

Thousands who hurry away to work and business early in the morning and return late at night, jaded and worn out, have little opportunity for intercourse with their families through the week. Sunday is to myriads the one day which husband and wife, parents and children, can spend together without interruption, without the distraction of the demands and cares of their work. The special preparation in the home for the Sunday, the bath, the best clothes, the cleaning up, have a wholesome moral as well as physical effect. As De Tocqueville said, when comparing the English with the French Sunday, "It was a matter of no slight importance that English workmen on the Sabbath wash and put on clean clothes." The outward cleanliness becomes a sign and sacrament of inward purity. Let, then, the family meal be more carefully and daintily spread, yet in Christian simplicity, and not after such a fashion as to give increased and unnecessary labour to those who need rest. Such a meal is a true love-feast. With Christ's presence and benediction it is truly sacramental. On this day the father is at home with his children. As a little boy once said, "I suppose they call this a holy day because it is a loving day." To his mother's correction that "every day is a loving day, and father and mother loved him every day," his answer was, "Yes, but you haven't time to say so, and father cannot take me to hear the minister and singing on other days, and he cannot nurse me on his knee and talk to me about good boys and men. Oh, mother! it's a loving day." Such is the preciousness of the Sunday as the home day. Here is the truest recreation, the noblest stimulant the most health-giving refreshment.

One of the great dangers of our times is that of the deterioration of family life. Let us set our faces