

All Things Beautiful**1**

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lightest up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander

Arithmetic**2**

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like
pigeons in and out of your head.

Arithmetic tells you how many you lose or
win if you know how many you had before
you lost or won.

Arithmetic is seven-eleven all good children
go to heaven—or five-six bundle of sticks.

Arithmetic is numbers that you squeeze from your
head to your hand to your pencil to your
paper till you get the answer.

Arithmetic is where the answer is right and
everything is nice and you can look out
of the window and see the blue sky—
or the answer is wrong and you have to start
all over and try again and see how it
comes out this time.

If you take a number and
double it and double it again and then double it a
few more times the number gets bigger
and bigger and goes higher and higher
and only arithmetic can tell you what
the number is when you decide to quit
doubling.

Arithmetic is where you have to multiply—
and you carry the multiplication table
in your head and hope you won't lose it.

If you have two animal crackers, one good
and one bad, and you eat one and a
striped zebra with streaks all over him
eats the other, how many animal crackers
will you have if somebody offers you five
six seven and you say No no no and you say
nay nay nay and you say nix nix nix.

If you ask your mother for one fried egg for
breakfast and she gives you two
fried eggs and you eat both of them, who is
better in arithmetic, you or your mother?

Carl Sandburg

Brighten The Corner Where You Are**3**

We cannot all be famous
Or listed in "Who's Who,"

But every person great or small
has important work to do,

For seldom do we realize
The importance of small deeds,

Or to what degree of greatness
unnoticed kindness leads—

For it's not the big celebrity
in a world of fame and praise.

But it's doing unpretentiously
in undistinguished ways,

The work that God assigned for us,
unimportant as it seems,

That makes our task outstanding
and bring reality to dreams—

So do not sit and idly wish
for wider, newr dimension,

Where you can put in practice
Your many good intentions—

But at the spot God placed you
begin at once to do

Little things to brighten up
the lives surrounding you,

For if everybody brightened up
the spot on which they're standing,

By being more considerate
And a little less demanding,

This dark cold world would very soon
eclipse the Evening Star,

If everybody brightened up
the corner where they are.

Helen Steiner Rice

“The Master has come over Jordan”
Said Hannah the Mother one day
“He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger,” they say,
“And now I will carry the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John,
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon.”

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled;
“Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, ‘twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper
Like many in Israel.”

“Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If he laid his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go.”

So over the hills of Judah,
Along the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel, her brothers between,
‘Mid the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word—
Through the rows of proud Pharisees listening
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

“Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,”
Said Peter, “With children like these?
Seest now how from morning to evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?”

Then Christ said, “Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto me!”
And he took in His arms little Esther
And Rachel He set on His knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
“Of such is the kingdom of heaven—
And strength for all duty and trial,
That hour to her spirit was given.

Drop a pebble in the water: just a splash, and it is gone;
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Spreading, spreading from the center, flowing on out to the sea.
And there is no way of telling where the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water: in a minute you forget,
But there's little waves a-flowing and there's ripples circling yet,
And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave have grown;
You've disturbed a mighty river just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless: in a minute it is gone;
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on.
They keep spreading, spreading, spreading from the center as they go,
And there is no way to stop them, once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word, or careless: in a minute you forget;
But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred,
And disturbed a life was happy 'ere you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: just a flash and it is gone;
But there's half-a-hundred ripples circling on and on and on,
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave
Till you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness: in a minute you forget;
But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet,
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles and miles of water just by dropping one kind word.

James W. Foley

How strange that we who are the sons of God
Should be familiar with the face of fear,
So sure that every cloud will bring a storm,
So fearful lest tomorrow be not clear.

We shrink from woes which never come to pass,
Mere phantoms, with no substance and no strength;
But even if they had, would not our Lord provide
His strength to meet the need of each day's length?

Children of God, with quaking, craven hearts
Consumed by the corrosive power of dread! . . .
And yet He holds us in His hallowed hand,
And counts the very hairs upon our head.

What strong firm bulwarks He has built around
The daily lives of those He holds so dear:
The blessed Holy Spirit in our hearts,
His guardian angels ever hovering near

Lest we should dash our feet against a stone.
The unseen hosts of God camp round about.
We dwell there safely in His secret place,
And still we tremble, wracked with fear and doubt!

O child of God, it is so safe, so sweet,
To trust the One who never knew defeat!

Martha Snell Nicholson

Fred likes creatures,
And has a lot of 'em.
Bees don't sting him,
He's got a pot of 'em,

Little round velvety bodies they are
Making honey in Fred's jam-jar.

