

What of the Night.

Does the watchman cry "All's well"?
When the tempest fiercely rages,
When the hearts of men grow faint,
And the portents are of ill?
The watchman's cry is true,
As it rings through all the ages,
For he hears above the thunders
A calm whisper, "Peace be still!"

To the weary and disheartened,
In the mists and shadows groping,
Comes the shine of those who wait,
The pain of those who wait;
Let the watchman's voice be strong,
And the hearts of men be strong,
For with God remains the triumph
And His Right shall yet prevail.

Let the watchman cry "All's well,"
And the years declare the story,
Let the restless hearts grow patient,
And the eager spirits wait,
No reverse can hinder progress,
And no man rob God of glory;
Oh! be sure that good shall prosper,
Though the hour is growing late.

Trust in God and do His will!
Faith and love shall nerve endeavour,
And the wave of joy and blessing
O'er the world shall win its way;
Not despair, but hope is near,
And the song shall last for ever,
All is well for Christ in Victor,
Lo! it is not night, but day!

Marianne Farnham.

To Whom the Cheap Seats Shall be Given.

In this world trickery and dishonest methods often succeed; but it is not so in the kingdom of God.

In politics it is generally the shrewdest manipulator, the one who has the most money to use in the campaign, and not the man who is best qualified to fill the responsible position, that carries off the prize.

In business there are many who succeed by the use of dishonest methods, by practicing deception, by combining and freezing out all competition, by securing through chartered privileges a complete monopoly of the trade, to the impoverishing of small dealers and the robbing of unsuspecting customers.

Even in church affairs men sometimes form combinations to carry their points and win position—combinations which, if their true inwardness were known, would disgrace the methods of Tammany Hall. A minister of a sister denomination once said to the writer: "I am free to admit to you, sir, that in the election of delegates to the general lawmaking body of our church, and in the election of the high officials and general officers of our denomination, there is as much scheming, electioneering, trading and wire-pulling as there is in either of the great political parties of the land."

We have nothing to say against men in the church combining openly, honestly, and comparing views and working to secure the election to those whom they honestly believe to be the best qualified for the positions to be filled. But for ministers of the gospel to become smitten with a mania for office in the church, and then to scheme, pull wires, form combinations, and resort to the questionable methods of the ward politician, not only to push their own interest, but to disparage, undermine, and set aside all others who may be favorably spoken of for the same positions, is not only disreputable, but it is dishonest and wicked in the sight of God. And that much harm has come to the cause of Christ in that way is a sad fact, well known to many who have occasionally gotten a peep behind the scenes.

To be ambitious for position in the church of Christ is human. It manifested itself among the disciples. James and John desired to sit on the one on his right hand and the other on his left hand in his kingdom. They frankly expressed their desire, and presented their request in the presence of the other disciples, and that excited the jealousy and envy of their brethren.

It will be noticed that our Lord did not rebuke their ambition. But he told them frankly that they were ignorant of the only conditions on which the chief seats in his kingdom could be attained, and that these conditions were superior service and the highest personal merit. He impliedly told them that it was perfectly right, in his kingdom, for men to be ambitious to render the best service, and by rendering it, see secure the highest seats; but to desire the chief positions without being able or willing to do the superior service which alone can entitle men to these seats is to be wickedly ambitious.

Our Lord also frankly told his disciples that the chief seats were not his to give; but he said they shall be given to those for whom they are prepared, by the Father in heaven. The question arising right here is, For whom are they prepared? In other words, to whom does God, in his kingdom, give supreme felicity and imperishable

For nervous headache use K. D. C.

glory? Remember, these treasures are not distributed arbitrarily. They are not prepared for a few favorites. They are not given out upon the spoils-system principle. They are prepared and bestowed upon the principle of eternal fitness—in harmony with the law of righteousness and justice. He that renders superior service and thereby puts himself in possession of the qualities and graces to which the highest seats are the fit and appropriate counterpart, can but receive these honors. They come to him as naturally as flowers grow out of the ground when spring rains fall and the warm sun shines. He receives them from the Father because he has, by superior service, made himself exactly one of those for whom the Father has prepared them.

