

Twilight

The soft Summer breeze embraces the perfumed rose garden. A deep silence reigns, and the very flowers hold their breath. Now and then the emerald leaves rustle faintly as a tiny breeze dances by. The profound silence is broken by songs of the cicadas. The air becomes cool and calm with mystery. A pale curve of the moon slowly rises above the tree tops, and a shy star blinks at the lengthening shadows flickering over the roses. A drowsy bird chirps a tender lullaby, and the grey dove coos his serenade. The roses gently sigh as a sheen of glimmering dew envelopes the garden.

LEONA RASMUSSEN

True Friends

True friends on this earth
Bring you laughter and mirth;
Drive the frowns and the tears from your face.
They are sure to be near
When you're needing some cheer;
If it's doubtful you'll win in the race.

Some friends may be fair
And selected with care;
But the ones who will always score,
Are the friends who will stay
Though you lose in the fray,
They're the ones whom you'll love and adore.

True friends are jewels;
So don't use them for tools
For each whim, and each mood, that you're in.
If you want them to last,
You must hold to them fast,
By being the friend that they've been.

Midvale, Utah.

LAURA BATEMAN.

Give Yourself

You may sing of the new Jerusalem,
And believe in the world to be,
You may dream your visions and cling to them,
Through the realms of eternity,
You may pledge to the creeds that men devise,
Or the code of your Deity,
You may build your temples to reach the skies,
And tread in their sanctity,
You may pray your prayers at the altar flame,
But an atheist still are you,
Till you give yourself to the faith you claim,
And let all the rest come true!

Mesa, Arizona.

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

Again We Rest

Again we rest—'tis eventide,
The day has fled and gone,
The worries of the day are o'er
And this day's work is done.

Our service been our utmost aim
Throughout our daily task?
Did we respond when duty called?
This, we ourselves should ask.
Mesa, Utah.

Did we bestow the best we had
Upon our work today?
If so, then we have made our goal,
And great will be our pay.

This day has brought us joy or grief.
Which? We, ourselves know best.
They leave their mark upon us when
We settle down to rest.
C. H. DURRANT.

Of Birthdays

Sun, why do you hurry?
Why do you clear at one mad bound
The frail, sweet mist;
And, bursting once in shouting radiance,
Route out the lingering muses of the night?
Why do you scud and slither up your path
So easily and so cruelly?
Oh, dumb, relentless sun,
Is it I who goad you?
I would fight you, hold you—
Tie you with sullen weights—dream-wrought and terrible.
Oh, grant me but a little moment still,
Before you lash your noon light on the world:
Before you totter for that awful leap
That flings you from the zenith, leaving night—
But stay: your brassy breath is fading now!
Oh, blind sun, dazzled by your own thin light!
See now already how you call up little shadows—
Blue and low, but feeling—gathering,
They frighten me, they whisper as they creep;
Sweet Sun, be kind and spare us but an hour.
The air is purple now the wind is waiting
A long sigh from the west.
* * * * *

Forgive me, Sun,
I did forget the glory of thy setting!

HUGH NIBLEY.

A Recipe

We know that we must train ourselves
In ways of being true,
If happiness would be our lot
For what we're living through:
For happiness comes only by
Fulfillment of one's duty,
With, just to match, a little bit
Of romance, fun and beauty.

LAMONT JOHNSON

Newington, Utah