

clock above the entrance, and a sun-dial in front. Over the gates there is also the inscription, "Though it tarry, wait." "That," replied the guide, "is 'The Delayed Blessing Store Office.'" The guide hands Adam Slowman a glass through which he is able to read a further inscription—"Therefore the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you. And therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you. For the Lord is a God of judgment: Blessed are all they that wait for Him." Then the guide went on to say, "That clock never goes too fast or too slow, and is so constructed that when the shadow on the dial shows that 'the time of promise draws nigh' it sounds a warning to the messengers to be ready at once for the delivery of the stored blessings, which, the moment that 'the fulness of the time is come,' are sent forth from the gates." And thus Adam Slowman learned as every tenant on the Lord's estate of the Redeemed Land also needs to learn, that he is vastly richer than he frequently imagines, that "Delays are not denials," that delayed blessings are better blessings because they are delayed.

Take the delayed blessing of David's crowning. The crowning over Israel had been promised him. In token of it the anointing oil had drenched his youthful locks. But many a year of the strangest vicissitude, strain, baffling crisis, intervened before the crown over all Israel shone upon David's head. Yet how plainly we can see that all the experiences of those various and waiting years were needed by David in order that he might be equipped for the large function and duty of his kingdom.

Take the long delayed answer to St. Paul's prayer that he might evangelize in Rome. And in what a circuitous way the answer came when it did come. Yet how evident it is that the answer came in the best time and by the best path. Though prisoner, St. Paul yet had, in his peculiar position in the great corrupt city, such liberty of preaching as he never could have won by himself only, and the strong arm of the Roman government held over his head, for two long years, its protecting shield.

Take the delayed answer to the prayer of those sisters in Bethany. Why did not their Lord come from that Bethanah when He knew that Lazarus whom he loved was sick, and that the sisters was anxious as they tended their sinking brother? Or why did he not at least speak that powerful healing word across that two days journey distance. But their Lord did neither. Apparently He denied the prayer and let Lazarus die and be buried. Yet what guerdon came of the delay? Forth from its darkness flashed the immense fact of their Lord as the Resurrection and the Life.

They have preserved in Bedford, Eng., the door of the jail which was locked upon John Bunyan. I looked at it earnestly. I thought of the many prayers which Bunyan must have pleaded behind it, that that jail door might swing open for him. Yet for twelve years the bolts of that door stood undrawn. But how affluently fruitful the delay was. Dreams were going on behind that door and the world needed them. When the "Pilgrim's Progress" of which Bunyan had dreamed had taken shape and tangibility, Bunyan's Lord, who had never for an instant forgotten him while the slow years passed, swung that jail door wide.

Let us give God time. Let us trust his wisdom. Sometimes quick answer would be worst answer. Let us learn Adam Slowman's lesson so much needed by our impatient hearts, that delays are not denials.—New York Observer.

Heedless Helpers of Anarchy.

REV. J. B. GAMBRELL.

It is a trite saying that harm may be done by want of thought as well as want of heart. The dying words of the great Grotius have a profound meaning. "Tell the world to be serious." Paul's admonition to young men to be sober-minded, is the same in substance and tone. How important these admonitions to American citizens in dealing with public interests and how little young or old hear them.

There is a way among us of speaking evil of dignities which can have but one effect and that a very bad one. This grows largely out of party politics. Free American citizens voluntarily enslave themselves to parties; or to factions in parties. They go full length with them; right or wrong. The moral sense is blunted by partisan zeal. Pending elections, sobriety of judgment is abandoned for a wild hurrah. The common practice of leaders is to attack their opponents, more in their personal character than in their policies. Happily for us, we escaped this national degradation during the last Presidential campaign. As a sequel to such a campaign, as we usually have, when a man enters an office, even the highest in the gift of the people, he does so already bereft of all personal dignity in the minds of many citizens. These are schooled to think ill of him. Moreover, partisan zeal is not quick to die. Hence the ins are dogged constantly by the outs. They are very commonly spoken of in the language of contempt and suspicion. It is often worse; a constant stream of accusation is turned on the rulers of the people. This pernicious practice is even more wide spread than party passion. It is easy to see in the papers disparaging remarks touching public servants by those who helped to elect them. Fault-finding and inconsiderate accusation have come to be a chronic fault of the American people, though of all the people in the world they are the most prosperous and ought

to be the happiest. Besides our public men are such as we have chosen and are at least as good as the people who elect them.

Whatever tends to lower the public estimate of rulers is auxiliary to anarchy whether so meant or not. Law is embodied in rulers. They are the people's exponents of government. If the people habitually condemn rulers, they will lose their reverence for law, and become lawless. Every man who heedlessly speaks contemptuously of the rulers of the people, is to that extent aiding and abetting anarchy.

The chief sinners in this respect are a flimsy class of politicians whose sole hope of success lies, not in good measures which they propose, but in the amount of dissatisfaction they can create against their opponents. A very sorry lot they are; but their industry is worthy of a better cause. They do not need to be explicit in their charges; but only hint, or else, in a general way, denounce the ins. These are deadly enemies to patriotism. They, in their line, class with the yellow back dime novel. Their mission is not to inform, but to inflame. They are making an atmosphere for the hatching of anarchy. "Why not pull down the rotten rookery in which so much corruption is hatched?" is the natural conclusion of such as believe these breeders of anarchy. "What is the use of trusting the law to right wrongs!" say they, and then the mob comes. All lynching is anarchy of a violent type, and the talking down of officers is but a prelude to lynch law, or no law, which is the quintessence of anarchy.

