Spiritual Warfare.

There are enemies without you. The god of this world has a mighty army in the field, sworn to your destruction, and your danger from them lies most in surprises. Your mightiest foes are disguised and in ambush. In the strategy and not the strength of Satan lies his greatest power for evil; and, therefore, against his devices we are especially warned; his consummate skill in detecting the weak points, and taking advantage of the mistakes of his enemy in choosing positions and conducting attacks; his wiles, and his stratagems. Here are the secrets of his uniform and terrible successes:

1. Sometimes he is found in the spiritual camp in the very guise of the sentinel. He steals the uniform and utters the watchward of the soldier on guard. He takes the very truth of God and perverts it to man's ruin. We preach God's sovereignty; Satan takes up the truth and cries, "Therefore you can do nothing." We preach human depravity; "Therefore," says Satan, "you are too wicked to be forgiven." We preach the Atonement; "Therefore," says the devil, "all men are sure of salvation;" till, alas! the very watchwords of the host of God are uttered by the destroyer. And so we cry, "Look well to every form that walks through the camp, lest your sentinels destroy you!"

2. But when this is impossible still his guile is not foiled. Though in form an enemy, he will still pass as a friend. He comes to your intrenchments bearing a flag of truce. With plausible pretexts and propositions he asks an armistice. He would compromise matters, and make life a kind of neutral ground or armed neutrality between the infernal and the heavenly; or, failing in this, still in his short visit to the camp, he spies out your numbers and defences, and gains time through your procrastination to render his assaults resistless. O, beware of that white flag! It is more dangerous oftentimes than the black and defiant standard.

3. But even resisted in this, and driven back without admission or audience, still his strategy fails out. His feints and stratagems are exhaustless. He approaches sometimes with a brave show of soldiership, the trumpets sounding, the armors flashing, the standard high in air, and the sentinels cry aloud. The camp is all alive, and men spring to arms and rush to the encounter. Then he seems for a moment withstood. He recoils,—yea, he retreats, seemingly defeated; and now, proud of your victory, you pursue the fugitive. You leave your stronghold far behind you; you rush into the unknown country, when, alas! a mine marked battery on the road opens its awful fire, or the foe rush from ambush to capture and destroy you.

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 as foul a fiend Bigotry. Poor Peter, in his rage against the devil Treachery, at the gate of Gethsemane, rushed into blaspheming at the high priest's palace; and even the beloved John, pursuing with heaven's fire the devil of Idumea, fell upon the masked battery of malice and uncharitableness. And even foiled in all these manifold artifices, still his strategy in the grand assault is exhaustless. Knowing the restless strength of a soul if it abide in Christ Jesus, it is not by their skill and bravery he thinks to conquer. He knows, as we know, that one wakeful, well-armed Christian, sure of the path, is more than a match for a legion of devils. So he supplies the lack of power by subtlety. He discovers the important moment and the weaker parts of his adversaries. He counts his master movements. Nothing betrays his mind. He leaves his tents unmarked; the watch pass him silently; and in the dark night he advances. The sentinels are seized and drawn with the rapidity of thought; the abutments are carried, the breast-works surrounded, and while the spiritual man revels at the camp-fire, or reposes in the tent, he is overborne and conquered, not because he was weak, but because he was not watchful.

We repeat it. The success of Satan over souls rests not on his power, but on his consummate sagacity. You might conquer him if you would. Standing watchful and well armed in the full panoply of heaven, verily "one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." Gibraltar, high up on its everlasting rock, is not more impregnable to a fleet of Algier gun-boats than the weakest child of God, with his feet firmly planted on the Rock of Ages, against hell's mightiest war power. Therefore we repeat it. Our business, as preachers, is to keep you watchful unto prayer and ready for the battle. Your danger is in the enemy's subtleness of strategy, his beguilements, his sorcery, his deep and deadly devices; all his consummate skill, his matchless military genuis, is put forth in marshaling the great battle which he wages against you. Nor is his mighty energy wasted in a small achievement. He at least knows the worth of an immortal soul. To the infidel it may seem fanciful, with his insane self-conceit, to speak of a human spirit as something important enough to excite the infernal hosts to carry it away captive. But to all higher intelligence, whether of fiends or of angels, such a spirit, in the relation it sustains through deliverance from sin and the great scheme of redemption, so that a saved soul shall throughout eternity stand a monument unto divine glory, on which, more illustriously than all the palaces of heaven, shall be inscribed the grandeur of the divine power, the immortality of divine grace—such a soul, I say, unto spirits of immortal sagacity seems something of grand import and worth something, whose conquest is more sternly to be struggled for than the imperial domain over a thousand worlds. —*Dr. Charles Wadsworth.*

— The following story is told of the great German scholar, Bengel. One of his pupils wished to know how Bengel prayed. He thought if he could only hear him pray, it would be a lesson of life-long value, and so he secretly watched him during the evening. For hours, the old saint turned over the leaves of his Bible in holy meditation and study. At last he folded his arms over the open book, and looking up, said: "Lord Jesus, Thou knowest me; we are on the same old terms," and so he fell asleep. Why should not prayer be with each one of us sweet and restful communion with our great, invisible Friend?

