TO A ROSEbud

Some idea twenty-five centuries ago,

Waste briers, briar, and meditations upon the very

When Seraphim is seen to me as one of the few,


THE HEART OF WOMANHOOD

I have so many things to do,

Oh! no, I couldn't get away,

If I wished that I were gone, too!

V. phone on for Saturday?

I do make these stories and stories talk,

I tell you things that I set there

No one, of course—none can watch

Who put that boot in my chair?

You'd know it all, sir, like an old

It is verse in an ornament

No, my dears, explain the lesson, dear Gent.

Of authors being tense and easy,

Well, Sunday, class, you have heard

At the Thursday session, all your need

And yes! I heard the morning bird

Why were you absent yesterday?

I am the hell! Beatrice, chateau!

To pull that story book away?


440 NEGRO POETS AND THEIR POEMS
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THE OPTIMIST

Who would have the sky any color but blue,
Or the grass any color but green?
Or the flowers that bloom the summer through
Of other color or sheen?

How the sunshine gladdens the human heart—
How the sound of the falling rain
Will cause the tender tears to start,
And free the soul from pain.

Oh, this old world is a great old place!
And I love each season's change,
The river, the brook of purling grace,
The valley, the mountain range.

And when I am called to quit this life,
My feet will not spurn the sod,
Though I leave this world with its beauty rife,—
There's a glorious one with God!

One other poem of Mrs. Hammond's I will give
that is beautiful alike in feeling and treatment.

TO MY NEIGHBOR BOY

When sweet Aurora lifts her veil,
And floods the world with rosy light,
When morning stars, grown dim and pale,
Proclaim the passing of the night—
With waking bird and opening flower,
I greet with joy the new-born day—
For oft at this exquisite hour,
I hear a strange new roundelay.

Why do we grieve? Let each affliction bear
A greater beauty springing from the sod,
May sweetness well as incense from the urn,
Which, rising high, enshrouds the throne of God.
Envoy of Hope, this lesson I disclose—
"Be Ever Sweet," thou humble, fragrant rose!

Miss Jessye, now a teacher of the piano in
Muskogee, Oklahoma, was born in Kansas and
was graduated from Western University. She
has taken prizes in oratory, poetry, and essay-
writing. Yet in her early twenties, she has a
volume of verse ready for publication.

II. Mrs. J. W. Hammond

Self-taught, and disclaiming knowledge of books, Mrs.
Hammond of Omaha, Nebraska, contributes to The Monitor of
that city verses of musical cadences and gentle beauty. Her
response to the scenes and objects of nature is that of a poetic
mind. The spirit of joy sings through her
verses. As a representative poem the

following may be accepted: