

ashen relic of a man! "Even so," avers one of
the wisest of our kind—

"My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf."

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang."

And so, re-echoing the same, two centuries
later, we hearken to "poor proud Byron,"—
woeful as proud, alas!

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The fruit and flower of life are gone,"

and, sad alternative!

"The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."

The same note lengthens, and the chord of
memory vibrates to the touch of a Scottish
minstrel—a half-forgotten Psalmody:

"Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that paint the field—
When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies;