

"BOY WANTED"

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be.—PYTHAGORAS.

Courage consists, not in blindly overlooking danger, but in meeting it with the eyes open.—JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

She's dreaming, fondly dreaming, of the happy future when

Her boy shall stand the equal of his grandest fellow men

Her boy, whose heart with goodness she has labored to imbue,

Shall be, in her declining years, her lover proud and true.

She's growing old; her cheeks have lost the blush and bloom of spring,

But oh! her heart is proud because her son shall be a king;

Shall be a king of noble deeds, with goodness crowned, and own

The hearts of all his fellow men, and she shall share his throne.

Boy, your mother's dreaming; there's a picture pure and bright

That gladdens all her gracious tasks at morning, noon and night;

A view that takes the whole of life within its loving scope;

O Boy, beware! you must not mar that mother's dream and hope.