

Is All Well?

Does the watchman through the night:
Hark the bell!
Are the people safely dwelling?
Are the angels good news telling?
Are the hymns of gladness swelling?
Is there any foe in sight?
Is all well?

Ah! the moon and stars above.
What see they?
Do the workers who are weary
Lose in sleep their troubles dreary,
And awake to hope more cheery?
Do they know the power of love
For each day?

Watchman, what of this late night?
Hear the knell!
Do you know men tired of trying?
Can you hear prayer end in sighing?
Do you see the people dying?
Is the haven yet in sight?
Is all well?

And the watchman smiled, and said,
Will you tell?
All the sad hearts in the city
Are quite safe in God's great pity;
And the sorrow and the sadness
Shall with morning charge to gladness;
God, and Love, are overhead:
All is well.

The Bargain Counter

In passing through one of our great department stores upon some minor errand, our attention was drawn to a certain counter upon which a mass of goods was confusedly heaped, and over them was displayed in large letters the information:

"Slightly Soiled; Greatly Reduced in Value."

Yes, we thought as we walked on, the articles upon that table are all articles of luxury. They are the finest things in the stock from certain points of view. They are delicate laces and beautiful embroideries and iridescent silks. And not one of them is "pot black." That is the pity of it. They are only "slightly soiled." But the finer a thing is, the easier it is to efface it. It takes more to hurt a hoe than to ruin a razor. It requires less to nick a cut glass carafe than a granite ware coal-scuttle. You can kick around a horse blanket and not destroy its sale; but it is quite otherwise with a lace handkerchief. A very little handling ruins the beautiful drawn work intended for the centerpiece of a solid mahogany table. And that was what many of these pieces were. The most elaborate designs and delicate workmanship in the establishment were here. And not one of them was "black as the ace of spades." They were only "slightly soiled;" but, also, they were "greatly reduced in value." And judging from the looks of the table that day there was not much call for them even at their diminished price.

Perhaps there was a time in this country when "almost any old thing" would do; but that time has passed. The minister who would be employed; the young man who would be advanced; the girl who would be respected; the Christian who would keep his or her influence, must remember that a little soiling goes a great way in depreciating character values.

We were lately trying very hard to secure a good brother in the ministry a call to a certain well-known church. "It won't do," was the reply with a shake of the head. "That brother formerly lived hereabouts. There is not a thing proved against his character; but his name is a little smirched by certain transactions that occurred in a previous field. Nobody thinks him a bad man. But he is an indiscreet man. He keeps doubtful company. He tells dubious stories when with men alone. He has a fine education, brilliant natural gifts, and as an after-dinner talker he has few equals. But however his reputation as a spiritual leader is a bit 'off color;' and he has greatly depreciated in value in consequence."

The great international Bond Company wrote to us last week asking for information as to young X. Y. Z. He is an applicant for a place at a fine salary, and the corporation have agreed to take him if he can get responsible bonds. He referred to us. He is not a bad fellow. But we see him once in a long while coming out of the side door of a saloon; and we heard of him as an occasional attendant at the races. We understand that he "picked up" a few stray dollars on the October pools. He has a nice wife and a charming little family. But what has this to do with the point-blank inquiry, "Do you know of any circumstance that would render you suspicious of his fidelity and trustworthiness?" It does not take a public scandal to ruin a man's chances, does it? We will not even hint our fears to this bond company. We simply cannot answer that letter of inquiry at all with satisfaction. So we drop it in the waste basket; and that costs our young friend X. Y. Z. 1,500 a year. That is a serious de-

preciation in value; but he who permits himself to be "slightly soiled" by such habits and companionship has only himself to blame for the pecuniary loss that ensues.

There will be "extra meeting" in many of our churches this winter. Some of God's people will find there opportunities to speak a word to souls that "would see Jesus." But there will be others who, have not wholly guarded their tongues; have not carefully kept the door of the lips; have not been well enough to go to the prayer meeting much of the time but were seldom too feeble to attend the play to its late close. They are not without hope; not without some interest in the Saviour; not without a wish for the up-building of his kingdom; but they will not have any great value as revival workers. They are conscious that a too near contact with the world has left their Christian character "slightly soiled." It is too bad, too; for nothing finer is known out of heaven than the soul that is washed and made white by the waters of a regenerating grace. It is quite true that in times of spiritual depression, the children of this world have no use for disciples who are "too pious;" but in times of spiritual awakening, they have no call for those who are too much like themselves.

"Slightly soiled," only "slightly." But, "greatly reduced in value." Yes, that is a good text. We will let each reader of the Interior preach the sermon.—The Interior.

The Old Preacher.

I do not mean the old minister, the godly man who, after years of active service, is made a pastor emeritus, or honorably retired by his Presbytery. I refer to him who is still willing and anxious to stand in the pulpit, though gray hairs are upon him, who feels as David did when he wrote:

"Now also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come" (Psa. lxxi. 18).

When the Master has said to one of his servants: "Go preach my Gospel," it is not the servant's duty to obey that command as long as his life is spared and physical and mental strength are continued to him? And what right have congregations to set up an age limit—to say, We will not listen to an ambassador for Christ when he is over three score, no matter how rich he is in Christian experience and how full he is of the Holy Ghost?

