

A Psalm Of Life**1**

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!-
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Barbara Frietchie (pronounced “Frietchie”)

The poem “Barbara Frietchie ” was written about an event that was supposed to have taken place during the War Between the States. Part of General Lee— Confederate forces, under General Stonewall Jackson, marched through Frederick, Maryland, on their way to Harper’s Ferry. The legend of what Barbara Frietchie did on that day has been written many times. John Greenleaf Whittier’s poem is the best remembered.

The patriotic cry of Barbara Frietchie is a symbol of love of country. The gallant behavior of General Stonewall Jackson is a symbol of respect. The Scripture says, “They that be wise ... shall shine as the star.” The poet likens Stonewall Jackson and Barbara Frietchie to: “Stars below in Frederick town!”

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant mom of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountain, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

(continued on the next page...)

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the head of the rebel host.

Ever its tom folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier

I don't mind lickin's, now an'then,
An' I can even stand it when
My mother calls me in from play
To run some errand right away.
There's things 'bout bein' just a boy
That ain't all happiness an' joy,
But I suppose I've got to stand
My share o' trouble in this land,
An' I ain't kickin' much—but, say,
The worst of parents is that they
Don't realize just how they spoil
A feller's life with castor oil.

Of all the awful stuff, Gee Whiz!
That is the very worst there is.
An' every time if I complain,
Or say I've got a little pain,
There's nothing else that they can think
'Cept castor oil for me to drink.
I notice, though, when Pa is ill,
That he gets fixed up with a pill,
An' Pa don't handle Mother rough
An' make her swallow nasty stuff;
But when I've got a little ache,
It's castor oil I've got to take.

I don't mind goin' up to bed
Afore I get the chapter read;
I don't mind bein' scolded, too,
For lots of things I didn't do;
But, Gee! I hate it when they say,
"Come! Swallow this—an' right away!"
Let poets sing about the joy
It is to be a little boy,
I'll tell the truth about my case:
The poets here can have my place,
An' I will take their life of toil
If they will take my castor oil.

Edgar A. Guest

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now we must pray
For, lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak: what shall I say?"
"Why, say: Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight naught but sea at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said;
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their ways,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak brave Adm'r'l, speak and say."
He said: "Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate,
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

Then pale, and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! A light!
A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson. "On! Sail on!"

Joaquin Miller

Daniel Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife, and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore.
He married his maid with a golden band,
Built his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was lord of a thousand vales
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone.

On the Wilderness Road that his axmen made
The settlers flocked to the first stockade;
The deerskin shirts and the coonskin caps
Filed through the glens and the mountain gaps;
And hearts were high in the fateful spring
When the land said "Nay!" to the stubborn king.
While the men of the East of farm and town
Strove with the troops of the British Crown,
Daniel Boone from a surge of hate
Guarded a nation's westward gate.
Down in the fort in a wave of flame
The Shawnee horde and the Mingo came,
And the stout logs shook in a storm of lead;
But Boone stood firm and the savage fled.
Peace! And the settlers flocked anew,
The farm lands spread, the town lands grew;
But Daniel Boone was ill at ease
When he saw the smoke in his forest trees.
"There'll be no game in the country soon.
Elbow room!" cried Daniel Boone.

Straight as a pine at sixty-five—
Time enough for a man to thrive—
He launched his bateau on Ohio's breast
And his heart was glad as he oared it west;
There was kindly folk and his own true blood
Where great Missouri rolls his flood;
New woods, new streams, and room to spare,
And Daniel Boone found comfort there.
Yet far he ranged toward the sunset still,
Where the Kansas runs and the Smoky Hill,

(continued on the next page...)

And the prairies toss, by the south wind blown;
And he killed his bear on the Yellowstone.
But ever he dreamed of new domains
With vaster woods and wider plains; Ever
he dreamed of a world-to-be
Where there are no bounds and the soul is free. At
fourscore-five, still stout and hale,
He heard a call to a farther trail;
So he turned his face where the stars are strewn;
“Elbow room!” sighed Daniel Boone.

Arthur Guiterman

How do you tackle your work each day?
Are you scared of the job you find?

Do you grapple the task that comes your way
With a confident, easy mind?

Do you stand right up to the work ahead
Or fearfully pause to view it?

Do you start to toil with a sense of dread
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;

If you're afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.

