

Another Year.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master let it be,
In working or in waiting
Another year with thee.

Another year of learning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

Another year of progress;
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of waiting
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year with thee.

—FRAZER RILEY HAVESGAL.

A Renewal from every one
whose term of subscription
has expired is expected now.
Kindly send it at once.

One More Leaf of Life.

Another year of existence, with all its depths of experience, its heights of joy? Yes, and some time we shall thank God for the dark places, the deep places, that go down, down in sorrow, as we cry, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me?" Yes, blessed is life, this mystery of being, these opening gates of our immortality, our entrance upon eternity. Live life. E joy it. It is God's good gift. Don't be afraid of it. Don't be afraid to be happy. Let all the tides of joy the most profound sweep through your being and thrill and possess you. Live happily, cheerfully, sunnily.

Try to make others happy. Don't keep this joy of life all to yourself. If you do, it will slip through your fingers. It will surely get away from you the moment you try to keep it to yourself. Share it with somebody. Try to make another happy, just as easy as possible. For there are so many who are so poor, so sick, and bent down under heavy loads that they bitterly cry, "Is it worth our while to live? Was it not a mistake that ever existence was given to us?" Think of such, give to such, share everything you have with somebody who has nothing.

A d d then, having enjoyed life, having lived for somebody else, forget not that there is a better life. Man talk of death, but really it is only one gateway in this long, long existence—this immortality that we have entered upon. It is only a side in the wall separating two fields; but, oh, the field beyond is so much greener, fairer, larger! You inherit both fields—this with its boundaries, the other that is limitless. To the life coming you may pass this very year, and so it may be a new year as you did not anticipate it. Only be not afraid of it. Welcome it as a something thought of every day, something to be desired as the best, the most precious of God's gifts. Let this seasons but never-chilling thought descend upon you, touching, and ruling, and inspiring you to live your best life now, as a step on and up to something inexpressibly grander to be given and ad. Let your prayer be, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Guard the Heart-House!

BY THEODORE L. CYLER, D. D.

A good man's heart is described in the Bible as a "habitation of God in the Spirit." Christians are reminded as to that they are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and are earnestly exhorted to keep that heart-house with all diligence. A curious family is that society of faculties, tastes, affections, and emotions which dwells inside of us. Every unconverted heart is a dwelling place of the evil one, who is the head of the family, and in every room are more or less sinful appetites, desires, and passions. Conversion means house clearing and house cleaning. A regenerated heart is a reformer's household, with Jesus Christ admitted to reside and to preside there. Now if conversion always meant perfect and sinless sanctification, then the heart would not need so much watching.

Experience proves, however, that the quarter in which we are most exposed to danger is within; Christians must never forget that the most dangerous foes are they of our own household, if we once admit them. Did you ever know an upright man or a pure woman to be ruined by outside attacks upon his or her character?

K. D. C. the Great Spring remedy.

To abuse a good man commonly rallies more friends to him. Such headwinds only fan the fires of his furnace and drive him onward. No true man was ever put down and kept down by eternal assaults of any kind—not as long as he remains true to conscience and to God. When a character is destroyed, it is not murder; it is suicide. The only person who can put you or me down is the foe in our own household. If the Spirit of Christ dwells there, and is not "grieved" away; if He controls, purifies, and protects the heart-house then are we kept by the power of God through faith to our full salvation.

Bear in mind, brethren, that our real danger is from ourselves. Sin never hurts us as long as we keep it outside of us. The hundred places of temptation which every good man passes daily in the streets do him no harm as long as he has no desire to enter them. But when an evil desire whispers, "Go in for this once," and he surrenders to that desire, he is—gone! Sin got control first in his own heart and betrayed him into the haunt of wickedness. The reason why Joseph did not fall when beset by a prodigiously strong temptation was that conscience kept guard of his heart-house. The reason why David did fall was that sin was already inside of the fortress and surrendered it. The inward lust when it had conceived brought forth the sin, and fearfully did he pay for it. We don't wonder at that piercing cry of anguish, "Create in me, O God, a clean heart!"

There is a pungent little sermon in that fable of Elop's which we read in our childhood. A countryman discovered a snake lying out in his field, frozen with the cold. The benumbed serpent was of no harm there to anybody. He foolishly carried it into his own house and lays it before the fire; he domesticates it. As soon as the reptile thaws out it begins to show its fangs and to sting the children by the fireside. Ah, it is the serpent that we admit into the heart, and harbor in the heart, that does the deadly mischief. Sin out-of-doors is harmless; sin within doors poisons and kills. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, thefts, falsehood, and all the brood that defile and destroy.

