

I look about me, see our land with junk cars piled on every hand,  
Billboards obstructing every view-a parking lot where trees once grew,  
Polluted air, polluted streams, eroded soil and broken dreams  
A rising crime rate-crowded jails. Are humans really smart as snails?

-author unknown

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Children's Page

Holiday Greetings to everyone

A Holiday Message,-

Look to the day with a challenge!  
Lift your eyes to the sun, not the shade!  
Look to the day with a prayer  
And a quiet request for His aid.

-Jon Gilbert.

Girls and boys, you are enjoying your holidays now after a school year of hard work getting up early, walking to the bus and homework. In spite of the holidays, you can still educate yourself by making scrap-books of birds, weeds, butterflies, wild floweres, also the cultivated flowers, Some children do not know the difference between a zinnia and a sunflower or a petunia from a geranium. Do you know the flowers called "Butter and Eggs", "Ox-eye Daisy", "Devil's Paint Brush", "Touch Me Not" and the "Buttercup"? Some people call these weeds when they grow in wrong places such as vegetable gardens. Wherever they grow, I call them wild flowers because they add colour to the greenness everywhere you look. One preacher says God knew how to decorate the earth. What would have happened to our eyes if the grass were orange, the trees bright yellow and the sky brilliantly red? He just added a little bit of colour here and there to save our eyes.

Anyway whatever you do, wherever you go during the holidays, "Be good". Read the following poem ten times and if you are clever, commit it to memory,-

Never Out of Sight

I know a little saying,	Oh! bear in mind, my little one,
That is very, very true.	And let your mark be high;
My little boy, my little girl,	You do whatever things you do
This saying is for you.	Beneath some seeing eye
'Tis this O Blue and black eyes!	Oh! bear in mind, my little one,
And gray-so deep and bright-	And keep your good name bright;
No child in all this careless world	No child upon this round, round
Is ever out of sight	earth
	Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum,  
Entice your feet to stray;  
Someone is always watching you  
And, whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

My best wishes to all of you  
for a very happy holiday

Ed. G.P.

Someone is always watching you  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood acts  
Are honest, brave and true;  
And watchful more than mortal kind,  
God's angels pure and white,  
Are keeping you in sight.

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