

THE PRICELESS BLESSING.

There is a priceless blessing,
Which money cannot buy,
They, who this gift possessing,
Should neither fret nor sigh,
But should be happy ever,
Though destitute of wealth,
And thankful to the Giver:
This precious gift is health.

O ye who are repining
Look up towards the sky,
And see the silver lining,
'Mid the dark clouds flitting by.
Hear the angel voices blending,
In the anthem evermore,
(In sweet praise never ending)
The Lord of Heaven adore.

STICK TO THE FARM.

Stick to the farm boys, be content,
Don't let the Klondike craze
Tempt you from home afar to roam,
For gold on which to gaze;
Just till the soil with willing hands,
There lies the golden store,
You've but to dig, and fortunes big,
Into your hands will pour.

Stick to the farm, boys, be content,
As your grandfathers were,
Content to toil, they tilled the soil
And did the burdens bear;
They never went in search of gold,
But lived calm, happy lives,
They envied not the rich man's lot,
Nor did their thrifty wives.