

## **GOD'S BEST**

From wind and wave and silvery rain,  
God formed a limpid note,  
Then molded it into a voice  
To fill a mother's throat.

From sun and snow and twinkling stars,  
And softly tinted skies,  
God formed a gleam of pure delight  
To shine in mother's eyes.

From petals of the deep-red rose,  
He touched her cheeks, I think,  
With modesty, that even now  
Glow like a pearl of pink.

From tenderness and sympathy,  
And love – a vital part –  
God fashioned with a gentle hand  
A mother's tender heart.

Thus when I count life's blessings o'er,  
As every day I do,  
I seem to see each attribute  
In mother, shining through.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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