

by the light, chilled by the breeze, tormented by the heat, annoyed by the rain and bored by the world. They are never so happy as when they are absolutely miserable. When they sing, they sigh.

Dr. Samuel Johnson affirmed that the habit of looking on the bright side of life was better than "a thousand pounds a year," and Robert Louis Stevenson, whom "death had by the heels," went a step farther and said: "To be happy is the first step to being pious." God grant us that peace of heart which is described by a gifted writer as "the balance of a thousand forces in that centre of all things—the human soul."

Remember that the body bears a close relationship to the brain. When the brain runs the body, the man is calm; when the body runs the brain, the man is nervous. Carlyle's health gave out when he was writing an essay on the life of Oliver Cromwell and Maurice remarks: "Carlyle believed in God down to the time of Oliver Cromwell." When Dr. J. W. Alexander was asked the question: "Do you enjoy the full assurance of faith?" his answer was: "I think I do, except when the wind is from the east." Drawing an illustration from my own experience, I may say, that when I used to solicit funds for a certain benevolent institution I made it a rule never to ask a man for a subscription when he was hungry. Napoleon, pointing to a certain spot on the map, remarked: "Tomorrow at three o'clock I will have the enemy there, and when I get him there I will defeat him"—so in my financial pilgrimages I always planned to focus my guns at the right man and at the right time. All my experiences led me to believe that I could get more money out of a man after dinner than before. I was an "after dinner" solicitor. A wise man respects his own body. Every ship has a load line. When John Alexander Dowle worked twenty-four hours a day his visions were transformed into hallucinations. Even Christian Scientists must eat and sleep.

When the gods would destroy a man they urge him over the precipice of overwork: "You wrote two books last year—write three books this year," and so the books decrease in quality and the man breaks. One day's rest in seven is a divine regulation and if you do not see fit to avail yourself of the appointed period of recreation at proper intervals, the chances are, you will take your Sundays in a row. When the violinist occupies five minutes tuning up his instrument, the audience grows weary. We like music but we are impatient of the fiddling process which seems to be necessary in order to revamp an instrument over which liquid notes may roll and through which divine vibration may pass exquisitely—the violinist is sane—his instrument must be kept in tune. The human