

In this hurly-burly world we all have our cares and troubles, to which many often give outward expression in their demeanor by bearing either a heavy brow or an entirely dejected countenance. These people are uncharitable, they are burdening their friends, and let us hope unconsciously, with their own disposition. Upon meeting, instead of greeting in a friendly manner, they allow cares, discontent and unhappiness to be read in their eyes, which are the windows of the soul. Such a demeanor is lowering to the spirits of friends and casts gloom over all.

An old saw says, "Quit going around with a gloomy face." How much better our friends and even ourselves would feel, if we but greeted them heartily and endeavoured to make them realize that we were *actually* pleased to meet them. Moreover, our friends would be glad to see us, knowing that we spread only sunshine and happiness. How often do we hear—"O there comes so-and-so, let us dodge him. I don't want to meet him, he always has his tale of woe."

It is not necessary to wait until we get into the world to practise greeting one's friends. Even here, in our own midst, if we acquire the habit of bidding one another a hearty "Good morning," it would invariably, nine times out of ten, "knock the head off a grouch" or "the blues," which generally take root in the morning and burst into bloom as the day advances, unless shaken off by an effort of the will.

Emerson says, "Life is not so short but that there is always room enough for courtesy," which indeed is only too true.

There are, however, certain localities wherein Good Fellowship, as we have endeavoured to depict it, exists. The writer had an occasion recently to visit a small town in the New England States. In the morning, before the last step of the staircase had been descended, the office clerk greeted us with a hearty "Good morning, sir! Did you rest well?" and upon passing through to the dining room several gentlemen, although strangers, granted a similar salutation.

Although a perfect stranger, we must confess that we felt perfectly at ease and very much among friends. Fond memories are still retained of that town, in which everyone and at all times seemed to have a pleasant word for whomsoever he met.

It is not our desire to uphold those who are too free—we would ever have you recall the words of Lady Montague, "Civility costs nothing and buys everything." Even should your cares and troubles become preponderating, remember that: