

**IN TIMES LIKE THESE BY HELEN STEINER RICE**

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 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 heaven  
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 can learn that each TOMORROW  
is not ours to understand,  
But lies safely in the keeping  
of the great Creator's Hand,  
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.

**FATHER TO SON BY EDGAR A GUEST**

The times have proved by judgment bad.  
I've followed foolish hopes in vain,  
And as you look upon your dad  
You see him commonplace and plain.  
No brilliant wisdom I enjoy;  
The jests I tell have grown to bore you,  
But just remember this, my boy:  
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Against the blunders I have made  
And all the things I've failed to do,  
The weaknesses which I've displayed,  
This fact remains forever true;  
This to my credit still must stay  
And don't forget it, I implore you;  
Whatever else you think or say:  
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Chuckle at times behind my back  
About the ties and hats I wear.  
Sound judgment I am known to lack.  
Smile at the ancient views I air.  
Say if you will I'm often wrong.  
But with my faults strewn out before you,  
Remember this your whole life long:  
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Your life from babyhood to now  
Has known the sweetness of her care;  
Her tender hand has soothed your brow;  
Her love gone with you everywhere.  
Through every day and every night  
You've had an angel to adore you.  
So bear in mind I once was right:  
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

**ANSWERING HIM BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

“When shall I be a man?” he said,  
As I was putting him to bed.  
“How many years will have to be  
Before Time makes a man of me?  
And will I be a man when I  
Am grown up big? I heaved a sigh,  
Because it called for careful thought  
To give the answer that he sought.

And so I sat him on my knee,  
And said to him: “A man you’ll be  
When you have learned that honor brings  
More joy than all the crowns of kings;  
That it is better to be true  
To all who know and trust in you  
Than all the gold of earth to gain  
If winning it shall leave a stain.

“When you can fight for victory sweet,  
Yet bravely swallow down defeat,  
And cling to hope and keep the right,  
Nor use deceit instead of might:  
When you are kind and brave and clean,  
And fair to all and never mean;  
Where there is good in all you plan  
That day, my boy, you’ll be a man.

“Some of us learn this truth too late:  
That year alone can’t make us great  
That many who are three-score ten  
Have fallen short of being men.  
Because in selfishness they fought  
And toiled without refining thought;  
And whether wrong or whether right  
They lived but for their own delight.

“When you have learned that you must hold  
Your honor dearer far than gold;  
That no ill-gotten wealth or fame  
Can pay you for your tarnished name;  
And when in all you say or do  
Of others you’re considerate too,  
Content to do the best you can  
By such a creed, you’ll be a man.”

**ATLANTIC CHARTER: 1942 BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG**

What were you carrying, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?

What did you carry beyond the sea?

We carried the Book, we carried the Sword,  
A steadfast heart in the fear of the Lord,  
And a living faith in His plighted word  
That all men should be free.

What were your memories, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?

What of the dreams you bore away?

We carried the songs our fathers sung  
By the hearths of home when they were young,  
And the comely words of the mother-tongue  
In which they learnt to pray.

What did you find there, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?

What did you find beyond the waves?

A stubborn land and a barren shore,  
Hunger and want and sickness sore:  
All these we found and gladly bore  
Rather than be slaves.

How did you fare there, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?

What did you build in that stubborn land?

We felled the forest and tilled the sod  
Of a continent no man had trod  
And we established there, in the Grace of God,  
The rights whereby we stand.

What are you bringing us, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?

Bringing us back in this bitter day?

The selfsame things we carried away:  
The Book, the Sword,  
The fear of the Lord,

And the boons our fathers dearly bought:

Freedom of Worship, Speech and Thought,  
Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear,  
The liberties we hold most dear,  
And who shall say us Nay?

**A LESSON FOR MAMMA BY SYDNEY DAYRE**

Dear Mamma, if you just could be  
A tiny little girl like me,  
And I your mamma, you would see  
How nice I'd be to you.  
I'd always let you have your way;  
I'd never frown at you and say,  
"You are behaving ill today,  
Such conduct will not do."

I'd always give you jelly-cake  
For breakfast, and I'd never shake  
My head, and say, "You must not take  
So very large a slice."  
I'd never say, "My dear, I trust  
You will not make me say you must  
Eat up your oatmeal," or "The crust  
You'll find, is very nice."

I'd buy you candy every day;  
I'd go downtown with you, and say,  
"What would my darling like? You may  
Have anything you see."  
I'd never say, "My pet, you know  
'Tis bad for health and teeth, and so  
I cannot let you have it. No –  
It would be wrong in me."

And every day I'd let you wear  
Your nicest dress, and never care  
If it should get a great big tear;  
I'd only say to you,  
"My precious treasure, never mind,  
For little clothes will tear, I find."  
Now, Mamma, wouldn't that be kind?  
That's just what I should do.