The same rule holds good in regard to real, enduring, earthly fame. Compare George Washington to-day with Napoleon the Great. Why is it that the fame of the former continues to shine with a steady, undimmed luster, while that of the latter (save his military genius) is slowly but surely waning? Because Washington, inspired by a pure love of country, by a fidelity to the cause of liberty which no bribe could touch, and completely stripped of all personal ambition, gave himself and all his abilities to a laborious, lifelong service for the good of humanity. God gave him imperishable fame in its largest measure, because he actually fulfilled the only conditions on which such fame can be given. And exactly the same thing can be said of the immortal Lincoln, of General Grant, of Martin Luther, and thousands of other great servants in church and state. They fulfilled the conditions of imperishable fame and eternal glory, and God gave it to them.

But it is not so with the fame secured in either church or state by scheming, trickery, deception, and fraud. Who does not know of some who by a resort to such methods mount up like rockets and display brilliancy for a time, and then come down like sticks? Think of Boss Tweed, Theodore Tilton, and hundreds of other lesser lights. Even if men do attain to high seats in church and state by dishonest methods, and continue to occupy them till they die, over in that other world their true character will be rightly estimated and they will be seated among the goats.

The only way to secure a high seat in Christ's kingdom so that it may be a blessing instead of a curse, is to render superior, unselfish, honest service. For such the high seats are prepared by the Father. In the light of these truths, how little, low, selfish, sickening do the wire-pullings, the place-seekings, and the jealousies of small, ambitious men appear.—Tele-scope.

The Bright Side of Illness.

Is there a bright side? Can there possibly be advantage in pain, suffering, weakness, the interruption of tasks, the loss of time, and the great expense entailed by illness?

At the first glance one does not perceive much except distress and discouragement in sickness. It means going through humiliating and disagreeable processes to the victim, and it implies anxiety, loss of sleep, and hard work for those who are care-takers. An illness, if protracted and severe, leaves its marks on everyone who has to do with it. The whole family share the pain of the fevered and gasping patient. Sometimes a whole town is stirred in sympathy, and people as they greet one another on the street exclaim, almost before uttering the ordinary salutations: "Have you heard how Mrs. — is today?"

Just here we obviously discover one of the bright aspects of illness. If uniform good fortune and unbroken health were the portion of any of us, we would perhaps find ourselves growing hard of heart, and our gentler feelings would not be often touched. A good, an ennobling thing it is for any one of us which draws us out of self and compels us to compassion and tender regard for others. I have seen in a family, where for years there had been no serious illness and no need for any of the members to be particularly solicitous for the rest or for an individual, the softening effect of a great anxiety permeating the whole intercourse, making everyone more kindly. In the chamber of illness none but tranquil faces and hushed voices and untroubled sleep can be permitted. The house, in an agony of apprehension, tempers its whole routine to the pulse of the sickroom, and represses utterances which would jar. The family learns to express the love which far too often is hidden jealously and kept back by reserves, as though it were something to be ashamed of. Lack of demonstration is a defect among good people which

K. D. C. Pills tone and regulate the liver.

should be overcome, but for which, in some houses and lives, no remedy but an earthquake is sufficient to shake from its iron bondage.

Surely that is a bright side which brings out and convinces us of the deep and spontaneous good will of our neighbors and friends. The kind inquiries, the nicely prepared dishes, fruit, flowers, visits, and unceasing offers of help which in every neighborhood are unstinted in cases of illness, should be, and are, convincing and consoling testimonies that we are bound in one bundle, that none of us is solitary, but each enters to some degree into the life of the social fabric.

In large cities there is necessarily less of the fellowship in joy and grief which makes home life delightful in villages, but here church friendships come in to take the place of the neighborhood sentiment. One of the lesser arguments which might be urged on townspeople indifferent to direct union with a church is, that in periods of illness or sorrow the church friends prove so dear and helpful, making the one who has fallen to the rear feel that he is not for a moment forgotten nor overlooked, and welcoming him back with such brotherly fulness of greeting when he is again able to march in the ranks.

