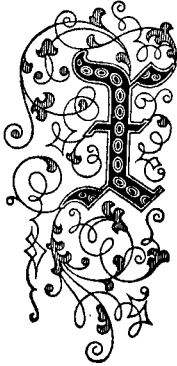


THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

AIR glories of the despoiled trees,
 Like ashes on a hearth,
 You fall frost-seared to earth ;
 Yet, not with halting wings, but fleet,
 Your natal soil you sink to meet
 Within the woody girth.

Without a pause, or throe of grief,
 You go from life and light,
 When Autumn sends her blight ;
 Trustful you heed her dire behest—
 You are so certain of your rest—
 And silent pass from sight.

Such perfect faith I long to share,
 That, when my mortal end
 Is come, I, too, may wend
 My hopeful way from worldly strife,
 Without a doubt, to the Source of Life,
 And, joyful, with it blend.

November 5th, 1890.

W.