I'd never say, "Well, just a few!"  
I'd let you stop your lessons too;  
I'd say, "They are too hard for you,  
Poor child, to understand."  
I'd put the books and slates away;  
You shouldn't do a thing but play,  
And have a party every day.  
Ah-h-h! Wouldn't that be grand!

But, Mamma dear, you cannot grow  
Into a little girl, you know,  
And I can't be your mamma; so  
The only thing to do,  
Is just for you to try and see  
How very, very nice 'twould be  
For you to do all this for me,  
Now, Mamma, couldn't you?

**THE LANDING OF PILGRIM FATHERS BY FELICIA HEMANS**

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 water 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 toll 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 there 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.

**BUD BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

Who is it lives to the full every minute,  
Gets all the joy and the fun that is in it?  
Tough as they make 'em, and ready to race,  
Fit for a battle and fit for a chase,  
Heedless of buttons on blouses and pants,  
Laughing at danger and taking a chance,  
Gladdest, it seems, when he wallows in mud,  
Who is the rascal? I'll tell you, it's Bud!

Who is it wakes with a shout of delight,  
And comes to our room with a smile that is bright?  
Who is it springs into bed with a leap  
And thinks it is queer that his dad wants to sleep?  
Who answers his growling with laughter and tries  
His patience by lifting the lids of his eyes?  
Who jumps in the air and then lands with a thud  
On his poor daddy's stomach? I'll tell you, it's Bud!

Who is it thinks life is but laughter and play  
And doesn't know care is a part of the day?  
Who is reckless of stockings and heedless of shoes?  
Who laughs at a tumble and grins at a bruise?  
Who climbs over fences and clambers up trees,  
And scrapes all the skin off his shins and his knees?  
Who sometimes comes home all bespattered with blood  
That was drawn by a fall? It's that rascal called Bud.

Yet, who is it makes all our toiling worth while?  
Who can cure every ache that we know, by his smile?  
Who is prince to his mother and king to his dad  
And makes us forget that we ever were sad?  
Who is center of all that we dream of and plan,  
Our baby to-day but to-morrow our man?  
It's that tough little, rough little tyke in the mud,  
That tousled-haired, fun-loving rascal called Bud!

**THE DYING FATHER BY LES COX**

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 morn."

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!



**RAISIN PIE BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

There's a heap of pent-up goodness  
in the yellow bantam corn,  
And I sort o' like to linger  
round a berry patch at morn;  
Oh, the Lord has set our table  
with a stock o' things to eat  
An' there's just enough o' bitter  
in the blend to cut the sweet,  
But I run the whole list over,  
an' it seems somehow that I  
Find the keenest sort o' pleasure  
in a chunk o' raisin pie.

There are pies that start the water  
circulatin' in the mouth;  
There are pies that wear the flavor of  
the warm an' sunny south;  
Some with oriental spices spur  
the drowsy appetite  
An' just fill a fellow's being  
with a thrill o' real delight;  
But for downright solid goodness  
that comes drippin' from the sky  
There is nothing quite the equal of  
a chunk o' raisin pie.

I'm admittin' tastes are diff'runt,  
I'm not settin' up myself  
As the judge an' final critic of  
the good things on the shelf.  
I'm sort o' payin' tribute  
to a simple joy on earth,  
Sort o' feebly testifyin' to its  
lasting charm an' worth,  
An' I'll hold to this conclusion  
till it comes my time to die,  
That there's no dessert that's finer  
than a chunk o' raisin pie.

**WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW BY EDGAR A. GUEST**

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys and know his cares,  
When you've come to understand him and the burdens that he bears,  
When you've learned the fight he's making and the troubles in his way,  
Then you find that he is different than you thought him yesterday.  
You find his faults are trivial and there's not so much to blame  
In the brother that you jeered at when you only knew his name.  
You are quick to see the blemish in the distant neighbor's style,  
You can point to all his errors and may sneer at him the while,  
And your prejudices fatten and your hates more violent grow  
As you talk about the failures of the man you do not know,  
But when drawn a little closer, and your hands and shoulders touch,  
You find the traits you hated really don't amount to much.

When you get to know a fellow, know his every mood and whim,  
You begin to find the texture of the splendid side of him;  
You begin to understand him, and you cease to scoff and sneer,  
For with understanding always prejudices disappear.  
You begin to find his virtues and his faults you cease to tell,  
For you seldom hate a fellow when you know him very well.

When next you start in sneering and your phrases turn to blame,  
Know more of him you censure than his business and his name;  
For it's likely that acquaintance would your prejudice dispel  
And you'd really come to like him if you knew him very well.  
When you get to know a fellow and you understand his ways,  
Then his faults won't really matter, for you'll find a lot to praise.