

"We have all the time there is"; what then are we trying to secure? Notwithstanding, how many people we all know, who enter our homes as if borne on the wings of the tornado, who keep every particle of the atmosphere in a state of restlessness while they remain, whose features are wrinkled with anxiety, whose voices are sharpened with care, and who, having fidgeted through a brief call, are borne away again in a tumult of haste!

Another class of people are always in a hurry because they are always behindhand. At some time or other they have lost a golden half-hour, and the rest of their life seems to be spent in its fruitless pursuit. I have a friend of this kind who is always unpunctual, and who scatters the time of other people with reckless prodigality. He explains his tardiness by saying that he is always so much interested in what he is doing now, that he forgets all about what he has to do next; an excuse more satisfactory to himself than to those who are waiting for him. And another disappoints people because he always tries to do the labour of two hours in fifty-nine minutes, and never gets over the fond delusion that he will yet accomplish it. This is the vain hope that betrays most of us, and is the cause of much of that nervous uneasiness so generally charged to the much-abused North American climate.

Yet there are those who dwell within its baneful influence, and are as unaffected by it as the dwellers on a mountain top are by the miasma of the dismal valley far below. They are they who are in the world but not of it. Look at the calm and placid faces of the Salvation Army "rescue work" officers, of the Sisters of Charity, of the Society of Friends, of those whose pursuits keep them "far from the madding crowd" and its constant and harrassing turmoils. There are certain people whose presence is a benison, whose coming brings with it a sense of repose that rests the weary spirit and seems to lift one above the petty troubles of the world. These people are never in a hurry. It is impossible to associate the world with their gracious presence. When they enter, the busy wheels of entity stop, and the whirl does not begin again till they depart. Unconsciously they have lifted us above our perplexing cares, and when they go from us we are awakened, bewildered, from a beautiful vision of peace. It is