

### The Death of Aaron.

OTTO J. BULFIN.

The aged priest of Israel  
Climbed up the mountain side,  
Past many a winding deer-trail  
Towards where the peaks divide  
The darkening clouds which hover nigh  
To watch the priest of Israel die.

No sudden weakness shook his limb,  
His heart with steady beat  
Failed not, nor were his eyes grown dim,  
Nor tottering his feet;  
But on, unflinchingly he trod,  
His law and guide the voice of God.

The nation's chief walked by his side  
And close behind his son,  
The only two that undenied  
Might view the last rites done,  
And lay away in silent grief  
The brother of the nation's chief.

Around on all the plain below  
The tents of Israel spread,  
Secure from every hurtful foe  
By fiery pillar led  
Toward the Jordan's pebbly strand,  
The border of the promised land.

That country which he'd longed to see,  
But could not enter in,—  
The God-inflicted penalty  
For long repented sin.  
Time dries the tears in sadness spilt,  
But years can never outlaw guilt.

The priestly robes adorn his son  
Who takes his father's place,  
Reluctantly he puts them on  
And feels the last embrace,  
Bends 'neath the murmured blessing  
said  
Then sadly gazes on the dead.

No towering spire stands o'er the grave  
But in the angels care,  
'Neath upturned sod or silent cave  
They sadly left him there.  
Fresh in the gleam of death-dew damp,  
They downward turned toward the  
camp.

All Israel gazed with anxious view  
And sorrow-streaming eyes;  
Where three had gone there came back  
two,  
The third in slumber lies  
Where friend and foe disturb no more  
Among the shaggy peaks of Hor.

### "Only Tired."

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

To-day I heard a song, the meaning  
of which I could so fully comprehend.  
And I fancied there were other listeners  
to the tender music who could  
translate—perhaps better than could  
the winsome young singer—the spirit  
of her song.

The singer sang to us of one who  
was not fearful of her future; who knew  
she would never be forsaken, but yet  
who was so tired. And always the re-  
frain would be: "Only tired! Only  
tired!"

Ah me! How many weary, loving  
hearts could echo and reecho the

burden of the song? How many,  
though they know they are leaning on  
an arm that cannot falter, and guided  
by an eye that cannot err, yet grow so  
tired that a looker on might well mis-  
take the weariness for doubt.

We grow so tired, so tired! Nothing  
to break the dull, monotonous round  
of duty. We glance back o'er the past,  
we gaze at the present, we peer into the  
future, yet it is the same; always and  
always the same. We cannot help our  
sigh. We are not murmuring that life  
is as it is; we are not doubting that  
this path is the very best for us. No,  
no; not that; we are only tired.

I am sure God understands. It even  
rests me when I realize how easily  
Christ can comprehend. I can fancy  
our gentle Saviour—as the recording  
angel would mark down the impatient  
act, the querulous tone, the anxious  
sigh—dropping a tear of pity upon the  
unholy record; and whispering softly,  
as he gently stays the angel's pen,  
"Wait; she does not mean it. Her  
heart is loyal to the right; to-day she is  
only tired."

I well remember when a bright,  
golden head was pressed against my  
bosom, how I would try to hush the  
baby into rest and sleep. All day long  
the active little body had been busy on  
some mighty baby task. Block houses  
had been built and demolished. Every  
available chair had been utilized in the  
careful construction of a train of cars.  
The willing dog had been harnessed to  
his waggon, and had been driven  
furiously the whole length of the room,  
from the door to a waiting mother's  
arms. Upon all manner of work had  
the little one been intent. He had  
strengthened his lungs by persistent  
blowing on a horn, while the rhythmic  
(?) beating upon his drum must have  
convinced the most skeptical how much  
of music was imprisoned in his soul.  
But when night came the baby's glee  
had subsided into querulous com-  
plaints.

But the baby's mother never  
dreamed of being angry or even being  
hurt at her darling's fretful cry.

Through all the long day I had  
watched him at his busy play; and  
when the evening came, I knew the  
change that must come with it.

"Such a tired little baby!" I would  
coaxingly say. "He is going to come  
to his mother now, and she will rock  
him to sleep." And sometimes the  
baby would eagerly run to the out-  
stretched arms; but sometimes he  
would stand far off and fret and cry;  
and at times he would be defiant.  
And when I would try to woo him with  
"Mamma's own dear baby boy!" he  
would reply, "I am not your baby. I

am not going to be your baby any  
more."

