THE GAMECOCK

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This article is entitled: "The World and the Bad?"

The Angels

In the gray of ether even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fleets an angel out of heaven,
Veiled in vespers shade.

On the plains of drowsy midnight,
When the long as has fled the sun;
Sobs the angel in affright
Of the work that must be done.

For the Reaper must be reaping
Living buds upon the health;
And the time is gone for weeping,
For the angel’s name is Death.

In the Judgment-Dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Comes that angel, plumed and glorious,
Like the sun arrayed.

And he gathers up the flowers
From the shining plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adornning.

Theirs no more in sin and sorrow,
Nor the world’s perennial strike—
Theirs the joy of that bright morn-
For the angel’s name is Life.

—A. T., Jr.