



THE SUNNY SIDE.

the sunny side! the sunny side!
 Of life, why seek its shade?
 A self, while 'midst its shoals ye glide
 One half its cares are made;
 No' fate may crush Hope's fancy bower,
 A gay, determined heart,
 An o'er that bright hour,
 A sunny ray impart.

And what' though fortune frown to-day,
 Hope bid the heart be sad—
 A time may speed the gloom away,
 And make the bosom glad;
 No griefs not o'er life's petty cares,
 Despair can ne'er abide
 With him who fearless bravely dares
 To walk the sunny side.

is true the rose may wear a thorn,
 And pleasure leave a sting,
 Yet o'er eve the rainy morn
 A sweetness oft will fling;
 They cannot feel what joy is worth,
 Who ne'er knew ought of care;
 Like an oasis in the desert earth,
 Blooms joy, when it is rare!

the sunny side! the sunny side!
 Why should the soul be dark?
 Though life may prove a troubled tide,
 God watches o'er the ark,
 And guides us with unerring hand,
 And he shall deem it best,
 Till we reach that promised land,
 Where weary souls find rest.

A FEW THINGS WORTH NOTICE.

There are many paradoxes in the world, and few among them are more venacious and more easily proved than the propositions we announce, but, however convinced we may be of their truth, how seldom do we act upon it—how seldom do we pay proper attention to small things, while on them our happiness or misery, weal or woe, principle depend. Small things, trivial in themselves, become great in the aggregate. The world, they say, is formed of atoms—the comfort and prosperity of its denizens consist in a series of trifles.

A glass of water accidentally spoils a satin dress, and the politics of Europe were changed in consequence, a foolish woman wept because her seat was a trifle lower than that of her wealthy sister's, Charles of Anjou, despite the counsels of his sainted brother, accepted a proffered crown, and Italy and Sicily were rent with civil wars—who has not heard of the "Sicilian Vespers"? Again—an apple fell, and Newton's discoveries arose from that fall, and so on. Search the records of history, of domestic life, of science—and we shall find that the most important results in each have proceeded from some insignificant cause—as the well-moulded hon of pastry led to Canova's exquisite chiselings, and the pleasant driving transformed the postmaster's daughter into an Austrian archduchess.

Some deplorable accident occurs; we shudder as we read the list of casualties—of killed and wounded; our tears fall for the helpless survivors—the aged parents—the widow and orphan. How has it originated? Most commonly in some slight deficiency—some omission in the thoughtlessness of security. A lighted candle in a mine—a frayed rope—the least carelessness with the steam-engine—a policeman neglecting to wave his signal-flag at the appointed moment—some boyish trick, some lark, may endanger, if not cost, hundreds their lives; a bar lying on the iron road may cause the mighty creature that tears its way through hills and plains to diverge from its path and crush all before it in its random course; from a useful servant of priceless worth, it has become a ferocious destroyer; the hand that guided it—the first sacrifice—his cold and powerless beneath it. Man's intellect quails before its own creation—un-governable from man's neglect.

Nor is it here alone that small things are of such incalculable magnitude. Let us look into private life,

what makes the happy home? A due attention to petty wants and petty comforts. The husband—the head of the house—may be an affectionate husband—a kind father, in the main—and yet he may contrive to alienate his wife's and his family's hearts—and this merely by inattentions. As in money, so in love. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Of what avail is it if a man toil day and night to amass money for his home, if he debar it present comforts—if he cast a gloom over his fireside by a cold and uncongenial manner—if his wife be no more than his upper servant, and his children's voices be hushed in his presence? His heart may beat warmly for them, but theirs will not find an answering pulse. The love his wife vowed him will wear itself out, and sink for want of nourishment; his children can only give him a kind of habitual respect not affection. And yet not one of them will have a hardship to complain of. He neither beats his wife nor starves his children, but he neglects to cultivate their attachment—he takes his solitary pleasures, and thus himself up in himself, his children are seldom caressed or prayed, there is no encouragement for them and his wife in the dull routine of home duties. This sort of person is scrupulously polite to women in general—an exact observer of gentlemanly etiquette, but boorish to his female relatives, because they are his own. He contradicts their opinions and "pishes" at their feelings; their wishes, their amusements, are never considered, save as in reference to his own; he will dress them splendidly for his own gratification—give them every luxury in which he can share—but grudge them those feminine employments he cannot understand. His wife's heart ossifies to him his daughters yawn away their lives in opulent discontent—opulent for their rank in life—and accept the first offer they may chance to have, in the hope of an escape. Nor is he much more reasonable with his sons; he cannot sympathize with them, he will not study their characters, he crosses them from sheer stupidity, because he forgets to make allowance for youth. Yet with all this, he is at the bottom an affectionate father, anxious for his children's welfare, but he is ignorant of the power of all things.

In domestic happiness however, the wife's influence is even greater than her husband's, for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her man-

something between Henry Clay and Roswell, at
 region, was very solemn and affecting.