We are told that John, the beloved disciple, when he was more than a hundred years old, insisted upon being carried into the church at Ephesus every Sabbath day. And there, lying on his couch before the pulpit, he could only repeat, over and over: "Little children, love one another." That was a very simple sermon, but behind it was a life that made it eloquent. And I have no doubt thousands heard with moistened eyes and throbbing hearts, that tender exhortation, and went away with an edification such as the most talented young preacher could not have given them.

I can remember now a sermon that I heard in my boyhood. The prejudice against old preachers was not as strong then as it is to-day, and this man, though nearly 80, was listened to with respectful attention.

His voice was not strong. His eyes were so dim that he did not try to read, and his memory was so treacherous that he often hesitated for a word. But there was something in his manner and in the holy joy that lighted up his countenance which fascinated men. I said to myself: "I may live to be as old as he is, but can I be sure that I will, in that case, be so happy and so hopeful?"

Gladstone did not retire from the leadership of the house of commons until he was 84 years old, and he made some of his best speeches after that. John Quincy Adams was an active and influential member of Congress, and made some of his ablest speeches there after he was 80 years old. John Wesley continued his evangelistic work in England, preaching at least once a day, until he died after a short illness in his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. B. M. Palmer, who has been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New Orleans since December, 1856 is now over 80, and yet he is one of the most popular preachers in that city.

Dr. J. B. Shaw, of Rochester, New York, continued to preach until he was over 80, and attracted evening congregations that filled the church of which he was pastor.

Suppose that our government should send as its ambassador to England a man who was over three score and ten, and they should refuse to receive him in London because they had adopted 60 or 65 as he age limit

for ambassadors, how indignant we would be! But is not that the way we treat the Lord when we fix an arbitrary term limit for the service of those whom he commissions as his representatives? We welcome the old physician because of his professional experience, and is not the experience of the old preacher worth something? —Presbyter & Herald.

The Unsearchable Riches of Christ

Blinded judgment and affections which are like trailing vines persist in seeking false and unworthy objectives. Human aspirations creep when they might climb. Ye seek, says Christ—and there is pathos in His rebuke—what comes from men, what is appraised and made standard by shortsighted human estimate, rather than the honor that is established and comes from God.

It is not asserting too much to claim a natural basis for all our human impulses.

The energies of thought and purpose and endeavor, however wayward and misdirected in their germinal principles are normal and constitutional. Acquisitiveness is a natural and necessary endowment. It is the great force and factor in social organization. Yet it is a root of which can, and does, bear wild and noxious fruit.

The genius of modern horticulture has turned many a weed and worthless plant into use and beauty. Their qualities and susceptibilities have become recognized, and careful, diligent, enterprising culture transformed them into service and acceptability. And this is all our distorted human tendencies require. They are not to be eradicated, but engrafted with true stock, and tilled and trellised to right direction. Reversion to type in spiritual application is not degeneracy. It is the soul's reinvestiture with original purity and power—reversion to that condition which meets the standard of divine intent, and is pronounced good.

Within the scope of plan and purpose come riches. Along the lines of perverted object nothing has had wider scope. The undue estimate placed upon wealth has proved the most pernicious of all the crazes of depraved, deluded humanity. The love of money is the root of all evil. Money provides for, and panders to, every evil tendency of our nature. It ministers to pride and pleasure, and furnishes the sinews of the war of carnal enmity against God. It de-thrones God and enthrones self. Covetousness is idolatry; and yet this wildest, most deceitful, least well grounded of all human aspirations and incentives is provided for in the remedial restorative plan. Not only riches, but unsearchable riches—riches beyond the dream of intemperate desire—are offered the soul which is wise enough to make its quest under guidance of truth and Spirit-given wisdom.

The unsearchable riches of Christ! Is this an extravagant hyperbole? Or is it the expression of a consciousness of reality and intensity which transcends all human estimates and values as the heavens are high above the earth? These words refer to one who, thirty years before, filled the lowliest estate, had not a house over His head, a bed to lie upon, or money enough on His person to pay His tribute. And yet they are the words of one who has penetrated His disguise and discovered Him in His true relation to the universe of which He was Lord. Hence the expression is a triumphant boast, a challenge to all other competitive claimants.—Christian Intelligencer.

The Measure of Giving

"How much owest thou unto my lord?" The correct answer to this question, when it is applied to the account between the Christian and Christ, is, "Everything."

Our Lord bought us with his own precious blood. Then we are his. All we have belongs to him by right of purchase.

Our Father in heaven gave his only son for our redemption. Then we belong both to the Father and the Son jointly.

The Father bestowed upon us his "unspeakable Gift," that we might have life, "and that we might have it more abundantly." So, upon the part of both the Father and the Son, nothing was withheld that was essential to our eternal salvation—not even the choicest Gift of heaven.

From all this, it follows that we are all great debtors to God and his cause. We owe to them all we have and are. Hence, the extent of our obligation to give for the support of the various

interest of Christ's kingdom is measured by our indebtedness and our ability to give. And if, when the subscription paper or the contribution basket is passed around, we hide behind vain

excuse, and do not give, we are embezzlers.