For failure comes from the inside first,
It's there if we only knew it,

And you can win, though you face the worst,
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,
The world will furnish the work to do,

But you must provide the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can,

It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start that you make, young man:

You must feel that you're going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?
With confidence clear, or dread?

What to yourself do you stop and say
When a new task lies ahead?

What is the thought that is in your mind?
Is fear ever running through it?

If so, just tackle the next you find
By thinking you're going to do it.

Edgar A. Guest

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give away to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop to build 'em up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, And—
which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

We read the headlines daily
and listen to the news,
We shake our heads despairingly
and glumly sing the blues—
We are restless and dissatisfied
and we do not feel secure,
We are vaguely discontented
with the things we must endure ...
This violent age we live in
is filled with nameless fears
As we listen to the newscasts
that come daily to our ears,
And we view the threatening future
with sad sobriety
As we're surrounded daily
by increased anxiety ...
How can we find security
or stand on solid ground
When there's violence and dissension
and confusion all around;
Where can we go for refuge
from the rising tides of hate,
Where can we find a haven
to escape this shameful fate...
So instead of reading headlines
that disturb the heart and mind,
Let us open up the BIBLE
and in doing so we'll find
That this age is no different
from the millions gone before,
But in every hour of crisis
God has opened up a door
For all who seek His guidance
and trust His all-wise plan,
For God provides protection
beyond that devised by man...
And we learn that each TOMORROW
is not ours to understand,
But lies safely in the keeping
of the great Creator's Hand,

(continued on the next page...)

And to have the steadfast knowledge
that WE NEVER WALK ALONE

And to rest in the assurance
that our EVERY NEED IS KNOWN

Will help dispel our worries,
our anxieties and care,

For doubt and fear are vanquished
in THE PEACEFULNESS OF PRAYER

Helen Steiner Rice

Christmas is more than a day
at the end of the year,
More than a season
of joy and good cheer,
Christmas is really
God's pattern for living
To be followed all year
by unselfish giving.
For the holiday season
awakens good cheer
And draws us closer
to those we hold dear,
And we open our hearts
and find it is good
To live among men
as we always should.
But as soon as the tinsel
is stripped from the tree,
The spirit of Christmas
fades silently
Into the background
of daily routine,
And is lost in the whirl
of life's busy scene.
And all unaware
we miss and forego
The greatest blessing
that mankind can know,
For if we lived Christmas
every day, as we should,
And made it our aim
to always do good,
We'd find the lost key
to meaningful living
That comes not from getting,
but from unselfish giving.
And we'd know the great joy
of Peace upon Earth,
Which was the real purpose
of our Savior's birth,
For in the Glad Tidings
of that first Christmas night,
God showed us THE WAY
and the Truth and the Light!

Before we take an auto ride Pa says to Ma: "My dear,
Now just remember I don't need suggestions from the rear.
If you will just sit still back there and hold in check your fright,
I'll take you where you want to go and get you back all right.
Remember that my hearing's good and also I'm not blind,
And I can drive this car without suggestions from behind."

Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we gayly start,
But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his cart.
"You'd better toot your horn," says she, "to let him know we're near;
He might turn out!" and Pa replies: "just shriek at him, my dear."
And then he adds: "Someday, some guy will make a lot of dough By
putting horns on tonneau seats for women-folks to blow!

A little farther on Ma cries: "He signaled for a turn!"
And Pa says: "Did he?" in a tone that's hot enough to burn.
"Oh, there's a boy on roller skates!" cries Ma. "Now do go slow.
I'm sure he doesn't see our car." And Pa says: "I dunno,
I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it may be
That I am blind and cannot see what's right in front of me."

If Pa should speed the car a bit some rigs to hurry past
Ma whispers: "Do be careful now. You're driving much too fast."
And all the time she's pointing out the dangers of the street
And keeps him posted on the roads where trolley cars he'll meet.
Last night when we got safely home, Pa sighed and said: "My dear,
I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive you gave us from the rear!"

Edgar A. Guest

“Young man!” said Miss Block,
It’s eleven o’clock!
This school begins promptly at 8:15. Why,
THIS is a terrible time to arrive!

Why didn’t you come just as fast as you could?
What IS your excuse? It had better be good!”
Marco looked at the clock.
Then he looked at Miss Block.

“Excuse?” Marco stuttered.
“Er ... Well, it’s like this ...
Something happened to me.”

“This morning, Miss Block,
when I left home for school, I hurried
off early according to rule.

I said when I started a quarter past eight
I MUST not, I WILL not, I
SHALL not be late! I’ll be the
first pupil to be in my seat.

