

THE RAIN

THE clouds are banked up overhead, the thunder rips and roars; the lightning hits old Jimpson's shed, and now the torrent pours. The crazy hens get wet and mad, the ducks rejoice and quack; the patient cow looks pretty sad, and humps her bony back; the hired man, driven from the field, for shelter swiftly hies; old Pluvius can surely wield the faucet when he tries. In half an hour the rain is done, the growling thunder stops, and once again the good old sun is warming up the crops. In half an hour more good is wrought to every human cause, than all our statesmen ever brought by passing helpful laws. Old Pluvius sends down the juice, when he's blown off the foam, and once again high hangs the goose in every happy home. Not all the armies of the earth, nor fleets that sail the main, can bring us prizes which are worth a half-hour's honest rain. No prophet with his tongue or pen, no poet with his lyre, can, like the rain, bring joy to men, or answer their desire. The sunflowers have new lease of life, the johnnie jumpups jump. Now I must go and help my wife to prime the cistern pump.