



WHEN THE GOING'S PRETTY HARD.

Have you ever watched a street-car on a very frosty day,
As it tried to gain an incline and was forced the other way?
Have you seen the wheels revolving, on the hard ice-coated rail,
When they couldn't get a grip, Friend? if so, harken to this tale.

When the street-car's load is heavy—really more than it can haul,
And you hear the motor thumping—though it doesn't move at all;
You will see a fellow running with a little pail of sand
Which he puts upon the rails, so that the wheels can get command.

Then the four wheels get a purchase, and the car glides swiftly by,
And the motor's work is lighter, though the speed attained is high;
On it rushes, with its burden, with an ease that's simply grand,
Just because a fellow helped it, with a little bit of sand.

When life's running's all on uphill, and the rails are hard to grip,
And you find you've undertaken p'raps, a rather irksome trip,
Why the finest thing to help you draw your load, in all this land,
Is a mixture—half ambition—and the other half of sand.

Life's roadway's often frozen and the going's pretty hard,
You'll oft encounter frost, boys, also granite—flint and shard,
But the back will bear its burden—and the load will lighter grow,
If you sprinkle sand beneath you, as along the road you go.