

Louisburg Echoes.

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 8.

T
XXXXXX
XXXXXX

*THE violets again—little wet violets,
and there is the clean, sweet breath
of Spring. One would lift his head
and drink deep—taste this newness,
the grateful freshness that is about.*

*There is a quicker leap of life, and Nature
seems to stir with a kind of tenderness.*

*There is a deeper glow on the faces of
children—easier happiness on a tiny nestling
face. Girlhood comes to outward whiteness
again, the cool, crisp sign of Spring. And
in all is the subtle charm of violets, little
human, tremulous things, gentle as love's
whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint
little flower, too—simple, appealing. Flower
to lay on a baby that has died,—to give
as seemly tribute to womanhood—to press
against the face as easement for tired heart
—Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone
in flowerland, emblems of the world's simplest
and best, and waiting to mock a false face,
or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.*

—Isaac Erwin Avery.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE SENIOR CLASS OF LOUISBURG COLLEGE
• LOUISBURG, NORTH CAROLINA