

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

SUMMER MORNINGS.

W. W. Davis in Lutheran Observer.

"O, how beautiful is morning!
How the sunbeams strike the daisies,
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
Marching to the uplands fair."
—Miss Mulock.

A sensible naturalist once said he was not going away for the summer, but would spend his vacation in the backyard, where he was sure of finding birds and plants enough for a month's study. With a garden and grove on the banks of Rock river, one does not feel a pressing call to Long Branch or the White Mountains. Let the panting city folk swell the gay crowd.

"Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home."

To enjoy the morning, you must take it at its best. You must live according to the time-honored maxim of our grandfathers:

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes one healthy, wealthy and
wise."

People who go to bed do not get up early. We cannot burn the candle at both ends. Late parties, late suppers, late amusements, are injurious to mind and body. Midnight oil for students or ministers is more poetical than profitable.

Folks who refuse to desert their drowsy pillow till seven or eight, rightly miss the delights of the early day. The bird concert is over, the dew no longer sparkles on grass or flower, the air has lost its freshness, the solitude of your thought is broken, the sun is becoming hot, the rush and roar are on the streets. Milton knew better: "Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds."

There is one drawback to the early day in the crowded city. You open your eyes on roofs and chimneys instead of rose bushes and cherry trees. You set your feet upon sidewalks instead of a grassy lawn. This would not have suited Wordsworth who revelled in the lakes and hills.

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall
rock,
The mountain, and the deep and
glorious wood."

Early rising in the city has its temptations. As there is no lawn or garden to look after, there is a natural tendency to take a book and improve the mind. This is to miss the freshness and beauty of the time. Be out-doors, if only on the verandah. Throw open the windows of your soul, as Whittier says. Study is good, but health is better. Albert Barnes rose at four, and wrote his Notes before nine while his congregation were sleeping, but he ruined his eyes.

Our favorite resort in the early morning is the garden. That man is to be pitied who has no liking for the soil. An hour with the spade or hoe is much more exhilarating than golf or tennis, beats all the tonics of the drug store. A game, too, that has this merit: you can play it alone. Then the reward. Can you imagine a greater joy than in watching the cabbage grow that you have planted, or picking your own peas and strawberries? The flavor is so much finer than the stale article of the market. By their fruits ye shall know them.

"And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

Few can afford a yacht or an automobile, some do not care to risk their fingers in a ball game, but all can have a plot of ground, large or small, for daily enjoyment. It is always there. Pope had his villa at Twickenham. Scott cherished Abbotsford. Gladstone found relaxation at Hawarden, George

Bancroft took pride in his rose beds at Washington. One of Charles Dudley Warner's most entertaining books is "My Summer in a Garden."

Let it be understood that early rising is not a penance or punishment, but pleasure and profit. We might make a long list of men and women who have followed the habit. Scott wrote his novels before nine, and was then ready for the entertainment of his visitors who had been lounging in bed. Napoleon, Franklin and Washington were up with the proverbial lark. When president, John Quincy Adams took his summer-morning plunge in the Potomac before reading a chapter in the Greek Testament.

Daniel Webster's appreciation of the morning is one of his noblest utterances: "Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the glorious sun is seen, this they never enjoy, for they never see it. . . . I know the morning, I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a dally new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life and breath and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude." "There's the rosemary, that's for remembrance."

There is pansies, that's for thoughts."

Of course, on your grounds you will have a posy bed, and do not forget the old-fashioned flowers. We like to look at the bright marigolds, the climbing honeysuckle, the morning glories, the stately hollyhock. They bring back mother and the old home in the east, when life was young, and the dear household was unbroken.

INTERNAL BODILY PURITY.

By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

Not only the exterior, but the interior of the body also is to be kept pure by being kept clean. The largest part of the impurity which is to be washed from the exterior of the body consists of the worn out and wasted fluids and solids which are passed out of the body through the pores of the skin, mostly in the form of perspiration. Frequent bathing is necessary to keep the pores open, so that the body may be kept in good health. But a large accumulation of waste matter, both in the form of fluids and solids, is also cast out of the body in bulk, or in considerable quantities, at a single time.

