

THE SUNNY SIDE.

There's many a rest on the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the querulous heart would wake it.
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
 When the ominous clouds are rifted.
 There was never a night without a day,
 Or an evening without a morning;
 And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life,
 We pass in our idle pleasure,
 That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
 Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
 It may be the death of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
 A bright and glorious filling,
 And do God's will with a ready heart
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Then to snap the delicate, silver threads
 Of our curious life asunder,
 And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit to grieve and wonder.

R. B.

“THEM 'XAMINATIONS.”

Them 'xaminations are all a farce,
 What's th' need of 'em anyhow;
 They worry th' brain an' tire th' mind,
 That's what they'll dew, ye must allow.