



WHY GOD MADE MOTHERS

God knew that everybody needs
Someone to show the way,
He knew that babies need someone
To care for them each day.
He knew they needed someone sweet
To soothe their baby cries;
To teach them how to walk and talk,
And sing them lullabies—
That's why God made Mothers.

And then throughout their childhood years,
God knew that children need
Someone to smile at them with pride
Encourage each new deed.
As they grow up and all their lives,
God knew that everywhere,
All children need a mother's heart
To understand and care,
And that's why God made Mothers.

He knew small children need someone
To lend a guiding hand,
To answer all their questions
And to smile and understand,
Someone to read them storybooks,
To teach them wrong from right,
To teach them wonderful new games,



Treasured Verses

A friend is the jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

We learn our virtues from the friends who love us; our faults from the enemy who hates us. We cannot easily discover our real character from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath impedes the clearness of the reflection.
— Richter

It is great to have friends when one is young, but indeed it is still more so when you are getting old. When we are young, friends are, like everything else, a matter of course. In the old days we know what it means to have them.
— Edvard Grieg

Slowly and painfully man is learning that he must do to others what he would have them do to him.
— Anthony Eden

You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can in two years by trying to get other people interested in you.

A friend is a jewel whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfortune can not dim.

If you're right, take the humble side—you'll help the other fellow. If you're wrong, take the humble side—and you'll help yourself.
— R. L. Erwin

There are souls in this world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go.
— Faber

Conservation is a positive thing, a method of making the fullest use of every resource that has been bestowed on man. Conservation connotes the turning of a key. But it is not turning a lock on what has been already found; it is the turning of the key to open new possibilities for usefulness.
— Douglas McKay

The Violet

By JANE TAYLOR

Down in the green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed,
And there it spreads its sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

* * *

Prayer for Tolerance

By VIVIAN VOLK

God give my eyes the will to see,
My friend for what he is to me,
It's not his creed, or shade of skin,
That makes his heart to mine akin;

O God, if peace on earth we seek,
Our hearts must follow yours so meek,
And see ourselves as no other,
But to every man—a brother.



I SAW GOD WASH THE WORLD

I saw God wash the world last night
With His sweet showers on high,
And then, when morning came, I saw
Him hang it out to dry.

He washed each tiny blade of grass
And every trembling tree;
He flung His showers against the hill,
And swept the billowing sea.

The white rose is a cleaner white,
The red rose is more red,
Since God washed every fragrant face
And put them all to bed.

There's not a bird, there's not a bee
That wings along the way
But is a cleaner bird and bee
Than it was yesterday.

I saw God wash the world last night.
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.

William L. Stidger

MY PRAYER

Great God, I ask Thee for no meaner self
 Than that I may not disappoint myself;
 That in my action I may soar as high
 As I can now discern with this clear eye.
 And next in value, which Thy kindness lends,
 That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
 Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
 They may not dream how Thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
 And my life practice more than my tongue saith;
 That my low conduct may not show,
 Nor my relenting lines,
 That I Thy purpose did not know,
 Or overrated Thy designs.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

From 1000 "Quotable Poems". Published by Willett, Clark & Company.

THIS I KNOW

We should never be too busy to lend a hand,
 To sit down and listen, to understand.
 We should never be too busy to stop and share,
 Or show someone else how much we care.

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 ight,
 alone,
 wn
 Assured that he will grant my quest,
 Or send some answer far more blest.

From "Gleams of Glory"

FRIENDSHIP

I want to laugh when I know you're gay
 And smile at the funny things you say.
 I want to rejoice in your victory
 As though you had done it all for me;
 I want to be always staunch and true—
 the kind of friend I would be to you.

I want you to know when I take your hand
 That here is one who will understand
 Who will feel the throb of your heart in pain,
 And long for the time when it's healed again;
 Who will know when shadows come your way,
 And will watch with you till the dawn of day.

If others scoff, as they sometimes do
 Remember a friend who will see you through;
 If you travel the world, no matter where,
 There is one to follow you with prayer—
 Why, there's hardly a thing I wouldn't do,
 Because, my friend, I believe in you.

From "The Dreamer" by Ruth Margaret Gibbs.

THE HEAVENLY REST

There is a haven of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given,
 There is a tear for souls distressed
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even;
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose—in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls
 And all is drear—but heaven.

MISS O'CONNELL

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair
 And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
 With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
 There is a something in their quiet grace
 That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
 A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
 That far outreaches all philosophy.
 Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
 The silver-threaded fairy shawl of age,
 While all the echoes of forgotten songs
 Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
 Old mothers! As they pass with slow-timed step
 Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
 Sweet mothers! As they pass, one sees again
 Old garden walks, old roses and old loves.

CHARLES S. ROSS.

THE SIZE OF YOUR HEART

It isn't the size of your house so much
 That matters so much at all,
 It's the gentle hand, its loving touch,
 That maketh it great or small.
 The friends who come, in the hour they go,
 Who out of your house depart,
 Will judge it not by the style you show—
 It's all in the size of your heart.
 It isn't the size of your head so much,
 It isn't the wealth you found,
 That will make you happy—it's how you touch
 The lives that are all around.
 For making money is not so hard—
 To live life well is an art;
 How men love you, how men regard,
 Is all in the size of your heart.

Author Unknown.

The Wisdom Of The Ages

Relax

BY GRENVILLE KLEISER

If you have to wait a while,
Relax.
Change your frown into a smile,
Relax.
Do not fidget, fuss, nor fret,
Waste no time in vain regret,
Be content with what you get,
Relax.
When you feel a sense of strain,
Relax.
Free your mind from grief or pain,
Relax.
Think of something fine to say,
Be an optimist today,
Laugh your foolish fears away,
Relax.
If things seem to go all wrong,
Relax.
Turn depression into song,
Relax.
See the good on every side,
Do your best with worthy pride,
Don't resist—go with the tide—
Relax.

L'Envoi For Teachers

BY ELSIE B. CASE

*When every last student's departed
And the halls are quiet and still;
When every last grade's been recorded
And the doors are closed on the hill.
The teachers will rest, and faith, how they'll
need it!
Relax for a moment or two,
Til the summer's work and doing their bit
Shall call them to work anew.
For each in the pride of their teaching
And each in their toils do they see
The pleasure of students progressing
That good citizens some day they might be!*

Little Things Count

A tiny little acorn
 Makes a mighty oak tree grow;
One small candle burning
 Can make the darkness glow.
A little bit of kindness
 Can get you through the day;
A gentle nudge, a loving touch,
 Can start you on your way.

The sorest wound, the last to heal,
 Can be the slightest scratch;
Tiny weeds surround the flowers
 And choke a garden patch.
The smallest package by the tree
 Can often be the best,
One mosquito, in the night,
 Can ruin all your rest.

So don't discount the smallest things,
 And think it not worth caring;
The pleasures that the trivials bring
 Make them justified for airing.

—Sharon Ferris