Fred likes creatures.
Hedgehogs don't prickle him,
They flatten their quills
And scarcely tickle him,

But lie with their pointed snouts on his palm,
And their beady eyes are perfectly calm.

Fred likes creatures.
The nestling fallen out
Of the tree-top
With magpie callin' out

Where? Where? Where? contented lingers
In the round nest of Fred's thick fingers.

Fred likes creatures.
Nothing's queer to him,
Ferrets, tortoises,
Newts are dear to him.

The lost wild rabbit comes to his hand
As to a burrow in friendly land.

Fred *eats* rabbit
Like any glutton, too,
Fred eats chicken
And beef and mutton too.

Moral? None. No more to be said
Than Fred likes creatures,
and creatures like Fred.

Eleanor Farjeon

Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, 'round and 'round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents for the child who will find them today."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said: "I'll look for them, Grandpa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care
That lies on the table by Grandpapa's chair.
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.

Then down on all fours, like two good natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
'Til, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare
He believes that those glasses are not anywhere.

But Nelly, who, leaning on Grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they could be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands—all her dimples came out—
She turned to the boys with a bright roguish shout:
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on Grandpapa's head!"

Author Unknown

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.
There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin.
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Edgar A. Guest

Of Jonathan Chapman
Two things are known
That he loved apples,
That he walked alone.

At seventy-odd
He was gnarled as could be.
But ruddy and sound
As a good apple tree.

For fifty years over
Of harvest and dew,
He planted his apples
Where no apples grew.

The winds of the prairie
Might blow through his rags,
But he carried his seeds
In the best deerskin bags.

From old Ashtabula
To frontier Fort Wayne
He planted and pruned
And he planted again.

He had not a hat
To encumber his head.
He wore a tin pan
On his white hair instead.

He nested with owl,
And with bear cub and 'possum,
And knew all his orchards,
Root, tendril and blossom.

A fine old man,
As reip as a pippin,
His heart still light,
And his step still skipping.

The stalking Indian,
The beast in its lair
Did no hurt
While be was there.

For they could tell,
As wild things can
That Jonathan Chapman
Was God's own man.

Why did he do it?
We do not know.
He wished that apples
Might root and grow.

He has no statue
He has no tomb.

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He has his apple trees
Still in bloom.

Consider, consider,
Think well upon
The marvelou story
Of Appleseed John.

Rosemary and Stephen V. Benét

A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell.
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.
How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?
Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear,
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou are very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.
I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world,
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

Louisa M Alcott

Days are gettin' shorter an' the air a keener snap;
Apples now are droppin' into Mother Nature's lap;
The mist at dusk is risin' over valley, marsh an' fen
An' it's just as plain as sunshine, winter's comin' on again.

The turkeys now are struttin' round the old farmhouse once more;
They are done with all their nestin', and their hatchin' days are o'er;
Now the fanner's cuttin' fodder for the silo towerin' high
An' he's frettin' an' complainin' 'cause the com's a bit too dry.

But the air is mighty peaceful an' the scene is good to see,
An' there's somethin' in October that stirs deep inside o' me;
An' I just can't help believin' in a God above us when
Everything is ripe for harvest an' the frost is back again.

Edgar A. Guest

It was only a tiny seed,
Carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed,
And spread its poison wide.
It was only a little leak,
So small you might hardly see;
But the rising waters found the break,
And wrecked the great levee.
It was only a single spark,
Dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift and dark
Was its work on wood and plain.
It was only a thoughtless word,
Scarce meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart that heard,
And left it sting behind.
It may seem a trifle at most,
The thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost
We may wish it undone someday.

M. P. Handy

When Pa came home last night he had a package in his hand;
“Now Ma,” said he, “I’ve something here which you will say is grand.
A friend of mine got home today from hunting in the woods,
He’s been away a week or two, and got back with the goods.
He had a corking string of birds-I wish you could have seen ‘em!”
“If you’ve brought any partridge home,” said Ma, “you’ll have to clean ‘em.”

“Now listen, Ma,” said Pa to her, “these birds are mighty rare.
I know a lot of men who’d pay a heap to get a pair.
But it’s against the law to sell this splendid sort of game,
And if you bought ‘em you would have to use a different name.
It isn’t every couple has a pair to eat between ‘em.”
“If you got any partridge there,” says Ma, “you’ll have to clean ‘em.”

“Whenever kings want something fine, it’s partridge that they eat,
and millionaires prefer ‘em, too, to any sort of meat.
About us everywhere tonight are folks who’d think it fine
If on a brace of partridge they could just sit down to dine.
They’ve got a turkey skinned to death; they’re sweeter than a chicken.”
“If that’s what you’ve brought home,” says Ma, “you’ll have to do the pickin’.”

