

In the Last Days.

As we grow old, how softly, slowly close
The doors of sense, and shut us from
The world.

Like tender petals of some ling'ring rose
That, of a frosty night, have inward
curled!

Dim as the figures in a dream now past
Those glitt'ring shows that stirred our
youthful hearts,
Poor, hurrying shadows in a misty glass,
Each but a moment seen ere it departs.

Nor sight, nor sound, nor taste of earth's
delights
Can longer please; these things are past
and gone,
The soul will put her quiet house to rights
And in the upper chamber watch the
dawn.

—James Buckham.

On Grumblers.

BY P. S. HENSON, D. D.

In heaven there are no grumblers,
and that makes heaven. In hell there
is nothing else, and that makes hell.
In this world things are greatly mixed
thorns and flowers, thanksgiving and
complaining, with a large proportion
of the latter. The Englishman is said
to be the champion grumbler of the
world especially when he comes to
America; then he writes his grumblings
out and prints them in a book and
sends them over to us and we grumble
back to him. I remember some time
ago to have heard of an Englishman
traveling in this country in company
with an American friend.

He could not find anything to his
liking. "The water was beastly, don't
you know," the roads untravelable,
the food indigestible, the waiters un-
civil, the landlord exorbitant, the
manners of the people were crude and
rude.

It was just at the time when we
were having extraordinary sunsets,
when long after the sun went down
there lingered in the western sky a
glow of almost preternatural beauty,
so that some people feared it was the
foretelling of the end of the world.

The American pointed his English
friend one evening to that sky. "Now
look at that, old boy. You talk of
the orient, of sunset skies in classic
lands, but where in the world did you
every see so fine a sky as that?" The
Englishman looked at it a moment
and said: "Well don't you think it
is just a little overdone?" The Lord
himself could not please him when he
came to paint a sunset.

But this is not peculiar to an Eng-
lishman. It is characteristic of uni-
versal humanity. The first man that
ever appeared on earth began to grum-
ble because there was just one tree in
all the world that he could not eat of,
and that grumbling cost him paradise,
and every child of Adam is just like
his father. The first thing a baby
does when he opens his eyes on this
new world is to strike out with both
hands and feet and howl his protest
against his environment. Nobody likes
his business, I care not what it is. It
may be he is a dry goods merchant.
He tells you there was a time when a
man could make a fortune selling dry
goods, but now the competition is so
close that nobody can make money out
of it. But he keeps a good house and
fine horses and goes to Chautauqua
every summer. Yet he is losing money
all the time. What a lot he must
have had to start with.

If there is any place on earth where
the voice of the grumbler ought not
to be heard it is in the sanctuary of
the home, but that is where it is heard
most loudly. When a man is at his
place of business he has to be a gentle-
man, but when he goes to his own home
he has not got to be anything in par-
ticular, and so he lets out the pent-up
fury of the day. He comes in like a
howling cyclone. "What's the reason
dinner isn't ready? What's the mat-
ter with that beefsteak? It isn't fit
for a dog. I'll go to a hash-house." Poor
little woman. She has been waiting
all day for him to come home. She
has had her troubles, and has been
wishing for sympathy. That is the
kind she gets. The tears are swelling
in her eyes, she has a great lump in her
throat that she can't swallow, and she
wishes she were dead and you too,
especially you.

Somebody says we need wide-awake
men. There is more need for fast
asleep men. This world is going mad
for the want of sleep. Every now and
then I get too cross for anybody to
live with, and I know what is the mat-
ter. What I need is sleep, and then
I wake up and I am as beautiful as a
May morning. Cultivate a good con-
science—a conscience void of offense
toward God and man. And cultivate
the habit of being thankful for small
favors, think how many things you
have to be thankful for, and think how
many things you would not like to
have. In itself that was not a bad
prayer of the Pharisee, "I thank thee
that I am not as other men are," if he
had not been so stuck on himself.

When I see a man who is crippled or
blind I extend to him my brotherly
sympathy, and thank God that I can
walk and see.

