

The Green Sheaf

TIME.

AROUND the clock the hours run,
By the moon and by the sun.
Twenty-four, the day is done.

Around the clock the hours go,
Summer sun and winter snow.
Every secret time doth know.

P. C. S.



THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

FAILURE is mine, but through the thrusting spears
I see the triumphs of the coming years.

Fate's ebb and flow has ever been our part,
But, ah, the stranded sea-wrack of the heart.

Ne'er shines so bright a triumph but shall keep
The shadow of its failure's shadowy sleep.

Cecil French.