

come suddenly and without warning. There are icebergs in every sea. A great trouble calms a great soul. It was said of Carlyle that "little troubles annoyed him, but great-troubles calmed him." When the domestic employed by John Stuart Mill, threw the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" into the fire (mistaking it for a mass of greasy waste paper), and the work, toil and labor of three years disappeared in smoke—Carlyle said to his weeping companion: "Be calm, wife, be calm, we must not let Mill know how great our loss is!" There are two kinds of troubles—real and imaginary. Real troubles have to do with Life, Health and Character. "Worries" are the big shadows of little troubles.

Don't carry any burdens which you can engage anybody else to carry. In some supreme moment of inspiration, when, in an eloquent outburst of thought, I forget myself and become dramatic, I might, in the recklessness of my pulpit abandon fall off this sacred ecclesiastical forum, and sustain injuries of a serious nature—but, my friends, I am not worrying about that. I carry an accident policy. I might possibly gain more by floating off the platform than by retaining my equilibrium. It is no concern of mine. Let the insurance company worry about that! That's what I pay them for. Insurance is scientific pre-worry—the only kind of worry which is scientific. If I were not a preacher I would be an insurance agent. They are the most abused benefactors of the race. Heaven bless them! An ounce of foresight is worth a ton of worry—full weight. Oliver Wendell Holmes hit the nail exactly on the top of the thought-dome, when he said: "Don't put your trust in money, but put your money in trust." "If my life depended upon the solving of a problem in two minutes," said a famous mathematician, "I would take one minute of the two in determining how to do it." Foresight—that's the word.

But you say: "Somebody must worry!" If this were not Sunday and I was not a preacher I would call that statement—a fib, a fabrication, a lie, but being a preacher I can simply affirm that your statement is a misstatement and as far from the truth as the Titanic was distant from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland when the field of ice intervened. Somebody must think, somebody must plan, somebody must arrange, somebody must provide; but worry is the opposite of all these. Worry is nerve-fever. Worry is brain-friction. Worry is spinal-confusion. Worry is thought-anarchy. Worry is mind-fright. Worry is spiritual hysterics. When you begin to worry, you cease to think.

The greatest degree that can be conferred is not "D.D." but "D.W."—Don't Worry. Don't worry about your neatly attired children getting dirty. Winnipeg dirt is healthy. Don't