We are told that at Gibraltar there is a sentinel, with match in hand, guarding the entrance to the tunnel which leads out to the "neutral ground." If there were any insurrection in the garrison, he could at once light the whole train, and blow the tunnel up; and to insure watchfulness the sentinel is relieved every two hours. God has made everyone the keeper of his own heart-habitation. Conscience is the sentinel faculty. A conscience drugged, a conscience seared or smothered, leaves us at the mercy of any insurrection within or any snares from without. To enlighten our consciences and to strengthen them, the blessed Master offers to us the aids of His Spirit. What a crime it is, therefore, to "quench the Holy Spirit!" He exhorts us to watch and to pray, lest we fall under strong temptations; and blessed are they whom He finds watching.

Our Lord drew a vivid picture of the human heart in that parable of the man who while armed kept his own house, and his goods were in peace. But by and by that house is invaded by shadowy forms that stealthily approach it. That door is left unbarred. There is no resistance from within. The evil spirits enter in and dwell there, and the once peaceful habitation rings with the laughter of the demons and echoes to the revelry of the unclean spirits! The last state of that man was worse than the first; for the castle of his own heart is surrendered, and they of his own household become his destroyers!

How true it is that every man is his own friend or his own worst enemy. The rich doctrine of divine grace does not nullify the doctrine of free agency and personal responsibility. "Look to yourselves!" is the solemn injunction of the apostle. The price of our safety is eternal vigilance—both the vigilance of our own consciences and of Him who is able to keep us from falling. When temptation is presented to us, let us imagine that a devil is outside, knocking for admission. Outside he is harmless; inside he is what he was in Eden. When we think of the deceitfulness of the human heart, when we think of the plausible disguises that Satan puts on, when we think of the hiding places that sin finds in the corners of the soul, how constant should be our watch and how constant our prayer: "Come, O omnipotent Jesus, and abide in me! Deliver me from the foe in my own household! Fill me with Thy light and Thy love, and then my joy shall be full!"

K. D. C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

"Dwell Thou within me, Lord; my strength is small,
My foes are many; O, be Thou my all!
Keep me, O keep Thy own till the last trumpet call!"

—The Christian Intelligencer.

Problems and Duties of Life.

If time is the stuff of which life is made, the waymarks that mark the flight of the years should prompt us to reflect on the problems and duties of human life. Life is a mysterious thing in itself; but still more so considered in its relation to God and eternity.

We may think of it as a period of existence to be filled with holy deed and thought; or as a springtime, in which to sow the seeds of an immortal harvest; or as a voyage over stormy and treacherous seas. But from whatever standpoint we look at our own life, or the lives of others, there are mysteries to be solved and duty to be done. We may be so occupied with means as to forget the ends. There is nothing so grand and beautiful as a noble, unselfish life. All our intellectual pursuits and religious observances should have the practical result of building up types of manhood and womanhood which will be powers of usefulness to bless the world. Religious worship, study and prayer, that some think of as if they constituted the sum of religion, are a vain thing unless they are the means of opening the soul to receive the light and life of God, which makes us "vessels unto honor, having our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." No gifts of intellect, no acquisitions of knowledge, no human achievements can lift us up in the scale of being like the goodness that consists in conformity in character to the image, and in conduct to the will of God. But beliefs, studies and worship are not, therefore, to be disparaged. Everything is important that in any degree conduces to make us what God would have us to be.

It has become fashionable to talk of human beings as collective communities, and to speak of the prominence given to individual action and responsibility in past teaching as an old fashioned method which this age has outgrown. We admit there are national and racial characteristics. There are movements and reforms that can only be wrought out by combinations of those who are like minded. We are related to each other. "None of us liveth to himself." Yet men are not converted in masses. Righteousness of character is an individual possession. "Every one of us must give an account of himself to God." In spite of our associations and brotherhood, there is an important sense in which every human being is alone, and lives an isolated life. He has received his particular talents from the Master. He is alone in his relations to God. He has joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, battles and burdens, which he cannot share with another. There is danger that men may come to think of themselves as a part of humanity, so as to lose the sense of their personal responsibility to consecrate themselves a body, soul and spirit to the service of God. At this season there should be personal self-examination, personal confession of past sin, personal prayers for divine help, and personal consecration to Christ as Saviour and King. You may not be able to do anything that will win renown in this world. You may never be distinguished for great learning, great achievements, or any of the things which the world admires. Yet there is a higher blessedness to which the lowliest Christian may attain. You may so live as to add to the sum of the world's goodness. You may be a child of God, and serve your generation according to his will; "for as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God." You can leave, as an offering, a life lived under his guidance, inspired by his love, by which your fellowmen have been made better and God glorified.—Guardian.

Self-Denial.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Why is it that so many thousands of Christians are content with the low, compromise life of which we have been hearing so much? There is one answer, and only one, to that question: It is because they put self between them and God. And they will never find him until they put away self and live the new life from above. There is the fact. We cannot get away from it. The one word self comprehends all that is opposed to God, while self-denial brings us into his very presence. Peter was a believer. His answer pleased the Master. But he was still carnal, and drew back at the shadow of the cross. Hence the rebuke of the Lord, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And hence, too, the law of self-denial laid down in

K. D. C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

our text. Not only must Christ take up his cross, but all his followers.