But did I get angry with my sweet,  
wilful, weary baby? Ah no. I am  
sure that every mother who reads  
this page will know that I did not.

"Baby is tired," I would say; and  
then I would take a book and pretend  
to read, while all the time I would be  
watching and waiting.

And I was never disappointed.  
Very soon the little one would climb  
up into my arms, and after a little  
penitent hug and kiss, and the assur-  
ance that he would be "always mam-  
ma's boy;" he would nestle content-  
edly down next the heart which his  
baby intuition had early taught him  
was his rightful dwelling place, and  
soon be fast asleep. Next morning he  
would awake again gay, bright and  
busy, but always in the evening he  
would be so tired.

Years have come and gone, and the  
baby is taller than his mother now, but  
I have never forgotten the lesson I  
learned as I stayed in the nursery with  
him.

My own life is only my baby's life  
reproduced on a larger scale. The  
mother love and sympathy and patience  
is only a faint reflection of the divine  
heart of the Father who understands  
all our weaknesses, yet "loves us with  
an everlasting love."

All through the day we are busy and  
happy, yet when the night creeps on  
we grow so tired.

"Come unto me," Christ whispered  
low, "and I will give you rest." But  
no; we are not quite ready to come  
yet. And we do or say things which  
some Christian who is stronger, or who  
—more likely—has not taken so many  
steps during the day, would never say.  
That righteous soul is scandalized and,  
in holy horror, says: "I wouldn't do  
that."

But He, He who alone can under-  
stand and pity, He whispers: "She is  
only tired;" and waits in patience, but  
never lets us leave His loving, watching  
eye.

After a little while we grow anxious  
for the tender heart which alone can  
soothe our every care. Then the love,  
which had never really left our way-  
ward soul, revives: and turning from  
all else the world can hold or offer, we  
draw near in submissive tenderness;  
and renewing our pledge of devotion,  
fall into peaceful, restful sleep with the  
smile of Jesus resting on us, and the  
arms of Jesus closely clasped about us.

Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla  
prevents serious illness by keeping the  
blood pure and all the organs in a  
healthy condition.

### Mathematical Law in Nature.

T. DARLEY ALLEN.

No subject could be more interesting  
than that relating to mathematical law  
in nature. The revolutions of the  
planets, and everything animate and  
inanimate, are governed by uniformity  
of law, which exhibits the omnipotence  
and wisdom of the Creator. The stu-  
dent will find much in the study of this  
subject to demonstrate the folly of  
materialistic and atheistic philosophy.  
And yet the fact that law and order  
underlie everything in nature does not  
prove that miracles have no place in the  
divine economy. God governs by law,  
and yet if for some great purpose He  
does something that seems to violate  
law the principle is in no way affected,  
as it simply shows that law is really the  
great system of government, when a  
miracle, or an act apparently contrary to  
that law, is easily recognized. Under  
the heading, "Laws of Nature," in the  
July issue of the (Boston) Christian,  
the able editor, H. L. Hastings, has  
the following interesting remarks, in  
illustration of our subject:

"A watch runs according to law, that  
is, the law or rule or design of its being.  
But watches sometimes run wrong, and  
the law by which a watch runs has no  
power whatever to correct its wrong  
running and make it run right. If it is  
too fast or too slow a watch cannot regu-  
late itself or help itself. But the one  
who made the watch can interfere, and  
set it backwards or forwards, can make  
it run faster or slower; can work chains  
in its movements such as never could  
be accomplished without the interfer-  
ence of external power; and the only  
way to accomplish the purpose which  
was in view when the watch was construct-  
ed is for the maker or owner of the watch  
to interfere and accomplish these  
changes which are necessary in order  
that the watch keep good time.

"Now such interference with the law  
of the watch are in the nature of  
miracles. They are things which the  
watch could not do of itself, and which  
could not be done in the ordinary  
movements of the watch, nor would  
they be needful ordinarily; but emer-  
gencies call for these interferences with  
the regular order of affairs, and they  
constantly occur.

"Now it will be noted that in most  
cases where events occur which may be  
termed miracles, they have reference to  
some derangement, disorder, or defect  
in man which was not part of the origi-  
nal plan, and did not exist in the human  
constitution at the beginning. There  
are miracles of healing disease, of re-  
storing health, of rescuing from danger,