



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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SCRIP BOOK

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* TO A POET *

He took a vagrant fancy
And flung it into rime
And left its music floating
Upon the streams of time.

He found a tear a-trembling
Upon the cheek of care,
He mixed that tear with laughter
And made a rainbow there.

Olga Hilsen

AUTUMN WIND

The wind is a reckless roustabout
Who blows umbrellas inside out;
With savage glee he pesters the leaves
And a wild, fantastic pattern weaves.
I call him an errant vagabond fellow
To loosen the leaves all red and yellow.

His voice is a husky saxophone
That wails in a minor monotone.
Wanton and weird, in a willful mood,
He often disturbs my solitude,
Yet his ranting gives me a jittery thrill
When he sends wild echoes from hill to hill.

Just see his tattered garments fly
As he tears along through the leaden sky!
The clouds go scurrying all the while
As he rolls the tumble-weeds mile on mile.
He resembles a bold and boisterous boy
Who cares not whether his pranks annoy.

Far out on the prairie he spends his wrath
By chasing everything loose in his path.
Let him shriek and whistle and tear his hair;
Let him wave his arms, and see if I care.
I'm not afraid of this lunatic fellow
Who scatters the leaves all red and yellow.

--Lucile Chandler

STRANGE PARADOX

O Life,
How hard you are
For those who toil and sweat
That they may eat a crust! You ask
Too much!

Our land
Has bread enough
That all should have their fill,
And time for joys that lift the soul
From ruts.

Our land
Has beauty, too,
Yet downcast eyes are dulled
By daily grind. O Life, how hard
You are!

Lucile Chandler

IN THE GARDEN

(With apologies to Alfred Noyes)

When the wind was a whispering phantom frightening aspen-leaves,
And the night was deep with a stillness known to the heart that grieves,
And the moonlight made of the fountain a crystal-gazer's glass,
I saw her gown like the starlight,

Her shimmering gown like the starlight,
I saw her gown like the starlight and heard her softly pass.

She passed--but she turned back slowly, and dawn was in her eyes;
Her April lips were parted in wondering surprise;
Then it seemed she floated toward me--dewdrops shone on her hair,
And she wove her spell on the garden,

The scented, moon-glowing garden,
She wove her spell on the garden and caught me unaware.

I stood enchanted, waiting; at last she reached my side;
Beneath her gaze I trembled and felt the engulfing tide
Of many rushing waters--she smiled so tenderly;
And my heart was bound by her magic,
Her delicate, star-spun magic,
My heart was bound by her magic and never again was free.

We met each night in the garden; the silence stole away,
And the night was filled with music known to the heart that's gay;
And many a vow was spoken and many a promise made
As we dreamed our dreams by the fountain,
The sparkling, crystal fountain,
As we dreamed our dreams by the fountain and through Elysium strayed.

But her soul was lightly earthbound, her life's brief flower was blown,
Her airy spirit grew restive--and I was left alone
To wander in the garden through all the empty years;
For she lay beneath the roses,
The fragrant drooping roses,
She lay beneath the roses oblivious to my tears.

And yet when the wind is a phantom frightening aspen-leaves,
And the night is deep with a stillness known to the heart that grieves,
And the moonlight makes of the fountain a crystal-gazer's glass,
I see her gown like the starlight,
Her shimmering gown like the starlight,
I see her gown like the starlight and hear her softly pass.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted for Minnesota Section of HARRISON'S INTERNATIONAL
ANTHOLOGY 1938.)

"SPRING MEMORIES"

(Blank verse)

First wildflowers of the Spring bring memories back
Of days now gone. I see again the friends
That once I knew. Low voices seem to speak
To me from out the past, and I am glad
To be with loved ones, in the fields of flowers,
Where long ago we gathered blossoms, side by side,
Blue violets were growing by our feet,
And mossy banks were soft and cool and green,
Where ferns held high their heads, like waving plumes,
And songs of Woodthrush overhead came down,
Like organ music, from the choirs above.
Thus Immortality draws close to us,
And Springtime proves that there is always life,
And loved ones ever walking by our side.

Mrs. Florence English Hadden
2748 Harriet Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

THE POOL

(Inspired by Wayne King's Music)

So still the lillies gently rest
Upon the dark pool's waiting breast;
So silent the encircling banks,
So pale the thin moon's platinum crest.

