

Winter Shadows.

flows for
The sunset rests one brief moment o'er the land
In drifted shadows lies the snow,
On many a field the stubble shows
The parting promise of the earlier year.
And restless winds playing hide and seek
With grass scarce covered by a blanket white
Still moves on restless feet, and branches swing
On trees as yet too young to stand against the blast;
And Nature speaks to those whose ears attuned,
Could hear her message and would understand.

ploughed fields
In spots the land lay bleak and bare,
Uncovered still by deepening pall and shroud,
And o'er the field were spots of frozen earth;
Reminding that all of life is never fair.
For here is man revealed in all his splendor
In all his weakness too: his great complexity,
His own being, part finite, and from infinite sprung,
Not pure and whole at once, but with patches here and there
Adorned, much like his land; his spirit bare
To blast of winds in life that sear or heal:
For as his struggle on his upward way
Will show the scars, like spots of earth revealed
By winter's melting snow; then on the battlefield
Of life man stands exposed before the soul of all the universe.
A part of it; yet fleeting hence,
To build anew some future life, some other eminence
Whereon he may stand to gaze at other worlds,
At other stars than this small globe this ball of earth;
Beneath whose snowy blanket lies all hid,
The tracks of animal and man alike,
Evidence alone of all their mere existence;
All plans, hopes, fears, their strivings,
And their gain or loss, hid for a time beneath
The snowy white: And on that white, when sun shall shine
And diamonds sparkle in it's light,
The shadows come, for without the light
No shadow do we see, but in the light of all
Men's lives, in sun, or snow-deep cover,
In gain or loss, forever lies the promise of a spring,
Yet now on winter's breast as shadows lengthen
In the evening sun, and Easter comes upon us unaware
O'er field and meadow, hill and vale
Falls the Shadow of The Cross.

Norman Turnbull

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And Nature speaks to those whose ears are tuned
Can hear her message and will understand.

In spots ploughed fields lie bleak and bare
Uncovered still by whit'ning pall and shroud,
And o'er the field are ridges rough of earth,
Reminder that all of life is never fair.
For earth is man and man is earth, this field
Is part of his endeavor