



HAPPY JOE

**IN a snug little cot at the end of the lane,
Lived a queer little man who would never complain;
Whether sunshine or shadow would fall to his share,
His troubles seemed trifles as light as the air;
While grief, in his presence, its sting seemed to lose,
And the sight of his face was a cure for the blues;
So placid and calm did his life seem to flow,
He was known far and near by the name, "Happy Joe."**

**With instinct unerring, he always could find
That every dark cloud with bright silver was lined,
As he'd reckon his blessings, and show their amount
Was always ahead in life's daily account.
When miscreants ransacked his stable one night,
And purloined his horse to aid in their flight,
The good man at daybreak remarked, "I declare!
But I'm thankful to find that the cow is still there."**

**When lightning demolished his woodshed, "Well, now,
'Twas time that old shed was torn down, anyhow,"
He remarked, as with never a frown on his face,
He planned how he'd build a new one in its place.
One raw winter's morning found good-natured Joe
With a painful sore throat,— he was hoarse as a crow,
But he said to his wife, with a forced little laugh,
"I reckon it's lucky I'm not a giraffe."**

**It chanced that while busily pruning his trees,
With an odd little song sent aloft on the breeze,
He suddenly slipped with a crash and a bound,
And found himself sitting upon the hard ground.
A kind-hearted neighbor soon rushed to his aid,
And what do you think this funny man said?
As he looked at his friend in a dazed sort of way —
"It's the first chance I've had, sir, to sit down to-day."**

**When our pathway through life seems with trouble beset,
With hope and good cheer let our worries be met.
If sorrow's dark frown we would change to a smile,
Let's count all our blessings — we'll find it worth while. ☺**

