

Rural Happiness.

Have you escaped the greater harm--
The modern city's magic charm,
And learned industry on the farm ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you enjoyed your country life,
Made choice of a contented wife,
And settled down, away from strife ?
Then thank your stars.

Do you possess your acres clear,
And till the ground from year to year ;
Seeing first the blade, and then the ear ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you let politics alone,
Live happily in any zone ;
When buying beef expect some bone ?
Then thank your stars.

With prospects of a crop of hay,
Provision made for rainy day—
I mean a little put away ?
Then thank your stars.

Have you got children, two or more,
With prospect of a half a score,
With hats and cloaks and boots, galore ?
Then thank your stars.

Can you from vain ambition keep,
Learn what to sow and when to reap ;
Enjoy your work and restful sleep ?
Then thank your stars.