

"He shall graze in a green pasture of his own,
and sleep in his own comfortable stall, all the
days of his life."

The miser wept when they took his gold from
him; but the people shouted for joy, and the
old horse was led away to enjoy peace and plenty
for the rest of his life.

A SONG

The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The Lark's on the wing;
The Snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.