

startled at the roar of battle, and beaten down by the hand of tyranny. But the tide of battle ever changes. Alexander turned back only when his men refused to follow him farther. Charles XII met with a severe repulse at the battle of Pultowa, and Napoleon on his return from Russia was the herald of his own defeat. Then while the people may have at one time indulged in the brilliant hope of victory, yet at another they have been compelled to grope in the unwarrantable depths of despondency. Hence the necessity of straining every nerve and bringing every muscle into active play upon the side of right. The loyal army battling for the right will come off triumphant, for in right there is *might*, which is invincible. Seeming defeats may for the time being blast our hopes, yet victory will be the glorious consumation of a well spent life.

While nations tremble at the approach of exasperated foes, yet this is a less cause of fear and trembling than the individual encounters when the enemy of his soul approaches the inner battle ground. Within the heart there is an unseen battle field where the impulse of right and wrong are struggling for the mastery. As the battle field of human carnage enlists the sympathies of the nation, so the battle field of the inner man ought to enlist all the powers of the human soul to prostrate and eliminate the impulse of wrong, and gain the victory for the impulse of right. But how are we to do this. Bring into resignation that *will* which a farseeing Creator has given us as a necessary provision for battling against the evil impulses of our nature. Man has been provided with the necessary requisite for deciding between right and wrong, and then, nothing lacking, the will, for executing what he knows to be right, has been bestowed.

As the destiny of nations, kingdoms and empires depends upon the tide of battle where thousands of individuals are concerned, so the destiny of a human soul depends upon the tide of battle where the

impulses of a single heart are concerned. In the absence of a due exercise of will power the impulse of wrong is (according to the tendency of man's nature) apt to gain the ascendancy over the impulse of right. Then as one victory opens the way for another, the impulse of wrong gains a second battle more easily than the first. So gaining little by little the evil impulse soon gains undisputed possession of the human heart for the workings of nature's basest metal.

The world contains as many of these battle-fields as it does representatives of the human voice. How few consider these scenes of silent strife as important as those which in comparison, although of great magnitude and show to the natural eye, yet in the results are of utter insignificance. In one case the destiny of mortality hangs on the result; in the other, immortality. Nations and men have fought nobly for an existence, yet oftentimes have fallen on the very threshold of victory. As Richard Montgomery, (raising his strong right arm against the tyranny and oppression of the parent state, struggling in the defense of freedom,) and the battle was lost, so often does the individual, weak and weary, give way to the evil impulses of his nature, when one more effort would insure victory. In revolutionary times; when our country was brought to the very verge of ruin; when from a succession of defeats the last faint glimmering of hope of success had almost faded in the distance, then it was that men began to doubt the expediency of longer resistance. The army became despondent, and the identity of the American nation bade fair to be obliterated forever. But while in this emergency, driven almost to desperation, Washington with his band of valiant soldiers reversed the tide of battle by the wonderful and brilliant attack upon the foe at the battle of Trenton. Greatly astonished were the loyal troops when they awoke to find themselves utterly routed by a mere handful of the provincials. They had been taken unawares.