Then get in the habit of looking for
sweetness and light. They get what
they look for. Here is a bee in the
neighborhood of Chicago. There are
a great many things to smell of in
Chicago; stockyards, our unspeakable
rivers (though St. Louis is doing most
of the smelling now), a lot of decayed
aldermen, though there are not so
many of them as there were. A bee
has no nose for things like these, but
a mile away is a rose with honey in its
heart, and he makes a bee-line for the
rose, covers himself with honey and
returns to his hive. He got what he
went for. Here is a buzzard. There
are thousands of flower gardens in and
about Chicago, but a buzzard has no
nose for flowers; but a mile away is a
dead rat, and so he goes for that. Now
if you want to smell a rose, you just
want to find a rose; and if you want
to smell a rat you can commonly find
that, but excuse me. Look for sweet-
ness and light and you will find it
every day and everywhere. Paul and
Silas found it in the dungeon at mid-
night.

Let me give you one more prescrip-
tion. If you want to be cured of
grumbling, go to work.—The Standard.

The Unended Sermon.

REV. ROBERT F. Y. PIERCE, D. D.

Many a weary minister has drawn a
sigh of relief when the sermon has
been delivered and the Sabbath ser-
vice ended. Why should he not feel a
great sense of relief? To-
ward the ministries of that day has
been directed the energies of his life,
and the activities of his mind and
heart. Of course, with the multitudes
of his ministerial brethren, he enjoys
the preaching of the Word, especially
when back of his sermon has been
many hours of patient, persistent,
prayerful study; and in the delivery
of the message he has had much liberty
and the conscious presence of the Holy
Spirit.

But when the Sabbath day has ended,
and renewed pastoral cares are
thronging his busy life, seldom more
than a passing thought is given to the
sermon which custom stamps as "aged"
when once it is delivered. Sometimes
the anxious pastor feels encouraged
when a thoughtful and appreciative
listener speaks a kind word of help-
fulness and cheer, but usually the
"notes" are hushed and placed amid
the aged minstrelsy, or gently laid
aside with the thread-bare and out-
grown.

Yet the sermon power-delivered and
prayer-directed is not ended. The
singer may sleep, but the songs roll
on forever. As the scattered seed on
well-tilled fields will bring a harvest,
so surely will the word from the
sacred desk be transmuted into life.
Perhaps the preacher may forget the
spoken words, but his sermon never
dies. Before him sat the aged saint,
who was edified; she prayed for her
minister and his message that Sabbath
day when she first saw the light; she
remembered him in her preparations
for the sanctuary, and when he gave
the text she prayed for the presence
and the power of God to be with
preacher and with people. She re-
ceived that for which she prayed, and
while the message came, the Spirit
and the Word made her heart to glow
with new hopes and joys. She went
from the temple under the inspiration
of the sermon, henceforth to walk in
Beulah land.

With heart bowed down, the sorrow-
ing came for consolation; with Chris-
tian sympathy the minister poured
from God's chalice the comforts of the
Gospel until the shadows lifted from
those weary hearts, and they left the
temple with the peace of God, know-
ing that "He doeth all things well."

Yonder sat the discouraged one.
Disappointments, trials, and the many
tangled threads of life had made a
weariness of the flesh, until life itself
seemed a burden. But the clouds
were lifted, and, as the preacher spoke
the helpful words, God hung a bow
of hope across the sky of the once dis-
couraged man.

The tempted one was in the con-
gregation, and almost yielding to the
siren's voice of evil. But God touch-
ed the preacher and the warning
words were spoken which saved a soul
and life.

Heartsick and homesick, the wan-
derer sat in the temple shadows. With
broken life and saddened heart he
thought of mother, home, and days
far gone. No cheering words,
perhaps no friendly hand to welcome
him to the house of God; alone, un-
known, like driftwood on the wave,
this human wreck drifted toward the
current which should bear him to-
ward heaven. Strange how sweetly
came the words of tenderness and
sympathy for the erring ones, and the

preacher's loving counsels led the
prodigal child back to manhood and to
God.

Other hearts felt the consciousness
of sin and guilt, and lost ones heard
the messages of love and mercy, until
salvation's joys rolled in upon the con-
gregation, and all could sing with
mingled tears and songs, "Praise God
from whom all blessings flow."

Out from the sanctuary moved the
congregation, but the preacher's words
transmuted into life, and will never
die.—Sunday School Chronicle.

