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Homely Counsel.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse ;
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse :
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load,
Would better be given to going on
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear ;
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach :
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft there is grace in speech.
And I see from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wearies the back and dims the eye
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear,
And to spare, when all is told ;
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old ;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster
That will presently pass away,
And believe a bright to-morrow
Will follow the dark to-day.
There's nothing gained by fretting ;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be grey or blue.

—Margaret E. Sangster.