

Christian Life Column.

THE PERSONAL CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. How can we know that the Holy Spirit dwells with us? If we bring forth the fruits of the Spirit (Gal. v. 22, 23) in any measure, or if we have a keen desire for them, then the Holy Ghost must be within us. But we have a simpler assurance yet. God has promised to give us His Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and if we believe God we must know that His promise is fulfilled. It is only when we willfully grieve Him and drive Him away that we are without His guidance, and then, alas! we do not know or care for our loss. This is the "age of the Holy Spirit," as it is called. The Spirit is brooding over humanity to bring order and peace and beauty, as long ago He brooded over chaos to bring shape to earthly matter and forces (Gen. i. 2). Everything good that man does, every invention, every discovery, every work of art or science, is caused directly by the Spirit working upon and through man, so that every man has the Spirit of God. If a man recognizes this gift and opens his heart and life and obeys all the noble impulses of the Spirit, then the gift becomes richer and greater. And when he gives himself up wholly to God's ruling, then he is "full of the Holy Ghost," as was Stephen (Acts vi. 5).

2. Do these evil thoughts which come to me prove me a sinner? They come unbidden, and I hate them. Because we are human we are subject to temptations by an evil power called in the Bible "Satan." He tempted Christ, but Christ did not yield, and he was without sin. Hence we know that the mere tempting does not prove us sinners. It is the yielding that proves sin. On the other hand, every time we resist an evil temptation, no matter in what shape it may come, we are stronger. The resistance which we make proves that we are led by the Spirit, and Satan cannot stand in His presence. Bunyan's experience, as he tells us of it in "Pilgrim's Progress," is an illustration of strength through the very temptation. It is a great comfort to know that the more we resist the weaker Satan's influence over us becomes. He tries us in higher ways, but these ways prove us on a higher level. By and by he almost leaves us, finding he has nothing in us. That is a magnificent and deep saying of Jesus: "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." It means much, but its great meaning for us is that as we grow more and more like Christ there is nothing in us that Satan finds agreeable, and he lets us alone. We do not reach this stage at once, but we gradually get nearer to it. Blessed be God; he holds us tightly in his loving arms, and "no man is able to pluck us away."

3. How can I make myself love my neighbor and banish feelings of hatred? This is a hard problem, and yet the methods of cure are simple. First, pray for him as often and as earnestly as you can. Second, refuse to think of the sayings or actions which made you angry with him. Third, think of his good points, the worthy things you know of him. Fourth, consider yourself and see how you may have been as unkind to another, in some other way, as he has been to you. And, fifth, try to do something for him. Send him some little token of affection, even if you find it difficult to do it affectionately. Serve him at some time of necessity, and do not be disheartened if he rejects your overtures. And then do not be cast down because you do not at once succeed in feeling toward him as you would like to. We cannot love all men alike, simply because our love is not equally received by all. But if we wish well to all men, and would help them if we could, then we have the spirit of Christ in a measure, and a greater power of that spirit will come to us.—Rev. F. W. Tompkins, in Congregationalist.

The measure of a man's real Christian stature is the exact measure of his ability to so control himself as to keep the lower faculties and passions in subordination to the higher. To do this it requires implicit faith in the Savior of men, perfect obedience to the revealed will of high heaven and a life of constant watchfulness and prayer to God for divine assistance in the great and continued struggle for the higher life. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."—Ex.

Children's Column.

THE BALLAD OF BERRY BROWN.

Oh, do you know a country lad by name of Berry Brown, Who rides upon a load of wood along the streets of town? He has a hat turned up in front and crumpled down behind, His curly hair so long and fair is tumbled by the wind, And through his coat his elbows peep, and through his boots his toes; But everywhere and anywhere he whistles as he goes.

There's something strangely taking in the eyes of Berry Brown— They seem to flash a cherry light along the streets of town; Despite his coarse and tattered vest, his boots and hat forlorn, His trousers patched, threadbare, and sagged, his shirt so old and worn, For every glimpse he gives he takes a measure of surprise, And everybody wonders where the secret of it lies.

And so his way of sitting there, so steadfast, calm, and strong; His air, as if his whistling bore wagon and wood along; His independence and self-trust, the firm-set throat and chin, The working of his muscles when he reins his horses in, Take hold of one and fascinate, as hints and glimpses can, When all the glory of a boy is merging into man.

