

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.