

3

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff tomorrow
 Never trouble us again
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

4

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses
 For our reaping by and by.



Nay. Speak no Ill.

1

NAY, speak no ill, a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind;
 And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard,
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By choosing thus the kinder plan,
 For, if but little good is known,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

2

Give me heart that fain would hide—
 Would fain another's faults efface:
 How can it please the human pride
 To prove humanity but base?
 No, let us each a higher mood—
 A nobler estimate of man:
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

3

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
 To other's failings as your own,
 If you're the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lip may tell how brief its span;
 Then, oh, the little time we stay,
 Let's speak of all the best we can.