

Rest a while. The Lord put the woes of the world on one mortal man once, but has never done in since. He never intended you or any other man to esteem himself the one great Worker on the earth. Toil on by all means, but punctuate toil with rest, here a comma and there a colon, or you will some day be brought up face to face with a full stop. I have no sympathy with the idea that ministers must not take a vacation because the devil never does. I don't pattern after the devil. He is not my glorious exemplar. I know that some people's consciences will not let them sleep or rest, but God giveth His beloved sleep. His followers are bidden to rest a while in their arduous toil for their Lord. Sing in conclusion :

Happy the man who loves to toil,
Whom honest work doth please;
But nowhere on this earthly soil
Breathes there a man so wondrous great
That worlds would end in direful fate
If he were once at ease.

Blest is the man, divinely blest,
Whose conscience lets him sleep,
Who works till he has earned a rest,
Loves labor while 'tis called to day,
Loves, too, a little honest play
When school don't chance to keep.

PETER PETER.

THE SUMMER TYPE OF RELIGION.

Religion, like everything else, has its different types. The spirit of the thing is one and indivisible, but the systems vary. Some of these types are natural peculiarities explainable on the basis of climatic, racial or social differences, while others are mere acquired artificialities of view or practice which are arbitrarily assumed by an individual or a society at the instance of a popular whim or a popular fashion.

Among those equivocal types, now, which seem to lack a thoroughly satisfactory excuse for existing, while yet they are partly based on reason, may be mentioned what we will venture to call the summer type of religion. It can hardly be denied that in the popular apprehension there seems to be associated with hot weather a style of religious living which differs in important respects from that which obtains during the winter months. The average church member thinks of his Christian duty in August in a different light from that in which it appears to him in December. As a matter of fact, of actual practice, what now is to be said of this summer style in religion?

In the first place, it is a relaxed type of Christianity. The pressures of the busy winter time are off, and the enervations of the languid summer season are on. The physical frame, and, indeed, the intellectual part of man, feel the effect of the climatic changes. It is then more difficult to be interested in anything, religion included. As the thermometer goes up, Christian zeal goes down. By tacit consent, special appeals to religious effort are intermitted during the torrid months. Even the evangelist abates somewhat of his ardor. The summer season thus practically becomes the season of spiritual somnolence.

The type of religion thus exhibited is characteristically reactionary. It is a recoil from the heavy duties of the preceding winter season, and is thus in part explicable, and even inevitable. The bow that is drawn tight up to the full limit of the arrow-head, will surely spring back into a condition of rest again when the pull upon it ceases to be exerted. If duties are multiplied excessively during one portion of the year the rebound into idleness will be more apt to take place at another. And the practical result is that winter is to many a kind of a Protestant Lent, that is, a season lent to the Lord, but which is expected back again with interest on the arrival of the summer months, when thought and interest languidly react from the ideas of a stalwart, aggressive Christian living.

The summer type again is the recreative type. Recreation, recreation, of the mental and physical powers must be had at intervals, and the hot season is the more natural time to obtain it. Life seems to take on a gala aspect with the coming of June, and by the time August arrives the annual crave for systematic pleasuring is at its height. Attention is thus inevitably diverted from old habits of devotion and service, and in too many cases the former details of the mission halls become the languid dilettanti of the watering-places.

Yet it should in justice be added that the summer type is also to a degree the reflective type of religious experience. There is all together too much of thoughtless activity in the winter season of incessant work. Things go, but they go with such a rush and roar of machinery as to allow little opportunity for quiet meditation on the how or wherefore of it all. But when the machinery comes to a dead stop, or slows up, in midsummer, thought begins and questions arise in the heart. A kind of a consolidation of character is apt to then take place, as the tumults of the past are reviewed, while as yet the din of coming conflicts sounds but faintly in the ear.

The summer type of religion, while on the whole, in the practice of many believers it is the weaker, the less puissant and militant type, need not in any case be entirely devoid of the exercise of faith and the ministries of Christian service. A vacation need not be a vacuum. Pleasure is not necessarily inconsistent with piety. The summer is not to be surrendered up unconditionally and unreservedly to the relaxations and recreations which prove them so popular. Religion is a thing for the whole year. There may be a summer type of it, but it must in one form or another be characteristic of the whole of life. The Christian is never off duty. Opportunities to serve the Lord may everywhere be found. Seashore and mountain may be recognized as a sanctuary, and every secluded nook where tired humanity rests for a season become an oratory where praise, albeit it silently, perpetually ascends to the great Creator, who hath "made summer" as well as winter, and who never ceases to expect and crave the homage of those who love Him.—*N. Y. Observer.*

VACATION VAGARIES.

The summer vacation leads, at least, to some good results. It enlarges one's ideas of the world in which he lives, and brings him into association with many people whom he has never met before. True, he may not have been as comfortable as he would have been in his own house, but with the narrow quarters have come a wider range of vision, and an idea of persons and places that had heretofore been as a sealed book.

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, if we may trust the proverb, and though we may smile at the follies of our neighbors whom we may meet upon the hotel piazza, we after all, learn that characters have two sides, and that amid the weaknesses and vanities of humanity there lurk many noble qualities that are displayed at unexpected moments. Many a mother makes a martyr of herself that her daughter may enjoy a summer outing, and many a father gives up his comfortable city chambers that his son may play the part of a Prince Fortunatus, for a brief holiday. Voltaire or some other philosopher asserted that pleasure was for the young, and the old find their chief satisfaction in watching those who have succeeded them in singing *vive la bagatelle*. So if mater familias and pater familias find this world a little stale, even at the gayest of watering places, they derive some satisfaction from the facts that for their children the fountain of life still sparkles, and that rheumatism and dyspepsia are in the far distant future as far as they are concerned.

PRETTY IDLENESS.

Every now and then a conscience among the men and women who live easy, thoughtless lives is stirred, and some one looks up anxiously, holding up some one of the pretty idlenesses in which such people spend their days and nights, and says, "Is this wrong? Is it wicked to do this?" And when they get the answer, "No, certainly not wicked," then they go back and give their whole lives up to doing their innocent little piece of uselessness again. Ah! the question is not whether that is wicked, whether God will punish you for doing that. The question is whether that thing is keeping other better things away from you; whether behind its little bulk the vast privilege and dignity of duty is hid from you, whether it stands between God and your soul. If it does, then it is an offense to you, and though it be your right hand or right eye, cut it off, pluck it out, and cast it from you. The advantage and joy will be not in its absence, for you will miss it very sorely, but in what its loss reveals, in the new life which lies beyond it, which you will see stretching out and tempting you as soon as it is gone.—Phillips Brooks.