Healthy, Holy, and Happy.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Every sick man is a rascal," was the rough remark of old Dr. Johnson, who had a certain coarse contempt for invalids. Whatever may be said of physical ailments it is true that all spiritual sickness is born of sin. A genuine Christian ought to be healthy, holy, and happy. One mark of a healthy Christian is a vigorous conscience attuned to God's Word and kept sweet and pure by prayer. Another mark is a good appetite for the bread of life. It is not the intellectual tickle of a dainty palate that such a believer is after; he hungers for the strong meat as well as the luscious honeycomb of the gospel. His soul delights itself in the fatness of God's Work; and you cannot satisfy him with pulpit confectionery or condiments.

Holiness is the constant harmony of the soul with God. It is the agreement of love—of the perfect love that casts out fear, "for fear hath punishment" (as the New Revision renders it). From this harmony of the forgiven soul with the heart of God flows a deep, broad, tranquil river of peace that passeth all fathoming, and this stream deepens and widens until it empties into the ocean of everlasting love. The Christian who takes God at His Word, who lives above the malarious low-grounds, who keeps his soul's front windows open towards heaven and makes a cross to be a ladder for an upward climb, cannot be otherwise than happy. If he is sometimes called to voyage through dark nights he keeps his binnacle-light burning, and enjoys the phosphorescence from the great sweeping waves of adversity. A morose, peevish, discontented Christian is a standing libel on the name he bears. This is a very different type of character from the timid and morbidly sensitive sort of disciples like Bunyan's "Miss Much-afraid" and "Mr. Fearing" who laid out in the cold all night because he had not the courage to knock at the wicket gate. The Master has a very tender compassion for these timid, self-distrustful disciples, and as Bunyan says, "He helps them to some dainty bits from the trencher" when they sit at His table. If they are not very exuberant in their joys they never bring shame on the Christian name, for they commonly "walk humbly with God," and make a little comfort go a great way. These are not the normal type of healthy, athletic Christians, any more than the dwarf pines on the Jersey coast are the normal type of the stately pine forests of Maine or Norway.

I often dip into the "Letters of Samuel Rutherford." Like the Pilgrim's Progress, that rich volume is one of my classics. Rutherford penned many of his letters, as Bunyan penned his marvellous allegory, within the walls of a prison, where he was "a prisoner of Jesus Christ." These seraphic letters are bathed in celestial sunshine. He exclaims, "Come, O my well-beloved! move fast that we may meet at the banquet. I would not exchange one smile of his lovely face for kingdoms. There is no house-room for crosses in heaven. Sorrow and the saints are not married together, or if it were so, heaven would divorce them." It was from his dying lips that broke that rapturous expression, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

The holiness of such a Christian is not fitful jet of devout emotion. It is the healthy, symmetric completeness, the well-rounded *wholeness* of a character modelled, in its humble fashion, after Christ. One fruit of it is a rigid regard for the every day moralities. Healthy piety keep the commandments, speaks the truth in love, pays twenty shillings to the pound, and serves God with an enjoyment of the very severities of duty.

The more I observe of the best specimens of Christianity the more I discover them to be men and women who relish broad horizons, and enjoy fresh air and try to walk in God's sun-shine. Heroic old Martin Luther chanting his "Ein feste burg" is the model of this class. So were Dr. Guthrie and Norman McLeod wearing under their Presbyterian robes the radiant humor that enjoyed a wholesome laugh and whose spirits had the joyous playfulness of a child. Spurgeon, Lyman Beecher, and Moody belong to this type; in fact, the healthiest type of robust piety is a cheerful one. Such Christians take delight in the friendship of their Lord and Master; they understand the meaning of the "joy in the Holy Spirit." They are plucking Eshcol-clusters every day on their road to the celestial Canaan.—*Evangelist.*

"Words Fitly 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, coarse, and of the quality which does not retain its color very well. The neat-fitting jacket was of the same material, but had been worn for some time, and was growing shabby. Its owner was conscious of this fact. She looked down on a frayed bit of the binding, and placed her arm over it in a vain attempt to hide it from view, her face flushing painfully the while. Her black hat was of last year's shape, and had the air of having been brushed with painstaking care to give it as good an appearance as possible. A linen collar and a pair of carefully-mended gloves completed her attire.

