

WHILE DEAD LEAVES FALL. :

WHILE cold gales blow and hoar-frosts glow,
 And withered leaves by breeze and stream
 Are wafted, fancies come and go,
 Which weave for me a waking dream.
 —Oh ! I wonder if oak and proud maple,
 Airy willow, pine, elm and all
 Are perturbed at the heart by the coming
 Of the day when their seared leaves fall ?

Now, trooped birds seek a warmer sun
 And mists blur day e'en at its noon ;
 The gentle Summer's work is done,
 Rough Winter's reign will open soon.
 —But, the brave, olden oak is flushing
 To a wine-red most brilliant and deep,
 And maple and elm tower stanchly,
 While the plumed shumacs flame on the steep.

The grasses fade by the woods and bays,
 Winds croon a doleful melody,
 The sun lets down his breathless rays
 That tinge no flower and bathe no bee.
 —Yet, fearlessly down by the river
 The frail willow sways slow and serene
 As when her spring-quickenened limbs glistened
 With mixed jewels of yellow and green.

Ah ! years must fare as Fall leaves fade—
 Each with its freight of peace and fear—
 The sunlight must succumb to shade,
 But dawn ends every night with cheer.
 —Keep up heart ! keep up heart ! list the leafiets,
 “ Cometh death ? let him come ! ” say they,
 “ The gay vesture of hope we shall wear to the last.”
 Thus they whisper while passing away.