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Bruce Collection
Box 8, Folder 251

["Beauties of the Seasons," unknown author; unknown date]

Beauties of the Seasons

The first harbinger of the coming of that most beautiful season of the four is the sweet music of the little birds With what delight – do we listen to their sweet songs as they hop from branch to branch and tree to tree seeming to be so happy in the beautiful days of sunshine and it is there we enjoy the unwritten music of the early flowers. Summer to has its beauties.

How delightful it is in summer to sit under some beautiful shady tree listenning [listening] to the musical sounds of the wind as it shakes the boughs of the trees. How delightful it is to listen to the pattering of the rain against the windows and to hear the

[page 2]

loud thunder of the summer storm which seems as if a weight-was rolling over the heavens and to see the lightening dash and disappear so quick. Autumn is the saddest season of the year when the leaves fall and the flowers wither and die and the birds that sang so sweetly in summer have flown away to warmer climates. Winter has many pleasures at least school girls think so for. they love to slide down hills and roll snowballs. How beautiful to look at the trees after their naked boughs are hung in their winter dress of pure white and to see the beautiful pictures that Jack frost has painted on the windows I am sure there is a happy time in winter to which we all look forward with pleasure and that is Christmas when we recieve [receive] gifts from our friends Although all the seasons have many pleasures I enjoy those of

[page 3]

Spring most

[page 4; blank]