

miring observers remark and affirm that he has "nerve." All men have "nerve," but this man has it in perfect control. Nerve-control is the secret of happiness. Don't let your conscience play with you, or your digestive apparatus befuddle you, or your imagination beguile you, or your own peculiar temperament deceive you—be master of yourself. Remember, there are two of you—yourself and your sub-self. Talk to yourself as a horseman talks to his horse—"Steady! Steady!" Don't use the whip on your own soul. Talk to yourself. I am going to talk to myself for forty minutes. In talking to myself I will be talking to you. In talking to you I will be talking to myself. I am not sure which needs the discourse the most, but when you inwardly and sub-consciously remark: "that fits the preacher," the chances are that the illustration is intended for **You**. So watch! Don't sleep! Listen:—

(1) **Remember, your own troubles always seem the greatest.** No tale of woe is quite as sad as yours. Destiny has reserved his choice bits of tribulation for you. The gods seem to have an evil eye on you. You were certainly born under an unlucky star. For no matter how much or how well you plan, "things go wrong," and there are days when "everything goes wrong." That is your experience—and your neighbors—and mine. So say we all. There is no trouble like ours! But trouble is not peculiar to any class, calling or profession. Where there's work, there's worry—or the tendency to worry. The captain of the aeroplane, floating through the viewless atmosphere of the skies, has discovered that there are "holes in the air." I imagined that he would be