A bright side of illness to the sufferer himself is often found in the leisure it enforces on one who is usually too busy for repose. In the days of convalescence one recalls the goodness of God, one takes time to be thankful, one feels the presence of Him who makes sunshine in shadow for those whom He afflicts.

Often the pastor becomes greatly endeared to a family in which there has been illness. Previously his visits had been agreeable incidents, but acquaintance had been limited and superficial. Now as day after day he comes in, cheerful, confident, uplifting, they learn, from the father and mother to the children at school, and the suffering patient most of all, to appreciate and reciprocate the faithful ministry of a kind and unselfish pastor. If by this means parishioners grow into some discernment of what pastoral life is, of its ungrudging devotion, its heroism, its rare and ceaseless outpouring of time, talent, and strength for those who are included in its daily round, the illness was not sent to them in vain.

After long and exhausting illness, if the recovery be thorough, there sometimes comes what is equal to a new lease of life. Energies which had waned spring up as in youth. The person seems made over. After a long untroubled rest nature rallies her forces, so that youthful beauty returns to the faded cheek of middle age and the jaded step is again elastic. "I have not been so well in years," said the other day one who had been prostrated for weary months, but who was at last conscious of entire restoration.

Brightest side of all is that disposition which leads any of us to accept the bitter cup from the father's hand.—The Congregationalist.

"A Gude Word for Jesus Christ."

To those who have read that sweet, spiritual book, Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, these words will recall that most suggestive sketch, His Mother's Sermon. The young minister has come to preach his first sermon in the kirk of Drumtochty, fresh from college and full of enthusiasm, to give such a deliverance as would be expected of a young scholar who had carried off university honors. "He would be careful to say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald," so he thought. The sermon, carefully prepared and well rehearsed, lay upon his table ready for the eventful hour. But the minister's good Scotch auntie, who had been to him a mother since his own mother's hand rested upon his head in a parting blessing, was filled with wistful fear. So she pleaded in her plaintive Scottish tongue: "Dinna be angry with me, John, but I'm concerned about the Sabbath, for I've been praying ever since you were called to Drumtochty that it might be a great day, and that I might see you coming to your people, ladie, with the beauty of the Lord upon you, according to the prophecy, 'Tow beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.'"

"It's not for me to advise you, who am only a simple old woman who knows nothing but her Bible and the catechism, and it's not that I'm afraid for the new views or about your kith, for I aye mind that there's many things the Spirit has still to teach us, and I know well the man that follows Christ will never lose his way in any thicket."

Take K. D. C. for sour stomach and sick headache.

But it's the folk, John, I'm anxious about, the flock of sheep the Lord has given you to feed for him. Ye mind, laddie, that they're not clever and learned like what you are, but just plain country folk, each one with his own temptation, and all sore thrashed with many cares of this world. They'll need a clear word to comfort their hearts and show them the way everlasting. You'll say what's right, no doubt of that, and everybody will be pleased with you; but O, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Then the memory of his mother's parting words came to him. He went alone to pray; the sermon upon which he had counted so much found its place, after a struggle, in the flames, and the Saturday spent in communion with God, while his faithful monitor prayed for him in her own upper room, brought the message fresh from heaven that melted the strong hearts of the Highlanders in the old kirk, and opened a vision of the face of Jesus to eager listeners.

It is a lesson for Christian teachers and preachers to think upon. The thing men and women "sore trammelled with many worldly cares" need a "clear word to comfort their hearts and show them the way everlasting," and no man or woman can carry this evangel except it is received directly from the heart of God. O how blessed it is to be truly His messenger! What a poor waste of time and opportunity to think our own thoughts and speak our own words when we are sent to deliver His word! A brilliant brain, a voice of sweetness and compass, a commanding presence, are good gifts of God, but they may be offered in the sacrifices of the tabernacle, like the sacrifice of Nadab and Abihu, "with strange fire," and be an abomination to the Lord. But whether with or without natural gifts of commanding superiority, always welcome and always blessed are those teachers and preachers who, in the power of the Holy Spirit, speak "a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Divided Responsibility.

