

Then when the autumn of our lives comes on,
Ripen and fall, content and silent —
Content and silent may we well be in death
If we, like they, have gladdened weary hearts,
Or been a shelter in the noontide heat
Of sharp affliction, and of deep distress.
My God ! forgive me when I oftentimes fail,
For fail I know I must in my own strength,
And help me as the years roll by to be
A joy to weary, saddened, lonely hearts,
And be a help to those who are in need.
But most of all, to bring them to Thy feet,
Where Thou canst save them, and where Thou canst heal.
O help me so to live that after death
My influence may live to enrich the souls
Of those who felt its power for good while here,
Though small and worthless it may seem to be,
For so it seems to me the leaflet falls,
Enriching its own native soil in death.

