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My Years

By ALBERT W. NEELY

I told you of my years of ridicule
when nothing that I did could justify
itself? Those were the years in which I could
not laugh, when all my smiles were hideous
and nothing that I said could ever be
worth using words to say. You watch me now,
to see me smile then cover with my hand
the twisting of my mouth; you hear me laugh
one syllable, a shout, and then the grin
seeps quickly back, into the cheeks and eyes
and temples and is gone. The ridicule
of years in which I dared not grin or smile
have hung a mirror to me. If you watch,
you might yet catch me smiling without shame.

Tolerance

By HANNCHEN ROSENWALD

When you shall stand before the Opened Gate
And say, "Lord, though I sinned, I did not hate;
Though race 'gainst race, and creed 'gainst creed I knew,
Still could I see Thy Spirit shining through
All these who had their right on earth to stay,
Though they thought not as I, nor I as they.
Though their's a different language than my own,
Still would their voice be heard before Thy Throne;
Why not the chance for them as well as me,
Since good is dealt impartially by Thee?
Why should my pow'r be mightier than theirs,
Since loving all, Thou choosest not Thy heirs?"

With sentiments like these through life expressed,
And uttered when your time has come, to rest,
How infinitely calm will be the Voice
That says "Come in, Thy name is Peace, let all rejoice."