
OFF ON A BICYCLE.

I am tired of washing dishes she said,
It is work I do not like,
I am going down town this very day
To buy myself a bike.
And now she is flying over the road,
To work she has bid adieu,
While her mother does all the cooking at home
And washes the dishes too.

O maiden fair with the rosy cheeks,
And eyes of the deepest blue,
It is all very well to ride a bike
When you've nothing else to do.
But when over hill and dale you roam,
So blythe, and merry and gay,
Be sure that your patient mother at home
Isn't working her life away.

TRY, BOYS, TRY.

Have you some hard task to do,
Do not down, discouraged, lie,
But with noble purpose true,
Bravely whisper, "I will try."
Trials come to every one
But there is a helper nigh,
If you trust in God alone,
He will help you if you try.

Thorny though your path may be,
Don't sit down and sigh,
You can get along you'll see,
If you only try:
Keep straight on, your path will grow
Smoother bye and bye,
Just be brave and face the foe.
Trust in God and try.