

No busy bee now greets the eye—
Alas! how brief his golden hours!
No burnished winged butterfly
Survives to mourn the lifeless flowers.

This gloomy season thus recalls
To thoughtless man the grave's chill breath—
Reminds him of how thin the walls
That tottering stand 'twixt life and death.

Reminds him of the youthful bloom
That tinged the cheek of one held dear,
Whose ashes fill an early tomb—
Whose spirit begs his fervent prayer.

'Tis sad for mortal man to see
Fair nature's beauty thus decay.
For death shall come as ruthlessly
And snatch his youth and bloom away.

Faith, standing on life's stormy wave,
A shining star of hope has given,
That lights the gloom beyond the grave,
And shows the path that leads to heaven.

But die we shall—for die we must—
Though for existence still we yearn;
"Remember, man, thou art but dust,
And into dust thou shalt return."

C. C. DELANY, '91.

