

ever and anon if our Sabbath is to continue what it has been, and especially if it is to be so improved as to become all that it should be.

In the cities of the United States the sanctity of the Sabbath has had no greater enemy than the Sunday newspapers, occupying the hours of the sacred day, and flooding the minds of their readers with secular thought. We are, fortunately, free from this evil—long may we remain so. The running of the street cars on the Lord's-day, under the specious plea of facilitating attendance at the house of God, there is reason to believe, would be used chiefly as a means for godless amusement. With the wide distribution of churches throughout our cities, the need of street cars for that purpose is quite unnecessary.

Few things will so contribute to break down character and estrange from moral living, and from the house of God, as a neglect to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Under the plea of business necessity, in some places the post office is opened for at least a part of the Sabbath. That this plea is utterly groundless may be seen from the fact that in London, the commercial metropolis of the world, the post office is closed, the letter carrier

enjoys his day of rest, and, so far as mail delivery is concerned, the busy wheels of work stand still. If this can be done in London, where is it that it cannot be done? There is an injustice to God-fearing men who wish to keep holy the Sabbath in opening the post office on that day. If the mails are delivered, the unscrupulous merchant, who has no respect for the commandment of God, has the advantage of being able to forestall his more scrupulous fellow merchant, and—so keen is the competition of modern trade—of tempting him to adopt the same business methods, to the breaking down of other religious barriers and institutions. The best friend of the workingman is he who most strictly seeks to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath. If its hours of rest be invaded on the plea of giving him recreation and pleasure, soon the greed of mammon will seek to employ those sacred hours in the drudgery of toil.

There is a moral sublimity in the fact that throughout our land on the blessed seventh day the weary wheels of toil stand still and attest the recognition of the divinely appointed day of rest, a day set apart for the moral and physical welfare of man, as well as for the worship of Almighty God.

WILL O' THE WISP.

BY H. STAFFORD.

THE night had entered through the open gate
That Eastward stands eternally ajar
To Light and Darkness, and a traveller,
Lost from the beaten track, was wandering late
In the black wilderness. He paused to wait
The fortunate coming of some shining star
Or crescent moon, when, weirdly, from afar
The Will o' the Wisp allured him to his fate.

The sky, alas, is full of evil lamps,
And life of ill philosophies and creeds,
As false as that torch in the dismal swamps :
Ye who find life a losing of the way
Be falsely guided not, but wait the Day,
Though long in coming, for it only truly leads.

CHICAGO, 1890.