

The Quiet Hour.

The Advantages of Worrying.

BY HENRY ROBINSON PALMER.

A great deal is said of the usefulness and the foolishness of worrying, and most of this is true. But we lose sight of an important fact if we do not recognize that there is also an advantage in worrying in a certain sense. In an ideal condition of mind, with a persevering will, bent on the maintenance of the highest standards and the achievement of the remotest goals, there would be no sense in worrying, and it would be a distinct disadvantage to us to indulge ourselves in it. But unfortunately we are not able to keep ourselves in an ideal mental condition, and our wills are apt to become weakened. When everything goes smoothly we are prone to drift and not to do our best, and that is the reason why a little worry is sometimes wholesome for us, unpleasant as it may seem while we are suffering from it.

Let us suppose the case of a young man who in a time of prosperity thinks he is doing as well as need be. He is not exerting himself to his utmost, he is not making the most of his opportunities. His position in business seems secure, and he takes little thought regarding the insecurity of commercial situations in general. By and by he hears a rumor that leads him to suspect that he may suddenly be "out of place." The business in which he is employed may be on the verge of changing hands, or the consolidating tendency of the times may threaten his continuance in the post where he appeared to be so safe. Then, if he is like most young men, he begins to worry. He frames plans, more or less definite, to be put into operation if he should find himself out in the "cold, cold world." He racks his brains for suggestions for the future. He gives closer attention to the business in hand than he has been giving, and so commends himself more than before to his employer. It is a time of general renovation and repair in his mind. It is also a season of strengthening and safeguarding, however lowly or unworthy the motive. From being a careless person, willing to drift, he becomes a thoughtful young man, carefully reckoning his way, intent on letting no opportunity slip to advance his business fortunes.

The mood may not last long. The threat directed at the stability of his position may pass and he may return to his old carelessness of mental habit. But so long as he has been stimulated by worrying, its advantage has been demonstrated. If he would maintain the stimulation by the exercise of a better motive than worrying, he would make a success in the commercial world. And of course the same principle is true of every kind of mental and moral activity.

We become careless of our habitual attitude toward loftier things than mere business. We are content to get along passably well in our relations to the spiritual life. Yet when some great anxiety forces its way in upon us, we begin to plan for a closer regard for those things that are more than temporal. Of course we do not all need this spiritual stimulus of worry, nor do we any of us need it all the time, but cannot most of us testify to a wholesome worrying that has brought us back, and given us a momentary insight into the folly and wick-

edness of spiritual drifting and religious recklessness?

Worrying furnishes a less ethical motive than the philosophers could wish, but we should recognize its practical value in the affairs of life. To do right and to be right only because we are afraid of the consequences of the failure to do so and so to be, is not to fine a thing as to do and be the best we can for the sake of this doing and being. In other words, it is better to be driven by love than by fear. But still worrying has its advantages.—New York Observer.

The Prayer Seeker.

(WHITTIER.)

Along the aisle where prayer was made,
A women, all in black arrayed,
Close-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll, which bore these words alone:

Prayer for me:

Back from the place of worshipping
She glided like a guilty thing;
The rustle of her draperies, stirred
By hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped:

Prayer for me!

Back to the night from whence she came,
To the unimagined grief or shame.
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore:
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul—

Prayer for me!

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin;
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dread,
Some household sorrow all unsaid:

Prayer for us!

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the human heart!
With face in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander too and fro,
Humbly imploring as we go:

Prayer for us!

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair:

Prayer for us!

In vain remorse and fear and hate,
Beat with bruised hands against a fate
Whose walls of iron only move
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all,

Prayer for us!

He prayeth best who least unguessed
The mystery of another's breast
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes overflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know,
Enough to note, by many a sign,
That every heart hath needs like thine.

Prayer for us!

"The religion that costs nothing," says an acute writer, "is worth exactly what it costs." Every ounce of effort we put into our religion comes back to us, sooner or later, in power. If we have no power no worth the reason is not far to seek—there has been no sacrifice, no pang, no striving.—Ex.

Prayer

O God, thou art the Fountain of all truth and light and in Thee is found no darkness at all. May the truth shine into our minds and fill them with light. Free us from the blindness of prejudice and bigotry and passion, and may we sincerely desire to know only the truth on all subjects that the truth may make us free. Give us the breadth and calmness, the tolerance and charity, of the truth-loving mind. May we not fear for the truth, but trust it and know that at last it shall prevail. Help us to be good scholars in the school of Christ that he may teach us his will and way and fill us with his Spirit. May we trust Thee perfectly in the midst of the shadows of our present imperfect knowledge and not forget that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Here may we simply follow the light as it falls from Thee on our path until it leads us home. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Danger of it.

A young lady in Morristown, N. J., grasped the guy wire on the electric light pole in front of her father's house to see if she could get a slight shock. Her hand was suddenly contracted by a powerful current which swept through her body. The young girl screamed in agony. She writhed and twisted and fell to the ground, but she could not relax her hold upon the live wire, which was burning her hands, for she had reached up with her left to tear her right hand away. Men and boys ran toward her, but no one dared put out a hand to save the girl. Then her mother ran out. "O mamma," cried the girl, "save me!" My hands are burning up!" The mother quickly grasped her daughter around the waist, but was hurled to the ground as if by a blow of a club. Finally a man came up with presence of mind enough to take an ax and sever the wire. He was in time to save the girl's life, but she was fearfully burned. The incident suggests tragedies that are taking place every day before our eyes. Many people are willing to tamper with sin and run the risk of a slight shock. A boy likes a glass of wine that will make his nerves tingle, and many are asking themselves, How far can I go in the wrong way without being overthrown? That is the way the devil fishes for men and women. People grasp his wires and get a slight shock, and only laugh at danger; but some day they take hold of a live wire, that has all the fire of hell in it and they are struck through and through with death. It is better not to play with the devil's wires at all.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

Beauty works its way from the heart to the countenance. It is the glow of the soul placed where the world can see it.

Christianity is positive in its suggestions, in its teachings and in the power it bestows for carrying out its precepts and principles. The genius or demon of Socrates interfered it is said to prevent his doing wrong. The Spirit which governs Christians not only suggests their abstaining from evil, but puts before them a positive object at which to aim—the actual doing of the right. Beyond this it enables them to do right actions, by a power not their own. The negative abstaining from evil may leave the world no worse than it is, but positive right action is certain to make it better than it is.—M. C. Gates.