Then BANG!
Something happened on Mulberry Street!
I heard a strange ‘peep’ and I took a quick look
And you know what I saw with the look that I took?
A bird laid an egg on my ‘rithmetic book!
I couldn’t believe it, Miss Block, but it’s true!
I stopped and I didn’t quite know what to do.
I didn’t dare run and I didn’t dare walk.
I didn’t dare yell and I didn’t dare talk.
I didn’t dare sneeze and I didn’t dare cough.
Because, if I did, I would knock the egg off.

So I stood there stock-still and it worried me pink
Then my feet got quite
tired and I sat
down to think.

(continued on the next page....)

And while I was thinking down there on the ground,
I saw something move and I heard a loud sound of a
worm who was having a fight with his wife.

The most terrible fight that I've heard in my life!

The worm he was yelling,
'That boy should not wait!

He MUST not, he DARE not, he SHALL not be late!
That boy ought to smash that egg off of his head.'
Then the wife of the worm shouted back—and

SHE said,
'To break that dear egg would be terribly cruel.
An egg's more important than going to school.
That egg is that mother bird's pride and her joy.
If he smashes that egg,

he's the world's meanest boy!'

'And while the worms argued
'bout what I should do

A couple big cats started arguing too!'

'You listen to me!' I heard one of them say,
'If this boy doesn't go on to school right away
Miss Block will be frightfully horribly mad

If the boy gets there late she will punish the lad!'

Then the other cat snapped.
'I don't care if she does,

This boy must not move!' So I stayed where I was
With the egg on my head,

And my heart full off fears

And the shouting of cats and worms in my ears.

'Then, while I lay wondering
When all this would stop,

The egg on my book burst apart with a POP!
And out of the pieces of red and white shell
Jumped a strange brand-new bird
and he said with a yell,

(continued on the next page...)

'I thank you, young fellow,
you've been simply great.

But, now that I'm hatched,
you no longer need wait.

I'm sorry, I kept you till 'leven o'clock.

It's really my fault. You tell THAT to Miss Block.

I wish you good luck and I bid you good day.'

That's what the bird said. Then he fluttered away.

And THEN I got here just as fast as I could

And that's my excuse and I think it's quite good." Miss

Block didn't speak for a moment or two,

Her eyes looked at Marco

and looked him clean through.

Then she smiled.

"That's a very good tale, if it's true.

Did ALL of those things REALLY happen to you?"

"Er ... well," answered Marco

with sort of a squirm.

"Not QUITE all, I guess. But I DID see a worm."

Dr. Seuss

I've told about the times that Ma can't find her pocketbook
And how we have to hustle round for it to help her look,
But there's another care we know that often comes our way,
I guess it happens easily a dozen times a day.
It starts when first the postman through the door a letter passes,
And Ma says: "Goodness gracious me! Wherever are my glasses?"

We hunt 'em on the mantelpiece an' by the kitchen sink,
Until Ma says: "Now, children, stop, an' give me time to think
Just when it was I used 'em last an' just exactly where.
Yes, now I know—the dining room. I'm sure you'll find 'em there."
We even look behind the clock, we busy boys an' lasses,
Until somebody runs across Ma's missing pair of glasses.

We've found 'em in the Bible, an' we've found 'em in the flour,
We've found 'em in the sugar bowl, an' once we looked an hour
Before we came across 'em in the padding of her chair;
An' many a time we've found 'em in the topknot of her hair,
It's a search that ruins order an' the home completely wrecks,
For there's no place where you may not find poor Ma's elusive specs.

But we're mighty glad, I tell you, that the duty's ours to do,
An' we hope to hunt those glasses till our time of life is through;
It's a little bit of service that is joyous in its thrill,
It's a task that calls us daily an' we hope it always will.
Rich or poor, the saddest mortals of all the joyless masses
Are the ones who have no mother dear to lose her reading glasses.

