



#6

Only God Can Give A Friend

BY ROSALIE CANTRA

I think that God will never send
A gift so precious as a friend;
A friend who always understands
And fills each need as it demands;
Whose loyalty will stand the test
When skies are bright or overcast;
Who sees the faults that merit blame
But keeps on loving just the same;
Who does far more than creeds could do
To make us good, to make us true.
Earth's gifts a sweet enjoyment lend
But only God can give a friend.

ROSE TIFFANY - FRONT COVER AND PETUNIA BALLERINA ABOVE
COURTESY J. HORACE MCFARLAND COMPANY
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Old Friend of Mine

No other face can take the place
Of yours, old friend of mine.
Put on that grin and come on in,
And I'll be feeling fine.

In many a clime I've served my time,
In many a distant part,
But where I've been I've always seen
And held you in my heart.

If I can do a thing for you,
Just drop a little line,
'Cause there's no face can take the place
Of yours, old friend of mine.

—*Raymond Atwood*

11

Lookin' fer the Sunshine

Lookin' fer the sunshine
When the clouds are low
Ain't such awful trouble,
But some folks think it so.
Sun is always shinin',
Tho' its face is hid;
Sweetest consolation
Just to lift the lid.

There are lots o' human creatures
Who should have a joyous heart!
And be lookin' fer the sunshine,
But you'll always hear 'em start
To weepin' and a-pinin'
In this world o' woe
When just a ray o' sunshine
Would make their troubles go.
—O. P. Woodworth

The Smile

I wonder what my mama means
When I begin to pout,
Saying I must turn
My mouth inside out.

I think it is because there is
A smile behind that pout;
A smile that got all tangled up
In trying to come out.
—Laura Coates Reed

Waiting and Waiting

"All things come to him who waits"—
That is the promise of the fates;
But "waiting" is not sitting still.
That fortune may your coffers fill.
'Tis waiting in the sense that we
Wait on our opportunity
And cast about with eager eyes
To find just where our service lies.

The Fellow We Like To Meet

Nobody would call him handsome,
And nobody would call him wise.
A scholar would laugh at his grammar;
His learning would win no prize!
He never makes epigrams clever—
But still you will hear folks say,
"He's the kind of fellow we'd like to meet
On a dull, cold, rainy day!"

His eyes—they are blue and twinkle;
His laugh has a lilt of cheer;
And his wrinkled face has a homely grace
Where the kindly lines appear.
He's never done deeds majestic
To ring through the world away,
But he's just the fellow we'd like to meet
On a dull, cold, rainy day.

The clouds may be full of shadows,
But he—he will find the sun!
And life may be swept with sorrow,
And hearts may be drab and dun,
But his friendly grip will warm you—
And blest with his chumship gay
You will find the blue where the gold shines
through
On the coldest, rainiest day!

—*Author Unknown*

Put Your Ideal into Your Work

No matter what your work is, you can put your ideal into it. You can link the plainest, humblest task with the loftiest aspirations. There are blacksmiths who shoe a horse in a way that puts to shame many a writer of books. There are girls who darn stockings with more of the spirit of the artist than someone else puts into her painting. The love of excellence for its own sake, together with unselfishness and faithfulness are enough to glorify the commonest toil.

—*Bethany Home Messenger*

Wake up your mind by getting away from the daily grind. Take a vacation. See new things. Think new thoughts. Meet new people. If your mind has become a dull tool, a vacation will sharpen it again to a keen edge that will enable you to hew your way to new achievements.

—*The Friendly Adventurer*

14

Friendship

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been
to me;
I'd like to be the help that you are always glad
to be;
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of
the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me
along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid
things for you,
To brush the grey from out your skies and leave
them only blue.
I'd like to say the kind things that I so oft have
heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that
mine you stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have
given me;
Yes: that were wishing you a need, I hope will
never be.
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean
upon.

I'm wishing at this time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness you have strewn along
my way.
And could I have one wish this year, this only
would it be:
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have
been to me.

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DENVER, COLORADO

#15

When Some One Cares

Just a friendly word or two
Or a sympathetic smile,
And glad courage comes anew,
Shortening the weary mile.