It is time for some one to say in plain words that much of the outcry against the rich is inspired by the spirit of anarchy. Some one has said that no man can honestly make a million dollars. Many believe it. It is a falsehood. No man can make a million dollars pegging shoes or darning. But there are other honest ways of making money. It is as honest to trade railroads as it is jack-knives. It is easier to make a million now, than it was to make \$100,000 fifty years ago, or \$10,000 one hundred years ago. The man who attacks the rich because they are rich is feeding anarchy. The idea so industriously circulated, that there is rascality at the bottom of all great fortunes is not only false, but pernicious to the last degree. The truth is, to succeed men must make and preserve a good record for probity.

There are tens of thousands of men now in our cities deeply inoculated with anarchy because they have been made to feel that they have been robbed in some unexplained way by rich men, and the government supports the robbers against the poor. There is a vast deal of semi-anarchistic talk of this sort which is working toward revolution.

We need men to tell the people the truth, and make it plain that now, as heretofore, intelligence, industry, perseverance and economy have an open field in America to win great rewards, as so many have done in our day. In short, the need is to substitute information for inflammation. Many mistake the latter for the former.—Baptist Standard.

The Fault of Our First Aspirings.

BY DR. GEORGE MATHESON.

"Let us build a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven."—Gen. 11:4.

When man uttered these words he was a child. Children are very ambitious—more ambitious than grown-up people. Grown-up people ask things that are possible; children cry for the supernatural. I think our sense of power increases in proportion as we are undeveloped. One would imagine that a little child, coming within the gates of this universe, would have a startled feeling which would gradually wear off as he advanced on life's journey. In truth, it is all the reverse we get startled as we go. Our first view of the golden gates is not appalling; it frightens neither the child nor the savage. I do not think wonder belongs to the earliest mind either of race or individual. To both alike the sky can be scaled; the motto of each is this, "Let us make a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven!" This world is a place where human beings are taught to climb; but it is to climb down. It is quite natural for us to go up. The writer of the book of Job says, "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." I think he must have meant, "Man is born to fly upward like the sparks, and therefore he is troubled." At all events, that is true. Our early dangers come from our early daringness—not from our early feebleness. Young Adam always begins with the biggest tree and always gets a fall. God's education of the earth is a series of the lessons in 'how to descend'—in moderation of desire. It is a refusal any longer to say of everything, "It is mine." It is a refusal to ask that which will lift me above other people. It is the cry to have my garments parted among the multitude. It is the impulse, the determination, the instinct to share.

Lord, break my primitive tower! It is built with a child's arrogance—not with a man's humility; break my primitive tower! My feeblest moments are my most grasping moment—I am never such an egotist as in the cradle; break my primitive tower! Like the sparks, I have been born to fly upwards, and to leave my brother behind. I need a second birth—a power to fly downward. I need more weight on the wings; every weight will be to me a weight of glory." The glory of the bird is its boundlessness but the glory of the man is his boundary. Limit my desires, O Lord! Restrain the flight of my personal prayers! Put

a weight on the wings of each individual wish—the remembrance of my brother! In my childhood I cried of all things; in manhood I dare not. I can still pray without ceasing, but I can no longer pray without limit. What if I ask the gold that was meant for another! What if I seek the place that was made for another! What if I claim the work that was planned for another! Methinks the pauses of prayer are more noble than its flights. In these pauses I say, "Not my will, but Thine." Never let me build, even in my prayers, a house with so many mansions for myself that I could say to my brother, "I have prepared a place for you!"—Christian World.

The Fragrance of a Gentle Life.

Once, in crossing a meadow, I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

Enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter it is not the houses nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding self away, from whose life the fragrance flows. There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. A gentle girl in a home may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels, and finds time to play with them. When there is a sickness in the home she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wonderfully gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, or as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.

"The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bowyer
And cheers and comforts us hour by hour."

—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

When Paul, the chief of the apostles, discusses Christ's resurrection and our resurrection in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he introduces God into the discussion, and keeps us in the presence of God: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?" That we may see God in an assuring way he brings forward the works of nature, and shows us how God in nature is doing just as marvellous and as incomprehensible things as raising the body and giving it a transfiguration glory. It seems a strange thing to see a beautiful flower rise out of the mire-heap; but it does. It seems impossible that the white-water lily should draw its purity and beauty from the rubbish at the bottom of the lake; notwithstanding, water-lilies float on the surface of a thousand lakes, like little fleets of ivory and pearl. Floating water-lilies show that God has power to raise a body from the ground, and to give it both life and beauty. The yellow wheat stalk with its sixty-fold, springing from the grave of the one grain, says to us: "God has the power to give to whomsoever and to whatever He will an enlarged body." The mystery which grades a single grain of corn carries in it a power beyond the ability of man to understand. Paul bids us look through the Creation of God and question its wonders, and take note how God has given life and how He has wrought things into forms of beauty, and how He has dispensed splendors with a lavish hand.—Gregg.

Stand Fast.

When Pompeii was destroyed there were very many buried in the ruins who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had had gone there for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, where he had been placed by the captain, with his hands still grasping his weapon. There, while the heavens threatened him; there, while the earth shook beneath him, he had stood at his post; and there, after a thousand years, he was found. So let Christians stand to their duty, in the post at which their Captain has placed them.—Gospel Trumpet.

If you reach heaven says Dr. Cuyler, you will come in as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. "There are ships," said the eloquent Mr. Wille, "that never go down in life's tempests." They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows." These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are the faithful ones whose soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.