

My Hand in God's

FLORENCE SCRIPPS KELLOGG

Each morning when I wake I say,
"I place my hand in God's today";
I know He'll walk close to my side
My every wandering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair—
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to His hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day.
By His great bounty I am fed;
Warmed by His love, and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I'm blessed,
My thanks pour out to Him; and then
I place my hand in God's again.

Harold S. Jenneman,

A GOAL TO TRY FOR

Give me always a goal to try for,
Let me fight 'till my breath is spent,
Give me a dream to live and die for,
And I shall be content.
Keep for others your silken leisure,
Drowsy days in the shade or sun.
I was never a one to treasure
Rest, 'till my work is done.
No, for sloth is the worst of sinning,
Give me the joy and the zest of the fray,
Finding true reward in the winning—
Not in the prize or pay.

And if Victory be denied me
I shall not shrink from another test,
Nor care at all if my foes deride me,
Knowing I did my best.
Somewhere still there are roads uncharted,
Somewhere still is an unfound Grail.
Let me go onward, valiant-hearted,
To the end of the last long trail.
Give me always a goal to try for,
Let me fight, 'till my breath be spent,
Give me a dream to live and die for,
And I shall be content.

—Olson

MYSELF AND ME

*I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.*

*I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself in sham.*

*I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.*

*I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free!*



Son Of God

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

WHOEVER was begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcome into life,
Is of Immaculate Conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviours of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us,
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims,
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

A ROBIN SANG IN THE RAIN

A robin sang in the rain:
Sang to a dull gray sky;
A happy and sweet refrain
From his leafy perch oh high.
What if the days were dark
And gloomy his nest and cold?
He sang away like a lark,
Cheerful of heart, and bold.

And somehow my heart was gay,
And somehow my courage grew
And something brightened the day
As lightly the hours flew;
The thought of a ruined nest
The hope in that brave refrain
Had given my spirit zest.
A robin sang in the rain.

Frank X. Piatt.

Gebrud P. Loewen

IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND

*If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you think you'd like to win but you can't,
It's almost a cinch that you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in this world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.*

*Full many a race is lost,
Ere even a race is run,
And even a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big and your deeds will grow,
Think small and you fall behind;
Think that you can and you will—
It's all in the state of mind.*

*If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You ever can win a prize.
Life's battle doesn't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the fellow who THINKS he can!*

LIVE TO MAKE A LIFE

*Do not live to make a living,
Rather live to make a life.
For the measure of succeeding
Is your service in the strife.
All you ever leave behind you,
When your soul has crossed the bay,
Is the good you've done to others,
As you tarried by the way.*

*Build a life as pure as crystal;
Build a spirit full of love;
Build your mind by noble thinking;
Build a faith in God above.
Build your life with care and patience,
As the sculptor hews the stone,
With the Master as your model,
And your eyes upon the throne.*

*Noble lives have been the beacon
Lighting mankind's upward way;
They who serve are the immortals,
Fathers of a better day.
Let your life shine out in service,
Noble living—noble deeds,
And until time's course is ended,
Good will blossom from the seeds.*

“If”

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

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 way 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 impostors 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 and 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!

MY CHURCH

My church is the great open places—
Out 'neath the bright blue sky,
Out where the sun shines brightly,
Where the clouds sail gently by.

'Tis there the birds sing softly,
And the breezes gently blow,
Oh there all nature whispers
A message, soft and low.

'Tis there that I find courage
To believe in the Savior's love,
And there I find communion
With nature and God above.

Others may have places of worship,
Churches that are vast and high,
With pomp, ceremony and music—
But I want nature and sky.

They are happy in their mode of worship,
And contented and happy am I
As I commune with nature
Out 'neath the bright blue sky.

—Nourma Weber.

Sebastian P. Goewin

A Quotation

GREAT men are those who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force: that thoughts rule the world. —
EMERSON.