

Work and Worry.

The twin yokfellows, work and worry, are to blame for most of the untimely wearing out of people in our hurrying life. It is usually admitted that of the two, worry is the harder task master, that he ploughs deeper the furrows in our souls, and engraves more indelibly the lines on our faces than does his brother, work.

Indeed, work is seldom an unendurable burden, and under favoring conditions and amid pleasant circumstances it is admitted to be a blessing. Congenial work brings out the best that is in man and woman, brightens and sharpens the faculties, and raises the tone of feeling. In sorrow and loneliness, work comforts and diverts, enabling the grief-stricken spirit to rally its forces and take up again the duties which seem difficult and half insupportable under the pressure of bereavement. By work we grow, by work we mark our progress, by work we gain higher levels and reach up to advantages which the listless and the supine never grasp.

Work by itself does not fret and irritate the worker. Worry superadded to work weights the load until it breaks the back and bows the head and saps the heart's energies.

It is easy to say to the sister or brother who sees to-morrow looming darkly in the pathway with a note which must be met, and for which provision must be made when funds are inadequate, with a child going astray and resisting entreaty and remonstrance, with somebody very dear under the shadow of a painful and hopeless illness, it is easy to say to such "do not worry." Not so easy for those so harassed and perplexed to throw off the disposition to forebode disaster, and to uplift the face and walk with the light step of those who know no care. But here come in two factors. One has to do with our bodies. The person in excellent health throws off care with ease; the person of delicate physique, who is compassed about with infirmities, cannot do this, and magnifies every disturbing circumstance until the molehill becomes a mountain. Maintain the daily health at high water mark if you would also keep in equipoise the delicate balance of forces of which only a mind and body in full adjustment are capable.

Health, however, is a less potential antagonist against worry than is faith. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose" is able to bear itself with undaunted courage, no matter what winds of misfortune blow. From what point of the compass soever the storm may threaten, the Lord Jehovah is above it, and they dwell in the security of that knowledge dwell in safety and fear no ill. Worry does not long assail, nor will it ever overcome those who constantly wait on the Lord.

A friend said the other day that her most sacred memory of a mother, was of her rising at five o'clock, winter and summer, to spend an uninterrupted season in communion with God. "I used to look in at her door, softly opening it, and I would go away awe struck, mother was so long on her knees." From that early hour in the closet, she would emerge with a smile on her face, and a song on her lip. "We would hear her singing about the house snatches of hymns, bits of songs, she was so fully braced up to meet any and everything the day could bring."

What a precious memory to keep of a mother!

We would like to quote here in conclusion a little poem called

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him—that is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and whate'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free
Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word;
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard;
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises;
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice;—
That is all! and thus to day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Overlapping.

New York is just now making an effort to prevent the overlapping of charitable and philanthropic work in that city. This is one of the difficult social problems which everywhere confront those who are endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the deserving poor and to prevent what is intended to benefit them from being diverted into the hands of professional cadgers

and impostors. In New York, as here, it is known that there is a class who live by tricking the charitable agencies. They are aided in their life of fraud by the independence of religious eleemosynary agencies, which enable them to get relief as Church people from Church agencies, as Roman Catholics from the organizations of that body, and so on. In New York, to prevent this sort of thing, a council, composed of the clergy and denominational ministers, has been formed, which is to be called "The Council of the Churches in New York." The city will be divided into what are called "parishes"—it is pleasant to see that good old name used—and, with careful arrangements and co-operation, it is thought that overlapping will be prevented, and the imposture we have been referring to will be checked, perhaps altogether stopped. We are badly in want of some kind of similar arrangement in the metropolis of our great cities.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

FOR THOSE AWAY FROM HOME.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
O! we know not what of harm
May betide them.
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stain of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be 'Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—Wm. Bryant.

There are people who seem to think that spiritual discernment is best cultivated by searching for the failings of others.

A man may not be as good as he appears to be in a company of saints but he is not better than he appears to be in a crowd of sinners.

Speak to me ever, Lord,
In accents low and sweet, let earth's turmoil be still,
That every tender word
Of Thine my spirit's inmost depths may sweetly thrill.

If you want inspiration for the moment seek to be admired. If you want help for all time seek to be loved. Admiration is for butterflies, that will be gone to-morrow; love is for men that will live forever.

Patience is a virtue that should be cultivated, and particularly in regard to our acts concerning our neighbors and our homes. It is at home, where everything is sacred, that must be practised the maxim, "An impatient word leads to temptation."

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child the shadow of his body falls upon it. So, many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of His infinite and everlasting love.

Vacation time is for rest and recreation; but he who has not been working does not need and can not appreciate rest, and he who does not intend to do something does not deserve recreation. Why should he even have enjoyed creation if he does not use his existence for useful purpose?

There is a good deal to test character in the resting-time that comes in vacation. When one is busy, and kept in the traces, he will probably travel in the beaten road. But when he is "let go" he will be apt to go to his "own company." The one who will conscientiously do right, at home or abroad, is a person of principle and character, to be depended on always and everywhere.

Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of aspen, and underneath is the legend