

AUTUMN LEAVES.

IT seems to me that leaves can
talk :

I hear them whisper as I walk
Along and crunch them 'neath my
feet;

Their very death-notes rise to
greet

Me with their plaintive wails and
sighs,—

So like the swan that, singing,
dies.

We say they're dead and now
must find

A lonely grave, perhaps behind
Some rotten log or old board
fence;

Alas, poor leaves, vain recom-
pense !

I watched them grow as thick as
spawn,

And silent as the op'ning dawn.
They caught the sunbeams as they
flew,

And sipped the gases from the
dew.

They looked like phantoms in the
sky,

Or fledgings, trying hard to fly.
I walked beneath them in the
glade,

Where little children romped and
played