train, was that of Mrs. Walters.

Pale and peaceful it was, though show-

ing how intensely she suffered.

She was extricated and bore to Ruth's home.

The power of speech was almost gone.

She rallied a little as they laid her on Ruth's couch.

Taking her hand, and pressing it to her lips, she whispered, feebly:

"Child, I'm going—it was my last chance—what if you had not spoken—what if I had not taken it?"

And kneeling there, beside the dead, the tears raining down her face, Ruth promised her Father always to do her duty; always to give her testimony; always to appreciate the value of A Single Soul.—Selected.

TOBACCO IS NOT SOLD IN ANY FORM IN UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEB.

University Place, a few miles east of Lincoln, Neb., is the only town in Nebraska where tobacco is not sold. Not only are liquor, billiard tables, dance halls, saloons and every other form of "questionable" amusements barred from this town, but now the cigar and tobacco store and the cigarette counter have been added to the prohibited list. This result was reached after a long campaign on the part of the churches and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. For years the other "vices" have been unlicensed in the town, but the war on tobacco has just been brought to a successful close under an agreement entered into by every merchant who handled such goods. University Place is the seat of the Nebraska Wesleyan University.—The Open Door.

A PITIFUL CASE OF EDUCATED IGNORANCE.

Mr. Huxley, the philosopher, said: "I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of a clock and being wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer."

He may have been profound in mind and philosophy, but pity his ignorance, for just what he wanted is provided for, in and by the Holy Spirit, in the divine plan. Many a dear old saint, who knew no philosophy, was wiser than Mr. Huxley.

His was a profession of heart need with a cry, while his philosophy rejected the only source of his help and hope. Sad!—Sel.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Aspiration always seeks service. Looking is the parent of longing. The aimless life cannot be the endless life.

There is no comfort where no compassion is.

A ready-made religion is sure to be a misfit.

The preacher who is all blow deals sin no blows.

They who put pleasure first are the last to find it.

The higher life is not found on the pedestal of pride.

When a lightweight is lifted up he is sure to be blown away.

Finding flaws in the sermon is easier than following it, any day.

There is no promise of pardon for confessing the sins of others.

The top of the cauldron is more likely to be scum than cream.

GIVING.

Calls for money to advance the kingdom of God are met in different ways by different people. Some men are angry every time you ask them to contribute. They give so that their gold and silver shoot you like a bullet. Other persons give with such beauty that you remember it as long as you live; and you say, "It is a pleasure to go to such men." There are some men who give as springs do; whether you go to them or not, they are always full; and your part is merely to put your dish under the over-flowing stream. Others give just as a pump does where the well is dry, and the pump leaks.—Sel.