

of my own pills." "A hearty laugh," said Talmage, "is a bomb exploded in the right place." Shakespeare, who seems to have known everything, said: "A light heart lives long."

The power of laughter in a sick chamber, has often worked miracles. The body is oftener disordered by the mind than the mind by the body. A few years ago, I was laid up with typhoid fever. The doctors thought I would die, and to tell the truth I had some doubts about it myself. One morning my foreman came to see me. I was running a newspaper at the time. He sat at the head of my bed. While there, an old customer forced his way in to see if he wanted to buy a few cords of wood. "Well," said the foreman, "if you will bring in some good wood I will take it. The last you brought us was bad. Don't bring logs that the devil can't split." The humor of the last sentence, though not intended, flashed across my mental vision, and I laughed outright. Then the foreman saw the point and he laughed, and it was a laugh all round. From that moment my recovery was no longer doubtful. The doctor thought that it was his drugs that did it, but I knew better. Laughter is the axle-grease that lubricates the human machinery. The celebrated doctor W. W. Hall, of New York, once wrote a book entitled, "Fun better than physic." He knew what he was talking about.

A bald-headed clergyman once had a very sick congregation. Everybody seemed to have the influenza. Even the choir punctuated its songs with sneezes. The old man rose and took for his text: "The hairs of our heads are all numbered." When the congregation looked up at the parson, and beheld that head as bare as a billiard ball, and thought what an easy job it would be to number his hairs, they began to laugh, the sneezing ceased, and the preacher got through with his discourse with few more interruptions. Ah, my friends, there is healing power in a hearty laugh.