Edgar A. Guest

When Jean was just a little girl
As with her hands she fought the fire.
 She used to play for hours
And that is how she came
With Tinker-Cat or Peter-Dog,
To have the scars you hate so much;
 Or help Mom with her flowers.
She did it all for you.
But then sometimes her mom would stop
You were not burned as bad as she,
 The work she had to do
 And so you never knew."
To read to Jean or play with her;
"Oh, Grandma, I am so ashamed!"
 And as God planned, Jean grew.
And Jean began to weep.
But then one day she realized
"To think my mother loved me so!"
 Her mom was not the same
That night she couldn't sleep
As those of other little girls;
And made her way to Mother's room
 And Jean grew up with shame,
And in a rush of tears
For Mother's hands were ugly hands,
Received forgiveness for the hate
 Misformed and scarred and red.
She harbored all those years.
And somehow love for Mother changed
That's how it is with Mother love;
 To selfishness and dread.
Of death it's unafraid.
Somehow she never asked her mom
So very much like dying love
 How those scars came to be,
On Calvary's hill portrayed.
Too busy with the selfish fear

(continued on the next page...)

Our Jesus too, bears ugly marks
 That other eyes might see.
Of suffering and of pain.
But then one time Jean's grandma came
He did it all for you and me,
 With suitcase packed to stay,
But it was not in vain.
And it was at her grandma's feet
For, as we view His suffering,
 The truth came out one day.
We, too, must cry, "Forgive!"
"When you were just a tiny thing,
For only through His dying love
 About the age of two
Are we prepared to live.
One day your clothing caught on fire,
I'm thankful, God, for Mother love
 Though how we never knew;
Which bravely fought the fire,
Your mother said she scarcely felt
And for my Jesus' dying love
 The searing tongues of flame,
Which-that love did inspire.

Mary Mason

To drumbeat, and heartbeat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drumbeat and heartbeat
In a moment he must die.
By the starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.
With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.
The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance-
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.
A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.
With calm brow, and steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.
In the long night, the still night
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!

(continued on the next page....)

In the long night, the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;

And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for Liberty;

And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
 They bum, lest friendly eye

Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die,

With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
 From monument and urn,

The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;

But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
 The name of HALE shall burn!

Francis Miles Finch

It was an old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple trees,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

“You are in the china closet,”
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

“You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,”
And she said; “You are wann and warmer
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma.”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May praise arise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!
The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood
America befriend!
O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure.
America befriend!
Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music of Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

Henry van Dyke

How *shall* I deal with Roger, Mrs. Prodger?
 I've never yet been able
 To sit him at a table
 And make him paint a label
 For the salmon in the kindergarten shop.
 But he's full of animation
 When I mention a dictation
 And he never wants a spelling test to stop.

I've encouraged self-expression
 And intentional digression
 But I think I'll have to let the system drop.
 For the non-nal child, like Roger,
 Is a do-er, not a dodger,
 And your methods, Mrs. Prodger, are a flop.

How *shall* I deal with Roger, Mrs. Prodger?
 I've had projects on the fairies,
 On markets, shops and dairies;
 I've had projects on the prairies,
 But the little fellow doesn't want to play:
 Instead he has a yearning
 For unreasonable learning,
 And wants to do arithmetic all day.

He shows a strong proclivity
 For purposeless activity,
 And doesn't want experience in clay.
 So I rather think that Roger
 Is a *do-er*, not a dodger,
 And how *would* you deal with Roger, can you say?

J. E. Faulker

For strength to face the battle's might,
For men that dare to die for right,
 For hearts above the lure of gold
 And fortune's soft and pleasant way,
For courage of our days of old,
 Great God of All, we kneel and pray.
We thank Thee for our splendid youth.
Who fight for liberty and truth,
 Within whose breasts there glows anew
 The glory of the altar fires
Which our heroic fathers knew—
 God make them worthy of their sires!
We thank Thee for our mothers fair
Who through the sorrows they must bear
 Still smile, and give their hearts to woe,
 Yet bravely heed the day's command—
That mothers, yet to be, may know
 A free and glorious motherland.
Oh, God, we thank Thee for the skies
Where our flag now in glory flies!
 We thank Thee that no love of gain
 Is leading us, but that we fight
To keep our banner free from stain
 And that we die for what is right.
Oh, God, we thank Thee that we may
Lift up our eyes to Thee today;
 We thank Thee we can face this test
 With honor and spotless name,
And that we serve a world distressed
 Unselfishly and free from shame.

Edgar A. Guest

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain when he found that, at home,
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.
 Not a crumb to be found
 On the snow-covered ground;
 Not a flower could he see,
 Not a leaf on a tree.

“Oh, what will become,” says the cricket, “of me?”

At last, by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
 Him shelter from rain,
 And a mouthful of grain.
 He wished only to borrow;
 He’d repay it tomorrow;

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, “I’m your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow; we ants never lend,
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?” Quoth the cricket, “Not I!
 My heart was so light
 That I sang day and night,
 For all nature looked gay,”
 “You sang, sir, you say?”

