

A TONIC FOR THE TIRED.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Watch the faces as they go by you on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggle, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned peddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot the bills" that accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do too much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Small-faith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil he says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with small purses he kindly says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; and in my right hand are treasures for evermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give everybody a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make everybody rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man who has a clear conscience here and a clear hope of heaven hereafter. To poor brother Smallfaith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback he gives a wonderful lift in these words: "Lo! I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

But the most frequent cause of weariness is the attempt to carry an overload of care, especially in the cases of those who have a mad haste to be rich or a vain am-

bition to outshine their neighbors. It is not honest, sober, legitimate work that breaks people down; nor is it the wise forethought for the future or the prudent preparation for life's "rainy days" that wrinkles the brow or wears out the strength. It is the restless devil of worry. Christians often hamstring themselves with this besetting sin, as well as godless worldliness. To all these tired out and overloaded Christians the loving Master comes along and kindly whispers to them: "Cast that burden on me, and ye shall find the rest for your souls." If we have the sense and the grace to drop all superfluous anxieties, and pitch off all sinful desires, and heave overboard all worry, Christ will give us strength enough to carry every legitimate load in life. What a precious word for the weary is this: "Cast your care on Him; for He careth for you. I need hardly inform intelligent Bible readers that this verse literally reads: "For he has you on his heart." He who piloted the patriarch through the deluge, and fed the prophet by the brook, and supplied the widow's cruse, and watched over the imprisoned apostle, and numbers every hair of our heads, He has every one of us on His great almighty loving heart! What fools we are to tire ourselves out and break ourselves down, while such an all-powerful Helper is close by our side. Suppose that a weary traveler who is trudging up-hill were overtaken by a waggon, whose owner kindly said to him: "My friend you look tired; throw that knapsack into my waggon; it will rest you, and I will see that it is safe." Imagine the foolish pedestrian eyeing him suspiciously, and blurting out the churlish reply: "I can't trust you, sir; drive along; I'll carry my own luggage." But this is the way that tens of thousands of Christians treat God.

When our divine Master says to us, "Cast your care on me," he does not release us from legitimate duty, or the joy of doing it. He aims to take the needless fire out of us by taking sinful anxiety out of our hearts, and putting the tonic of trust into its place. This glorious doctrine of trust is a wonderfully restful one to the overloaded. For let us remind ourselves again that it is not honest work that usually breaks God's children down. Work strengthens sinew, promotes appetite, and induces wholesome sleep. The ague fit of worry consumes strength, disorders the nerves, and banishes sweet, refreshing