

KINDNESS.

By A. E. B.

'TIS not the biggest things of life
 That bring the greatest joys ;
 'Tis not the sharpest point of strife
 That often most annoys.
 I had more joy the other day
 From out a little gift,
 Which joined two hearts in closest way
 Without the slightest rift.
 Where heart to heart speaks openly
 There only can true friendship be.

I had a little spat last week
 And strange ! for I've had great,
 Do what I can the way to seek
 Out cold Oblivion's gate
 I cannot find: and full heart-sore
 Although I never hope a way
 To bring me back that friend once more
 To you I do make free to say
 That ever to my heart shall cling
 The pang of words I had with him.

Then let us all a lesson learn,
 Which long our life shall cheer :
 That a soft answer's sure to turn
 The wrath that knows no fear;
 And why the little while we're here
 Our hearts with trifles scald ?
 There's care enough our joys to sere
 Which cannot be forestalled.
 Ours to rejoice by "take and give"
 The hearts of those with whom we live.