

SUNLIGHT.

While reading Mr. Riis' interesting book, "How the Other Half Lives," I came upon this sentence:

"There was once an English doctor who experimented with the sunlight in the soldiers' barracks, and found that on the side that was shut off altogether from the sun the mortality was 100 per cent. greater than on the light side, where its rays had free access."

Here I laid the book down and let my mind wander off between the lines.

In our town, of late years, the outcry has been raised of "too much shade!" and everywhere along the streets the wood chopper's axe has been at work. On one gentleman's ground it is reported that eighty trees have been cut down in the last year.

So, then, my dear young friend (and perhaps it would do some of the older ones no harm to attend our preaching service this morning), I think that you will not contradict me when I say that health of character is fully as important as health of body, and that for our characters to thrive well, they need plenty of sun. You have heard it all before, though you are too polite to say so. The point about which I am anxious is, whether, having heard, you will really get to work with your axe, and begin your job of clearing. Some of our old residents groan over the sacrifices of the familiar elms and horse-chestnuts; they are loath to see them go. In one house, where typhoid fever carried off three children in the course of the summer, the thick, dreary branches of the pine trees hung as close to the windows as ever, the big front yard is almost a jungle, and only the most persistent sunbeams ever hold lawn parties on these premises.

It is wonderful how attached our souls become to our shade trees; we hate to have them go. The state of mind as "hugging one's misery" is a very unusual one, but it is not healthy. Exercise is good for the soul, but you and I know more than one hard-working soul that is yet in poor health because it will work in the dark. Simply that. Not a crime, you say; but such a soul grows sallow and ill-favored and peevish, and it is not "herein" that the Father is glorified.

Will you not try to follow the English doctor's example and "experiment with the sunlight?" Those who live on "the light side" of life, and thank God for it, are wise.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

THE LAND OF WHITE GLOVES.

At the anniversary of the Sunday School Union, Dr. B. W. Chidlaw of Ohio,—a native of Wales,—after spending fifty-six years in Sunday school work in America, said: "I was taught to read the Bible in the language in which I was born, in the Sunday school. The Principality of Wales is known as the land of the Bible, of the Sunday school, and of white gloves. When I was in Wales some time ago I saw a number of men making for where the court was sitting. I said that, as an American,—for I have been an American for seventy years—I would like to see a Welsh court in session. I was shown in, and saw the judge putting on a pair of white gloves. I asked what did it mean. I was told that there were no cases for trial. Nobody had been arrested for the past two months. The Bible and the Sunday school have made Wales what it is."

It has been stated that there is not an infidel book published in the Welsh language. One thing is certain, the Bible is read, and preached, and loved there; and while in five counties in the north of Ireland it has required twelve police-

men to every ten thousand people, mainly to keep order among those who do not read the Bible; and in the south of Ireland, where the Bible has not been so much read, it has required forty-six policemen to each ten thousand people to keep them in order; at the same time it has been stated that in one county in Wales no policeman was required.

It will be a long time before a judge will wear white gloves in any judicial district where the Bible is neglected, where whiskey is drunk, and where every workman is required to be a member of some oath-bound secret clan or gang before as a peaceable and honest man he can earn an honest living. Ignorance, whiskey, and superstition, among a people who do not read the Bible for themselves, who do not make their own bargains, but who are bound hand and foot under the control of foreign leaders, will ensure crime enough to keep the jails and prisons well filled, and prevent any judge wearing white gloves.

AFTER FIFTY.

It was said at the memorial meeting of the Willard alumnae at Troy, N. Y., that the best of a woman's life is often after fifty, "when the wail of humanity grows as pathetic in her ears as once did the cry of her own children."

But cultivated intellect alone did not make her last days her best days. "Not harder with thy polish grow," says Whittier; and hardness is incompatible with loveliness of character or person. Cultivated mental powers heightened by moral excellence give a personal loveliness transcending that of youth, however great that may have been. "She grows more beautiful every day," was said of Alice Cary after fifty. Mrs. Emma Willard had a finer presence at sixty than at twenty. She carried in her majestic bearing and the lofty expression of her intellectual face the record of her beneficent life. It was not possible to associate the usual ideas of female age with Miss Mary Lyon. At fifty it was a pleasure to look upon her. The most undiscerning could perceive the supreme excellence of her spirit as it illumined her beaming face like the light of a lamp shining through a delicately tinted shade.

And there are faces like the lamps of the foolish virgins whose light has gone out. The oil needed replenishing. Their voices have a wail like Shakespeare's witches—"Double, double toil and trouble."

The inevitable tendency of cultivated mind, of high thought, is to carry youth through life making the enthusiasms of early years an impelling momentum to high achievements in advanced age. And when the trained mind and philanthropic heart are consecrated by the religion of Jesus, the face becomes like Stephen's—"As it had been the face of an angel."

A missionary, in a private letter, writes the following, which exhibits something of the inner life of these brethren. He says: "The other day I received a photograph of a young lady, which I presume was intended for my second daughter, but which I never should have recognized as the picture of any one belonging to me. Eight years ago I left in America two little girls. I shall never see those 'little girls' again. Eight years of their childhood is lost to me. For two years I have been entirely alone, my wife as well as my children being at home."—*New York Observer.*

We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away.