

**After the Snow**

Kenny Mooney, '41

The world is hushed, above, below.  
 We gaze on nature's grandest show  
 Since blustering winds have ceased to blow  
 And in their wake  
 Have left us miles of sparkling snow  
 Without a break.

In silence deep this white snow lies,  
 Upon its face no billows rise,  
 And as we feast our dazzled eyes  
 Upon its calm  
 We know some gentle power applies  
 The soothing balm.

Had human souls been pure and clean  
 Like snow that sparkles there so keen,  
 The world had happy, peaceful been;  
 Without a doubt  
 A sinless world would be serene  
 Within, without.



Man is never watchful enough against dangers that  
 threaten his every hour.

—*Horace*

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once  
 begotten.

—*George Elliot*

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.

—*Shakespeare*

Happy the man who early learns the wide chasm that  
 lies between his wishes and his powers !

—*Goethe*