

The Measured Hours

*Each day dawns with a gift of light,
In sun-filled hours until the night
Descends. Each day can hold
Countless joys that are manifold.*

*Life's hours are measured. Whatever comes,
None should be wasted by idle tongues,
Or a limited mind that has never sought
To probe realms of constructive thought.*

*Each day holds gifts of infinite scope
In knowledge gained, in faith and hope --
If we but glean them one by one,
And hold them fast when day is done.*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,
Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.