

Night Unto Night.

The day bath speech for all, it tells the glory
And strength of its Creator, hour by hour;
But sweeter tones take up the endless story,
When night reveals the hiding of His power;
A deeper flush on the horizon glowing,
A softer shadow on the moss-grown sod,
And, through the hush, the sound as of a going
Among the trees of God.

At His command, with splendor unabated
And eye undimmed, the warrior sun goes down,
While the attendant cloudlets, new created
In gold and purple, wait on His renewing;
He bids the mighty hand of night dis cover
The starry legions, till, at His behest,
Arrayed in light a myriad worlds watch over
This one world in its rest!

The curtains of the twilight softly falling
Where the high hills their all-night vigils keep,
The fiftieth of the bird recalling
The madrigals of morning ere they sleep;
The field flowers folded for the night securely,
The shadows borne like dreams o'er hill and dale,
And tell of mercies long since promised surely,
Of love that cannot fail.

All day His vast and marvelous creation
Declares His power and goodness undimmed;
Then having given its evening time oblation,
Sleeps at His footstool as a wearied child;
Amid the world His eye alone can number,
His watchful care sustains great and small;
And nightly, with a love that cannot slumber,
His rest enfolds all!

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

Before the Mowing.

BY MISS LUELLA CLARK.

"O gift of God! O perfect day!
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!"—Longfellow.

There is, perhaps, no time in the year when a week in the country is more to be enjoyed than in early July. The fields are at their best, with tall, blossoming grasses shining in the sunlight, and swaying in every breeze with infinite grace. Acres of purple-top, dark and rich, holding in the early morning treasures of dew to enrich a kingdom, broad fields of red clover in all the glory and sweetness of its fullest bloom, and all the lower, moister patches aglow with the bravery of the bold, bright buttercup.

Take the farmer's field road, and go down into the midst of the ripening grasses. See what beauty, what richness, what variety of coloring. Half hidden among the swaying masses one spies the modest clusters of blue curls so rich in color; here a colony of lovely oxeye daisies; there, flaming out among the bending heads of blossomed herbage, the deep orange-yellow rays of the solitary cone flower. Down in the meadow rises here and there above the tall grasses the bright Turk's cap lily (superbium), and along the brook-sides flourish the plentiful loose strifes and the brook-silver, tall, lovely, with its wide-branched racemes of delicate white bloom. Try it with some loose sprays of buttercup, a few heads of red clover, a cluster of oxeye daisies, and a lily or two, and see how they look to you in that old, straight, white china vase that was your grandmother's and which somehow has a way of showing off these field flowers at their best. Along the fences stand the heavy clumps of elder (canadensis), all snowy, with their generous blossoming. Take home with you some clusters to fill another vase, in company with two or three of those large, deep-red roses from the garden, which always bloom at the same time with it.

Here in a fence corner is a thicket of high cranberry bushes, completely overrun with the clematis (virginiana), clothing their branches with a whiteness equal to their own proper bloom in June. July has heretofore no more noticeable roadside and fieldside beauty than this same snowy clematis. Its flowering lasts long, too, its growing vines budding and blooming in continued succession, and afterward the feathery tufts that follow the flowers preserve its beauty and interest into the late autumn. The strong, leafy spikes of the yellow evening primrose are most pleasant to see, though the farmers call it "scabish," and cherish a peculiar hatred toward it as a "coarse, ugly weed." Here, too, is the sturdy trumpet weed, with its heavy purple, club-shaped flower-heads and its near of kin, the bitter bonset of the simpliers, with its stout, hairy, leafy stem and greenish-white

ward off spring disease by taking K. D. C.

corymbs of plentiful blossoms. One still finds now and then in moist meadows a belated blossom or two of the blue iris, so abundant in June, now doubly dear for its rareness, and in the vase a lovely counterpart of the queenly Turk's-cap.

The bumble bees have their small nests at the roots of the juicy grasses, and the sweetness of the meadow flowers is industriously packed away in the tiny cells that now seem so securely hidden from alien sight. Ah! happy indeed for the busy toilers if no sharp-eyed boy among the ruthless hay-makers shall discover and appropriate the spoonful or two of exquisite sweetness so toilsomely gardened.