She looked and felt out of place amid the moving throng of elegantly dressed people who constantly surged by her. There seemed no present prospect that the unpretentious-looking stranger would be seated. Others, evidently strangers like herself, after a few minutes of decorous waiting, moved past her into the church, and were one by one slipped into vacant niches in the fast-filling pews. But it happened that no usher spoke to her, or appeared to notice her. She was very tired; the walk had been long even for her, who was used to long walks. It had been from no conscientious scruples about Sabbath car-riding that she had walked the distance between this church and her boarding-house, though the great Fifth Avenue omnibusses rolled past her continually, but because the half-dime it would have taken to ride was far too precious to be spent in this way.

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. She had been for some time sorry that she had obeyed a sort of blind impulse which had prompted her to come up here, and be jostled about in the hall. The impulse was born of a stray sentence she had read in the paper—a quotation from Dr. Hall's sermon the Sabbath before. Despite her effort to shake it off, it had stayed by her all the week, and brought her, almost against her will, to this strange world.

She rested her weight first on one foot, then on the other, and watched the crowds move slowly by, her lip meanwhile taking that peculiar upward curve which would have told a student of human nature something of the tenor of her thoughts.

"Butterflies of fashion come up to the temple of fashion to worship their own sweet selves! I was a fool to chase them up, 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, as she paused in the hall to lay off a wrap too heavy for the church.

All in black this lady was also, but what a difference between the two! The shabby jacket looked shabbier than ever beside the soft, glittering garment whose shapeliness was grace itself. A very quiet-looking silk, but the girl whose week-days were spent in one of the down-town 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 even 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 tricot.

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 were seats 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 sorry or 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? What sort of a crumb did she need, anyway? If the poor, 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 broke in upon such 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 pleasant to the sight and good for food, and a tree to be desired to make one wise.' This is Satan's logic, and he tries by all his beguilings to confuse the mind, and make it impossible at times to decide what is right and what is wrong."

That 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 her life, 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:

"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
The distant 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 it is not *right!*"

As for the gracious soul who gave a cup of water in "His name" that day, you need have no regret because she did not know how it had refreshed a soul; for you remember who has said, "She shall in no-wise lose her reward."—*Panay, in Congregationalist.*

— The *Baptist Chronicle* tells of a colored brother who explained the doctrine of falling from grace in an original, if not in an orthodox, manner. An old colored preacher said, to the surprise of his congregation, that he believed in falling from grace. "But," says he, "I lustrate it in dis way: One time massa had some hams hanging up under a scaffold to smoke. I thought I would go out one night and steal one of those hams. So I got me a barrel and climbed up on it and reached over to get one, but just as my hand got in about a foot of that ham, the barrel tilted and down we came. Sure enough, bredren, I fell from dat ham, and dat's de way people fall from grace. Dey fall *from* grace, but dey don't fall *with* grace. Dey never had any to fall with."

Bemoaning the Past.

It is not unusual to meet people who are always 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 sins 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.

"O, if I could live my life over again," says one, "how differently I would act." But you can't live it over again. The only thing you can do is to live to-day as well as you can, to straighten your lines of action and see that they all point upward, away from the wrong, toward the right. Time spent in mere idle regret is worse than wasted.

Even Job, that man "divulged through heaven to all the angels," refers to the "sins of his youth," and begs that they be remembered not against him.

The atmosphere of regret is debilitating, enervating, asphyxiating. It should be avoided by us as we avoid malarial atmospheres and those saturated with infection. A great purpose will lift one out of regrets, and failing a great purpose many smaller ones will accomplish the same end. In such a world as this there is always enough affirmative, positive good to be done to occupy all one's time and thought, all one's capacity of doing and willing.

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 Paul, this process is sudden. Sometimes, as in the case of John Newton, there is at first a feeble germ, like the blue point of flame on a candle-wick, 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 is dull, so dull that I may be turned off any day.

"If that rascally 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. He had been looking forward gloomily into 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 elder Wharton had borne one another's burdens many a long year, but to-day he paid no heed except to give the cheeriest of smiles and reply:

"Ah! you must go to see Granny Brown; she will satisfy you 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 till he took his leave.

"Strange," mused the elder, "I never knew him to fly off so at a targent. 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 lately; and he took up a hod 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 all her savings she had earned by unremitting labors. I hate to see such misery, will 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 on my bosom like lambs shall be borne."

Mr. Wharton entered the bare, cold room, not a spark of fire was in the tiny 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 geeting to the elder and her hearty thanks for the coal.