And then Pa took off the paper and showed Ma what he had.
“There, look at those two beauties! Don’t they start you feelin’ glad?”
An’ ain’t your mouth a’waterin’ to think how fine they’ll be
When you’ve cooked ‘em up for dinner, one for you an’ one for me?”
But Ma just turned her nose up high, and said, when she had seen ‘em,
“You’ll never live to eat ‘em if you wait for me to clean ‘em.”

Edgar A. Guest

Over the mountain wave
See where they come;
Storm cloud and wintry wind
Welcome them home;
Yet, where the sounding gale
Howls to the sea,
There their song peals along
Deep seated and free
“Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—
This is our home!”

Dim grew the finest path;
Onward they trod;
Firm beat their noble hearts,
Trusting in God;
Gray men and blooming maids,
High rose their song
Hear it sweep, clear and deep,
Ever along—
“Pilgrim and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—
This is our home!”

Green be their mossy graves!
Ours be their fame,
While their song peals along
Ever the same;
“Pilgrims and wanderers,
Hither we come;
Where the free dare to be—S
This is our home!”

George Lunt

There's a flag that floats above us,
Wrought in red and white and blue—
A spangled flag of stars and stripes
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it
As men fought the long months through,
Nights of marching—days of fighting—
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,
There is courage in it, too;
There is loyalty—there's valor—
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered
Over land and sea,
There's equality and freedom—
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,
Wrought in red and white and blue.
It's the stars and stripes forever
Guarding me and guarding you!

Louise Adney

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

I don't see why Pa likes him so,
And seems so glad to have him come;

He jabs my ribs and wants to know
If here and there it's hurting some.

He holds my wrist, 'coz there are things
In there, which always jump and jerk,

Then, with a telephone he brings,
He listens to my breather work.

He taps my back and pinches me,
Then hangs a mirror on his head

And looks into my throat to see
What makes it hurt and if it's red.

Then on his knee he starts to write
And says to mother, with a smile:

"This ought to fix him up all right,
We'll cure him in a little while."

I don't see why Pa likes him so.
Whenever I don't want to play

He says: "The boy is sick, I know!
Let's get the doctor right away."

And when he comes, he shakes his hand,
And hustles him upstairs to me,

And seems contented just to stand
Inside the room where he can see.

Then Pa says every time he goes:
"That's money I am glad to pay;

It's worth it, when a fellow knows
His pal will soon be up to play."

But maybe if my Pa were me,
And had to take his pills and all,

He wouldn't be so glad to see
The doctor come to make a call.

We waited for hours,
As children all will,
After Father had told us
The news with a thrill:

'Twas the oddest sensation
When we'd gaze at the sky;
We seemed to be falling,
But we didn't know why.

Next morning the light
Reflected from snow Made
shimmering patterns
With walls all aglow;

From lowering clouds
And a temperature fall,
The first snow of winter
Would come with a squall.

Then early that evening
The first flakes descended;
And when we retired
The fall hadn't ended

We looked from our beds
At a white, silent scene
Of tall, pearly trees
And the buildings between.

And our happy, old dog,
With great barking leaps,
Was chasing a rabbit
Through high, snowy heaps.

Oh, the wonderful joy
To be young and know
The thrill of a child
At winter's first snow.

Robert Freeman Bound

The gingercake man was a lump of brown dough
Till a great rolling pin was run over him, so!
To flatten him out, and he lay there so thin,
His bones almost popped through the holes in his skin:
They sifted him over with flour and spice,
And made him some eyes with two kernels of rice,
And took some dried currants, the biggest and best,
To make him some buttons for closing his vest.

The Gingercake man wobbled this way and that.
When they seeded a raisin and make him a hat
That was stuck on his head in the jauntiest way.
For a Gingercake man is not made every day.
They stuck in some cloves for his ears yes, indeed!
And made him some teeth out of caraway seed,
And when he had finished they buttered a pan—
The biggest they had—for the Gingercake man.

Then into the oven they put him to bake
Until he was hard and could stand and not break
His legs when he stood; and they set him to cool
Until all the children should come home from school.
And oh, the delight and the wonder and glee.
When mother invited the children to see,
All sifted with sugar and out of the pan,
The good-natured face of the Gingercake man.

But alas and alas! 'Tis a short life and sweet
Is the Gingercake man's—for they ate off his feet,
They broke off his arms with the hungriest zest,
And picked all the buttons from out of his vest;
They nibbled his legs off and ate up his hat.
And everything edible went just like that,
Till the cloves and the kernels of rice you may scan
As all that is left of the Gingercake man!

