

**AN EVENING IN SPRING**

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Sunset tints across a field new-ploughed  
and dark.  
Beneath the stretching poplars shadowing  
the hills,  
Cattle ponder lazily and liquid  
thrills  
Of sleepy spar row or lovely  
woodlark  
Tinkle bell-like, unceasingly.  
A stark  
And ageless pine gropes haughtily above  
and drills  
The bleeding sky. From the dusky pond's edge  
shrills  
The frog, while o'er its deadened surface  
the spark  
Of firefly winks magically. Along  
the shore  
The elfin breezes woo the tireless  
waves.  
The sun swoons redly in a cloud  
like fleece.  
The clamouring crows beat hurriedly before  
the coming gloom;  
While barefoot children tired from work  
and play  
Still enjoy the children's hour.  
A slit  
Of moor braves the fading light, and day  
succumbs to peace.

B. J. M. '59

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"Account ye no man happy till he die."—Euripides

"No man of woman born,  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny."—Homer

"Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount  
of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts."

—Henry Adams