Oh, Berry Brown looks careless, but he holds his secret well: Far hidden in the clouds are heights whereon his visions dwell; Within him somewhere swells a vein of ancient hero-vim, And who shall hold him back one step, or set the pace for him? Wait, you shall see if poverty can chain so strong a soul, Or if to sell his wood can be the rounding of his goal!

The old folk shake their heads and say: "Look out for Berry Brown When he shall measure forces with the best boys in the town! The wind has beat in Berry's face, the sun has burned his skin, And winter's cruel hand has pinched where Berry Brown has been; But hearts like his are brave enough to meet the strokes that form, And fortify the giant souls that take the world by storm!"

—Maurice Thompson, in St. Nicholas.

SUCH A SAID AFFAIR.

"Oh, mamma, today a little girl Fell down and had such a fright, And every single scholar but one Just giggled and laughed outright!"

"It was my sweet girlie that didn't laugh," Said mamma—"I know it well." With a twinkle, said Lucy, "Of course not, dear, For I was the girl that fell."

—E. A. Matthews.

WAS SHE FREE?

When Susie came out of school, one afternoon, she went home with Ruth James, because she felt pretty sure that mamma would want her to take care of Baby Fred.

"And I'd just be tied down the rest of the afternoon!" she said to Ruth, repeating a phrase that she had often heard her mother use.

At Ruth's she could do almost as she wanted to, and she had a fine chance to play. But she did not feel very comfortable, for she could not help wondering what mamma would think of her running off in this way. And the more she thought about it, the less she enjoyed her play, so at last she put down Ruth's beautiful doll and started for home.

She had found, you see, that we cannot make ourselves free by running away from duty, and that conscience can "tie us down" quite as firmly as the task that we dislike and try to avoid.—Selected.

GREAT BAT OF THE PHILIPPINES.

One of the most remarkable creatures of the Philippines is the great flying animal sometimes called the fruit bat, a full-grown specimen frequently measuring five feet from tip to tip of its wings. The creatures live in immense communities, their food consisting almost entirely of tropical fruits. Occasionally they gather so thickly on the trees that large branches are broken by their weight.

So harmful are these mammoth bats to the fruit that the agricultural department at Washington has taken steps to prevent their importation into America. Not many years ago a few were imported into Australia, where they have increased so rapidly that they have become a pest. A bounty is offered for their scalps, and recently 100,000 of the beasts were destroyed at a cost of thirty cents each.—Chicago Record.

Be not too brief in conversation lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse lest you be troublesome.—Pathagoras.

THE SWEET MOTHERLY SOUL.

A woman who entertains a great deal says that she is heart, brain, nerve and soul weary of clever people and she longs to know somebody who neither writes, sings, recites, toots, fiddles, nor even has ideas. Cleverness runs in families nowadays. Even the household baby is hauled out at deadly night hours to do his little turn and the grandmother of the family is clever. Ah, a rare and satisfying person to meet is the family woman who is not clever; who makes no pretensions to cleverness; who has not prepared a paper on any of the burning questions of the hour.

Thank God for the woman who is satisfied to stay at home and mend the stockings and make pies and other good things—make anything, in fact, provided she is contented while she is doing it. Probably she doesn't talk a great deal and doesn't mind if you do not and doesn't cherish it up against you if you do not hear what she is saying, even if you seem to be listening and are looking right at her. What a dear, restful soul she is! She knows good old tried and true remedies for ailments and she doesn't even ask you whether you want specifics for your ills or not, but she just clasps them on, or pours them in, and bustles around and hangs up things, and tells you you'll be better in the morning, and sure enough you are, dear, unselfish prophet that she is! Give us the sweet motherly soul.—Selected.

DOES CO-EDUCATION EDUCATE?

Some Searching Questions for the Parents of College Girls.

In an able article on higher education for women in the September Woman's Home Companion Louise Castle Walbridge thus arraigns our present collegiate instruction for women:

"Does co-education accomplish the best results for a girl? Is her work identical with man's? Are the feminine and masculine nature the same? If not, isn't there a suspicion of folly in spending the important preparatory years pursuing the same studies demanded by man's work? Wouldn't it be just as reasonable to teach a boy cooking and sewing and nursing, and expect him to make a full-fledged lawyer or blacksmith, as to instruct a girl in surveying and mechanics and physics, and then expect her to blossom into a thrifty, noble housewife and house-mother? The 'new woman' may fight against her obvious destiny with all her acquired masculinity, but she cannot alter the purpose of her creation, and woman will go down to the end of time as wife and mother, and it is for this her education should prepare her. An unfortunate number of our girls marry and try to rear families with the uses of the needle as unknown to them as it was to one of the aborigines. There have been schools where fine needlework was taught, and might it not be profitable if our up-to-date institutions would discard such superfluities as metaphysics and theoretical ethics and substitute instruction in this essentially feminine and eminently useful employment before it becomes a lost art? Cooking-schools have been popular for several years, and why not practicable and sensible to include some knowledge of the culinary art in a girl's education? And, most Utopian scheme of all, some experience in the care of the sick and young children? For just so sure as the years go by this work will fall upon her shoulders, and then an understanding of logarithms and Latin idioms will avail her nothing."

