

A Reverie

—Margaret Finch

The embers glowed softly on the hearth. The fire had died down, and all was warm and peaceful within. John Parsons did not hear the clock as it struck eleven; his thoughts were far away. He was seeing himself again as a boy of thirteen, long-legged and as mischievous as only boys can be. There was Angela, too, with the soft curls around her face, the laughter in her eyes. He remembered carrying her books home from school, and his thoughts lingered especially upon the time he fought Bill Jennings for some insulting remarks he had said to her.

John's thoughts dwelt longingly on his first dance. Angela had looked so lovely in blue. They used to go on picnics out at the lake. There was always a crowd along. Those were happy days.

When school was over, John got a job in an airplane factory. The future was promising. He and Angela were planning to get married. They were waiting a little while until they were older; and in the meantime, John was saving his money to build a home. Then came Pearl Harbor! John went away to war. He recalled his first furlough and the complete happiness of each of those ten short days. Then he had gone overseas. It was while there that he lost his mother, and a few months later, his father. The wound had scarcely healed when his sister, too, was taken by death. This left only a brother, Michael. He returned to America and was stationed about a hundred miles from home. He was with Angela nearly every week-end. Then came V-E Day, and a few weeks later John was discharged.

He and Angela had waited long. They were to be married at last. She looked very beautiful in her wedding dress as she ascended the steps of St. Joachim's. But at the top of the steps she fell. Her father tried to support her, but she was gone. Her wedding train was tangled around her feet; there was an angelic look of peace on her face. Her heart had failed, and she had slipped away peacefully.

The next day Angela was buried in her wedding dress. Thousands of people came through the misty rain to Saint Mary's Cemetery to bid her farewell. John stood again before the casket. On it lay a large wreath of white carnations, given by the ushers who had served as pallbearers. There were the three hundred red roses that was his own gift. The father's voice was heard, "May her soul, departed rest in peace." Her father stooped and picked one of the flowers; her mother bade her good-bye.

It comforted John, somehow, to reminisce. For a while the loneliness would be forgot. He could face the next day with a renewed strength. Life had not been all unhappiness for him. He had found joy in his work. After Angela's death, he had gone away to college and studied medicine. He had not become famous. Fame was not what he wanted. He was only a small town doctor, but everyone seemed to like him. The people there did not know why he had never married; they thought he was just a solitary person. He never told them; he did not want sympathy. He knew that someday he would meet his loved ones again. He knew that they would rejoice together with Him.

The Value of Time

—Jake Cross

Time is short for everyone! No man has time to do all that he desires to do. With the little time that one has, one should spend his time in increasing his knowledge, in earning a good living for himself, and in working for the good of society.

When a man procrastinates, he is ruining his life; when he uses his time to create something good, he is developing himself physically, morally and mentally. Not only does he help himself, but he helps his neighbors, his friends, and his Lord.

As one of our greatest statesmen and presidents, Abraham Lincoln, has said, "Time wasted is existence; time used is life." This famous quotation simply means that when one wastes time, he is just existing, that is all; but when one uses his time, he is living a good life that can be lived only through putting one's time to a good advantage.

Another very familiar quotation which is usually used in trying to get someone to hurry, is "There's no time to lose." The person who says this quotation hardly realizes the truth that he is expressing not only in the existing situation, but also in the daily living.

I have discussed the quotations on "Time," now I should like to recall a song which was quite popular several years ago. In this song Love and Time care compared. The name of this song is "Time Waits for No One." The title alone expresses almost all that I am trying to say.

Everyone should remember these quotations and the song and should try to make the best out of the time that he has.

No Time On Our Hands

—Mary Anne Hunt

High school is perhaps one of the best places to prove whether a person uses his time wisely or not. One needs but to walk through a classroom, the halls, or the library to see the type of people who work wisely and those who loaf.

There are some students who try to take advantage of the teachers, and they do not seem to realize that they are cheating themselves instead of getting by with something. This type of student wastes his time as well as the teacher's time, because he is missing a part of a valuable lesson which will help him in the future.

In the library the boys and girls spend their time telling funny jokes or just gossiping. Also they try to slip out and parade up and down the halls, heedless of what harm they are doing.

We all need every possible moment that can be crowded into our short lives. None of us are so smart and intelligent that we can afford to waste precious moments. Our schools are a big stepping stone towards helping us grow into good men and women. We are just hurting ourselves by trying to "skim through" and not using our time wisely and sufficiently.

The world is large and holds many places open for us as we grow older. We should take every possible advantage offered to us and use time to the best of our ability.



