

## INTO THE SUNLIGHT

O H, cut out the vain repining, cease thinking of dole and doom! Come out where the sun is shining, come out of the cave of gloom! Come out of your hole and borrow a package of joy from me, and say to your secret sorrow, "I've no longer use for thee!" For troubles, which are deluding, are timorous beasts, I say; they stick to the gent who's brooding, and flee from the gent who's gay. The gateways of Eldorados are open, all o'er the earth; come out of the House of Shadows, and dwell in the House of Mirth. From Boston to far Bobcaygeon the banners of gladness float; oh, grief is a rank contagion, and mirth is the antidote. And most of our woes would perish, or leave us, on sable wings, if only we didn't cherish and coddle the blame fool things. Long since would your woes have scampered away to their native fogs, but they have been fed and pampered like poodles or hairless dogs. And all of these facts should teach you it's wise to be bright and gay; come out where the breeze can reach you, and blow all your grief away.