11-1916

Poets Corner

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Nightfall
Slowly the great sun sinks to his rest,
Flooding with color the glorious west;
The little birds now are asleep in the trees,
And gently is sighing the soft summer breeze—
Twilight has come.
The long heated day is now over at last,
Its trials and sorrows are all of the past,
In the blue vault of heaven stars slowly appear,
And the evening is quiet and grateful and clear—
Night has come.
—Olive B. Smith, '17.

A Message
O happy little birds, heigh—ho!
Chirping ever as you go,
Carry the message true to all
That this season now is Fall.
—Kate Murphy, '17.

The Blessed Ones
When the golden sun has vanished,
And all Nature seems at rest,
They, who all their cares have banished,
Are the souls whom God has blessed.
—Leon A. Berry, '17.

Warfare
Battles fierce have swept the land,
Marring Nature far and near,
Bringing death to all so dear
Checked alone by God's good hand,
—Myra Smith, '17.

Passing of a Soul
Listen, listen to those bells
What a mournful cadence smells!
Some poor soul has passed away
Far beyond life's night and day.

Autumn
Autumn is here! Autumn is here!
Grasses are brown and leaves are sere;
Buds to their winter homes are flying,
Skies grow cold and flowers are dying.
—Marie A. Edwards, '17.

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