Opposed To Everything.

A friend called our attention to the
fact that Sanballat wanted to hold con-
sultation with Nehemiah in the plain
of O-n-o. That is the place where
more people stay to-day than in any
other. They are always protesting,
throwing doubt on grand undertakings;
and while you are in the mountain of
O-yes, they spend their time on the
plain of O-n-o. In the harness of
society, they are breeching straps,
good for nothing but to hold back.
You propose to call a minister. All
the indications are that he is the right
man. Nine-tenths of the congrega-
tion are united in his favor. The vast
majority say, "Aye!" the handful of op-
ponents respond, "Oh, no!" You
propose to build a church. About the
site, the choice of architects, the up-
holstery, the plumbing, and the day
of dedication, there is almost a unanim-
ity. You hope that the crooked
sticks will always lie still, and that the
congregation will move in solid phalanx.
But not so. Sanballat sends
for Nehemiah, proposing to meet him
on the plain of O-n-o. Some men were
born backward, and have been going
that way ever since. Opposition to
everything has become chronic. The
only way they feel comfortable is
when harnessed with the face toward
the whistle-tree, and the back toward
the end of the shafts. They may set
down their name in the hotel register
as living in Boston, Chicago, Savannah,
or Washington, but they really have
been spending all their life upon the
plain of O-n-o. There let them be
buried, with their faces toward the
west, for in that way they will lie
more comfortable, as other people are
buried with their faces to the east. Do
not impose upon them by putting them
in the majority. Oh, no!—
Christian Herald.

Slow Progress in Overcoming Faults.

There is nothing that weighs more
heavily upon a right-minded man than
the progress he makes in overcoming
his faults. Here we are at twenty with
the faults of childhood upon us; peev-
ish, ungovernable, insatiable; at thirty
with the faults of youth: vain, incon-
siderate, pleasure-loving; at forty still
wearing the badges of early folly;
proud, passionate, sensual; at fifty or
sixty, but not yet wise with the experi-
ence of life; selfish still, unsympa-
thetic, ambitious, full of conscious
weakness and, perhaps, with an ill-re-
pressed brood of evil habits and the
characteristic vice of age—avarice.
Yet all the while we may have been
striving after the good, curbing the
evil, keeping our faces heavenward;
all the while aiming to fear God and
keep his commandments; never at
any time wholly giving up the strife
after ideal excellence. This, after all,
is the tragic feature of life; that it is
linked with no such failure in charac-
ter; that it is given for wisdom, and
yet we are not wise; for goodness, and
yet we are not good; for overcoming
evil, and evil remains; for patience
and sympathy and self-command and
love, and yet we are fretful and hard
and weak and selfish. This makes the
bitterness of death, and calls out the
cry: Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!
—Dr. Munger.

Worry as a Success-Killer.

Perhaps there is nothing else so ut-
terly foolish and unprofitable as a habit
of worrying. It saps the nervous
energy and robs us of the strength and
vitality necessary for the real work of
life. It makes existence a burden and
weariness, instead of a perpetual joy
and blessing, as it should be. Poise
and serenity are necessary to the com-
plete development of character and
true success. The man who worries
is never self-centered, never perfectly
balanced, never at his best; for every
moment of mental anxiety takes away
vitality and push, and robs him of
manhood and power.

Worrying indicates a lack of confi-
dence in our strength; it shows that we
are unbalanced, and we do not lay hold
of the universal energy which leaves
no doubt, no uncertainty. The man
who does not worry, who believes in
himself, touches the wires of infinite
power. Never doubting, never hesi-
tating, he is constantly reinforced from

the Omnipotence that creates planets
and suns.

The habit of worrying is largely a
physical infirmity; it is an evidence of
lack of harmony in the mental system.
The well-poised soul, the self-centered
man, never wabbles or hesitates. The
infinite balance wheel preserves him
from all shocks, and all accident or
uncertainty.

Enough vital energy has been wasted
in useless worry to run all the affairs
of the world.—Success.

Manners When at Church.

No, your manners in church are
very bad. And shall I tell to whom
you are rude? To God himself. You
have no right to saunter lazily up the
aisle in the house dedicated to him.

