



THE HAY-FIELD.

Make hay while the sun is shining,—
In the morning of life make hay ;
A child like you
But little can do,
Yet work a little he may.

He who cannot load a waggon
Can a little go-cart fill ;
The stack will grow,
And its size will show
You have worked with a heart and will.

What small drops make the ocean !
What grains of sand the shore !
Let it be confessed
You have done *your best*,—
A giant can do no more !

A. L. O. E.