In stately beauty rests the swan,
Her movements from the pool indrawn;
Beneath her fanlike wing in sleep -
Awaits the coming of the dawn.

Dark, motionless, the lovely pool,
Greeting beauty in her soul!
May I be calm, and still, as she,
That beauty may be born in me.

Ada C. Carmichael
908 West 22nd St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. John Howard Todd
3144 HUMBOLDT AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

The Conservatory
at
Lakewood
by

Katherine Palmer Todd

In preparation of our Easter day
The lilies, roses, starflowered daisies stand
In greenhouse quiet; moist, their glad array
Kept fresh and sweet for Sabbath's anthem grand.

Across the bench, thro glass, the callas' leaves
Are like the mass of dark and heavy roll
Of ebbing wave, while pure and stately, breathes
Its ivory bloom, gold tapered incense bowl.

The tree that drips deep red along its green
And fills the air with perfumed memories free
In thots of reverant, hushed and solemn mien,
It speaks His love and death--and that -for me.

A little starflower-emblem of His birth!
An Easter lily-glad, triumphant, Earth!"

UNDEFINED

A broken heart
Is not so crass as a lesion
With blood spurting.

It is a torn envelope
On the floor,
A forgotten little handkerchief.
It is waking to dull vacuity
Gratitude for oblivion
In sleep.

A broken heart
Is breath-catch at sight of embers
Ash-frory in the grate.
It is praying to be erased
And discerning no answer.

A broken heart is ---
Far music of departing seraphs.
It is stain of rose petals
On her bare feet.

A broken heart

W. C. A. Wallar

"THE BROKEN HEART"

I

NOT THE END

A broken heart is not the end of things;
But rather, it begins a deeper sight.
To span the broken rhythm, love has wings;
And life has power to take courageous flight.
Within a broken heart, beauty begins
A glorious course in landscapes wholly new.
Advanced by grief, the humble sufferer wins;
Discovers love where everything is true.

A broken heart seeks solace, weaving dreams;
For misery finds oblivion where they rise.
To broken hearts, they carry healing streams;
They have a power in which ambition lies.
When taken unaware, a crisis falls.
A broken heart? Rejoice, an angel calls!

By Alice de Kroeff Anderson

"THE BROKEN HEART"

II

AFTER THE BROKEN HEART

It cannot be described, the broken heart;
Its causes are remote in age-long scenes.
Perhaps, on earth, it always will be part
Of living's course, to rouse inactive dreams;
But thanks to heaven for golden aftermaths,
Composed of wisdom's peaceful, healing glow.
Thanks for the brilliant views of promised paths
They bring to mind with every spreading flow.

Through sympathy, the broken heart unites.
It is an earthly grieving all live through
Before the spirit mounts exalted heights,
And scales the higher mind's enchanting blue.
He is a master man who spreads his wings
After the broken heart; rises, and sings!

By Alice de Kroyt Anderson

"THE BROKEN HEART"

III

STILL EMPLOYED

Were life evolved to spirit's high estate,
Emotions all perfected, appetites tamed,
A broken heart could never be man's fate;
No weakness could exist, outgrown, unclaimed.
Out in the whirlwind conflicts of today,
The broken heart has an essential place;
Its anguish forces man to kneel and pray,
Obliges him to learn the laws of grace.

Along with other means of forcing thought,
The broken heart, alas, is still employed
To delve the depths where truth is seen and caught,
Or reach the heights that prophets have enjoyed.
The end of broken hearts rests on the rise
Of all the righteous power that dormant lies.

By Alice de Krofft Anderson

Vicarious.

Strict member of a sect which frowns upon
Pleasures as sensuous and poignant as the
 dance,
This little seamstress, quiet, careful, quick,
So unarresting to the passing glance, ---
Makes most delicious dance-frocks,
 shimmering sheaths,
For warm white bodies, palpitant with youth,
And sometimes secretly imagines wearing
Her most extreme creations, hates the truth
Of sneering mirrors telling her she 's sallow,
And bent and wrinkled, with thin, graying hair,
And feels sweet shame in fancying around her
The arms that clasp her gowns that others wear.

Florence Keenan

To A Beloved Egoist.

