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Here's Father's Chance to Do Mother a Mighty Good Turn

The Welfare of the Home

The Favorite Child-By Frances A. Gray

Promises of the New Generation

broader grow as downward

At sixty-two life is begun At seventy-three begin once more: Fly swiftly as you near the sun

rolled.

Still wait on God, and work and thrive Keep thy locks wet with morning dew. And freely let thy graces flow

For life well spent is ever new Be young for aye From sunset breaking unto day

Things Divine.

These are the things I hold divine A trusting child's hand laid in mine, Rich brown earth and wind-tossed

The taste of grapes and the drone of Lilacs blooming, a drowsy moon, The flight of goese and an autumn

The dappled fawn in the forest bush, Simple

thrush. A waiting fire when the twilight ends gallant heart and the voice of friends.

The cock of the walk is finally le alone is rich who makes a proper

se of his riches. A good joke must have a good point, it should never be aimed at any

ne in particular. Writing poetry is a good means of ive shood, if you have something else o keep alive on.