A MAN

—Bob Tate

A man lay dying on Flanders' Field
With no protection, not even a shield;
His heart turned back for many a year,
When he was young and had no fear.

As this man lay dying in great dread
He thought of loved ones and then
fell dead;

But he did not sacrifice in vain,
For God above shall always reign.

This man was taken away from earth.
Yet his soul had a chance for a
rebirth;

We must all endure the temptation of
sin,

Then we too will have a chance at
the end.

MOMENTS OF BEAUTY

—Margaret Finch

O God! All the beauty of this place
Fills me with Thy sweet embrace.
I see the trees this winter's day,
But never in words can I say
The tranquil feelings that o'er me
steal,

As their bare limbs they do reveal.
Past those limbs and into the sky
One might see Thy face on high.
Thou, too, might be beside a stream
As one recalls Thee in a dream.
And in Your arms a lamb You hold
As did Thy Son in days of old.

The kindly light within Thine eyes
Matches the color of the skies.
Nearby a brook is singing its song,
A song it sings the whole day long.
But wait! It is Thy voice I hear
Because I know Thou art so near.
Thy voice in the murmuring brook—
I dare not turn round to look.
It's moments like these Thou dost
impart

Glimpses of Paradise in my heart.
If I could but remain forever
And return to the world—never—
But alas! Not so,
For soon all must go—
Go back to the life we have known,
The life that is Thine own.
And so live with souls serene
That beauty through us is seen,
That we may reap the great reward
Of Paradise with Thee, O Lord.

Defeat Does Not Mean Failure

—Bob Tate

A young boy twenty-one years old lay on his bed in the dormitory of the Oak Wood Medical Clinic. It was to be a big day for him. He thought that this day might well be the difference between his failure and success.

Oak Wood Medical Clinic was a quaint, medical institution which had produced many fine physicians, and which too had sent many young men home because they could not make the grade which was required.

As the boy lay and thought of these things, he shivered at the thought of being sent home. So far he had been a fine medical student. He dressed himself slowly and proceeded down to breakfast. After breakfast, he donned his white clothes, for he was to be on duty at the hospital by nine o'clock.

At nine-thirty, three physicians and this medical student were standing over an operating table at the clinic. The boy had waited a long time for this chance. He had operated many times on things that were dead, but never on a live, human being.

As he stood there, perspiration covered his face. He heard a doctor telling him to proceed. He began

POETS'
CORNER

SUCCESS

—Jake Cross

A step
Along the path
Of right leads one to see
The things in life which one desires
To see.

WHAT'S IT TO YA?

—Mary McLendon

To some it is a source of fright;
To some it is a sheer delight;
To little boys it's a constant need;
To some it is a place to read;
To sots it's a douse after a fling;
To some it is a time to sing;
Di de la se do,
What's a bath to you?

A PRAYER

—Judy Foy

Lord, we know the right from wrong;
We know the way is hard and long;
But let us be to Thee Thy servant,
And may our prayers be kind and
fervent.

Lead us kindly through our days;
Teach us all Thy holy ways;
Let us try with all our might
To see the way, the truth, the light.

MY MAN

—Gladys Story

My man is tall and slim,
His teeth are sparkling white;
He's always happy, carefree, and gay
Each morning, noon, and night.
He always keeps so smooth and trim
He's the dream man of my heart;
I can always hear him a mile away,
Whenever we're apart.

THE WATER-LILY

—Sue Hooper

The water-lily folded tight
Floats on the crystal lake.
Now morning comes with golden light
To make the bud awake.

Its hard brown bud is thrown aside
And green leaves spread apart.
The pink-hued petals open wide
To bare a golden heart.

This is the work of God above,
The lily, oh so bright,
To show us His undying love
And glories of His might.

He fought bravely to keep from shaking
and to keep his hands steady;
but the strain was too much for him
and he shook so badly that one of
the physicians had to take over.

During the days that followed the boy tried desperately but never could he get enough self-control to operate. Each day he would operate on dead organisms, and his scalpel would penetrate to the right depth so that the operations were always successful.

One day, just as the boy had given up all hope of ever making a success of himself, a doctor came to his room. He had been watching the boy, and he saw that he was an excellent chemist. He knew that the boy was brilliant in all scientific methods concerning medicine. Therefore, he had a long talk with the boy. He offered him permission to come to his modern laboratory to try some experiments. The boy was reluctant to go at first, but finally he consented.

After several experiments, the boy found the work very interesting. Before long he knew every part of the laboratory. He knew at last he had found the work that he was adapted to. Although he realized he could not be a surgeon, he was glad he had overcome defeat. He knew that some day he would be one of the greater medical scientists of the world.