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# Louisburg Echoes.

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## Life's Commencement

**D**ARKLY the night o'er the college is lying,  
Silent the chapel and empty the hall,  
Far on the campus the class song is dying,  
Plaintive in silence its cadences fall.  
Gone are the years with their glooming and  
gleaming,  
Golden semesters they ever must seem;  
You have been dreaming and dreaming and  
dreaming,  
But what did you dream?  
This is the end of it, this the beginning,  
Night of the campus, but dawning of life.  
Is it the wreath that you want, or the winning,  
Is it the laurel, or is it the strife,  
Which do you yearn for, receiving or giving?  
Blessed is he who can cheerfully give,  
You will be living and living and living,  
But how will you live?  
It is for doing or dues you are pining,  
Is it the treasure you seek, or the quest,  
Love you the gold or the task of refining,  
Is it the road or the inn that hath zest?  
Earth hath her men for the broiling and spoiling,  
Earth hath her weaklings the light things to do,  
Earth hath her strong hearts prepared for the  
toiling,  
But what about you?

—EDWARD EVERETT.

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