

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them on the ground, they lay
Red and golden, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away
With bed-clothes heaped upon his arm,
Should come and wrap them soft and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled ;
' Good-night ! dear little ones,' he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied ' Good-night,' and murmured
' It is so nice to go to bed.'