On slippers that are seen no more!

They would-if finished-have been grand! But she became my wife before They were half done!—you understand How, then—though now the work's a The lilies grew beneath her hand On slippers that are seen no more!

- Washington Star

Grandfather Snow. And what do you think? And what do you think? He's as old as the hills, but his heart is gay,

And over the country he sped away. His hair was as white as a cotton ball; And what do you think? And what do you think? de gayly pranced over the highest wall,

For his dear old legs weren't stiff at all. Wherever he went he raised a breeze

And what do you think? He climbed to the tops of the tallest trees, As cool and nimble as ever you please : A train went thundering over the ground,

And what do you think? And what do you think? Old Granther after it went with a bound-Sly old fellow! he made no sound.

He caught the cars, and he held on tight; And what do you think? And what do you think? The train had to stop in the road all night, and couldn't go on till broad daylight

Old as he was, he stayed out late ! And what do you think? And what do you think? He sat on the posts of the door-yard gate And danced on the fence at a high old rate!

But the children cheered for Grandfather still; And what do you think?
And what do you think?
He spread himself out on the top of a hill,
And they all coasted down on his back with a

He was none too old for a grand go-bang !

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Smiles instead of Tears,

When shadows hide the sun away, What use to sigh about it? Keep up a cheerful heart, and say, If sunshine can't be ours to-day,

We'll get along without it.

It may be it is better so, God plans it all, and must know;

If things go wrong, let worrying go; What good will come of fretting?

There is a sunshine that makes good.
The lack of sun above us,
In cheerful words and happy mood,
And hearts that will not darkly brood.
In smiles of those who love us.

We cannot help what happens here,

So make the best, my brother, Of what fate sends from year to year

For us and for each other,