

A Lion's Prayer

Teach me that sixty minutes make an hour, sixteen ounces make a pound, and one hundred pennies make a dollar. Help me to so live that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience without a gun underneath my pillow and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain. Grant that I may earn my meal ticket on the square and that in earning it I may do unto others as I would have them do unto me. Deafen me to the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts. Blind me to the faults of other fellows but reveal to me my own. Guide so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my mother, who has been a blessing to me, that I may have nothing to conceal from her. Keep me young enough to laugh with little children, and sympathetic enough to be considerate of old age and when comes the day of darkened shades and the smell of flowers, the tread of soft footsteps and the rumbling of wheels in the yard, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple—

Here lies a Lion.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF LIONS
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