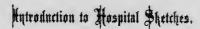
1888

(II)



ONE half the world, with all its joy and gladness, Knows not the cares and trials of all the other— In shadow lie so many hearts: of grief and sadness The happy half go on, unconscious ever.

Awake! ye happy dwellers in the sunshine! A thought, a care for those who suffer keep; Stir in your sleep, ye fortune-favored mortals! Some in this world are born to toil and weep.

Mayhap'tis but a cheering speech—a word
Dropt' from smiling lips when passing by;
It cheers some wretched heart: a ray of sunshine
Lives forever in Eternity.