James Foley

Ma says no, it's too much care
An' it will scatter germs an' hair,
An' it's a nuisance through and through,
An' barks when you don't want it to;
An' carries dirt from off the street,
An' tracks the carpets with its feet.
But it's a sign he's growin' up
When he is longin' for a pup.

Most every night he comes to me
An' climbs a-straddle of my knee
An' starts to fondle me an' pet,
Then asks me if I've found one yet.
An' ma says: "Now don't tell him yes;
You know they make an awful mess,"
An' starts their faults to catalogue.
But every boy should have a dog.

An' some night when he comes to me,
Deep in my pocket there will be
The pup he's hungry to possess
Or else I sadly miss my guess.
For I remember all the joy
A dog meant to a little boy
Who loved it in the long ago—
The joy that's now his right to know.

Edgar A. Guest

Among the fish that swim and swish beneath the stormy sea
There lived a little oyster, and most mechancholy, he!
Inside his clammy cloister, weeping sadly was the oyster.
And this made him even moister than an oyster ought to be!

His brother-fish said "Pooh and pish. He isn't worth a pin!"
"Poor fish" they often called him with a patronizing grin.
And it has to be admitted that the teasing title fitted,
For the oyster, humble-witted, didn't own a single "fin!"

In sad distress he would, I guess, have lived his life in vain
If something had not happened, to the oyster's happy gain:
One morning, something nicked him. Some gritty sand had pricked him!
To wall it up, its victim built a pearl around the pain!

Thus did he do what we can, too, if we but have the wit:
He turned bad luck to good-and yet his shell remained a fit.
He'd say, when he was feted, that his pearl was overrated;
"Shucks!" he often shyly stated; "It just took a little grit!"

Ernestine Cobern Beyer

Today as I watched the potter
He molded a beautiful vase.
As he picked up the clay to shape it,
Each particle fell into place.
It seemed as if he crushed it and pressed it
Every flaw had dissolved in his hands;
And soon he had fashioned a vessel,
Exactly as first he had planned.

Then I saw him open an oven
And the vessel was placed in the heat.
The surface began to harden;
To glisten and shine as a sheet.
So often we're placed in the furnace,
We're tried and crushed to pure gold.
As a potter turns out his vessel,
So our lives are shaped I am told.

Now I thought as I saw him in action,
How God molds our lives every day,
How He irons out all our defects
And works every blemish away.
Then I prayed, "Oh, may I be pliant,
That I may be easily bent,
That I may fit into the pattern,
Of the mission for which I am sent."

Norman P. Woodruff

He tore the curtains yesterday,
And scratched the paper on the wall;
Ma's rubbers, too, have gone astray—
She says she left them in the hall;
He tugged the tablecloth and broke
A fancy saucer and a cup;
Though Bud and I think it a joke
Ma scolds a lot about the pup.
The sofa pillows are a sight,
The rugs are looking somewhat frayed,
And there is ruin, left and right
That little Boston bull has made.
He slept on Buddy's counterpane—
Ma found him there when she woke up.
I think it needless to explain
She scolds a lot about the pup.
And yet he comes and licks her hand
And sometimes climbs into her lap
And there, Bud lets me understand,
He very often takes his nap.
And Bud and I have learned to know
She wouldn't give the rascal up:
She's really fond of him, although
She scolds a lot about the pup.

Edgar A. Guest

When the children of Israel crossed the sea
It comforts my heart to know
That there must have been many timorous ones
Who faltered and feared to go;

Feared the ribbon of road which stretched
Ahead like a narrow track
With the waves piled high on either side,
And nothing to hold them back—

Nothing to hold them back but a hand
They could neither see nor feel.
Their God seemed distant and far away,
And inly the peril real.

Yet the fearful ones were as safe as the brave,
For the mercy of God is wide.
Craven and fearless, He leads them all
Dry shod to the other side.

And I think of the needless terror and pain
We bring to our own Red Sea.
Strengthen Thy timorous ones, dear Lord,
And help us to trust in Thee!

Martha Snell Nicholson

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

A smudge on his nose and a smear on his cheek
And knees that might not have been washed in a week;
A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,
A relic of many a tumble and trip:
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.

A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;
A face that's as black as a visage can get;
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;
Awaist from which two of the buttons are lost;
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the grime,
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time:
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet
And look for the moment I get to my street.

Edgar A. Guest

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.

“What am I bidden, good folks?” he cried,
“Who'll start the bidding for me?
“A dollar, one dollar”—then “Two! Only two!
Two dollars, and who'll make it three?”