Go, then,” says the ant, “and dance winter away!”

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door he turned the poor cricket.
Folks call this a fable, I’ll warrant it true:
Some crickets have four legs, and some have but two.

Adapted from Aesop

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me! But the Elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried “Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me ‘tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!”

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake;
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a snake!”

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand
And felt about the knee.
“What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,” quoth he;
‘Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!”

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: “E’en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!”

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a rope!”

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong!

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

Henry W. Longfellow

In a snug little cot lived a fat little mouse,
Who enjoyed, unmolested, the range of the house;
With plain food content, she would breakfast on cheese,
She dined upon bacon, and supped on grey peas.

A friend from the town to the cottage did stray,
And he said he was come a short visit to pay;
So the mouse spread her table as gay as you please,
And brought the nice bacon and charming grey peas.

The visitor frowned, and he thought to be witty:
Cried he, "You must know, I am come from the city,
Where we all should be shocked at provisions like these,
For we never eat bacon and horrid grey peas.

"To town come with me, I will give you a treat:
Some excellent food, most delightful to eat.
With me shall you feast just as long as you please;
Come, leave this fat bacon and shocking grey peas."

This kind invitation she could not refuse,
And the city mouse wished not a moment to lose;
Reluctant she quitted the fields and the trees,
The delicious fat bacon and charming grey peas.

They slyly crept under a gay parlor door,
Where a feast had been given the evening before;
And it must be confessed they on dainties did seize,
Far better than bacon, or even grey peas.

Here were custard and trifle, and cheesecakes good store,
Nice sweetmeats and jellies, and twenty things more;
All that art had invented the palate to please,
Except some fat bacon and smoking grey peas.

They were nicely regaling, when into the room
Came the dog and the cat, and the maid with a broom:
They jumped in a custard both up to their knees;
The country mouse sighed for her bacon and peas.

Cried she to her friend, "Get me safely away,
I can venture no longer in London to stay;
For if oft you receive interruptions like these,
Give me my nice bacon and charming grey peas."

Two dreams came down to earth one night
From the realm of mist and dew;
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.
One was a dream of a shady lane
That led to the pickerel pond
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.
And the people that peopled the old-time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often of old walked he.
Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!
Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?
The *other* dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shed
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little trundle-bed.
For 'twas a dream of times to come
Of the glorious noon of day-
Of the summer that follows the careless spring
When the child is done with play.
And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done;
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories nobly won.
It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth;
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Or the old-time faith and truth.
But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man!

(continued on the next page...)

These were the dreams that came one night
 To earth from yonder sky;

There were the dreams two dreamers dreamed
 My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
 Were glad that it was so;

He loved to dream of days to come,
 And *I* of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
 Unwillingly awoke,

But neither of his precious dream
 Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams
 Gave each his tender sign;

For there was triumph in *his* eyes—
 And there were tears in *mine*!

Eugene Field

The doctors shook their heads and said,
 "All hope for him is past ...
'Twill be a miracle if he
 Another day will last!"

The gray-haired man had read their lips.
 Then asked to see his wife;
He told her, "Dear, call all the kids,
 While I'm still blessed with life."

With family then around his bed,
 So anxious and forlorn,
He hugged and told them, one by one,
 "I'll see you in the mom."

The last to see him was his son
 Who was his "pride and joy";
With tears that filled his eyes he said:
 "Good-bye, my darling boy!"

His son replied, "Dear dad, why did
 You say these words to me
Won't I meet you when comes the morn—
 I'm in your family?"

His father then replied, "Dear son,
 The Devil's way you've trod ...
And where I'm going you can't come,
 Unless you trust in God! ...
So many tears I've shed for you—
 Oft times I couldn't sleep;
For like my Savior I so love
 His lost and dying sheep!"

This son was filled with deepest grief,
 Then hugged his dying dad,
And said, "Could Jesus love someone
 Who's been so mean and bad?"

His father said, "Oh yes, He can—
 Just bow your head and pray!"

Then Jesus came into his heart,
 And joy was great that day!
And though death took him, heaven left
 A smile none could erase;
"Safe in the fold!" was written on
 That blessed father's face!

Whenever I walk to Suffron along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but hear there are such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

The house on the road to Suffron needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffron along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a broken heart.

