

I'll take them out to mother's
grave;
They seem so full of thought,
'Twill save
Them from a premature decay,—
I hope they won't all blow away.
This crimson one with golden rim,
I'll send it overseas to Jim.
He picked up one like this last fall
And pinned it on my scarlet
shawl.

Well, Leaves ! I've learned a lot
from you
Of friendship, sympathy and true
Fond love, and yet I feel you are
But one small note, in the long
bar
Which goes to make the music
swell
In the larger life in which I dwell.
But through the cycles of the
spheres
I'll not forget these joys and
tears.
One part of that Eternity
Will be what leaves awoke in me.
The mem'ry of our earthly bond
Will live with me in Worlds
Beyond.

