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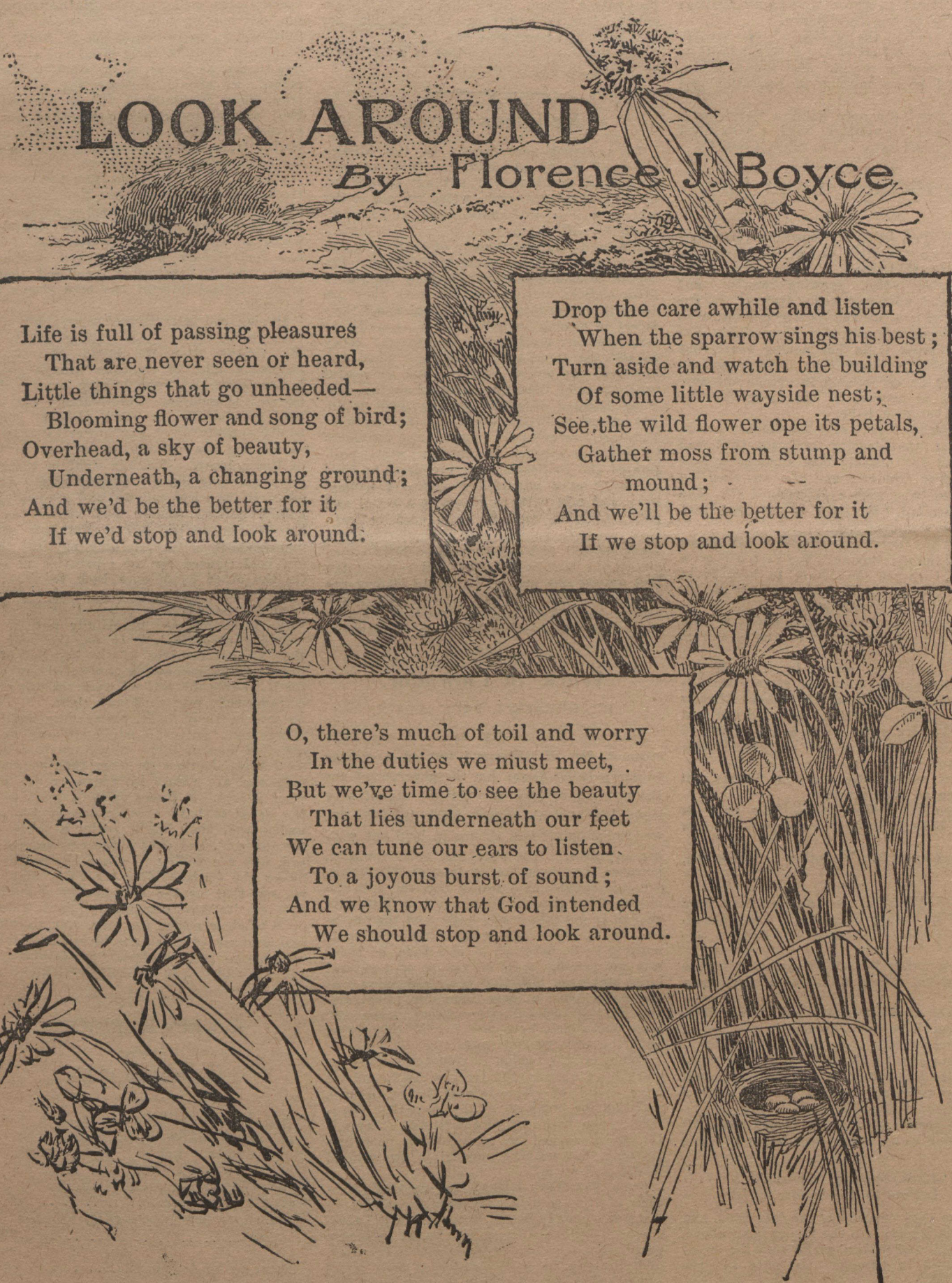
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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

LOOK AROUND

By Florence J. Boyce



Life is full of passing pleasures
That are never seen or heard,
Little things that go unheeded—
Blooming flower and song of bird;
Overhead, a sky of beauty,
Underneath, a changing ground;
And we'd be the better for it
If we'd stop and look around.

Drop the care awhile and listen
When the sparrow sings his best;
Turn aside and watch the building
Of some little wayside nest;
See the wild flower ope its petals,
Gather moss from stump and
mound;
And we'll be the better for it
If we stop and look around.

O, there's much of toil and worry
In the duties we must meet,
But we've time to see the beauty
That lies underneath our feet
We can tune our ears to listen
To a joyous burst of sound;
And we know that God intended
We should stop and look around.