Joyce Kilmer

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
The woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

The heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drum
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans

I remember the excitement and the terrible alarm
That worried everybody when William broke his arm;
An' how frantic Pa and Ma got only jes' the other day
When they couldn't find the baby 'coz he'd up and walked away;
But I'm sure there's no excitement that our house has ever shook
Like the times Ma can't remember where she's put her pocketbook.

When the laundry man is standin' at the door an' wants his pay
Ma hurries to get it, an' the fun starts right away.
She hustles to the sideboard, 'coz she knows exactly where
She can put her hand right on it, but alas! it isn't there.
She tries the parlor table an' she goes upstairs to look,
An' once more she can't remember where she put her pocketbook.

She tells us that she had it just a half an hour ago,
An' now she cannot find it though she's hunted high and low;
She's searched the kitchen cupboard an' the bureau drawers upstairs,
An' it's not behind the sofa nor beneath the parlor chairs.
She makes us kids get busy searching every little nook,
An' this time say she's certain that she's lost her pocketbook.

She calls Pa at the office an' he laughs I guess, for then
She always mumbles something 'bout the heartlessness of men.
She calls to mind a peddler who came to the kitchen door,
An' she's certain from his whiskers an' the shabby clothes he wore
An' his dirty shirt an' collar that he must have been a crook,
An' she's positive that feller came and got her pocketbook.
But at last she allus finds it in some queer an' funny spot,
Where she'd put it in a hurry, an' had somehow clean forgot;

An' she heaves a sigh of gladness, an' she says, "Well, I declare,
I would take an oath this minute that I never put it there."
An' we're peaceable an' quiet till next time Ma goes to look
An' finds she can't remember where she put her pocketbook.

Edgar A. Guest

You think that the failures are many,
 You think the successes are few,
But you judge by the rule of the penny,
 And not by the good that men do.
You judge men by standards of treasure
 That merely obtain upon earth,
When the brother you're snubbing may measure
 Full-length to God's standard of worth.
The failures are not in the ditches,
 The failures are not in the ranks,
They have missed the acquirement of riches,
 Their fortunes are not in the banks.
Their virtues are never paraded,
 Their worth is not always in view,
But they're fighting their battles unaided,
 And fighting them honestly, too.
There are failures today in high places
 The failures aren't all in the low;
There are rich men with scorn in their faces
 Whose homes are but castles of woe.
The homes that are happy are many,
 And numberless fathers are true;
And this is the standard, if any,
 By which we must judge what men do.
Wherever loved ones are awaiting
 The toiler to kiss and caress,
Though in Bradstreet's he hasn't a rating,
 He still is a splendid success.
If the dear ones who gather about him
 And know what he's striving to do
Have never a reason to doubt him,
 Is he less successful than you?
You think that the failures are many,
 You judge by men's profits in gold;
You judge by the rule of the penny-
 In this true success isn't told.
This falsely man's story is telling,
 For wealth often brings on distress,
But wherever love brightens a dwelling,
 There lives, rich or poor, a success.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.
Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as an eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.
I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
 Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.
Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight,
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will bum so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, through wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter

If I had lived in Franklin's time I'm most afraid that I,
Beholding him out in the rain, a kite about to fly,
And noticing upon its tail the barn door's rusty key,
Would, with the scoffers on the street, have chortled in my glee;
And with a sneer upon my lips I would have said of Ben,
"His belfry must be full of bats. He's raving, boys, again!"

I'm glad I didn't live on earth when Fulton had his dream,
And told his neighbors marvelous tales of what he'd do with stream,
For I'm not sure I'd not have been a member of the throng
That couldn't see how paddle wheels could shove a boat along.
At "Fulton's Folly" I'd have sneered, as thousands did back then,
And called the *Clermont's* architect the craziest of men.

Yet Franklin gave us wonders great and Fulton did the same,
And many "boobs" have left behind an everlasting fame.
And dead are all their scoffers now and all their sneers forgot
And scarce a nickel's worth of good was brought here by the lot.
I shudder when I stop to think, had I been living then,
I might have been a scoffer, too, and jeered at Bob and Ben.

I am afraid today to sneer at any fellow's dream.
Time was I thought men couldn't fly or sail beneath the stream.
I never call a man a boob who toils throughout the night
On visions that I cannot see, because he may be right.
I always think of Franklin's trick, which brought the jeers of men,
And to myself I say, "Who knows but here's another Ben?"

