

THE POSTAGE STAMP

I listened to a dissertation
Upon the postage stamp;
The preacher showed the children
Some that had been on tramp;
These black marks bore upon them
Showing they'd "done their bit;"
And others clean and ready,
So for their travels fit.

Some were from dear Old England;
(And others from the States;)
He showed one from poor Belgium;
One France; (the four are mates.)
The Belgian one he cherished:
It represented such a lot!
The fight that Country's waging
Was ours in every jot!

The preacher he did lessons teach
From little postage stamp,
For to it might the children look
To guide their feet,—a lamp
Upon the highway of their life,
Its lessons it would daily give:
"Would teach them useful lessons:
Clean lives to daily live.

P'raps this might be lesson first:
The stamp it must be clean,—
No black marks showing uselessness,
But face with peace serene.
Some stamps were of more value,
(Not necessarily because of size.)
But work for which they're fitted:
In this their value lies.

But whether more or whether less
The postage stamp did cost,
The lesser ones a place did fill:
Their work was never lost.
E'en so the child, the youth as well,—
In family each had a place:
Could pleasures give; why who can tell,
Their usefulness to human race?

Could lighten mother's labours much:
Be willing to obey, be kind;
The postage stamp taught lessons such:
It always answered ruling mind.
Another great, important thing:
The postage stamp had picture noble:
It bore the image of the King,
And so should Man:—Creator's double!

And so the minister along he went
Upon these mentioned lines,
And strength unto the proverb lent:
"As twig is bent, the tree inclines."
It seems he touched on every point,
And sought to leave the lesson sticking,
But didn't mention postage stamp (not boys!)
Were always better for a licking.