

THE TURNING OF THE EVENING

Long centuries ago a man "went out to meditate in the field at the turning of the evening." His heart was full of thoughts both sweet and sad. His mother was dead, and his bride was coming; she was nearer than he knew. He looked down the long vista of an untried experience, and before stepping into it he went out to meditate.

Upon us has come another evening, the evening of the year's long day. We stand within its swiftly-deepening shadows, and thoughts enough should possess our hearts, ere we trust ourselves to look upon the dawn of a new day. It becomes us, too, to go out; out of the glare and babble within the walls, out to the silence and to God, there and before Him to meditate. The most fatally reckless thing that any man can do is not to meditate at the turning of such an evening. For surely, and it may be