

who carry great burdens and yet keep cool. There is a world of meaning in Emerson's phrase: "Energy is repose." Anybody can get excited, but the man who is sure of himself is the incarnation of composure. Wellington uttered his military behests to his subordinates in a tone which bordered on a whisper. If agitations swept his soul nobody ever knew it. The great man is the man who has become master of himself. When a candle is burning it yields light; when it is sputtering and buzzing it yields smoke. Smoke is wasted illumination. Nervousness is a sign of strength, but it is not strength. "It is a fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him." It took four men to hold Napoleon in his death convulsions. There is a strength which is weakness. Worry has killed many a great man, but it never made a man great. Repose is the master sign of a great soul. Study repose. A man who lived to a great age was asked how he managed to do so. He replied: "I never ran when I could have walked, never walked when I could have stood, never stood when I could have sat, never sat when I could have lain."

Remember that a man's position means more than his occupation. "Temper," said Bishop Watson, "is nine-tenths of religion." It is nine-tenths of everything. Temper is temperament. Your temperament is your way of looking at things. The blind soldier of Liverpool wore a placard on his bosom which read:

Battles	6
Wounds	4
Children	5
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Total	15

The music of the soldier's hand-organ always brought a good offering. Sydney Smith, when closing a letter to a friend, remarked: "I have gout, asthma and seven other maladies, but otherwise I am very well." The preacher who announced the hymn: "Count Your Blessings One By One," had a blind man in his congregation who muttered musingly, "I can't do that, I should never get through." There are sightless men who can see and full-orbed mortals who are blind. Roxanna, the wife of Lyman Beecher, had very little to fear when she wrote: " * * * What I fear more than all is my extreme propensity to see every thing in the most favorable point of view, to clothe every object in the brightest colors, to make all nature wear the face of hope and joy."

But we are not all blessed with such sweet and charming dispositions. Would that we were. Robertson of Brighton remarked concerning himself: "Deficiency of hope is the great fault of my character." Large caution and small hope, phrenologically, produce a pessimist. Some folks are never satisfied—never surprised—never pleased—never gratified—never amused—never moved. They are blinded