

worry about the dust on the piano—dust is absolutely the finest product of the material realm—there's nothing finer. Don't worry about the house being neat when the preacher calls—he is no better than anybody else (albeit he is probably the best mortal who ever crosses your door sill). Don't worry about what your neighbors will think—they are not thinking about you. Don't worry about how you look—only shallow people judge a man by what he has on. Don't worry about your physical frame or bodily health—you may already have outlived your usefulness. Don't worry about your soul—nothing worth saving was ever lost. Don't worry about your reputation—most people know what you are.

It is a psychological fact that you can't laugh and worry at the same time. There are two hundred and fifty muscles in the human face—a ripple of laughter sweeping over the face, sends a wave of relaxation over the entire nervous system. I have a friend, an evangelist, who laughs, regularly, three times a day—mirth reduced to a system. Sir Walter Scott wrote: "I have great respect for a hearty laugh." Lord Byron was lame—he limped and sighed—sad creature! Sir Walter Scott was lame—he limped and laughed. Glad creature! Learn to laugh.

You ought to thank God you have something to be concerned about. Charles Kingsley was dealing out a wise philosophy when he said: "Thank God, every morning, when you get up, that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not." You ought to be willing to bear your share of the world's burdens. Edward Everett Hale, of "Lend A Hand" fame, advised: "If your spirits are low, do something, and if you have been doing something, do something else."

Suppose the very worst should happen, the world would still go on. All things work together for good—for everybody. The Titanic, the best ship ever built, has gone down, but we are to have better ships, better sailors, better life-boats, better sea-captains, better citizens and better millionaires. How Henry Ward Beecher used to worry about the future of Plymouth church. A friend thus described his anxiety: "I recall a conversation I had with him in his own parlor before he took his trip west in 1883. He then spoke about Plymouth church and the strange composition of its membership. 'I believe,' he said, 'we have all denominations in Plymouth church. We have Congregationalists, of course, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, or those who have been, Baptists, and I know not what others. Some from every fold. It saddens me most of all things,' he added, as he had said to so many, 'when I think of what will become of Plymouth church after my departure.'" And yet Plymouth church still lives