

AUTUMN LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling
 Autumn leaves from off the tree ;
 And, my Saviour, they are calling
 My strayed spirit back to Thee.

What ! tho' leaves before me tristing,
 Tell that earthly beauties die,
 To another voice I'm listing—
 'Tis a voice beyond the sky,

Ever, ever sweetly saying,
 "Give thy lonely heart to Me,
 From My heart why art thou straying ?
 From My love why dost thou flee ?

On the cross died not I, thirsting ?
 Ran not full the purplish tide ?
 Ached my fond heart not to bursting,
 For thy sinfulness and pride ?

Day by day for thee I'm sighing,
 Waiting thee, in thy bright home,
 All thy wants with grace supplying,
 Yet from Me still dost thou roam."

'Tis the Saviour who is sueing
 For thy poor, weak, human love,
 Turn not from the plaintive wooing
 Of the pierced and bleeding Dove.

Ah ! the world is madly rushing
 Into sin's dark, giddy whirl,
 And the thunders madly crushing
 Satan's luring flags unfurl.

But the Autumn leaves are falling
 With sad rippling to the earth,
 And my senses soul entralling,
 Seeks a holier, heavenlier berth.

Higher flights forever winging,
 Tho' the leaves still earthward tend,
 Rapturous notes in gladness ringing,
 With the sighing Autumn blend.