

Two dim figures were moving down the path behind a swinging lantern. The gate swung open and closed with a wooden click.

"Get tired of waiting, daughter?" called one of the men. A last small stream of wheat trickled between her fingers before Jane answered quietly.

"No, not at all!"

White Stars

Mary Lyon

H. Ec. '39

White stars look down
And night achieves an unforeseen loveliness and loneliness;
The moon steals softly up the graying sky,
Shining on a world
That seems to hold its breath—waiting.

The riding moon spreads its light
And fills my lonely heart with fire and vague unrest,
Unsure of reality within this world
And of the night.

White stars look down
And give me new assurance of life.
For living each minute as if it were all of eternity—
The white night guides me;
I am not alone.