

Work and Hurry.

Mr. Herbert Spencer thought that the most valuable piece of advice he could leave us in departing from our shores was to be less restless—to work less and play more. Overwork was the besetting sin of Americans, according to that English philosopher, who spoke with the more feeling and the stronger emphasis on the subject because he himself was a victim of the very excess against which he warned us. He had come to the United States, in truth, with the hope of restoring tone to his nervous system, so shattered by indiscreet application to study that he was unable to sleep soundly.

Sensible people here, however, knew very well that working too hard was not an American vice. It is rare to find an American whose tendency to sin takes that direction. The men who complain most of overwork are usually those who are unfitting themselves for exertion by bad habits of self-indulgence. They could do their work without undue strain if they did not otherwise overtax their nerves.

But there is another very frequent cause of nervous prostration. It is hasty and unmethodical labor, the habit of hurrying. But that cause, it seems, is commonly active in London no less than in New York.

The London *Lancet* warns the "city men," that is the business men, that they are wearing themselves out with unnecessary hurry and bustle. It also tells physicians that they would do far more to prevent the spread of nervous disease if they undertook to cure this vicious mental habit, than they can hope to do by dealing only with the particular ills which come from it.

One of the chief characteristics of business life, the *Lancet* says, is to be always in a hurry. The moment a lad enters a business house he begins to make believe to others, and too quickly to himself, that he is overwhelmed with work. The result is the formation of a "mental habit" of hurrying, which before long becomes the key-note and motive of the whole life. It is the custom to write and speak as though commercial men were really as much pressed for time as they pretended to be. Now, the simple fact is that all their haste and turmoil, prejudicial and often ruinous as it is, is artificial.

The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker, and accomplishes comparatively little in a day. Too much of this steam power is expended in kicking up a dust. The habit of hurrying and of feeling in a hurry is fatal to good work, and diminishes the amount of work a man can get through with. The friction is too great. So little of practical value is accomplished, despite all the superfluous expenditure of energy, that he cannot go home at night with the sweet consciousness of duty done, of a day's work completed. He has left too many stitches to be taken up.

The men who accomplish the most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. Everybody must have observed that. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, clear, orderly, and methodical fashion, finishing each job properly, and not wasting their nervous force on trifles or expending it in bustle. They never complain of overwork. They are more likely to be hunting up new work to do, in order to give their faculties more varied employment and to exercise some which are not sufficiently used.

Too much work to do! The highest pleasure and greatest satisfaction are found in work only, and the more work a man has to do, if it is work to which he is adapted, the better he likes it. The men to pity are those who can get nothing to

do, and those whose only business is to hunt for pleasure for itself—the fellows who have no other occupation than that of killing time. But we are also sorry for the men, whose manner, as described in the *Lancet*, suggests a boiler worked up to the highest pressure and only saved from bursting by frequent letting off of steam.—*N. Y. Sun*.

Negro Aphorisms.

"Old times was too good to be true."

"When all de half-bushels gits de same size you may look out for de millenium."

"Folks ought to talk about deir neighbors like de tomb-stones does."

"De old cow dat jumps de drawbars too much, is practer-sin' for de tan-yard."

"Lots o' hens los' deir eigs by braggin' on 'em too loud."

"A man's raisin' (bringing up) will show itself in the dark."

"Some folks medger distance by deir own roomatiz."

"Eben a mud-turkle kin clam a pine tree, arter de tree done fell on de groun'."

"De safety o' de turnup-patch depends mo' on de size of de turnups dan on de tallness ob de fence."

"Better keep de rockin'-cheer in de cabin lof-tell Sunday."

"You can't coax de mornin'-glory to clam de wrong way 'round de corn-stalk."

"Sat'day night help de roomatiz pow'ful."

"Smart rabbit go home fo' de snow done fallin'."

"A dead limb on de tree show itsef when de buds come out."

"De new groun's de bes' yard-stick to medger a strange nigger by."—*Century*.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

[Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead."]

Old Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!

We ne'er shall see her more.

She was the wife of good old Grimes,

Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,

Since she gave up her breath;

Her head was white with frosts of time,

She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet

E'er walked where duty led;

And never wore a pair of shoes,

Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn till night,

In spite of old Time's advances;

Although her husband left her here

In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,

She'll rest through endless ages;

The sun has set, her work is done,

She's gone to claim her wages.

—*The Century*.