

That is the great lesson we should all learn—to know the amplitude of time. Why should we fume and fret because we are “not so far advanced” as someone else, not so highly developed as we think we ought to be—desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope? We have floated down the current of life out into the broad bosom of Eternity—not Time—and are in a truer sense than perhaps Tennyson thought “the heirs of all the ages.”

We need to take this lesson to our hearts, then, of the uselessness of hurry, and indeed, of its more than uselessness. There must be no hurry, no eager desire for growth, or the longing is defeated and you harden by the forcible passion for personal stature.. Nor does this quietude involve idleness. “Without haste,” but also “without rest,” is the watchword of the stars, and the setting aside of haste does not imply inactivity. Never try to do more in a day than we can do well; and when we are sure we can accomplish a thing in half an hour, always allow ourselves forty minutes.

Much of our hurry arises from an overwhelming feeling of our own importance. We are sure that if we are not on the spot all will be wrong; that the work will not be properly done unless *we* have done or directed it. But at last fate compels us to take a back seat, and behold! the universe rolls on just as well as if we had been there. Let us, then, learn another lesson—there was never a man yet whose place could not be filled—and we have plucked a fruitful seed of hurry from our lives. Shakespeare’s keen insight recognized the root of much of our hurry when he made Pembroke say:—

“When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness.”*

What is that principle of hurry and unrest that makes life in our great cities so intolerable, but the effect of each one’s contributions to the general whirlwind about us? There is nothing more contagious than hurry. Watch the crowd leaving a ferry-boat for instance, and see the men and boys leap from the deck and tear up the wharf as though they were rats rushing from a doomed vessel. But no sooner are they off the wharf than they

*King John, IV., 2.