Dr. C. H. Parkhurst puts the case pointedly, as follows:

Suppose you are in church, and are approached by the contribution plate. Now, every dollar in your pocket belongs to God; not only the nickels, but the dollars. You are God's property, and therefore everything you hold is his property. Now, I am not saying that you ought to give more than a nickel, or that you ought to give anything; I am only saying that when the question of giving, and how much, or whether you shall give anything, comes before you, the fundamental fact upon which, as a Christian, you will have to let the whole process of decision proceed is, that every penny in your purse is the Lord's, and the question you have to settle is how much, if any, of the Lord's money that happens just now to be in your pocket you shall, as a trustee, appropriate to the particular cause presented. If you determine your action upon any other principle than that, it is because you have some things that you treat as though you owned more than the Lord does; and if we send people to jail for a personal use of trust funds, I know of nothing between the lids of the Bible that warrants our supposing that God has any less feeling about embezzlement than we have.

Tested by this rule, how many embezzlers there are in the church! Brother, are you? or you? or you? God trieth our hearts.—Rel. Telescope.

Pastor And Parishioner.

In every congregation there are those who appreciate the necessity of sending for a physician when they are sick, but who seem to think the pastor should find it out intuitively. While they never think to send him word, they never fail to complain to him, and oftentimes to others, if he should not call upon them every time they are indisposed. One of these people recently met her pastor upon the street, when the following conversation ensued:

"I have been sick and you did not visit me."

"So! Were you very sick?"

"Oh, yes! I hardly expected to recover."

"So! Did you really need a physician?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I was under the treatment of Dr.—for eight or ten days."

"So. Did the doctor come of himself when you became sick or did you send for him?"

"I sent for him of course: how could he know of my taking ill without sending for him?"

"And did you really desire that I as your pastor should visit you while sick?"

"Oh, I wished so much that you would come. I was looking for you every day."

"Indeed! Well, if such was your desire, why did you not send me word and I would have called at once!"

"Oh, I thought someone would tell you."

"But if you had thought someone might tell your physician, you might have died before he had learned of your illness, so also by your pastor."

Let the pastor know and he will call upon you whenever his services are at all needed, but do not accuse him of negligence as long as you have neglected what was your first duty.—Lutheran Observer.

Croupy Coughs of Children.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be helped at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it.

You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler where the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Dinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

There are more than twenty thousand Indians in New Mexico, and among the only two Protestant missionaries are at work.

Making Others Happy.

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a let-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy at all events for a time.

Moses' life consisted of one hundred and twenty years, divided into three forties. In the first forty years he was learning to be somebody. In the second forty years he was learning to be nobody. In the third forty years he was proving what God could do with a man who had learned those two lessons.—Moody.

THE MATERIALS USED IN "THE D. & L. EMULSION are the finest the market affords regardless of expense. Taken in cases of wasting diseases, loss of weight, or loss of appetite, with great benefit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

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"A GRAVE-YARD COUGH" is the cry of tortured lungs for mercy. Give them mercy in the form of Allen's Lung Balsam, which is used with good effect even in consumption's early stages. Never neglect a cough.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

Torturing Disfiguring Humours

Itching, Burning, and Scaly Eruptions of the Skin and Scalp with loss of Hair Complete External and Internal Treatment by CUTICURA THE SET

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itching, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail.

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TROOP OIL LINIMENT

covers a wide field. There is no better application for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers and all Open Sores, as the soothing and healing properties of this remedy are unsurpassed. For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Bites and Stings of Insects and Painful Swellings of all kinds, bathe the parts with hot water, then apply the Troop Oil freely, and you will be surprised how quickly pain will be eased and inflammation subsided.

In the case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, lame Back, or muscular soreness the Oil gives wonderful relief.

For Caked Breasts or Cracked Nipples which cause women so much suffering you will find nothing to equal Troop Oil. Internally the Oil may be taken with great benefit for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, etc., in addition to the internal use of the Oil, the throat, chest and chest should be rubbed thoroughly with it.

Used as a gargle it is of inestimable value in Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Quins, and Ulcerated Tonsils. A large bottle 50c.

WOMEN WILL TALK.

Can't Blame them for Talking each other about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR WEAK NERVOUS WOMEN

It's only natural that when a woman finds a remedy which cures her of nervousness and weakness, relieves her pains, restores her color in her cheeks and vitality to her whole system, she should be anxious to let her suffering sisters know of it. Mrs. Hannah Holmes, St. James Street, St. John, N.B., relates her experience with this remedy as follows:—"For some years I have been troubled with fluttering of the heart and dizziness, accompanied by smothering feeling which prevented me from resting. My appetite was poor. I was much run down and debilitated. "Since I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the smothering feeling has gone, my heart beat is now regular, the fluttering has disappeared, and I have been wonderfully built up through the effect of the pills. I now feel stronger, better than for many years, and can say too much in praise of the remedy which restored my long lost health."

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!

Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water applied frequently with cropper or eye cap the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily causes blindness and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

James D. Fowler

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pp Normal School