

## The Words That Cheer.

**A**RE you ever discouraged, O fellow man ?  
Do you ever feel puny and poor and small ?  
Do you ever, while doing the best you can,  
Get to wondering what is the use of it all ?  
Oh, isn't it pleasant in such an hour  
To be met by one who has cheerful ways,  
Who approves of your work and admires your power,  
Oh, isn't it bracing to hear his praise ?

Does doubt ever lodge in your heart, O friend ?  
Doubt of your worth and doubt of your wit ?  
Does it ever appear that you've come to the end ?  
Do you feel sometimes a longing to quit,  
To give up the hope, to accept defeat,  
To sink into rest and pass out of sight ?  
In such a dark hour, oh, isn't it sweet  
To be praised for your worth, your work or might ?

Perhaps you met some one a moment ago  
Who felt, oh friend, as you often do,  
Who, had you paused a fair word to bestow,  
Would have gained new strength and courage, too.  
The words of cheer and the words of praise  
That cost so little may have such worth ;  
Oh, I wonder why, in our selfish ways,  
We let each other be crushed to earth.

—S. E. Kiser, in 'Chicago-Herald.'