“Three dollars, once; three dollars, twice;
And going for three”—But no,
From the room far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;

Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: “What am I bid for the old violin?”
And he held it up with the bow.

“A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once; three thousand, twice,
And going, and gone!” said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
“We do not understand
What changed its worth?” Swift came the reply.
“The touch of the master's hand.”

And many a man with life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.

A “mess of pottage,” a glass of wine,
A game — and he travels on;
He's “going” once and “going” twice—
He's “going” and almost “gone!”

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

We make the world in which we live
By what we gather and what we give
By our daily deeds and the things we say,
By what we keep or we cast away.

We make our world by the beauty we see
In a skylark's song or a lilac tree,
In a butterfly's wing, in the pale moon's rise,
And the wonder that lingers in midnight skies.

We make our world by the life we lead,
By the friends we have, by the books we read,
By the pity we show in the hour of care,
By the loads we lift and the love we share.

We make our world by the goals we pursue,
By the heights we seek and the higher view,
By hopes and dreams that reach the sun
And a will to fight till the heights are won.

What is the place in which we dwell,
A hut or a palace, a heaven or hell
We gather and scatter, we take and we give,
We make our world—and there we live.

Alfred Grant Walton

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today;

He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way;

He has no tongue but our tongue
To tell men how He died;

He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;

We are the sinner's gospel,
We are the scoffer's creed;

We are the Lord's last message,
Given in deed and word;

What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?

What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking
Of things His lips would spurn.

How can we hope to help Him
And hasten His return?

Annie Johnson Flint

Do you want what you want when you want it?
Do you pray and expect a reply?
And when it's not instantly answered,
Do you feel that God passed you by?
Well, prayers that are prayed in this manner
Are really not prayers at all,
For you can't go to God in a hurry
And expect Him to answer your call . . .
For prayers are not meant for obtaining
What we selfishly wish to acquire,
For God in His wisdom refuses
The things that we wrongly desire.
Don't pray for freedom from trouble,
Or ask that life's trials pass you by,

Instead pray for strength and for courage
To meet life's "dark hours" and not cry
That God was not there when you called Him,
And He turned a deaf ear to your prayer
And just when you needed Him most,
He left you alone in despair . . .
Wake up! You are missing completely
The reason and purpose for prayer,
Which is really to keep us contented
That God holds us safe in His care.
And God only answers our pleadings
When He knows that our wants fill a need,
And whenever "our will" becomes "His will"
There is no prayer that God does not heed.

Helen Steiner Rice

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave
Had twenty-three sons and she named them all Dave?
Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to do.
You see, when she wants one and calls out "Yoo-Hoo!
Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one.
All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the run!
This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves'
As you can imagine, with so many Daves.
And often she wishes that, when they were born,
She had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn
And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them Snimm.
And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim.
And one of them Shadrack. And one of them Blinkey.

And one of them Stuffy. And one of them Stinkey.
Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face.
Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face.
And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff.
One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff.
And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed.
And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed.
And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt
And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt
And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate. . .
But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.

Dr. Seuss

Up to the ceiling
And down to the floor,
Hear him now squealing
And calling for more.
Laughing and shouting,
“Away up!” he cries.
Who could be doubting
The love in his eyes.
Heigho! my baby!
And heigho! my son!
Up to the ceiling
Is wonderful fun.

Bigger than daddy
And bigger than mother;
Only a laddie,
But bigger than brother.
Laughing and shouting,
And squirming and wriggling,
Cheeks fairly glowing,
Now cooing and giggling!
Down to the cellar,
Then quick as a dart
Up to the ceiling
Brings joy to the heart.

Gone is the hurry,
The anguish and sting,
The heartache and worry
That business cares bring;
Gone is the hustle,
The clamor for gold,
Who could be doubting
The rush and the bustle
The day’s affairs hold.
Peace comes to the battered
Old heart of his dad,
When “up to the ceiling”
He plays with his lad.

Edgar A. Guest

I said, "Let me walk in the fields"
He said, "Nay, walk in the town"

I said, "There are no flowers there"
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun"

He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say"

He answered me, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town

He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for a crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He.

And I walked in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

George MacDonald

Who knows a mountain?
One who has gone
To worship its
beauty In
the dawn;
One who has slept
On its breast at night;
One who has measured
His strength to its height;
One who has
followed Its
longest trail.
And laughed in the
face Of its
fiercest gale;
One who has scaled its peaks,
And has trod
Its cloud-swept summits
Alone with God.

Ethel Romig Fuller