First, as to the nature of self. It is the center of our life and being. God gave it to us that we might bring it back to him as an empty vessel for him to fill. When God wanted a vessel into which he might pour the riches of his power and glory, he created the world. Then one of the angels began to think of self more than of God, and soon he ceased to be an angel in heaven, and became a devil in hell. Self turned to God is the most glorious thing in the world; but self turned away from him is the most hateful. It was through self that Satan tempted Eve. He breathed into her soul the very poison of hell, and that poison is in our blood to-day. Then the works of self are self-will, self-confidence, and self-exaltation. To please ourselves is the great sin of the world. A Christian is a man who never follows his own will, but the will of God. The Master said to Peter, "Deny thyself," but Peter denied his Master instead.

Oh, that cursed self! Look at your own lives and see how they are wrecked by it.

Next, there is self-confidence, which is so dangerous to many Christians. People ask, "Why do I fail in the Christian life?" Because they trust in themselves. Lastly, there is self-exaltation. Oh, how much pride, and touchiness, and jealousy we find among Christians! How much desire there is for the praise of men! This is the self that is killing you. How shall you get rid of it? Only by denying yourself, and taking up the cross, and following Christ. Then, and only then, will all be well with you. Jesus led Peter till he was broken down. So it must be with us. We must kill self every day and hour in order that we may find our true selves in Christ Jesus. Say to him, "Lord, here I am; take me for thine." It will not be easy, but it is the only way to God. We must learn to hate self, to deny self, in order that Jesus Christ may be all in all.—Andrew Murray.

How One Man Works.

Rev. Dr. Judson, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, has written the Examiner of his methods of work. We give his own words, as follows:

"At the risk of telling tales out of school, I wish to divulge an evangelistic device—almost the only one I know that never wears out; it works in summer and winter alike—the smaller the meeting the more effective it is. We begin our service at 7.30. At about a quarter of nine, the subject having been fairly opened and the meeting under good headway, I give out a hymn to be sung, the congregation rising. I say that any who are weary, or who have duties that call them away, may withdraw during the singing, but that all are welcome to stay. This skims off the tired and indifferent, or those who need a long sleep on account of the burdens of the morrow. Perhaps one half or one third are left; generally the fewer the better. Those only are left who will cheerfully remain till twenty minutes past nine. To these I say, 'I have a little tract here entitled, for example, "Is that All," which I want to give you with my own hand.' I put some good brother in the chair, and ask the people to keep on singing and testifying, not praying, under the new leadership, while I am distributing my tract. This gives me the opportunity of individualizing those present without embarrassment to any one. Each one feels that he has not only heard me in a general way from the platform, but there is individual contact. He has a personal look, a smile, a word, a grasp of the hand. When I get back to the desk, after fifteen or twenty minutes, the meeting all the time going on, I know just where each one is. All have received the tract. Some have given me their names for membership; others have promised to confess Christ before the close of the service, or to say, 'I want to be a Christian,' or to remain and see me after the meeting. By the side of some of the inquirers I have perhaps placed some Christian who knows how to point a soul to the Lamb of God. The meeting then closes, with perhaps five minutes of testimonies, verses of Scripture, confessions, and prayers. The spiritual atmosphere is now favorable for the new birth, and sometimes even then and there the new life is begun. As it is not only about twenty minutes past nine, still a third meeting may be held with those most deeply interested."

A Converted Purse.

"Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for \$25." A look of pleased surprise passed over the collector's face succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had

precisely the same salary as he, and that \$25 was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"O! that's more than we expect, Frank—and then you can't afford to, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"O, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about face when I became a Christian last winter, and I resolved at the start not to enter into the junior partnership with the world and a senior partnership with the Church."

"You know my habits. I am not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses \$100 a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made \$75 a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time."

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarfpins. That made me run through my accounts next day—they weren't very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could—to see what was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed from a Christian and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and I am ashamed to say I found I had \$150 worth of dry-goods on hand, that was the price, not of good taste, but of more caprice."

"Now, I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church that I've promised before God and man to support and increase."

"There, you have it all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that \$25, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, made it thirty! The other five is a thank offering!"—Sunday School Times.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured not by extraordinary exertions, but by his everyday conduct. You may depend on a friend's enthusiasms on the first day you engage in a new undertaking, but you must depend on yourself after that.

Everywhere We Go

We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

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Charles H. Hutchings.

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that I received anything like permanent benefit. A single box of these pills did the work for me, and I am now free from headaches, and a well man."—C. H. HUTCHINGS, East Auburn, Me.

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