

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

Let not the western gates of day close on the sitting sun—let not a night of stars slip in without a good deed done. It might be just the smile you give to some poor weary soul that would lift him from the shadows and lead him to his goal. It might be just the word you speak to a discouraged heart that would be the power needed to give him a fresh start. Our smiles are like the golden sun, our deeds like silvery rain. Our words, the seeds we scatter 'round—that harvest joy or pain. This is our mission here on earth, if we live by God's Plan to make our lives more beautiful, we must help our fellow man.

— Dorothy M. Caboon

THE AGES OF MAN

Recently we heard a speaker talk about the ages of man. It was interesting, and the summary gives food for thought. Here are the ages: At six, he believes he knows how to do everything. At 20, he believes that what he doesn't know, isn't worth knowing. At 35, he is willing to admit that he knows his trade, or profession, from "A" to Zyrian. At 50, he will tell you that there are very few matters he is really sure about; and after 60, he knows that knowledge is so vast—that it was impossible to become wise in a lifetime!

However, we have with us also the comedian who claims that life is portrayed by three tablets: the ruled school tablet, the aspirin tablet, and finally the stone tablet. So, Brother, take your pick.

— Square and Compass

DEEDS OF THE DAY

The only time we have to use is furnished us today;
We must not waste while moments flee for time does not delay.
The hours of day are given once, so we must be prepared
To use our talents for the best; no effort must be spared.
When door of day is closed by night, and darkness hides the sun,
We then may count the pleasures gained from deeds which were
well done.

— Anon.