

A Day in July.

Let us throw care to the winds and betake ourselves to the woods, and enjoy all their beauties this sunny afternoon. The cool breeze, though barely enough to ruffle the surface of the shallow stream, the warm atmosphere, the fragrance of flowers, the luxurious growth of weeds and ferns, the smell of fresh earth, and the soft hazy blue of the sky, wield a strange influence over us, and make us ask why such feelings possess us when brought in closer contact with the beauties of nature.

Something holier and better is aroused within us which we cannot define; but it rests, refreshes and strengthens us. Each fern we gather is a little world of wonder under a microscope, and the bloom on the weeds is well worth pausing to admire. The moss covered log on which we are resting contains a long lecture in botany in the fungi which covers it, for every variety in color and shape grows there—from the dearold-fashioned toad-stool, which delighted our childhood's fancies, to the tiny lichen in every color and shade, from bright green and grey to scarlet and black. One feels tempted to gather some to add to our basket of mosses, but they will not bear detachment from their native soil. The cows seem to enjoy to the fullest the spot they have taken possession of, and look the picture of quiet contentment. Old white

Bess is taking a long draught of the sweet water, while Rose looks on in quiet wonder. Hark! to the song of robin-redbreast, low and sweet and full of quiet joy; doubtless his mate is near on her nest. Our old pet the cat-bird perches himself on a branch very close to our ear, and gives utterance to his discordant cat-call; but he can sing very sweetly to his mate when he feels in the mood. Glancing swallows skim the surface of the stream in search of insects. The air seems alive with their hum, and as we listen, the hoarse "caw" of a crow breaks the silence. The lengthening

shadows warn us that sunset approaches, and we turn with reluctance from the quiet spot where we have spent such restful happy hours.

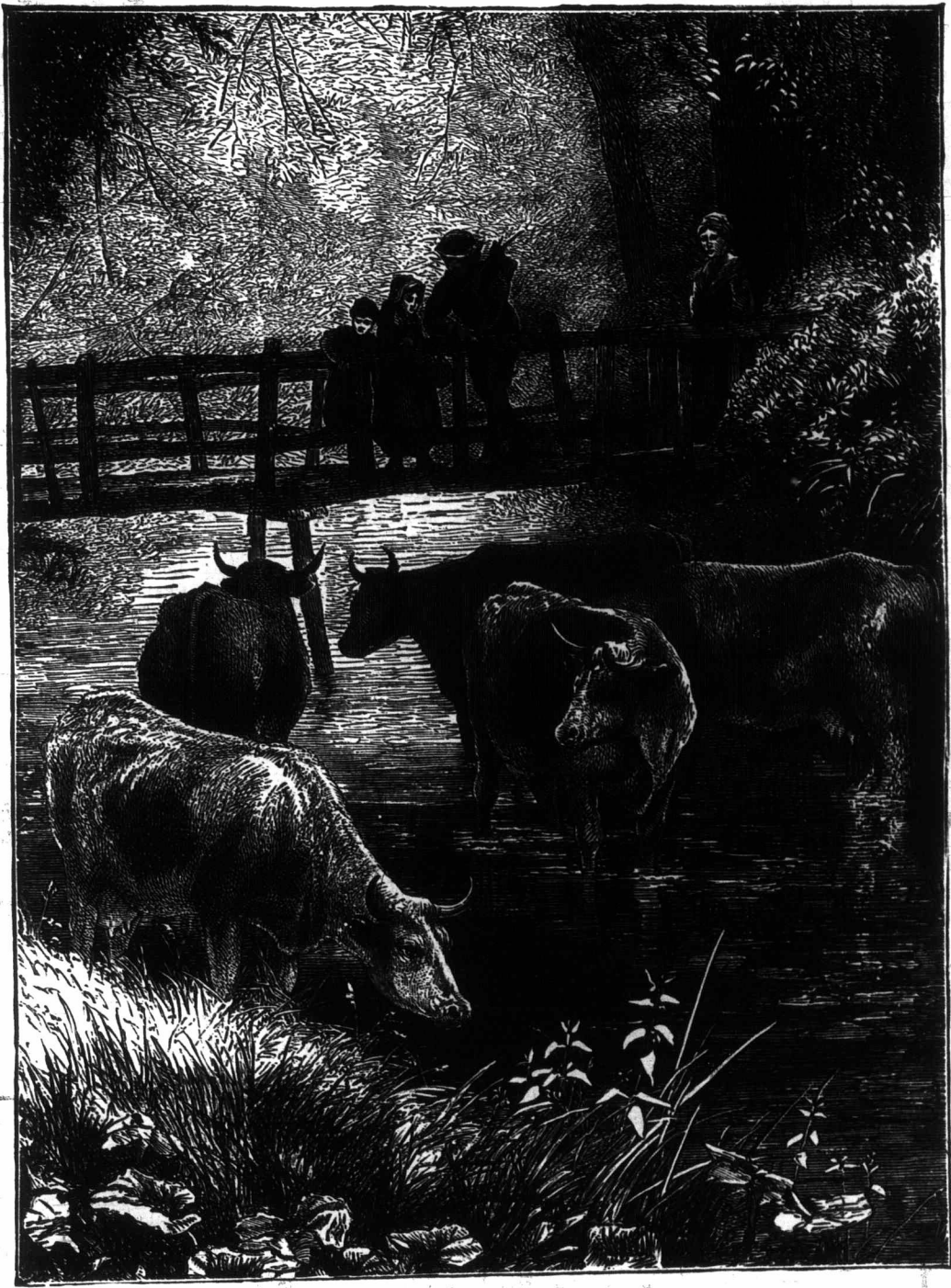
Want of Sleep.

