

GATHERING LEAVES, AUGUST 31st.

I WENT out this morning to gather some leaves,
As September's footsteps were near,
And I wished to obtain a few of the first
Which came forth to greet her this year.

Some died on their journey, but lovely they looked
All shrouded in yellow and red,
Softly I touched them for they carried my mind
To the graves of my far-away dead.

And as I came home I stopped by a lawn,
With its beds of summer's last flowers,
While gazing upon them my thoughts roved away
To a land far fairer than ours.

And there I could see sweet evergreen lawns,
Where flowers celestial grew,
And glorious trees and silvery streams,
And verdure which ever looks new.

And white-robed forms were there, gliding about
And entering radiant bowers,
They wandered at will, and smiled as they passed
By beds of fair, deathless flowers.

I looked at the groups but I could not tell
Who here had been wealthy or poor,
For all seemed happy, contented and blest,
And glad that life's battle was o'er.