

## JOY AND GRIEF.

YOUTH's joy, self-stored in hopeful human hearts,  
Forms a bright sun to cheer declining years;  
Youth's grief a moment is a fleecy cloud,  
That o'er the sky floats past and disappears.

Our joys are dynamos of mighty power,  
Lighting the future with a rosy glow;  
Our griefs are shadows on a summer day,  
That sweep across the grain and onward go.