

Then let us watch these little things,  
And so respect each other;  
That not a word, or look, or tone,  
May wound a friend or brother.

## 2.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day;  
Little boys and little girls,  
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will;  
It is a golden rule.

## 3.

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And would it not be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

## SECOND BOOK CLASSES.

## 1.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try again;  
Time will bring you your reward.  
Try, try again,  
All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, should not you;  
Only keep this rule in view  
TRY, TRY AGAIN.

## 2.

Beautiful faces are they that wear  
The light of a pleasant spirit there.  
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do  
Deeds that are noble, good, and true.  
Busy with them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if, rich or poor,  
They walk the pathways sweet and pure  
That lead to the mansion strong and sure.

## 3.

Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the book of life,  
Some lesson that I must learn;  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain.  
I must work at my task with a resolute will  
Over and over again.

## 4.

Do what conscience says is right;  
Do what reason says is best;  
Do with all your mind and might;  
Do your duty, and be blest.

## 5.

Count that day lost,  
Whose low descending sun,  
Views from thy hand,  
No worthy action done.

## THIRD BOOK CLASSES.

## 1.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance

For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.—*Mackay.*

## 2.

'Tis being, and doing,  
And having, that make  
All the pleasures and pains  
Of which beings partake  
To be what God pleases,  
To do a man's best,  
And to have a good heart,  
Is the way to be blest.—*Peter Parley.*

## 3.

"I Can't" is a sluggard, too lazy to work;  
From duty he shrinks, every task he will shirk;  
No bread on his board and no meal in his bag;  
His house is a ruin, his coat is a rag.

"I Can" is a worker; he tills the broad fields,  
And digs from the earth all the wealth that it yields;  
The hum of his spindle begins with the light,  
And the fires of his forges are blazing all night.

## 4.

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear on summer oves  
The reaper's song among the sheaves;  
Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done.—*Whittier.*

## FOURTH BOOK CLASSES.

## 1.

Within this ample volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries;  
Happiest they of human race  
To whom their God has given grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, to force the way;  
And better had they ne'er been born,  
Than read to doubt, or read to scorn.—*Walter Scott.*

## 2.

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower  
That on the wild is found.  
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,  
And trembles at the sound.

"No God," astonished Echo cries  
From out her cavern hoar;  
And every wandering bird that flies  
Reproves the atheist lore.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## 3.

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,  
Heavy and dull, and blighting and chill,  
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,  
Marring our hopes and defying our will;  
But let us not sink beneath the woe,  
'Tis well, perchance, we are tried and bowed;  
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,  
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."—*Eliza Cook.*

The day is drawing to its close,  
And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
Have I presented, Lord, to thee?  
What wrongs repressed, what fruits maintained;  
What struggles passed, what victories gained—  
What good a tempted and attained,  
As offerings of my ministry?—*Longfellow.*

## FIFTH-BOOK CLASSES.

## 1.

What prodigies can power divine perform,  
More grand than it produces year by year,  
And all in sight of inattentive man?  
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,  
And, in the constancy of Nature's course,  
The regular return of genial months,  
And renovation of a faded world,  
See nought to wonder at.—*Cooper.*