Though I acknowledge that you hold yourself
Remote and high,
Too brilliant to be gentle, yet I own
You are my sky.

And you have said that I seem very like
Some quiet pool,
Worn deep by tossing torrents and now left
Serene and cool.

Must I give back your image only,
Faithful, clear,
Without one ripple of myself, to be
To you most dear?

Florence Keenah

PRAYER

Morning
We rise, refreshed.
Oh, give us strength to meet
The trials that infest the day,
Oh God!

Evening
We pause to rest.
Forgive our stumbling ways
And may we rest in peaceful sleep,
Oh God!

Couplet

Like countless stars that spark the skies
Let holy thoughts at eve arise.

Mrs. T. N. Ganschow

A QUESTION

The earth totters,
Sways
As a pendulum;
Upward she struggles,
Staggers
As one intoxicated.
Powerful men arise,
They govern.
Then the cry, "Peace, Peace."
Will there be peace?
War looms and threats
In the far East.
Civil strife
Just happens in the western lands;
The world itself
Falls on its knees
Hoping and striving
For right versus might.
What is the outcome
In this battle of life?

Elsa E. Kruse

BANKED FIRES

Each day, each year, along deserted roads,
Lie bleaching skeletons of dead desires--
The scattered fragments--ashes of despair--
Of those who, losing faith, had banked their fires.

---Lucile Chandler

* * * * *

THE SEA GULL

And in the gray of early dawn I heard
The strange heartbreaking cry of some sea bird
Wheeling to breast a wave, against the rock-flung spray,
Rose-tinted by approaching day.

---Valencia Ackerson

* * * * *

COUPLET

Thoughtless tongues that wag too well
Often plunge angels into hell.

---Willametta Hayward

* * * * *

THE TRAGEDY

You and I,
Who touched the sky
With dreams we dreamed together,
Met today and talked--
About the weather.

---Olga Hilsen

* * * * *

IN PRAYER

I thank you for this day, dear Lord
Although my hurt is great, I still can see
The flowers blooming on the hill
And that the skies above are blue,
Though clouds pass by,
In silent benediction I give praise to you.

For though a raging winter storm
May come in summer time,
There still is life when there is hope and prayer,
And we must learn to live a while
Before we learn of your great healing power.

Yesterday the leaves were dead and fallen
And deep beneath the snow they lay
And only waiting as we wait for strength and life.

But, now, today, the sun is shining brightly
So brightly up on yonder hill.
The leaves are green and whispering softly,
"God is back within your heart again."

-Ina Newhouse

TRAILER LIFE

Oh! the trailer life is a great life,
So roving, so open, so free.
Sans labor, care, flurry and strife,
It keeps calling and calling to me.

Oh! the trailer road is a vagabond road,
Looping plain, mountain, and purple hill,
With heaven inside our small abode,
And the hours filled with magic thrill.

Oh! the trailer day is a gypsy way,
Of living, and eating, and sleeping,
With the great outdoors so vast, so gay,
Birds singing, and wild things leaping.

Oh! for the hum of wheels and the trailer's creak,
And the white ribbon of road a-beckoning,
For the life I crave, the life I seek,
Sings of beauty and vagabond trekking.

-Myrtle Ditter

MY PICTURE ROOM

There's a room within my soul,
Only I have the key,
And the cherished pictures therein,
Belong to me.

Green grasses, and plants, and leaves,
It's greentime now;
But look! A scarlet tanager!
Upon a bough.

Summer storm clouds darkening,
A strong wild breeze,
A young colt fiercely galloping
Past swaying trees.

At dusk in flaming autumn,
A mottled deer,
Leaps quickly across the highway
In startled fear.

A church on a Christmas Eve,
With candles aglow,
And drifting from the heavens,
A blessing of snow.

And in this little room,
There is much more to see,
But other things are calling,
So I turn the key.

-Adeline Swanson

By Florence G. Keenan

Couplets and Quatrains.

Prevention.

Who fights at home with tongue and pen
May halt a holocaust again.

Winter Serenade.

I hear the facile fingers of the breeze
Twang the cold harpstrings of the trees.

Astrology.

Within the vast cup of the midnight sky
The scattered stars like tea-leaves
 tell my fate,
Their mystic rule what folly to defy, ---
I drank the brew of life and learned, ---
 too late.

