

The Christian Life.

TIME TO PRAY.

"There were only a few old people at church, such as come every day."

They cannot answer the bell's sweet call
To the daily hour of prayer
Who are fighting odds in the battle of life,

And are full of toil and care;
Scarcely a thought do they spare for God

Except in some urgent case,
And yet they are living but half their life

Who seek not their Father's face.

But the old, old women and aged men
Who slowly pace the aisle
Are praying not for themselves alone;

When they come to rest awhile,
The burden-bearers are in their thoughts
(They have cast their burdens down),
And they say, "God bless them, my busy ones,

That they do not lose life's crown."

Our old folk wait at the church in the house,

And sit by the winter fire,
And they think swift thoughts that arise to God

In holy and calm desire.

They plead for those in the strain and stress

The noon of the working day,
But they have finished the tasks that were set,

And have time to trust and pray.

We cannot tell why the succor comes
In the hour of our utmost need,
But perhaps we have guidance, and help,

and strength,
Because others intercede.

Oh, dear ones, filling your waiting time,
In beautiful, Christ-like ways,

For the power, and the time, and the will to pray,

Together we give God praise.

—Marianne Farmingham.



DELAYED BLESSINGS.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D.D., LL.D.

There is a little book called "Expectation Corner, or Is Your Door Open?" It is the story of one Adam Slowman. He lived in a cottage on a far-stretching estate called "The Redeemed Land." But though Adam Slowman had full title to his dwelling-place, and on an estate so fair and wide, he did not get, by any means, the good he might from living there.

But, one day, a messenger came from the Lord of this spacious estate of the Redeemed Land, who was bidden to show this Adam Slowman the mansion in which the Lord of the estate lived, and the various offices and outbuildings connected with the administration of the estate. Such exploration, although he was a tenant on the estate, and with complete title, this Adam Slowman had never before made. Adam Slowman, under the guidance of the messenger, is much surprised at the splendor, plentitude, various provision, he everywhere sees. After a time, one storehouse particularly attracts his attention. He asks the messenger the name of it. There is a peculiar clock above its 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 fur-

ther inscription — "Therefore will 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 who 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. That 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, trial, 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 in the best path. Though prisoner, St. Paul 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 years, its protecting shield.

Take the delayed answer to the prayer of those sisters in Bethany. Why did not their Lord come from that Bethabara when he knew that Lazarus whom he loved was sick, and the sisters were so anxious as they tended their sinking brother? Or why did he not at least speak the 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, England, the door of the jail which was locked upon John Bunyan. I looked at it long and 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 the delay was now affluently fruitful. Dreams were going on behind that door and the world needed them. When "The Pilgrim's Progress" of which Bunyan 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 open.

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

VALUE OF SELF-DENIAL.

The lesson of self-denial runs all through our Lord's teaching, and he gave himself as the great example of self-giving, and the command stands against every soul, "Deny thyself." Has this not been taught too much as a duty, and not enough as a privilege?

We must deny ourselves to even fulfil the law. Self-denial is necessary to even a moral life; that the body may be a good instrument of service. We must deny ourselves here that we may have hereafter. "Lay up treasures in heaven." Poor on earth, rich in heaven! The giving of self is the only method of showing gratitude to those who have given for us. There is a mighty claim in our self-renunciation in the gift of Christ to us. He virtually says to us, "You know what I have given to you. I leave it to yourself — what you will give in return." This is the soul's great test. "He is a refiner's fire." Every law of our spirit-life demands sacrifice. Then the body, the mind, the moral nature, the spiritual life — all call for self-renunciation.

A great value of self-denial rests in the fact that it is the only door into the mansion of supreme joy. We reach our highest happiness through the crucifixion of self. "He who saves his life loses it; he who loses his life finds it." "Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross." The highest joy is set before us when we endure the cross. The greatest fountain of joy is love. Love "is the greatest thing in the world" and the supreme fountain of joy. The more unselfish the love, the more perfect the happiness; the broader the love the deeper the joy.

Christ reached the acme of his joy when he died for all. Love is the offering for sacrifice. No love is a blessing but that purchased at a great price. No friendship is a blessing but that born of sacrifice. When one says, "I hate a people," we know he has not paid his debt to that people. When one says, "I have no interest in missions," it indicates he has no investment in missions. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The happiest man in the world is he who in a pure heart loves the most people of the world. He who loves all men, even to his enemies, reaches the perfection of bliss and casts out the producer of sorrow, which is hate. The only sure road for the broad love of humanity is by giving for humanity without expectation of return. Money is only good as it buys us happiness, and in what other way can we purchase so much happiness as by investing in souls; giving that some wanderer may be brought back to the Father's house? This is the scattering abroad which brings an abundant harvest. He who gives, has. He who gives not, has not. He may have the money, but not the happiness. If we have but little, why spend it all for that which satisfieth not?

But the supreme value of self-denial is that only through it do we enter into fellowship with the divine. We never understand God until we have given for our fellowmen. Only when our eyes are dim with tears in behalf of the lost, do we see God. Only when we are bearing the burdens of those who have no earthly claim upon us, do we feel his strong arms lift us up. Prayer has but little meaning until it comes from the heart which agonizes for the lost. We can not have true faith in prayer to God, unless we have answered God's prayers for us. Self-sacrifice opens the door into the very presence of our Father. Only by it do we climb to the same

realm as that of the Son of God. The soul comes into his presence when it gives itself, its power, its possessions for others. What a crown of joy to feel like God! His supreme desire was that all men might be saved. He so loved that he gave. Only do we feel like God when we enter into God's experience.—*Christian Standard.*



Unless a grain of mustard seed be bruised, the full extent of its virtue is never acknowledged. Without bruising, it is insipid; but if it be bruised, it becomes hot, and gives out all those pungent properties which were concealed in it. Thus every good man, so long as he is not smitten, is regarded as insipid and of slight account. But if ever the grinding of persecution crush him, instantly he gives forth all the warmth of his savor, and all that before appeared to be weak or contemptible is turned into godly fervor; and that which in peaceful times he had been glad to keep from view within his own bosom, he is driven by the force of tribulation to make known.—*Gregory.*



Consumption is Scourging Canada.

Year by year the White Plague steadily gains headway, and why? Because careless people let their kids run into catarrh, which in turn becomes consumption. Victims of catarrh need not be discouraged, for fragrant healing Catarrhzone permanently cures every type of catarrh. The soothing vapor of Catarrhzone immediately kills the germs that cause catarrh and prevents them from again entering your system. Relief will be quick, cure will be certain, absolute freedom from any trace of catarrh follows the use of Catarrhzone. It is a scientific remedy warranted to cure lung trouble, bronchitis and catarrh. Cure guaranteed with two months' treatment. Price \$1.00; sample size 25c.

More harm may come from work ill done than of work undone.

The North Wind doth blow, and with it comes the twinges of rheumatism. Dress warmly, stay indoors as much as you can and rub the swollen tender muscles with Perry Davis' Painkiller. 25 and 50 cents.

Share the burden of others, and you will lighten your own.

It is good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock, and in cases of coughs and pains it can be used with good effect.

A man should have "the will to do, the soul to dare."

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act on the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

A noble failure is better than a disreputable success.

Just a word of caution: When the skin is destroyed by burns or scalds, apply Weaver's Cerate, reduced with sweet oil or lard. Otherwise the Cerate in full strength should be used; the sooner the better.