

RIPENED FRUIT.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains
That ripen'd through the summer's ray ;
The nurslings of the nest are gone,
Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
May change to tints of autumn hue ;
But faith that sheds its amber light
Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth !
O faith that beckons from afar !
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit ;
Give to our morns an evening star.