War Is a Cheat.

War is a cheat and man the foolish dupe,
War wears man's grandest passions for
his cloak
Self-sacrifice, allegiance to his group,
Nobility and courage,---a grim joke.

Tight Rope Walker.

A skillful juggler balances precarious
And ever-mounting piles of objects various,
The while along a slender wire he dances,---
But should a nation's leader take such chances?

---From Whence Cometh My Help."

Imitation of Masfield's "Sea Fever."

I must go up to the hills again,
To the lonely heights and the sky,
For I need the grandeur of soaring peaks
To lift my eyes on high;
With the clean wind thro' the tall trees
And the waterfalls steady thunder,
To wrap my soul in majesty,
Lose weariness in wonder.

I must go up to the hills again,
Up to the lasting snow,
Where the hard climb to the sheer crag
Brings the glorious scene below;
Where the quick heart feels a pause of awe,
And the silence eases pain,
And my littleness is folded secure
In the greatness of God, again.

Florence Keenan

Christian Century (2)

DEFENDERS OF BEAUTY

Sighing yellow grasses and reeds sway gently
Over hidden waters escaped from furrows
Plowed by lathered horses along the hedges
Nearer and nearer.

Swamps that grieve protest the aggressive farmer---
Grudge his stealthy trespasses spring and autumn;
Breed their insects, dragonflies, thorns and thickets,
Stubbornly guarding.

Pan, of marsh and fallow-ground patron, whistles,
Warns of risk in treacherous quicksand footings,
Whines and moans in winds like the cries of children
Long ago sunken.

So, today, the Lesbian-like bard in sapphics
Pleads the tongueless charm of the summer marshes;
Begs the hard-souled practical man be kind to
Profitless beauty.

Pan, vain poet-painter of wealthy summer,
Preening his brilliant show of her chromes and crimson,
Proudly too wears dusty-brown autumn's garments
Threadbare and ragged.

Still, despite their penury, toil the artistes:
Sing through hungers, scribble in lonely alcoves---
Pleasure, Wealth, consumers of priceless Beauty,
Stingy in payment!

---W. C. A. Wallar

I Made a Shrine

I made a shrine on the shore of a dream
Where the words of your song come to me . .
And the waves on the sand, on the shore, on the land
Is the music you're singing to me.

I made a shrine on the shore of a Dream
Where the love in your eyes smiles at me . .
And the waves o'er the shells, on the stones, know themselves
The words you are smiling at me.

I made a shrine on the shore of a Dream
The place where you're always with me . .
And the storms all around, will not harm us, I've found
For we are the calm of the sea.

Louise W. Mani

Memory

An emanation so akin to trees
And pensive lakes and fragrant, cool brown wood;
Faint memory of violets in the Spring,
So fresh and dewy wet against my cheek.
Reechoed swell of old Cathedral chimes
That sound at evening. . faint and far away . .
You bring me these.

Louise W. Mani

TRAILING

Were I a deer and hoofed the snow,
And nosed out grass roots from below,
Or stayed and played, when nature's mood
Was gentler, in the shaded wood:

And should I then a hunter meet
Who without warning me, "Be Fleet",
Should claim my carcass, lacking grace
On truck bound for the market place;

Still could I know that everyone
Who ate my body - Venison
Would glow with strength and grateful praise,
I should not grudge my shortened days.

And could I know my mounted head
Above the doorway where men sped
Would through the glass, yet tender eyes,
Reflect all creature's paradise,

I'd count my destiny as won
Though lonely fawn might follow on
The trail of truck and scent of meat
Into the dangerous city street.

Grace Rorem Robbins
November 1937

NOVEMBER.

November skies are hanging low,
The winds begin to howl and blow.

The rain descends and trees are bare,
And often snowflakes fill the air.

Some days are bright and crisp and clear,
And, to the eye, will bring a tear.

Then clouds will darken and a breath from the north,
Brings blasts of snow and sends it forth

To cover the ground with a blanket warm,
So flowers may sleep, yet, trees adorn

So we may have beauty through days bleak and cold,
And give us a faith in the future to hold.

For this is the time that God prepares
The earth to rest from toil and care.

