

**“ONE NATION UNDER GOD” BY HELEN STEINER RICE**

Thanksgiving is more  
    than a day in November  
That students of history  
    are taught to remember,  
More than a date  
    that we still celebrate  
With turkey and dressing  
    piled high on our plate...  
For while we still offer  
    the traditional prayer,  
We pray out of habit  
    without being aware  
That the pilgrim thanked God  
    just for being alive,  
For the strength that He gave them  
    to endure and survive  
Hunger and hardship  
    that's unknown in the present  
Where progress and plenty  
    have made our lives pleasant...  
And living today  
    in this great and rich nation  
That depends not on God  
    but on mechanization,  
We tend to forget  
    that our forefathers came  
To establish a country  
    under God's name...  
But we feel we're so strong  
    we no longer need FAITH,  
And it now has become  
    nothing more than a wraith  
Of the faith that once founded  
    this powerful nation  
In the name of the Maker  
    and the Lord of creation...  
Oh, teach us, dear God,  
    we are all PILGRIMS still,  
Subject alone  
    to your guidance and will,  
And show us the way  
    to purposeful living  
So we may have reason  
    for daily thanksgiving—  
And make us once more  
    a GOD-FEARING NATION  
And not just a puppet  
Of controlled automation.

**OUR DAILY WISH BY PHIL PERKINS**

Our daily wish is that we may  
See good in those who pass our way;  
Find in each a worthy trait  
That we should gladly cultivate;  
See in each one passing by  
The better things that beautify --  
A softly spoken word of cheer,  
A kindly face, a smile sincere.

Let's pray each day that we may view  
The things that warm our hearts anew;  
The kindly deeds that can't be bought --  
That only from the good are wrought,  
A burden lightened here and there,  
A brother lifted from despair,  
The aged ones freed from distress;  
The lame, the sick, brought happiness.

Grant that before each sun has set  
We'll witness deeds we can't forget;  
A soothing hand to one in pain  
A sacrifice for love -- not gain;  
A word to ease the troubled mind  
Of one whom fate has dealt unkind.  
So friend, our wish is that we may  
See good in all who pass our way.

**THE MOTHER'S QUESTION BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

When I was a boy, and it chanced to rain,  
Mother would always watch for me;  
She used to stand by the window pane,  
Worried and troubled as she could be.  
And this was the question I used to hear,  
The very minute that I drew near;  
The words she used, I can't forget:  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Worried about me was mother dear,  
As healthy a lad as ever strolled  
Over a turnpike, far or near,  
'Fraid to death that I'd take a cold.  
Always stood by the window pane,  
Watching for me in the pouring rain;  
And her words in my ears are ringing yet:  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Stockings warmed by the kitchen fire,  
And slippers ready for me to wear;  
Seemed that mother would never tire,  
Giving her boy the best of care,  
Thinking of him the long day through,  
In the worried way that all mothers do;  
Whenever it rained she'd start to fret,  
Always fearing my feet were wet,

And now, whenever it rains, I see  
A vision of mother in days of yore,  
Still waiting there to welcome me,  
As she used to by the open door.  
And always I think as I enter there  
Of a mother's love and a mother's care;  
Her words in my ears are ringing yet:  
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

**MY KINGDOM BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT**

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,  
The happy kingdom in myself,  
  and dare to take command.

**A PATRIOTIC WISH BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

I'd like to be the sort of man  
the flag could boast about;  
I'd like to be the sort of man  
it cannot live without;  
I'd like to be the type of man  
That really is American:  
The head-erect and shoulders-square,  
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair  
That all men picture when they see  
The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man  
the flag now typifies,  
The kind of man we really want  
the flag to symbolize:  
The loyal brother to a trust,  
The big, unselfish soul and just,  
The friend of every man oppressed,  
The strong support of all that's best –  
The sturdy chap the banner's meant,  
Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man  
the flag's supposed to mean,  
The man that all in fancy see,  
wherever it is seen:  
The chap that's ready for a fight  
Whenever there's a wrong to right,  
The friend in every time of need,  
The doer of the daring deed,  
The clean and generous handed man  
That is a real American.