Edgar A. Guest

It was a singer of renown who did a desperate thing,
For all who asked him out to dine requested him to sing.
This imposition on his art they couldn't seem to see.
For friendship's sake they thought he ought to work without a fee.

And so he planned a dinner, too, of fish and fowl and wine
And asked his friends of high degree to come with him to dine.
His banker and his tailor came, his doctor, too, was there,
Likewise a leading plumber who'd become a millionaire.

The singer fed his guests and smiled, a gracious host was he;
With every course he ladled out delicious flattery,
And when at last the meal was done, he tossed his man a wink,
"Good friends," said he, "I've artists here you'll all enjoy, I think.

"I've trousers needing buttons, Mr. Tailor, if you please,
Will you oblige us all tonight by sewing some on these?
I've several pairs all handy-by, now let your needle jerk;
My guests will be delighted to behold you as you work.

"Now, doctor, just a moment, pray, I cannot sing a note;
I asked you here because I thought you'd like to spray my throat;
I know that during business hours for this you charge a fee,
But surely you'll be glad to serve my friends, tonight, and me?"

The plumber then was asked if he would mend a pipe or two;
A very simple thing, of course, to urge a friend to do;
But reddest grew the banker's face and reddest grew his neck,
Requested in his dinner clothes to cash a good sized check.

His guests astounded looked at him. Said they: "We are surprised!
To ask us here to work for you is surely ill-advised.
'Tis most improper, impolite!" The singer shrieked in glee:
"My friends I've only treated you as you have treated me."

Edgar A. Guest

“Will you walk into my parlor?” said the Spider to the Fly,
‘Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there.”
“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly, “to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne’er come down again.”

“I’m sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?” said the Spider to the Fly.
“There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest awhile, I’ll snugly tuck you in!”
“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly, “for I’ve often heard it said,
They never, never wake up again, who sleep upon your bed!”

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, “Dear friend, what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I’ve always felt for you?
I have within my pantry good store of all that’s nice;
I’m sure you’re very welcome—will you please to take a slice?”
“Oh no, no,” said the little Fly, “kind sir, that cannot be,
I’ve heard what’s in your pantry, and I do not wish to see.”

“Sweet creature,” said Spider, “you’re witty and you’re wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you’ll step in a moment dear, you shall behold yourself.”
“I thank you gentle sir,” she said, “for what you’re pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I’ll call another day.”

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing:
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple—there’s a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead.”

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne’er came out again!

Mary Howitt

As you read this poem
 Perhaps you'd like to know
 That this story really happened
 Many centuries ago
 When two talented young artists
 Were struggling hard to earn
 Just enough to live on
 So both of them might learn How to
 be great artists
 And leave behind a name
 That many centuries later
 Would still retain its fame,
 But in their dire necessity
 For the warmth of food and fire, One
 of the artists sacrificed
 His dream and heart's desire So he
 might earn a living
 And provide enough to eat
 'Til both of them were back again
 Securely on their feet ...
 But months and years of grueling toil
 Destroyed the craftsman's touch,
 And scarred and stiffened were the hands
 That held promise of so much,
 He could no longer hold a brush The
 way he used to do,
 And the dream he once had cherished, No
 longer could come true ...
 So uncomplainingly he lived
 With his friend who had succeeded Who
 now could purchase all the things They once
 had so much needed. .
 But the famous ALBRECHT DÜRER,
 The friend we're speaking of,
 Was always conscious that he owed
 A debt of thanks and love
To one who sacrificed his skill
 So that Dürer might succeed, But
 how can anyone repay
 A sacrificial deed,
 But when he saw these hands in prayer He
 decided he would paint
 A picture for the world to see Of this
 "unheralded saint" . . .
 So down through countless ages And
 in many, many lands
 All men could see the beauty
 In these toil worn PRAYING HANDS ... And
 seeing, they would recognize
 That behind FAME and SUCCESS
 Somebody sacrificed a dream
 For another's happiness.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn 'til night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hands he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Remember me? People call me Old Glory ... the Stars and Stripes ... the Star-Spangled Banner. Whatever they call me, I am your flag—the flag of the United States of America!

I am the symbol of America—an America more precious than ever, because the gifts it has given you are threatened with loss and destruction. I am the thrilling heart of America—the sign of your inheritance.

The courage and strength of the pioneers—the pathfinders who met hardship in the days when we were beginning to be a nation—are in the red of my stripes.

The noble mind and motive of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and others who held high their beliefs in the greatness of this nation, are in the white of my stripes.

