

week one may climb the invigorating heights of the Sabbath, renewing his youth like the eagles.

Leaping with God from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven.

The man who omits this Sabbath rest, working monotonously every day, and resting only at night, "runs down," as the expressive common phrase aptly puts it.

These conclusions of Mr. Haegler, the greatest specialist on the relation of the Sabbath to health, are, for substance of doctrine, those of the whole medical profession, which hundreds of doctors have expressed with less particularity. But Dr. Haegler finds his most illustrious endorsement in Professor Hodge, of Clark University,

Worcester, Mass., who has demonstrated in his biological laboratory that the nerve cells are not fully restored from a day's wear by a night's rest, and that they need to be fully restored every few days, and that such perfect restoration cannot be accomplished with less than thirty to thirty-six hours of continuous rest, which means a rest-day added to the adjoining two nights, a rest such as the Sabbath affords.

Surely in no nation and in no age has it been so necessary to guard against national nerve-exhaustion as in our own, when we are passing from the nineteenth century of steam into the twentieth century of electricity, and when the problems of the whole world are laid every morning at our doors.—C. E. World.

Religious Intelligence.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE BIBLE.

BY BISHOP MANT.

The Book of God ! And is there then a book
Which on its front that awful title bears ?
Who hold it, what high duty must be
theirs,
And what high privilege, therein to look,
To read, mark, learn, digest ! But in this
book
Of earth pent up, and blinded by earth's
cares,
Its hopes and joys, in vain the treasure
dares

To scorn, such scorn shall the great Author
brook ?—

How longed the holy men and prophets old
God's truth to see ! How blest, whom He
hath willed

To see His truth in His own book enrolled !
Pure is the Book of God, with sweetness
filled ;

More pure than massive, unadulterate gold,
More sweet than honey from the rock
distilled.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.

This solemn truth has been forced upon our minds by the tragic occurrences of the closing and the opening year. The disasters by sea and land, by flood and fire, have made us feel "on what a slender thread hang everlasting things." The Chicago horror especially lacked no element of the tragic. The very conditions under which it occurred, amid the mirth and merriment of the holiday season, the fairy spectacle to which mothers with their children were specially invited, converted in a moment into a holocaust of flame and pain and death, stagger the imagination. Far be it from us to add one iota to the sorrow of the survivors, but surely there is a

lesson in all of this for us. The words of the Master, "Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem ? I tell you, Nay : but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." But surely the crowded theatre, with its glare and glitter, its tinsel and its sham, with its false and shallow sentiment, is not the best atmosphere physically or morally for young children—or their elders either. Better youthful games in the open air or by the social hearth than all the elaborate frivolity of the theatrical extravaganza.

Another lesson is forced upon us—the greed and selfishness of stage management in every city in the land