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Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

A THEORY.

"I wonder how Solomon became the wisest man on earth." "That's easily explained," replied the man with the intellectual but worried face. "You see, Solomon had a large number of families, and, of course, his children asked questions, just as all children do. I have no doubt Solomon was like anybody else, and had a certain dislike to exposing his ignorance. When one of the children would ask him something he didn't know he'd make believe he wanted a drink of water, and then go out and look in the back of the dictionary. I shouldn't be surprised if he were compelled to do this fifty or sixty times a day. Under such conditions a man couldn't help getting wise."—Washington Star.

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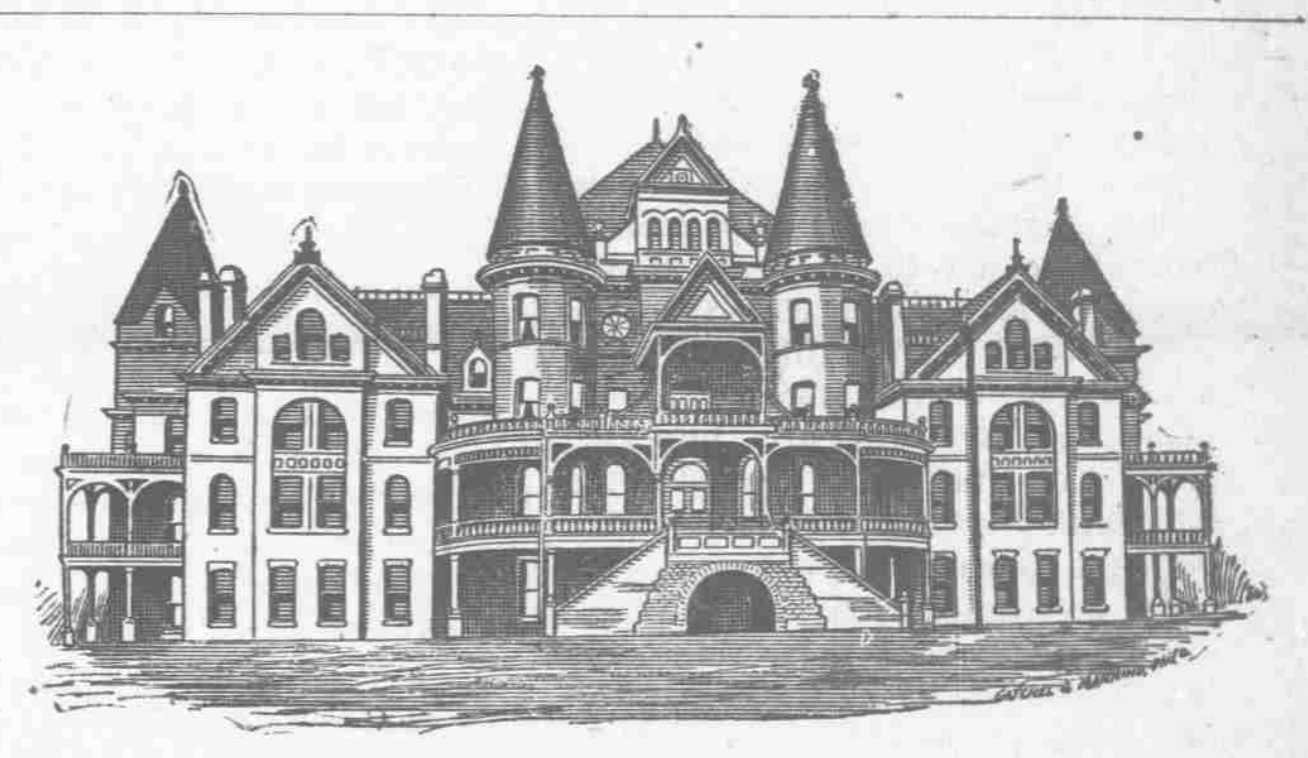
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