The truth that will not stoop, the integrity of the principles that undergird you, the unshakable trust in God that have come down to you, that you might walk in safety—these are in the blue of my field of stars.

And every one of those stars takes on fresh splendor—the splendor of a people free to worship God as they choose, free to work, to laugh, to love, to own, and to live—as you realize with bright, new clarity how much these freedoms mean!

I am your Flag. I am the soul of America. Hold me proudly high!

Adapted from Leland Scott and Grace Bush

If all the flowers were roses,
 If never daisies grew,
If no old-fashioned posies
 Drank in the morning dew,
Then man might have some reason
 To whimper and complain,
And speak these words of treason,
 That all our toil is vain.
If all the stars were Saturns
 That twinkle in the night,
Of equal size and patterns,
 And equally as bright,
Then men in humble places,
 With humble work to do,
With frowns upon their faces
 Might trudge their journey through.
But humble stars and posies
 Still do their best, although
They're planets not, nor roses,
 To cheer the world below.
And those old-fashioned daisies
 Delight the soul of man;
They're here, and this their praise is
 They work the Master's plan.
Though humble be your labor,
 And modest be your sphere,
Come, envy not your neighbor
 Whose light shines brighter here.
Does God forget the daisies
 Because the roses bloom?
Shall you not win His praises
 By toiling at your loom?
Have you, the toiler humble,
 Just reason to complain,
To shirk your task and grumble
 And think that it is vain
Because you see a brother
 With greater work to do?
No fame of his can smother
 The merit that's in you.

Vacation time! How glad it seemed
When as a boy I sat and dreamed
Above my school books, of the fun
That I should claim when toil was done;
And, oh, how oft my youthful eye
Went wandering with the patch of sky
That drifted by the window panes
O'er pleasant fields and dusty lanes,
Where I would race and romp and shout
The very moment school was out.
My artful little fingers then
Feigned labor with the ink and pen,
But heart and mind were far away,
Engaged in some glad bit of play.

The last two weeks dragged slowly by;
Time hadn't then learned how to fly.
It seemed the clock upon the wall
From hour to hour could only crawl,
And when the teacher called my name,
Unto my cheeks the crimson came,
For I could give no answer clear
To questions that I didn't hear.
"Wool gathering, were you?" oft she said
And smiled to see me blushing red.
Her voice had roused me from a dream
Where I was fishing in a stream,
And, if I now recall it right,
Just at the time I had a bite.

And now my youngsters dream of play
In just the very selfsame way;
And they complain that time is slow
And that the term will never go.
Their little minds with plans are filled
For joyous hours they soon will build,
And it is vain for me to say,
That have grown old and wise and gray,
That time is swift, and joy is brief;
They'll put no faith in such belief
To youthful hearts that long for play
Time is a laggard on the way.
'Twas, oh, so slow to me back then
Ere I had learned the ways of men!

Edgar A. Guest

When Pa comes home, I'm at the door,
An' then he grabs me off the floor
An' throws me up an' catches me
When I come down, an' then, says he:
"Well, how'd you get along to-day?
An' were you good, an' did you play,
An' keep right out of mamma's way?
An' how'd you get that awful bump
Above your eye? My, what a lump!
An' who spilled jelly on your shirt?
An' where'd you ever find the dirt
That's on your hands? And my! Oh, my!
I guess those eyes have had a cry,
They look so red. What was it, pray?
What has been happening here today?"

An' then he drops his coat an' hat
Upon a chair, an' says: "What's that?
Who knocked that engine on its back
An' stepped upon that piece of track?"
An' then he takes me on his knee
An' says: "What's this that now I see?
Whatever can the matter be?
Who strewed those toys upon the floor,
An' left those things behind the door?
Who upset all those parlor chairs
An' threw those blocks upon the stairs?
I guess a cyclone called today
While I was workin' far away.
Who was it worried mamma so?
It can't be anyone I know."

An' then I laugh an' say: "It's me!
Me did most ever'thing you see.
Me got this bump the time me tripped.
An' here is where the jelly slipped
Right off my bread upon my shirt,
An' when me tumbled down it hurt.
That's how me got all over dirt.
Me threw those building blocks downstairs,
An' me upset the parlor chairs, '
'Coz when you're playin' train you've got
To move things 'round an awful lot."
An' then my Pa he kisses me
An' bounces me upon his knee
An' says: "Well, well, my little lad,
What glorious fun you must have had!"