Every now and then in meadow or orchard rambles one becomes aware of anxious tumult among the bobolinks whose private territory one has unwittingly invaded. There is evident trouble in the air. There are hurried flutterings, cries of anxiety, fittings this way and that, a sweet gurgle of song, a clear attempt to divert and deceive you, a continual interchange of anxious, untranslatable bird-talk, very tantalizing to one who wishes he could only find that rare treasure indeed—a real bobolink's nest—the home of the young songsters about whose welfare all this fuss and flutter of feathers is gotten up. You stay till you feel that to stay longer is cruelty, and leave the field to the small victors, who soon subside into quiet, for the glad songs with which they flooded the fields in May and June are nearly at an end. The commonplace cares of providing for a growing and clamorous brood seem to have a very sobering effect upon these rollicking fellows that turn May into a melody. The loquacious cat-bird has all seasons for his own, and you may hear his saucy call almost anywhere. There is one, I know, who loves an old stump fence half hidden by young silver birches, and in his better moments his song is exquisite. Bless the dear happy-go-lucky! In some moods I would go far to hear either his pert greeting or the strain in which his better self finds sweet and high expression.

The clumsy crows float lazily about from hill to hill, from pasture to field, preying sadly, alas, upon the nests of the smaller birds; but how much the landscape would miss these plundering plebeians. Their homely cawing is heard when finer voices are silent, and their peculiar call to one another, differing in anxiety, in distress, in warning, in summons to convocation, seems a part of this lovely summer world of sky and cloud, of wood and hill, of field and meadow. Their right to be seems a part of the established order; why grudge them a few kernels of corn for their breakfast? Yet, after all, the growing chickens and the callow young of the singing birds are quite another thing. The robins are making merry among the cherry trees, not only gorging themselves with the luscious red fruit, but tearing it from the trees and throwing it aside in mere lavish wantonness—a strange propensity, and most exasperating to those who, unhappily, are just as fond of cherries as he. The wood thrush, lonely, inaccessible, self-contained, sings his own wonderful song and asks no favors. Sufficient to himself he seems. Serene in the heaven of his own making, and lonely as he is, the whippoorwill in the late twilight sends forth his plaintive cry of—what? Pathos? pleading? Somehow it makes a strong appeal to the listener's tenderness and pity, whatever the mood of the singer may be.

The blissful swallows skim swiftly back and forth above the fields all day long, their swift wings flashing like silver in the sunlight, and, thronging about the eaves of the great barns at night with cheerful twitter, give a peculiarly homelikeness to the scene which no other bird does.

These midsummer days are so full of color and richness, the fields lie so beautiful in the sunshine, and show such lovely variations in manner and mood in wind, in shower, in shadow of floating cloud, in early morning, in softly-falling twilight, one shudders to think of the near coming of the pitiless scythe and the hot, shorn meadows that are so soon to be. There may be poetry in the reanant whetting of the gleaming blade, in the tossing of the poor, sweet, withering grasses in the scorching sunshine, in the raking of the long windrows and the gathering into the fragrant barns; but it is at best poetry with a deal of pathos in it, and it seems a murderous thing for that; and what becomes of the sweet souls of all the flowers that perish in the merciless onslaught? Is it their cry of pain that we hear sometimes in the sighing wind? wandering over the beggared fields after this first harvest of the summer? We say, "it sounds like fall; it is the earliest cry of the waning year;" but who knows? Listen well, and you will hear a sobbing, as of souls in mortal sorrow.—*Libanon, N. H.*

K. D. C. Cures Dyspepsia and makes them cholera proof

Criminal Ignorance of the Word.

