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Credo

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Balm of Nature

By ALICE GILL BENTON

I cannot nurse an ancient grief,
When overhead a bird is calling;
When, down the wind, a golden leaf
Is gaily fluttering and falling.

Pale wraiths of buried wrongs slip by,
Lost in the shadows of the past,
When great cloud ships are riding high—
Flame sails aglow from every mast.

I cannot stay where love lies riven
And hate his score is reckoning,
When, high against a turquoise heaven,
Enchanting hills are beckoning.

Credo

By GLEN BAKER

Seasonal change is on the land
The trees stand bare of leaves,
And crows fly over the brown fields
Where once we bound the sheaves;
Yet you will find no change in me
The man that once you knew—
Excepting I am surer of
Those things I thought were true!