

#9

Breakfast with a Friend

I love to eat at the house of a friend
At a table small and neat;
A mound of jelly or a bowl of jam
And biscuits fluffy and sweet.

Fragrant coffee and cereal warm
And a bowl of fruit maybe
And Billy-bird in his cage close by,
Trilling a song for me.

And we chat as we leisurely breakfast,
While the clock ticks the minutes away
And the sun streams in at the window
Proclaiming a glorious day.

Not all the banquets in halls of wealth,
With display of silver and lace
Can compare with simple, wholesome food
Across from a friendly face.

— FROM "GUIDE POSTS" —

— * —

A Mother

A gentle face with kindly mien,
A heart of gold with insight keen,
A loving hand that points the way
And guides the wayward steps each day;
A look that speaks of suffering's share
A life whose work is constant prayer.

My heart exults to think that she
May fathom childhood's mystery,
May hearken for the step and voice
More sweet to her than bees' sure choice;
May soothe the cares of girls and boys,
May keep young hearts brimful of joys.





Remember

BY PATIENCE STRONG

Remember the blind — the sightless ones,
Whose eyes can never see
The beauty of the lovely earth,
The glory of a tree.

Remember the lame, on crutches bent,
For they can never know
The thrill of movement, running free,
With strong, swift limbs aglow.

Remember the deaf, the lonely deaf,
For they have never heard
The wonders of a human voice,
The rapture of a bird.

Remember the dumb — with speechless lips
In silence set apart,
Who never can express in words
The longing of the heart.

And so, if we grow bored and dull
As down Life's path we drift,
Remember, and be thankful for
Each good and perfect gift.

— * —

Thankfulness

BY B. L. BRUCE

Let's forget the things we haven't got,
And appreciate the more,
The blessings we enjoy each day
In ever greater store.

The most of them we didn't earn,
But someone did for sure,
And other hands have toiled, and left
Their bounty at our door.

So may we nevermore forget
God's providence and care,
And the fruits of love and sacrifice
It is our lot to share.

A MOTHER

and HER BABY



God made the streams that gurgle down the purple
mountain-side;
He made the gorgeous coloring with which the
sunset's dyed;
He made the hills and covered them with glory;
and He made
The sparkle on the dew-drop and the shifting shine
and shade.
Then, seeing that He needed but a crown for all
earth's charms,
He made a little woman with a baby in her arms.

He made the arching rainbow that is hurled across
the sky;
He made the blessed flowers that nod and smile
as we go by;
He made the ball-room beauty as she sways with
queenly grace,
But sweetest of them all He made the lovelight in
the face
That bends above a baby warding off all earth's
alarms—
God bless the little woman with a baby in her arms.



OBSERVED BY GEO. W. OLINGER—DENVER, COLO., U.S.A.



Mother's PERFECT DAY

MOTHER, on a bright spring day, milked the cows and fed them hay, slopped the hogs, saddled the mule, and got the children off to school; did a washing, mopped the floors, washed the windows, and did some chores; cooked a dish of home-dried fruit, pressed her husband's Sunday suit, swept the parlor, made the bed, baked a dozen loaves of bread; split some firewood and lugged in enough to fill the kitchen bin; cleaned the lamps and put in oil, stewed some apples she

thought would spoil; churned the butter, baked a cake, then exclaimed, "for heaven's sake, the calves got out of the pen" and went out and chased them in again; gathered the eggs and locked the stable, back to the house and set the table; cooked a supper that was delicious, and afterward washed up all the dishes; fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes, mended a basketful of hose; then opened the organ and began to play, "When you come to the end of a perfect day!"

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