And now we know, when snows become deep,
That it is time for the earth to rest and sleep.
Jeannette G. Briggs.

Dec. 1937.

- PRETENSE -

What benefit is subterfuge?
Why try to make believe,
When all around are searching lights
Which will the truth reveal?
Why foster vain pretense
To make a great impression,
When one who knows can see
Behind each false expression?

The world is full of fools
Who strut about as kings;
All know them to be false
For nothing true there rings
About the acts they do
Or words they glibly speak,
Yet other fools fall in
And follow them like sheep.

The blind ones lead the blind,
And fools they follow fools;
Lord, let us laugh and not be weary,
For seeing all this comedy
Keeps life from being dreary.

Nina Pride Hoag

(This was written on the political
situation, sometime ago.)

ROBINSON JEFFERS

After reading Tamar, Cawdor, and Thurso's
Landing, I have come to the conclusion

That all he saw from where he stood
Was vile and tarnished sisterhood
Exhumed from every ancient Lore
Strewn naked on the Carmel shore.

Then with his scalpelled intellect
Proceeded calmly to dissect
The ghostly tribe. Nor did he spare
A tooth or bone or hank of hair.

Not satisfied to carve and look
He wrote the details in a book
Besmirching pages - page on page
With epics of stark villainage
Attributed to fallen Eves
The truth of which no one believes.

-Daisy Cruver

MY DREAMING HOUR

I have a dreaming hour - and then
I fill myself with ecstasy
Of long remembered kisses,
The way you looked at me - and when
You held me in your arms and said,
"I love you", My heart burst forth
Into a song of such sheer loveliness
To last beyond the years into eternity.

-Ina Newhouse

GRATITUDE

Into this world of mine you came
The living breath of wondrous flame
Banishing shadows away
Forever from night and day.

Into this heart of mine you grew
Strong as the wind and sweet as the dew
And now that soil which was bare
Is tended with loving care.

Into this mind of mine you instilled
The need of the old, the poor and weak-willed.
You taught me to comprehend
And graciously unbend.

Into this soul of mine you brought
Surcease from all worldly thought
On bended knees I thank you, Lord,
For riches that in my life you poured.

-Ina Newhouse

AT LEAST I TRIED

By Nina Pride Hoag

I'll try to write a sonnet if I can;
Attempting what I never have before;
Not easy rhymes, the ones I like to scan;
But sonnets make me work, and work some more.
I have four lines, an octave I must write;
Now let me see, what else have I to say?
This must be finished now, this very night
Or there will be the very deuce to pay.
My homework I must do or I will lose
The best out of the lesson for the day;
A sonnet I must write, I cannot choose
A quatrain, or a couplet bright and gay.
When my instructor tells me what to do
I'd better do it; she will see me through.

QUATRAINS

* OUR TREES IN MAY *

In May our Plum Tree looks just like a bride,
With veil of white that covers all her gown,
The Apple Tree stands pink, just by her side,
As Bride's-maid, blushing sweet, as she looks down.

THE MACHINE AGE

This age of wheels I do not understand,
Old fashioned now, are thought that once were grand,
"Ideals" are streamlined, even as the train
And folks have changed their viewpoint, that is plain.

SNOW BIRDS

The snow birds stay with us all winter long,
And watch our homes, like little guards of song,
They sit on branches laden deep with snow,
And chirp their thanks for crumbs they know we throw.

OUR WILD FLOWER GARDEN

Our garden is a joy to all in Spring,
The wild flowers are so gay among the rocks,
In branches overhead the robins sing,
And as they sing, the saucy bluejay mocks.

January 27th, 1937.

Original lines by
Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2748 Harriet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I'LL STICK TO VERSE

I'll stick to verse as long as I
Can find a line to satisfy
 My quest for beauty, peace and cheer
 I crave a message that's sincere --
Of maybe some sweet lullaby.

It's curious how some bards supply
The itching public with their hi-
 Brow classic poetry. But dear!
 I'll stick to verse.

Good poets blush and even shy
At methods used to crucify
 The English tongue. A pioneer
 In verse libra has been austere
And overstepped his mark. That's why
 I'll stick to verse.