You have no right whatever to move
about, arranging, stroking, and
straightening your gown; your man-
ners should be quiet and in good
order.

You have no right, during the time
the hymn is sung, to carefully observe
the bonnets and wraps of the congre-
gation.

You have no right to discuss the
sermon as you walk down the aisle.
The preacher has done his best, and
in the name of God, and you have no
right to criticize him.

You wonder if you have committed
all these sins—and you do not believe
you have. My dear, think it over,
and you will find one or two may be
laid at your door. Only little faults,
only little rudenesses—but to the
King of kings!

Every time we consent to sin the
curtain drops and the warm rays from
heaven are cut off from our hearts.
And then comes frost.—Ex.

Look Upward.

It is wise for us to look at the dan-
gers, to be fully aware of the perils,
to be tremblingly conscious of our own
weakness; but it is folly and faithless-
ness to look at the danger so exclusiv-
ly, or to feel our own weakness so
keenly, as that either one or the other
or both of them combined, shall ob-
scure to our sight the far greater and
confident-giving trust of the knowl-
edge, the sympathy, and the extended
protecting hand of our Brother and
Lord. We belong to him if we have
yielded our hearts to him, and he will
not "suffer his holy one to see
corruption," here and hereafter.

If you look down from the narrow
ledge of the Alpine arête, to the
thousand feet of precipice on either
side of the two or three inches where
you have your footing you will get
giddy and fall. If you look up you
will walk steadily. Do not ignore the
danger, nor presumptuously forget your
own weakness; but "when I said my
foot slipped, thy mercy held me up."
Recognize the slippery ice and the
feeble foot and couple with them the
other thought, "The Lord knoweth
them that are his."—Alexander
McLaren.

Converted by One Verse.

Some twelve years a learned Coolin
Brahman, who was then an ordained
Presbyterian minister in India, paid a
visit to the Bible House. In the
course of most instructive conversa-
tion, he was asked what first drew his
attention to Christianity. He said that
while waiting to see a gentleman at
whose house he had called, he took
up a book lying on the table, and
turned to the opening page. The
first words instantly arrested his at-
tention: "In the beginning God
created the heavens and the earth." Being
familiar with the Hindu Cosmo-
gony, so prolonged, abstruse, and
wearisome, the brevity, dignity, and
self-evident truth of this assertion so
impressed him that he at once pro-
cured a Bible and read it carefully,
with the ultimate result that he be-
came a whole-hearted and avowed be-
liever both in the Written and in the
Living Word.—Bible Society Re-
porter.

Sympathy.

Sympathy is a form of Christian ser-
vice. It is not a favor granted by one
and received by another; it is action
by which one life enters into another's
life, takes up a portion of the burden
shares the joy or sorrow, becomes for
the time being a part of that life and
contributes to it some of its own
strength. It does not weaken the
individuality of the life it helps; or
rather strengthens it. It does not less-
en its responsibilities; it helps to bear
them. By relieving the tension it gives
opportunity for development, by com-
panionship gives new courage and fresh
ability for advance when the assisting
presence is withdrawn.

There is no success in all this world
which is so to be dreaded as the suc-
cess of getting away from God's pur-
pose for us.—Robert E. Speer.

Devotion to Duty

In devotion to duty you have the
great secret of life; for, important and
precious as is the cultivation of your
intelligence, and bringing of all your
powers of thought and action up to
the highest level that your several
gifts permit, there is one thing in
which you are all alike; there is one
thing in which the pearl of great price
the treasure in life and the security in
death, is laid open to you all alike, be
your attainments more or less limited
be your talents more or less conspicu-
ous. If you have devotion to duty for
the guide of your daily course, nothing
can ultimately go wrong.—Gladstone.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is
that makes you cough? In a general
way it is understood to be an involun-
tary effort of nature to eject some-
thing from the breath-pipe. As a
matter of fact, merely a slight throat
inflammation caused by a cold will
cause a cough to start, the more you
cough the more you want to cough.
If you allow the inflammation in the
throat your cough will stop.

Don't lull the sensitiveness of the
throat with medicine containing a nar-
cotic, but give it soothing and healing
treatment. This is difficult because
the inflamed parts are in the way of
the passage of food and drink. The
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will protect the throat from the ill ef-
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