Just the clasp of some one's hand,
Or a look of kind good will,
And the triumphs we have planned
Urge us bravely onward still.

Just a word that is sincere,
When the way is rough and long,
And the lost hopes that were dear
Make us glad again, and strong.

Just to know that others care
If we fail or if we fall,
And the ills that brought despair
Seem but trifles, after all.

—S. E. Kiser



Lincoln - A Common Man

By MAURINE HATHAWAY

They called him "common" and indeed
He was a common man,
As all great gifts are common
In Creation's wondrous plan -

As common as the sun
Whose golden rays in splendor fall
With equal light and cheer
On rich and poor, on great and small;

As common as refreshing drops
Of silvery summer rain,
That shed their cooling draught alike
On mountain, field, and plain;

As common as the song of birds
In gardens sweet with bloom;
As common as the evening breezes
Frightened with perfume;

As common as life's simple joys,
Its laughter and its tears;
As common as fond memories
That enrich the passing years.

Oh, in a world as torn with strife
And doubt as it was then,
Dear Lord, we pray give us today
More of such COMMON men!

— * —

People who are forever looking for the opportunity to render service are the ones who keep climbing, rising in importance, and growing happier day by day . . . The only way to find ourselves is in service to others . . . Self-sacrifice is a "must" for self-realization.

— Carl E. Holmes

Friendship

BY SISTER M. NORBERT, F. D. C.

Friendship is a fragile flower
It cannot live in frost
Distrust and doubt are weeds that harm
With these, it can't be crossed.

The heated breath of hasty words
Will wither stem and root,
The icy chill of sheer neglect
Will end its life, in truth.

To nurture friendship's fragile flower
Requires constant care
The warmth of tenderness and love
Must e'er be present there.

The golden sun of sharing thoughts
Must reign in gleam and gloom
Since friendship is a fragile flower
It needs these all to bloom.

Character Building

BY H. F. BARTZ

Character is not like a mushroom that springs up overnight after a summer rain. Character comes from endurance and fortitude. Escaping discipline and hard work has become one of the most common aims of mankind. But without discipline and work, men come to find that life consists of spurts and stops — mainly stops — because the superficial things that arouse their enthusiasm for a time soon collapse.

Early explorers thought that the coral polyps built the Atoll Islands to protect themselves from the waves and storms of the sea. Now we know that those tiny builders can live and thrive only fronting the ocean in the foam of the sea's raging billows. So, Christian character flourishes not in the ooze of ease and contentment, not in freedom from pain, sorrow, and worry; but in the thick of the battle of life. When the going becomes rough, I will think of the character I am building today.



INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA,
September 2, 1925

LEMUEL W. STANDISH, EDITOR
THE EASTERN STAR WORLD,
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Brother Standish:

At the recent Session of the General Grand Chapter at Toronto, Canada, that body, by a rising vote sent me a telegram of greeting.

I desire to assure the members that their kind thoughtfulness was highly appreciated. As a small recognition of this public courtesy I enclose the following little poem.

I desire, also, personally to thank you for several kindly messages of regard received from yourself.

RETROSPECT AND PROPHECY

I stand at my eightieth milestone and view

The many long years that are told,

Among their rich treasures are friends, tried and true,

The new quite as dear as the old.

Dear old friends have passed to the "land of the leal,"

But others are taking their place,

Who show for my welfare the same earnest zeal,

Evinced by the same loving grace.

Just fifty and nine are the years which have sped
Since first, on my labyrinth way,
The Star in the East its radiance shed
Its glory — the five-colored ray.

So I can believe the Order we love
Will ever most grandly march on,
With eyes firmly fixed on the Light from above
Till heights of achievement be won!

While many are marching, their hearts beating high
With youthful expectance and hope,
Their elders are facing their setting sun sky,
And treading their life's lessening slope.

But the Order will grow though leaders may fall,
The Star will still shine from above,
And earth's echoes shall ring with the clarion call
Of Loyalty, Purity, Love.

May all one day meet on the Paradise shore
Where never have mortal feet trod,
To greet there the loved who have gone on before
In the "Holy City of God."

Fraternally yours,

ADDIE C. STRONG ENGLE