"Are you sick this morning, that you are in bed?" asked he.

"No, no, it was cold up and you know there is no necessity for me to rise in the cold for I have no work to do; the good Lord provided me this warm spot, putting it in the heart of a friend to send me a pair of blankets last week; I knew the coal too would come in the right hour.

"Isn't it dreadful to look forward to the coming winter? It promises to be a cold one, and times are unusually hard. I feel blue over the outlook."

"Well, now! Elder Wharton, I have just been telling the minister about that very thing. He said the same words about the '*outlook*' and I told him I had been fighting the devil all the morning for whispering that word in my ears, and now *he* was doing it."

"Don't you think it necessary to have an outlook for the future? The Lord requires us to provide for ourselves and families and 'to provide,' means to 'look-out' for their welfare."

"And when you can't provide, are old and helpless, what then?" queried Granny.

"That is just what I was troubled about. I was amazed to hear you singing away so happily when you are 'old and helpless' and 'can't provide;' what is the secret?"

"It is because I am old and helpless and unprovided for that I can sing happily; didn't you hear those words:

'And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
They still in my bosom like lambs shall be borne.'

"How does the lamb do? He tucks his head in the shepherd's bosom and troubles no more about the way.

"When I was a wee slip of a lass my father had to carry me over a deep stream crossed by a narrow plank. When he lifted me up in his arms he said: 'Now, Jeannie, if you look out you will be dizzy, and maybe you will struggle to get out of my grasp, but if you will put your head under my cloak and not think of any outlook, you will no ken you are not in your mother's own bed; for you will no ken the danger.'

"Now the Lord has taken me up in His bosom to bear me over this last deep stream. I know that poverty, cold, hunger, are ready to swoop down on one just as the winds swept down the gorge that day, but if I no think of my *outlook* I will no feel the cold or the hunger.

"I will no ken I am not as safe for the future as your rich Vanderbilts. Am I not warm under these blankets? Have you not brought me coal enough to warm me when I get up? I had enough to eat yesterday, I'll have enough for to-morrow.

"The shepherd who bears the lamb in his bosom feeds him, keeps him warm, and goes over all the rocks, the hills, through all the briers and thorns, with the little lambs asleep, not knowing the road is rough even.

"My Shepherd will carry me through all the 'hard times,' and if I no think of any outlook I'll no ken I am not in my mother's own bed!

"Only one outlook I take; up high in the good shepherd's arms, I look across the hard, stony ground He is carrying me over, to the 'green pastures and still waters' where He will soon lead me.

"That is an up-look as well as an *outlook*," and Granny smiled as she thought the glorious outlook, and the elder felt satisfied, as the minister predicted.

Whenever gloomy thoughts arose, he resolutely shut his eyes to the threatening future, saying: "If I no think of any outlook, I'll no ken the danger."—*Central Presbyterian.*

— These trenchant words, upon a subject which must concern every true seeker after righteousness, are from a recent sermon of Dr. C. H. Parkhurst:

Knowing that a thing is wrong does not prevent our doing it. Knowing that a thing is wrong restrains us from its commission only to the degree that our knowledge that it is wrong is suffused with a living sense of the sinfulness and damnableness of the act contemplated. It is tolerably clear where our work needs to be put. How can I learn to hate sin? Not by studying it. Looking at the darkness does not make it blacker; it makes it brighter, and the longer you look the more threads of whiteness you will find in it. Nor can we become more conscious of the sinfulness of sin by any resolved and heroic straining and prodding of our moral perceptions. Sin discloses its heinousness only as it is beheld in the light of the perfect holiness of Almighty God. The ground still needs the sky; the nether firmament yet hangs upon the upper. Christ, *that bundle of heavenly sunshine*, is this gross world's only hope. History cannot utterly fail till it has succeeded in expunging the memory of the thirty-three years of the perfected Jesus. It was in God's eye that David saw the foulness of his own adulterousness. The Lord open the heavens above us and let the *eternal* shine in the midst of our days, and cause His own revealed holiness to work within us the perfect knowledge of sin, and the perfect abhorrence of it. Then we are safe; safe as God is safe; safe from the devil and a whole hell full of his angels; safe as Paul was safe who stood unflinching before the thorn because he had heard the voices that were unutterable; safe as the Lord was safe who stepped forward triumphant to Calvary, because on the mount he had gathered armament from the prophets, and had been suffused with the light and wrapped about with the glory shed upon him from uncovered heavens.

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." "I have experienced all these symptoms myself. Well?" "Well, I was saved at the eleventh hour from the commission of a deed which I shudder to think of. 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 characters that will stand temptation, and not snap asunder under the sudden pressure of life.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

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