

WORRY AND WORK.

It is said that more die from worry than from work. This is possibly true. Most people die from something, and worry, we suspect, is not altogether innocent. But a charge so grave ought to be well sustained. We all enjoy work, some at close range and others at the distance. As a spectacular entertainment, the front seats are always in demand. Yesterday we saw an illustration of the fact. A large building was being constructed. The workmen were busy, and among them were mechanics and laborers of every grade. But those men had an audience larger than the average Sunday congregation. Where they came from, no one knew or seemed to care. When the whistle blew, they dispersed, only to return at the proper signal. The most restful of occupants is looking on. But these spectators were not alone. The fellow idlers are everywhere. We have them in our churches. Spectacular religion and spectacular work are equally fascinating. Many good people enjoy seeing the collection plate go around. They follow its circulation with unflinching interest, but they are not over zealous in actual participation. That would be work. It would also involve the element of worry. Our system of voluntary contributions never loses its charm for the voluntary non-contributor. There is no music so sweet as the falling of our neighbors' nickels. It is the tinkling cymbal of apostolic days.

We have thought sometimes of suggesting a Spectator Union for the purpose of encouraging closer relations among the various churches. It would be composed of those who never worry and never work. The Presbyterian Church would probably endorse it. Our history in such matters is hopeful. It would require the adoption of an Assembly resolution, which could easily be obtained. A Standing Committee would also be indispensable. From this, as an incipient nucleus, might be evolved a secretary, after which the organization would be complete. A treasurer would be unnecessary. In this respect our society would be unique. But the secretary should not be expected to eat his bread in the sweat of other brows. In this contingency a resource must be devised somewhere. It could easily be found on that far-famed mountain known as The Assembly Expenses. But we do not wish to be misunderstood. Our purpose is not to create a new Board. The present system of chronology forbids any such project. There are more collections already than Sundays. From present appearances we must either consolidate or shorten the weeks. Consolidation is a word that has magic in it. Mr. Spurgeon used to say that when the Lord would build an ark he selected but one man to do it. More would have delayed the work. The salvation of the race is in a single person.

In every church the worrying is done by the many and the work by the few. It is easy to worry. There is a mental activity demanded that serves as a substitute for doing. We do not especially object to it, save in those cases where it never leads to work. So long as the engine moves the train, we can readily forgive all symptoms of complaint. It may smoke and scream, but these are a part of its method. We have seen engines, however, that fretted to no purpose. Their commotion resulted in nothing. That species of worry is sin. It is not the buzzing of the bee that makes the honey, and yet there is no honey made without it. Such is true of worry. It appears to be a neces-

sary infirmity that mars the very best of lives. Poor Martha has never received her due credit at the hands of history. Mary neither worried nor worked, and her sister did both. Had it not been for Mary, Jesus would have lacked an audience; but had it not been for Martha, he would have gone to bed hungry. It was a difference of natures. One was born upon a quiet day and the other amidst a storm.

It is an easy matter to advise a friend against worrying. We have all suffered and caused suffering along this line. No one has any right to criticize our judgment of a picture until he stands where we do and sees it from the angle of our vision, and even then the identity is only one of locality. The factor is the most important of all, and yet it is the one least considered. It is foolish to say what we would do in another's place, possibly better or possibly worse. The one incapable of worrying is an object of pity. He is either indifferent to results, else, which is quite as bad, shut up to himself. But why should one be concerned over the inevitable? So the philosophers ask, and not without reason. The Stoics faced the future with stolid faces; but stoicism is a falsity. It only drives the fever further inside. Worry helps to endure things. One of the most satisfactory compliments ever received came to us from an old man whom we visited in his final illness. We read to him and prayed for him, but with no perceptible impression. And still he enjoyed our visits or so said his wife, as she urged that we make them more frequent. Finally she appealed to the patient, who so far had remained reticent. A thin, piping voice came out from under the blankets, "Oh, yes, it helps to pass away the time." Some might not have felt complimented, but we did. It was the most tangible proof of our usefulness we ever received—a cup of cold water given to a poor sufferer, if nothing more. — The Westminster, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MOTHER AND CHILD.

Between parent and child there should be a close bond of friendship. Where this exists love, respect and obedience follow in the natural course of events. These qualities are not made to order or on demand, but spring to life and grow only when properly nurtured; which is not by over-indulgence, nor by paying another to assume your responsibility.

As the training of most children develops chiefly upon the mother, it rests in a great measure with her whether her children are to be a tiresome burden or a great pleasure. The whole secret of success in managing a child is to start early and right. It requires some little nerve and self-sacrifice, but only for a very little while; then the Rubicon is crossed and the way is smoothed, and as the child grows the task becomes more and more easy.

While firmness and decision are most necessary to this training, do not for a moment forget that love, sympathy and gentleness must go with it; but not with such lavishness as to prove a drawback. To be too constantly in each other's society is not good for either mother or child. Under these circumstances, or constant association the child will impose upon the mother; it becomes exacting and peevish, while the mother, from never being free from care night or day, cannot help being more or less impatient and unjust at times.

The mother who makes it a rule to devote a certain portion or portions of each day to her children, who plays, laughs, talks with them, seldom fails to secure their love and respect. She should make them feel that this time is her gift to them; it belongs to them, and nothing should interfere to take her away at this hour. The children soon learn not to expect attention at any other time, and look forward to these hours when the mother is with them as the most precious in the twenty-four, as they should be. The mother, too, has leisure then, and can properly attend to household and other duties as well as indulge in a necessary amount of pleasure. Everyone needs a certain amount of recreation; by managing in this way, and not giving up her whole time to the children, both parent and child derive much benefit. There is for the child the advantage that the mother comes to him fresh and young for a romp and play; she is not worried, nervous nor prematurely old from the constant care and worry of fretful children. Their noise does not annoy her; it is not a continual "stop," "no," and "don't" on her part, which is not infrequently the case where mother and child are thrown so continually together as to tire each other. —Harper's Bazar.

Many strange Indian tribes live around Hudson Bay. The Creek and Nascopie Indians are among these tribes who have a peculiar custom in regard to their dead. As soon as one of their number is dead, the surviving relatives place the dead one in a box, which they beg from the Hudson Bay company. In this box are placed, with a loaded gun, a powder horn, a tobacco pouch, a flint stone for striking fire, the snowshoes for travel and an axe.

This box is then carried to the top of the nearest hill and set there with stones upon the top of it. For ten days it is left undisturbed, and then the relatives remove the gun and other valuables, believing that by that time the dead one has reached the happy hunting grounds and has no further use for them. —Washington Star.