I wonder if some of us realize that it is a criminal ignorance to be ignorant of the Word of God. I heard of a man on one of your northern railroads—I think it was the Northern Pacific—who was on a train which was making its way as best it could against the force of a blizzard. The storm was so terrible that, as the people looked out from the windows of the cars, they could not tell whether there was a station there or not. If you could see this man to-day, you would see a man who seems seventy or eighty years old, his hair being perfectly white; but if you could look upon his body, you would say that the man did not seem to be more than thirty or thirty-five years of age. Every little while the train would stop, and the brakeman would call out the name of the station, and some people would get out, and then the train would go on. There was a lady with a child, who was very much concerned lest she might not leave the train at the proper place. This man noticed her anxiety, and said, "You need not give yourself any concern. I know the road perfectly well. I will tell you when you come to your station." The train stopped at the station before the one at which the woman wished to alight and the brakeman called out the name. Then the train went on, and after a few minutes it stopped again and the man leaned over and said to the woman, "Now is your time; get out quickly." She took her child and left the car, and the train went on. In a few minutes it stopped again, and then the brakeman called out the name of the station at which this woman wished to alight. The man ran up to the brakeman, and said, "Why, you have already stopped at that station!" The brakeman said, "No; there was something the matter with the engine, and we just stopped for a few minutes to repair it." "Oh, dear!" he said, "I put that woman and her child off in the storm!" They went back—some of the men on the train—to try to find them; and they found the woman holding her child in her arms, and both of them were frozen to death!

Oh, friends, it is an awful thing for us to give people wrong directions concerning the truth of God! I wonder how many people there are in this privileged audience to-day who could sit down with the Word of God by the side of an enquiring soul and "commence at the same scripture, and preach Jesus." I have gone through an inquiry meeting sometimes, and sat down here and there by the side of one who was sitting with an open Bible close by an inquirer; and I have heard things concerning which I had to speak out a word of protest—things, which, it seemed to me, would cause a soul to go away into the darkness, and for which there was no warrant in the wonderful Book. We are put in trust with the Gospel. We call men to account when they violate a human trust; what shall God do with you and me, if we do not know this Gospel and use it, according to his wonderful Word?—*B. Fay Mills.*

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Misunderstood Texts.

Archdeacon Farrar in an address before the London Sunday-School Union spoke as follows on this subject: "A very large and deeply interesting book might be written on misunderstood texts; many people are hardly aware of the awful extent to which the world has been influenced in the wrong direction by attaching false meanings to peculiar texts. It is an extensive subject to enter upon, but here are one or two trifling instances. The other day, a clergyman calling on an old woman, and finding her in a dying state, urged upon her the duty of repentance. She said she knew a great deal better than that. Did not the Scriptures say that 'the gifts and calling of God are without repentance?' therefore she did not need repentance.

"There are hundreds and thousands of ignorant people liable to these mistakes. During the last election a Dorsetshire peasant refused to give a vote to a particular man. On being asked why, he said, 'O, sure he is a bad man.'"

"Because," replied the peasant, "he used the word 'peradventure,' and the Scriptures say, 'If I say peradventure the darkness shall cover me.'"

"You must not suppose that these mistakes are necessarily confined to ignorant persons. At a meeting of ecclesiastics a clergyman was speaking against total abstinence, and quoted the text, 'Let your moderation be

known unto all men.' He evidently thought that 'moderation' had something to do with moderate drinking, whereas it was a Greek word, which meant reasonableness, the reasonableness of conduct, and had nothing whatever to do with alcohol. Yet that was used by a distinguished churchman at a gathering of ecclesiastics.

"People are liable to run away with the merest fragments of texts. A distinguished ecclesiastic, recently dead, preached a very famous sermon on the text, 'Hear the church.' All of you are well enough instructed to know that there is no such text. It is merely a fragment of a verse. When Archbishop Whately met the dean he said, 'You might just as well have chosen, 'Hang all the law and the prophets.'"

"This will show you that it is easily and fatally possible to read the Bible without understanding the text, without knowing the allusions, the circumstances, the illustrations, which are necessary, especially the context and the whole meaning of the book from which the passage comes."

Youth in the Gospels.

It is an inspiring thought for youth that Jesus Christ, and His apostles, and nearly all the prominent figures in the story of the gospels, were young men. God seems to have conferred a peculiar honor and laid a great responsibility upon youth in thus making it the medium through which the new life of the kingdom of love was to be transmitted to the world.

There must have been some wise reason for this preference. God might have chosen to send His Son in the form of a patriarch or one of the venerable elders who were held in such reverence by the nation; but, instead, the whole course of Christ's earthly life was included within the period of youth. He was in the world as a boy and as a young man. His work was completed long before he reached middle age.