A great and good man had died, and the church and community were grieving over the loss.

"Who will preside at the communion table?" asked one. Who will lead the prayer-meetings?" asked another. "Who will stand behind the public enterprises of our city?" asked a third.

A wise minister of the gospel, who had preached the funeral sermon, leaned his head upon his hand and looked thoughtful. "Is it not possible," said he, "that the death of this dear saint of God may, in the end, be a blessing to all of you who loved him and leaned upon him? You felt that no one else could speak at the communion table so fittingly, and his associates among the church officers have neglected to develop their gifts in this direction. No one else could lead the prayer-meeting so inspiringly, and therefore many of the younger people who have grown up under his teaching, and who should, by this time, be acceptable leaders, are timid and unwilling to accept the office. His name and money stood behind all large public enterprises, and because of this many men of growing financial and business ability shifted the burden to the willing shoulders which had borne it so long. May it not be better, even in this world where he seems to be sorely needed, that he be removed from these lives that leaned too heavily upon his?"

Those who stood by shook their heads. And yet, a twelve-month later, they were all ready to confess that the minister had spoken the truth, and that each of them was stronger because there had been laid upon him some part of the responsibility so long carried wholly by the one who was gone.

Sometimes, in the forest, the felling of a great oak seems to leave a large opening; but soon the saplings which it had overshadowed, gathering new strength from the soil and sunlight spring up to fill the vacant place.

So, when a great life is removed from the world, the obscure lives about it may come to a nobler strength and beauty through the very loss.

The Beginning of Mr. Moody's Missionary Work.

The taunt is sometimes levelled at religion, that mainly those become religious teachers who are not fit for anything else. The charge is not worth answering; but it is worth recording that in the case of Mr. Moody the very reverse is the case. If Mr. Moody had remained in business, there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States.

Undiverted, however, from a deeper purpose even by the glamour of a

Sour stomachs sweetened by the use of K. D. C.

successful business life, Mr. Moody's moral and religious instincts led him almost from the day of his arrival in Chicago to devote what spare time he had to the work of the Church. He began by hiring four pews in the church to which he had attached himself, and these he attempted to fill every Sunday with young men like himself. This work, for a temperament like his, soon proved too slow, and he sought fuller outlets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the post of teacher in an obscure Sunday-school, he was told by the superintendent that it was scholars he wanted, not teachers, but that he would let him try his hand if he could find the scholars. Next Sunday the candidate appeared with a procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, rowdy, and barefooted, on whom he straightway proceeded to operate. Hunting up children and general recruiting for mission halls remained favourite pursuits for years to come, and his success was signal. In all this class of work he was an adept, and his early experiences as a scout were full of adventure. This was probably the most picturesque period of Mr. Moody's life, and not the least useful.

The Dying Minister.

Burdened with years of labor, the old preacher lay upon his couch, waiting the summons of the messenger to call him across the river. Around him were gathered his children and brethren, ministering as far as they could to his every want. He lay silent for a time, when one of the watchers said, "He is going soon." Tears were flowing freely from many eyes. He roused a little, murmuring something none could understand. "His mind wanders in the last hour," said one; "he seems to revive a little." "Raise my head," he said. "Is it time for the sermon? The lights are burning and the song seems to have died away. Well, my text 'is from Jesus: 'In my Father's house are many mansions—blessed words of promise. You poor lowly ones, who dwell in cabins, remember it is a mansion that awaits you; and you poor, waiting ones remember there are many of them. I promise my children to come home; but that mansion is my home. I'm too weary to preach long to-night, my brethren. What is that I hear? The music should not begin before the sermon is over. Strange voices, too—no, not strange, 'tis the wife of my early youth leading the choir—yes, and mother, too! I can't preach. Let me lie down and rest.' He opened his eyes. In them was a far-away look. Raising his head solemnly, he said: "Let us pronounce the benediction. May grace, mercy, and peace abide—" an unintelligible murmur, and the hush of silence came, to be broken by the sighing of the watchers. The old preacher had preached his last sermon.—Exchange.

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