**THE PEARL BY ERNESTINE COBERN BEYER**

Among the fish that swim and swish beneath the stormy sea  
There lived a little oyster, and most melancholy, 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!"

**THE ROUGH LITTLE RASCAL BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

A smudge on his nose and 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;  
A waist 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.

**THE SAVIOR CAN SOLVE EVERY PROBLEM BY OSWALD J. SMITH**

The savior can lift every burden  
The heavy as well as the light;  
His strength is made perfect in weakness,  
In Him there is power and might.

The Savior can bear every sorrow,  
In Him there is comfort and rest;  
No matter how great the affliction  
He only permits what is best.

The Savior can strengthen the weary,  
His grace is sufficient for all;  
He knows every step of the pathway,  
And listens to hear when we call.

The Savior can break sin's dominion,  
The victory He won long ago;  
In Him there is freedom from bondage,  
He's able to conquer the foe.

The Savior can satisfy fully  
The heart that the world cannot fill;  
His presence will sanctify wholly  
The soul that is yielded and still.

The Savior can solve every problem,  
That tangles of life can undo;  
There is nothing too hard for Jesus  
There is nothing that He cannot do.

**TRUST BY MARTHA SNELL NICHOLSON**

I have a little yellow bird  
Who loves me very much,  
And trusts me so he does not fear  
My presence or my touch.

And all day long he's content  
To hop about and sing,  
And then at night he goes to sleep,  
His head beneath his wing.

Sometimes I move his cage at night  
And bang it all about;  
He never bothers to arouse,  
Nor take his wee head out

From underneath his little wing.  
He feels no least alarm  
Because he knows that it is I,  
And that I mean no harm.

Thanks for the lesson, little bird.  
I wish that I could be  
As confident beneath God's hand,  
And rest as trustfully.

Through all the hurricanes which beat  
About my house of life,  
And heed the tender voice which speaks  
From out the storm and strife.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid,  
For here upon My breast,  
Within a quiet place of peace  
You may securely rest."



**THE POTTER BY NORMAN P. WOODRUFF**

Today as I watched a 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."

**SHOW THE FLAG BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

Show the flag and let it wave  
As a symbol of the brave;  
Let it float upon the breeze  
As a sign for each who sees  
That beneath it, where it rides,  
Loyalty to-day abides.

Show the flag and signify  
That it wasn't born to die;  
Let its colors speak for you  
That you still are standing true,  
True in sight of God and man  
To the work that flag began.

Show the flag that all may see  
That you serve humanity.  
Let it whisper to the breeze  
That comes signing through the trees.  
That whatever storms descend  
You'll be faithful to the end.

Show the flag and let it fly,  
Cheering every passer-by.  
Men that may have stepped aside,  
May have lost their old-time pride,  
May behold it there, and then,  
Consecrate themselves again.

Show the flag! The day is gone  
When men blindly hurry on  
Serving only gods or gold;  
Now the spirit that was cold.  
Warms again to courage fine.  
Show the flag and fall in line.

**WHAT CHRIST SAID BY GEORGE MACDONALD**

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 the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,  
And into my heart came He.  
And I walk in a light divine  
The path I had feared to see.

**A NATION'S STRENGTH BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON**

What makes a nation's pillars high  
And its foundation strong?  
What makes it mighty to defy  
The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand  
Go down in battle shock;  
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,  
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust  
If empires passed away;  
The blood has turned their stones to rust,  
Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown  
Has seemed to nations sweet;  
But God has struck its luster down  
In ashes at His feet.

Not gold but only men can make  
A people great and strong;  
Men who for truth and honor's sake  
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,  
Who dare while others fly –  
They build a nation's pillars deep  
And lift them to the sky.

**THE FLAG GOES BY HENRY H. BENNETT**

Hats off! Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off! The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Hats off! Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high;  
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Weary marches and sinking ships  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;  
Fought to make and to save the State;  
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
Toward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor – all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high;  
Hats off! The flag is passing by!