

Spiritual Warfare.

There are enemies without you. The god of this world has a mighty army in the field, sworn to your destruction...

But when this is impossible still his goal is not foiled. Though in form an enemy, he will still pass as a friend...

Many a man fighting the fiend Pleasure has fallen into the ambush of the fiend Asceticism. Many a brave soldier has chased Heresy till his return has been cut off by his own hand...

The holiness of such a Christian is not fitful gift of devout emotion. It is the healthy, symmetric completeness, the well-rounded wholeness of a character modelled in its humble fashion...

The following story is told of the great German scholar, Bengel. One of his pupils wanted to know how Bengel prepared his thoughts if he could not hear him pray...

Healthy, Holy, and Happy.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CYLER.

"Every sick man is a rascal," was the rough remark of old Dr. Johnson, who had a certain coarse contempt for invalids...

Holiness is the constant harmony of the soul with God. It is the agreement of love—the perfect love that casts out fear—the fear had punishment...

But even resisted in this, and driven back without admission or audience, still his strategy fails out. His feints and stratagems are exhausted. He approaches sometimes with a brave show of friendship, the trumpets bearing a flag of truce...

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"Words Filly Spoken."

She stood in the marble-paved hall of the elegant Fifth Avenue church, a silent, timid figure, all in black—not a mourning suit; the material which composed her dress was a common all-wool goods...

The quiet little church where she usually went on Sabbath morning was not far from her dingy boarding-house, and her jacket and gloves never looked so rusty there as they did in this elegant hall...

Bemoaning the Past.

It is not unusual to meet people who are full of bemoaning the past. There are many such who spend more energy in thinking what they ought to have done and chiding themselves for not having done it, than in thinking what they ought to do and planning how to do it.

Life is really too short for this sort of thing; there is too much to be achieved in the present and in the future to justify continuous dwelling on unimproved opportunities in the past. It is always in order, and in time to turn over a new leaf to begin again, to make stepping-stones on the way and errors and mistakes of the past, remembering them only so much and so long as to learn how to avoid and overcome them in the future.

Butterflies of fashion come up to the temple of fashion to worship their own sweet lives. I was a fool to chase them, and hope to find a place, or a crumb, for myself here.

A private carriage rolled up at that instant, and a lady alighted. She of the plain black suit swept a practical eye over her dress, and the girl whose week-days were spent in one of the downtown stores knew that its quietness and softness were secured only by the outlay of many dollars.

She knew the woman by sight, and by name. She had never served her once when she was searching for plain handkerchiefs. Some way the sight of the perfectly black, perfectly quiet, perfectly elegant dress made the lip of her younger sister curl more decidedly than before.

The contrast between them was too sharp for her nerves. "I'll go back," she muttered inwardly. "I'm not going to stand here all day and watch these dear Christians float into their high places. It may be the Master's house, but I don't believe there are any crumbs for the dogs."

She turned abruptly, and was so close to the elegant silk that its soft swish was heard against her coarse tricort. A delicately gloved hand was laid on her arm, and a clear voice said: "Have you a seat? Will you come with me? I have room for one, and I shall be very glad to show you the way."

Surprised, confused, hardly knowing what answer she made, or whether, indeed, she made any, the rusty black suit followed the soft and shining black one down the broad aisle, to the very centre of the great church. There they sat. He left for just two, and the one who sat on the stranger's left was a beautiful young girl, who smiled on her, pushed a cushion along for her use, and offered to share her hymn-book, for almost immediately the service began.

Was she not glad that she had come? Why had that elegant woman offered a seat, and brought her up here to this conspicuous place? During the singing and prayer she tried to calm her nerves. Would she get her crumb to-day? In what sort of a crumb did she need, anyway? There was a troubled soul had been able to answer this question, her need would not have been so sore.

Little detached sentences from the sermon were all she heard at first, and they were all in a sort of incongruous thoughts as to almost bewilder her. "This is right," therefore I will do it. Such is the Christian's rule," said the preacher. "Thou shalt not, saith the Lord; therefore I will not. This is the Christian's attitude. 'This is clear to me in my mind, but I will look and a tree to be desired to make one wise.' This is Satan's logic, and he tries by all his beguiling to confuse the mind, and make it impossible at times to decide what is right and what is wrong."

The last sentence arrested her thought, and from this time on she listened steadily. "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." This was the text, and the listener heard as one who was hearing for the first time, and wrestled with her temptation, and felt, one by one, the flimsy arguments which had beset her all the week giving way before the clear light of the Gospel.

The last hymn was sung by the great congregation in a tone of enraptured gloom. "Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom. Lead thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see Thee in the night scene; one step enough for me."