Are you afflicted with insomnia? Perhaps you have too much time for sleep. Perhaps you depend too much on sleep for rest and recuperation. For sleep is not the sole rest of used-up nerves. Sociability, congeniality, and the enjoyment of good company rest the body quite as much as sleep.

punctuality are often surprised after breaking their own cast-iron rules, and passing two or three later hours of mirth and jollity past their usual bed time, to find themselves even more refreshed in the morning than usual. The relaxation of sociability has rested them more than would sleep or an attempt to sleep. But these are conditions not so easily reached in the average family.

In fashionable life we have a formal, exhausting and mechanical evening of more or less dissipation. On the other hand, the evenings of great numbers of families are monotonous humdrum. They involve the assemblage of the same people, the same surroundings, the same

paterfamilias yawning over his paper, and the same querulous mamma overlaid with family cares. Fresh people with fresh thought, fresh atmosphere, anything to stir up and agitate the pool of domestic stagnation, are sadly needed and sadly scarce. There needs to be also a constant succession of such fresh people to bring about these results. The world is full of men and women, and in a better regulated life it would be the business after the day's work was done to entertain each other, and give each other fresh life. As it is now, hundreds if not thousands of our households are little better than cells for the incarceration of each family. Thousands are thus worn out



A MIDSUMMER SCENE.

The dreary monotony of life in many a household, involving this tumbling into bed with the mechanical regularity of a machine at nine or ten o'clock in the evening, does not always rest weary bodies. "Early to bed and early to rise" does not always make a man healthy, wealthy or wise. Numbers of organizations are only capable of five or six hours' sleep at a time, and their early lying down to rest is often succeeded by an early waking up and a consequent restless tossing for hours preceding daybreak. The practisers of

prematurely from the utter lack of domestic recreation. There might be written over the graves of hundreds of thousands, "Bored to death by the stagnation of domestic life."—[The Christian at Work.]

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality either loathsome or glorious.

When viewed through a microscope the nettle appears the model of an extensive estate, decorated with timber and shrubbery and subdivided by the rays or ribs which proceed from the main stalk into several compartments.