

## IN THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

Whether at dawn of the morning or late at night

She ministers to the needs of the little mite

At intervals, then her slumbers cease

That she may know her babes rest in peace

Tho for months no absolute rest she knows

While with utmost tenderness she bestows

The love that none but a mother can give

To a tiny mite, that it may thrive and live.

Then when it has strength to toddle about

How in bending and lifting she wars herself out.

No being, no element so fierce and wild

But she will step between it and her child.

In the same way, then, in later years

All her joys, hopes sorrows and tears

Are all laid as a sacred offering

To the best of life for her beloved offspring

When sons or daughters suffer she suffers, too,

No friend more sincere, no love more true

ARE ORDINARY LIVES ALL LIKE MINE

Oh can it really be!

Then if such a thing were true

There could be nothing good or fine

If all were bound like me

My fate that opposes at every turn

Any initiative whatever it be

There is always a something to hinder me

If we could know the story of each one

There are millions who tried and tried

Who have not the battle won

For they were kept to the extreme

At every turn by the giant poverty

Who steps in between and so much as to say

Surmount me if you dare!

God made all good things to abound

But the wicked rich in some way devise

To manipulate so things won't go around

If there were no want they would have no power

And the world would become a paradise

## THE OLD TIME MORNING GLORY

A humble little flower quite unknown grows  
Forgotten in this age of science and style  
For never do we see it at the flower shows  
So of course it is considered not worthwhile  
By folks who follow only where the fashions lead  
Regardless of what is beautiful noble and true  
They grow fattest when on flattery they can feed  
No time have such for an old time bloom  
That once in grandmother's gardens grew.  
Sweet little morning glory for thee is no room.  
Poor little seeds left in forgotten corners  
Lucky to have escaped the ash can and the fire.  
For still on Earth are left a few mourners  
Who miss the blaze of purple and sapphire  
Of tens of thousands of blossoms on a high wall  
Greeting with their glory the rising sun  
Climbing to the gables they stop not at all  
Till at the top in brilliant circles they run  
Who will will use patience, work and time  
Now to develop again a blossom so dear  
To the hearts of people as that of this vine  
And tend it with tenderest care each year  
Till by culture it regains the fragrance and beauty of yore?