Notice, also, that Christ, when He might have chosen such wise and venerable counselors and companions as Simeon and Zacharias, chose instead twelve young men to be His apostles and immediate followers. There must have been a divine purpose, we repeat, for this selection of youth to be the nucleus and germinal principle of the new kingdom. Was it not because youth is the fittest time of life for the reception and propagation of new truth—youth, so full of enthusiasm and strength, so open, so sympathetic, so devoted to whatever wins its admiration and its adherence? The Divine Father and the Divine Son must have seen that youth had qualities peculiarly suited to the building up and perpetuating of the new kingdom—qualities which were lacking in cautious, conservative age, and without which the religion of the Incarnation would languish and perhaps perish.

The honor conferred upon youth was, therefore, not without reason, but meet and deserved. Youth was fit to be the evangel of salvation; and the same qualities which made it worthy to be the herald of redemption at the outset, still qualify it for that grand and noble work. May the inspiration of this great truth help to keep warm and active the spirit of service among the young people of our Epworth Leagues!

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories that you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake only those things that are lovely and lovable.—*Lutheran Observer.*

WHAT ONE BOY DID IN ONE YEAR.—He begged the office of sexton in the little Western church, and earned seventy-five cents a week.

He picked one hundred quarts of fruit for a neighbor.

He bought and sold eleven dozen chickens, and cleared five dollars on them.

When he could get no other work, a neighbor's wood-pile was always drive out Dyspepsia or it drive out the Use K. D. C.

ready, at a dollar a cord for sawing and splitting. He earned thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents on his wood piles.

For doing chores, cleaning yards, doing errands, etc., he received ten dollars.

For milking cows, taking care of horses etc., for neighbors, twenty dollars.

At the end of the year this fourteen-year-old boy had earned a little more than one hundred dollars and never missed a day at school. It was a busy year, yet play-hours were scattered all along; swimming, fishing, hunting, skating and coasting, each found its place. The old adage proved true in his case: "Where there's a will there's a way." He never missed a job; when other boys were idle he was busy, and the best of all that I can tell you about him is this: He was a King's Son.—*Kind Words.*

Random Readings.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—*James E. Lowell.*

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.—*Robert Hall.*

Only when a sinner believes and obeys the Gospel does it bless and comfort his soul.

Remember, whatever warrant you have for praying, you have the same warrant to believe your prayers will be answered.—*Phillips.*

The air, with God's sweetest and tenderest sunshine in it, was meet for mankind to breathe into their hearts, and send forth again as the utterance of prayer.—*Banathorne.*

True peace consists only in the possession of God; and the possession of God here below is only to be found in submission to the faith and in obedience to the law.—*Fenelon.*

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DEAR SIRS,—I had an abscess just behind my right ear, in August, 1891. After suffering for three months, I began to take B. B. B., and after one month's use of it I was very much better, and the abscess entirely disappeared in four months. I am certain that Burdock Blood Bitters is an excellent remedy.

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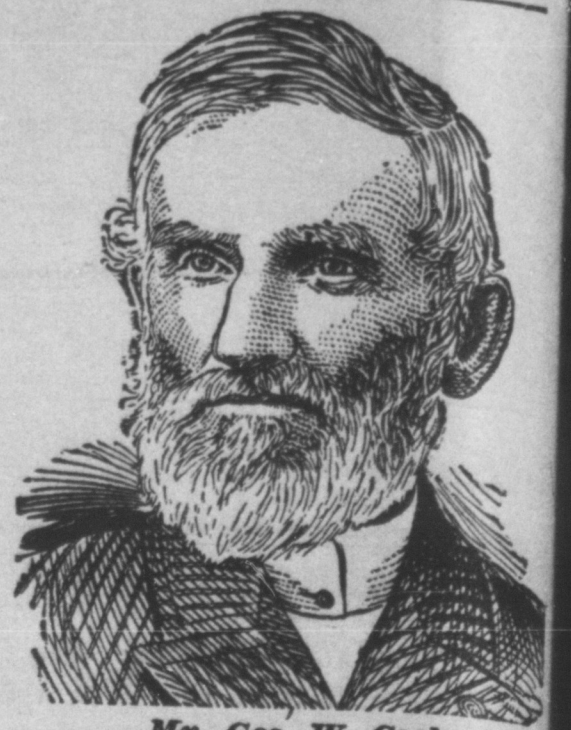
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severe sinking pains in my stomach. I took medicines without benefit, until, having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it, and the result is very gratifying. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone, I am free from pains and aches, and believe

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