

THE SUNSHINE.

The sunshine is a glorious dower
That's shared alike by all,
It lighteth up the sylvan bower,
The humble cottage small.

It shines amid the forest gloom
And sheds its silvery beams
In laughing light through palace room,
O'er autumn woods and streams.

The darkest hour it brightens o'er
With pleasant silvery ray,
Reflecting from the happy shore,
It seems to point the way

To realms of endless sunshine fair,
Hills of eternal green,
While ever shining, radiant, there
The "Father's" face is seen.