How we come to have these waste substances in the body, perhaps you will best understand by noticing the burning of the fire in the grate or stove. The burning of the wood and coal produces heat, and if the fire is to be kept burning, fuel must be added from time to time. As the fuel burns away, ashes accumulate. A small quantity of the fuel also passes up the chimney in the form of smoke, and that which remains in the form of ashes must be removed or the grate will be clogged up, the draught cut off, and the fire go out.

The same is true of our bodies. The warmth of our bodies is caused by the changes effected in the lungs, liver, and muscles by the processes of life, which in many ways closely resemble the burning of fuel in the stove. That part which passes off through the pores in perspiration resembles that portion of the ashes which passes up the chimney in the form of smoke, and that which accumulates as fluids and solids in those portions of our bodies which God has provided for their reception, correspond to the ashes which gather in the ash pan under the grate.

Now, if the ash pan is not emptied daily, the ashes will pile up until they clog the grate, cut off the draught, and

put out the fire. And in like manner, if those portions of our bodies which are designed to receive and for a brief time retain these waste substances are not emptied at proper intervals, the entire interior of the body will be stopped up, all the offices of the body will be hindered, these offensive substances will clog and will be retained in the blood, and consequently the brain and all portions of the body feel dull and heavy, and if long continued or often repeated, sickness and disease will surely follow.

If you desire to be strong and well, empty the waste pipes of the body regularly and faithfully. The waste fluid should always be wholly emptied out the last thing before getting into the bed at night, upon rising in the morning, and at intervals of from three to six hours during the day and sometimes often.

The waste solids should be emptied from the body with unfailing regularity each day, and the great mass of cleanly and careful people have found it best to make this the first duty each morning immediately after breakfast. Without care and regularity in performing these two duties, good health, a vigorous body, and a clean mind are altogether impossible. In order that the inhabitants of a house may be comfortable and happy, it is not enough that the outside of the house should be well painted, but the inside of the house must be clean and pure. To be healthy and happy, keep your body clean and pure, both without and within.

In very many respects the similarity between the fire in the grate and the fire in our bodies is more of a fact than a figure. In our bodies, the combustion, or oxidation, or burning, is slower, but none the less real. When such oxidation, or burning, is slow, as in the gradual destruction of iron which is exposed to the weather, we call it rusting; when it proceeds rapidly, as with coal and wood, it is called burning. The process in both instances, however, is the same. In the human body the burning is not so rapid as with wood, but much more rapid than the oxidation of iron. The Bible recognizes this scientific fact where it speaks of death as a light, a candle, or a lamp. In the book of Job (xviii, 5) it says, "The light of the wicked shall be put out," and in Proverbs (xxiv, 20), "The candle of the wicked shall be put out, and in another chapter (xlii, 9), "The lamp of the wicked shall be put out."

There are so many kinds of food that it will be impossible to speak of any of them separately. Never eat any but the most wholesome foods. These should be properly cooked, eaten in proper quantities, in sufficient varieties, and at regular intervals. Always observe carefully the effects of what you eat. If you have a headache, a fever, or even when you feel cross and irritable, inquire carefully into the character and quantity of what you ate from twelve to forty-eight hours previously, and in this way, by observation and thoughtfulness, you will make many valuable discoveries concerning your own well-being and health. Study thoughtfully the many rules of health prepared by others, always remembering, however, that any slight modification to suit your own best needs will be dependent upon your careful observation and your study of your own body. Never eat anything that disagrees with you simply because it tastes good. Do not live solely that you may eat, but eat so that you may be fitted to live a life of greater usefulness.

No good that has been truly meant, though in the midst of mistakes, shall in any upshot of life be utterly lost. In the end of things the angels always come and gather the wheat from among the tares.—A. D. T. Whitney.