I'll stick to verse, then by and by
To poetry my pen I'll ply.
 Into the dictionary peer
 For words that create atmosphere --
Like lie and tie, disqualify,
Solidify, preoccupy,
Personify, intensify,
 Career, frontier -- then volunteer
 To stick to verse.

Thus flitting like a butterfly
From one form to another, vie
 With poets -- be a sonneteer,
 Or maybe launch on a career.
Ability ? ? That aim's too high!
 I'll stick to verse.

Rondeau

Daisy Cruver
2509 Pleasant Avenue
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE GAME OF LIFE

By Nina Pride Hoag

If you can hold your tongue when all around you
Are telling you the proper thing to do;
If you can trust your Lord and know He'll help you,
While others say there is no truth for you;
If you can wait and learn while you are waiting,
And feel that every morn life dawns anew;
No matter if the world your faults are rating,
Yet know, somehow, your Lord will see you through;

If you can dream, and dreams to substance transfer,
If you can think, and train your mind anew;
If you can meet success and be its master,
And not let it be master, ruling you;
If you can hear the truth you know is living,
Made into parrot phrasing, nothing worth;
Or see the structure that you have been building,
Go tumbling like a house of cards to earth;

If you can sift the good from out your winnings,
And play the game and put the deal across;
And should you lose, start in at the beginning,
And never cry or whine at any loss;
If you can hold your own when weak and weary,
And almost ready to let go, hang on;
Although you feel that life is ever dreary,
You listen to the voice that says, "Go on;"

If you can mingle with the high and lowly,
And keep your own mind free from bitter pain;
If nothing said or done can ever hurt you,
If you can know that worry is in vain;
If you can fill each day with life and laughter,
And see at evening every task well done;
You then may feel you've earned the name of Master,
And played the game straight to the end--and won.

*Imitative poem suggested by Kipling's "IF"

July 14th, 1937

FRIENDSHIP.

The need of friendship dwells in every heart
A wish to share the joys, and troubles, too,
The human soul should never stand apart
From those who look for friendship that is true.
There is a bond that seems to draw a friend,
Though all unconscious of such bonds are we;
I only know that friendship has no end,
Unselfish, too, and noble it must be.
The Master, while on earth, was friend to all,
And gave to us the simple Golden Rule;
The rule to use while listening to the call
Of lonely ones, who need us in life's school.
We should rejoice when friendship comes our way,
For loyal friendship glorifies each day.

*

By

Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2746, Harriet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

BOTH WORK AND PLAY

The children now are coming home from school,
Their happy faces show their inner joy;
Vacation time is coming, no more rule;
"Now happy days," sing every girl and boy;
But if the school should never more annoy,
Would they be happy, no more work to do?
We cannot make of life a lasting toy;
We soon would tire, wishing lessons too;
And find both work and play are best for me and you.

Spenserian Stanza.

Nina Pride Hoag

ARE OTHER WORLDS LIKE THIS?

Are other worlds like this?
Do mothers rock their children small,
Do roses climb along the wall,
Does sunshine drift among the trees,
Where softly drone the honey bees,
As they the blossoms kiss?

Is morning there, and noontime bright,
And stars that glimmer soft at night,
And moonlight fair across the lake,
Are other worlds like this?

Do ships sail on the marching seas,
Do airplanes zoom above the trees,
Does music sing in every breeze
That echoes through the night?

This world is fair; we know it well,
And it to us its secrets tell
With friendly, kindly ways,
Are other worlds all cold and bare,
Or will they too our secrets share,
And will we live and love while there
As in our earthly days?

Nina Pride Hoag

MY TREES.

Five stately elms beside my drive,
Where gray squirrels frolic and wee birds bide,
Have taught me, Lord, thy loving care
Was meant for man to help him bear
The trials and hardships of this life.

In majestic serenity they stand,
Humbly waiting their God's command,
To meet the seasons as they appear
And bear their burdens without doubt and fear,
Trustin their Father for courage and strength.

They meet the storms that bend them low,
The frost and ice that make them glow,
They meet the drouth and heat, but still
Exude a breath so cool and sweet
That soothes my cares and brings rest complete.

How much I have learned from you, noble trees!
Perseverance, endurance beyond degrees,
Patience, submission, and above all,
Faith in God who watches and cares
For great, tall trees and man so small.

Jeannette G. Briggs.

Dec. 1937.



