

Unfortunately, this lack of self-control is found among all people, of all kinds of occupations, but wherever it is, it is a great hindrance to serenity and good work.

The business man who has employees under him, the teacher, the parent, any person who has to control other people, will fail to do it well if he cannot control himself.

If one finds that he is losing hold of himself, he may be sure that either his health or his morals need a doctor.

One very simple way of cultivating self control is never to allow ourselves to worry over little things. Then one can meet the greater mishaps with much more serenity. Life is too short for little worries, and our friends too dear to be subject to them.

Friends have ever been noted for their serenity, a characteristic fostered, I believe, by our peculiar mode of worship, based upon the direct communion of the soul with the infinite. The habit of sitting quietly in meeting and endeavoring to put himself into communication with the great oversoul, as every true Friend must, undoubtedly gives the strength that makes serenity—self control—possible. Let us see to it that the rush of modern life does not rob us of this priceless inheritance, and let us welcome as golden opportunities for gaining this strength the hour or two a week of quiet worship which our connection, with the Society of Friends, affords us.

There must have been a hundred men in the orchestra; a hundred instruments played in perfect time, each doing its part in the grand symphony, each perfectly tuned and so played as to make the most perfect tones. The result was music so thrilling and uplifting that one felt as if he had seen one more of the perfect manifestations of God's greatness and goodness.

Fine music, beautiful pictures and scenery, perfect work of any kind, is an inspiration to righteousness and

holiness when the heart is tuned to a true appreciation of it.

The universe is a grand concert hall, and we are the performers in the universal orchestra. When each feels the responsibility of the whole so that he tunes his human instrument to make the purest tones, the most perfect harmony, then will the music of life be true and fine and pure, and righteousness will be the key-note that governs all the instruments. But there is a lack of harmony and sweetness when some are careless in their playing and the music of life is marred.

Celia Thaxter, that sweet singer of the Isles of Shoals, wrote:

"Into thy calm eyes, O nature I
Look and rejoice;
Prayerful, I add my one note to
The Infinite voice.

As shining and singing and
Sparkling glides on the glad day,
And eastward the swirl-rolling
Planet wheels into the gray."

It is when we try to add to the infinite harmony that life becomes fuller and richer and sweeter; when we feel that our true note, our pure, sweet tones are necessary to the perfection of life that we reach the plane where we can recognize the divinity in living and life becomes for us "one grand sweet song."

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

What thoughts of God break forth from the melodies of this CXXXIX psalm! How sublimely is the grand truth stated, that we cannot get away from God. Above, beneath, about, beyond, everywhere, God! An eternally surrounding, all-encompassing presence! If we soar on the wings of the morning to the uttermost reaches of infinite space, He is there! From star to star, from planet to planet, from orb to orb, we press our way only to find God, everywhere! If we reach the heaven of heavens, He is there! If we make our bed in hell, He is there!