

she turned over at paintings, and picture of an old woman, sat down all the rest of the heart's content. I had been to Nan's but one glance at old me it was not was away over her

re was no word of lips, neither any the kindest; and ere of the mildly is exasperatingly e which condemns. at I felt like shak- I looked at the ad longing on the striving Nan? I to cry with dis-

appointment when we got into the street again.

"Why didn't you say something nice to that child, you miserable woman?" I burst out at last.

She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

"Say something 'nice' to her?" she echoed, her face one whole exclamation point of surprise.

"Why, it never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say anything?"

"But," I artfully inquired, with an eye to the future, "don't you think she has talent?"

"Most certainly I do." The head of that old woman is a gem in itself, and, what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was?"

"I don't know," I said, abstractedly, for I was planning a call upon Nan the very next day; "but I will ask her."

And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the "nice" thing I had saved her. It was the impersonation of joy itself.

"And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday," she said, with a happy laugh. "I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone, and forgot about my supper. But there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again." And she shook the fryingpan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it's a wonderful tonic, is this, "telling nice things to people!" I have seen it work the most surprising results at the most surprising times. I have seen jaded men lift their tired heads and square their shoulders after a hard day's work at desk or counter or bench, and the bright light of hope leap into their eyes again, from the magical influence of a timely sincere word of praise, or that "nice" thing one has heard or thought about them, and remembered to tell them. I have seen wives and mothers, whose faces were faded and worn with the weary round of planning baking, stewing and boiling, and the drudgery of counting the pennies, look up into the faces of their husbands at some unaccustomed word of praise or tenderness, with the light of youth in their eyes and a tremulous feeling in their heart which glorified every duty to them. I have seen servants take their brooms and sweep more carefully in the corners, dust the picture rails and the pictures, take up the rags and give them an honest shaking, and then brush away the cobwebs which they had noticed hanging for a week at least, but had not thought it necessary to remove until that happy word had made it a pleasure to do so.

And I myself—why, I feel to this day the glow of strength and hopeful possibilities which filled my heart at a word of affectionate appreciation from my pastor. He is dead now, but often when tempted to see the dark side of life I recall the tender words of encouragement he uttered that day so long ago, and hope refuses to be thrust away.

The really selfish element in telling the nice things to people—if one can call it a selfish element—is the exquisite happiness it brings to one's

self. I can liken it to nothing that is earthly, but to everything that is heavenly. Try it, and see for yourselves.

SORDID CARES.

To be always worrying about small expenses, or regretting past losses, or talking about prices, or even comparing too closely and anxiously one year's accounts with another's, will secretly, but inevitably, mildew the spirit with a kind of sordid unearthliness. To give away will become harder, for we shall soon fancy we cannot afford it; and what at first was but a just carefulness about daily spending, if not watched against, will presently change even a liberal man into a miser. Then your punishment will come in the shape God sees you to need, and in the shape you will most dread. Either the wealth itself will be taken from you, and the idol of gold will be shattered before your eyes; or some child or heir for whom you were destroying your very soul is taken from you, to the incorruptible treasure of the better country; and so the Psalmist's sentence comes home to you as with the thrust of a sword point—"He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them"

YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S NEED OF PRAISE.

It is better to be too free than too chary with our praise. Some persons withhold or guard jealously any word of appreciation on another's well doing, lest that

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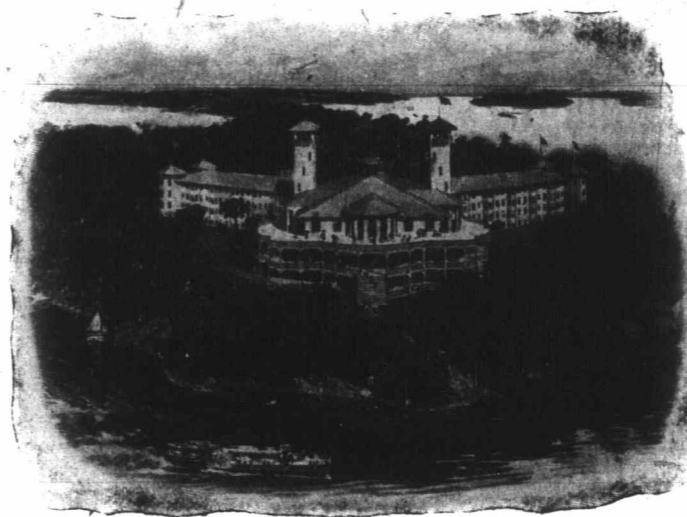
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sne be hindered through false pride from further accomplishment. But most men are not naturally so given to praise as to need to deal it out sparingly, nor do our neighbours generally get so much commendation as to be in danger of overweening conceit. The world would be brighter, crushing burdens would be more often lightened, hearts would be cheerier, and the day's work would be better done, if hearty recognition of well-doing were

oftener bestowed in warm, loving words. It has been well said that "for every man who will get the big-head from too much praise, ten will die of a broken heart from lack of praise."

TAKE TIME.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for his glory during the day.

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