"I hope you are being led," said the sweet-voiced lady, as the "amen" of the benediction was spoken, and for a moment that soft hand rested again on the rusty black sleeve.

Not a syllable of reply was made. For a moment the great earnest eyes were lifted to her face, but she could speak no words. She turned and went slowly out of the church.

As she went down the street, she said: "God bless her! I won't forget it. Yes, He shall lead me! I will not do it, because I will not be rewarded." Pansy, in Congregationalist.

Lights in the World.

Our Master keeps ever before us that his people are to be the lights of the world. Conversion by the Holy Spirit is the original source of this light; it is the divine illumination of the heart hitherto dark in sin.

Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ, like the blue point of flame on a candlewick, and this germ grows into a full, bright blaze. The beginning of true religion is in the first acts of penitence, the first yearnings after Christ, the first steps of obedience to him.

In order to shine, a Christian does not need great talents, or wealth, or conspicuous position. The little lamp by which a housewife threads her needle is as truly luminous as is the huge lantern that burns in the tower of the City Hall.

Every consistent, right-living child of God, be he ever so humble, is a candle shining in the spot where his Lord has placed him. What we need most is not the blaze of a few powerful electric lights in certain conspicuous places, but the steady shining of every lamp in the whole church of Christ over the land.

A genuine revival means trimming of personal lamps.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

"If I no Think of any Outlook I'll no Ken the Danger." BY CELIA M. WINSTON.

"The coal is nearly gone, business dull, and here are I and Maria, old people, with nothing to depend upon except my daily work in the office; and as I said before, business dull, so dull that I may be turned off any day."

"If that rascal bank had not broken, I should have been in easy circumstances, looking forward to a comfortable old age, but now," and white-haired Mr. Wharton's hands trembled as well as his voice.

"I have been looking at you, and I see in the future, when the minister came briskly in asking, 'Well how are prospects with you this morning, brother Wharton?' and he could not refrain from uttering the doleful answer just given.

"The minister was always sympathetic 'weeping with those that weep,' he and older Wharton had borne one another's burdens many a long year, but to-day he laid no heed except to give the cheeriest of smiles and reply:

"Ah! you must go to see Granny Brown; she is just fully about your comfortable old age; as to our last meeting of the session, it is very important. And the minister seemed entirely to forget Mr. Wharton and his wife, Maria, serenely discussing church matters as he took his leave.

"Strange," mused the older, "I never knew him to fly off so at a tangent. Said, 'Granny Brown' could 'satisfy' me; why he must have been absent-minded."

However, the name of "Granny Brown" caused him to remember that he had neglected the poor widow long ago, and he took up a box of the fast-vanishing coal to carry to her (she lived down the nearest alley), thinking to himself: "Poor woman! she is a million times worse off than I am; that bank had her savings she had earned by unremitting labors. I hate to see such misery; I'll put the coal down and hurry away. I am miserable enough myself without being made more so; suppose she must spend her time praying for death." He was at the door; a thin, quavering voice was singing, singing in tones of rest and contentment. He stopped to listen:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love." Then the cracked voice actually rang with triumph in the last two lines. "And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, They still in my bosom like lambs shall borm."

Mr. Wharton entered the bare, cold room; a spark of fire was in the grate; "cheerless" was written over the whole place except when one's eyes fell on Granny lying in bed; her face had "cheerful" imprinted on every lineament, and "cheerful" sounded forth in her words as she turned to the older and her hearty thanks for the coal.

A Woman's Confession.

"Do you know, Mary, I once actually contemplated suicide?" "You horrify me, Mrs. B. Tell me about it." "I was suffering from chronic weakness. I looked ten years older than I really was, and I felt twenty. Life seemed to have nothing in it worth living for."

"Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which would have ruined me. A friend advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I did so. In an incredibly short time I felt like a new being. The 'Prescription' cured me, and I owe Dr. Pierce a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

Every-day religion is the foundation of thoroughness, which is another word for truthfulness or honesty. Workmen that slight their work, whether they make shirts for a living or sermons, build houses or ships, raise flocks or families, will be some day or other found out. We want clothes that will not rip, vessels that will not leak, and bridges that will not break down. So we want workmen that will stand temptation, and not snap under the sudden pressure of life.—N. Y. Evangelist.

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Should have Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It saves thousands of lives annually, and is peculiarly efficacious in Croup, Whooping Cough, and Sore Throat.

Relieved By the same remedy. I gladly offer this testimony for the benefit of all similarly afflicted.—F. H. Hasler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Neb.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, has proved remarkably effective in croup and is invaluable as a family medicine.—D. M. Bryant, Chitopee Falls, Mass.

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