

The time was good ; the land may calmly rest
 When Winter wanders through the silent ways.
 The warmth of life again will move her breast,
 To waken and restore in other days.

The seasons live their days of loss and gain,
 Mild Spring like youth, and Summer like a queen.
 Ripe Autumn has a brief and changeful reign
 Ere Winter's snowy mantle sweeps the green.

These changes point to work that should be done,
 And tell the sower where he cast in vain,—
 Beginnings end if well or ill begun,
 And with the thistle falls the ripened grain.

ABSENT.

Art thou fled, my companion ? No echo remains in the shadows,
 Sombre and still in the wood, of thy warblings tender and strong —
 Where, by the lakes and valleys ; where, in the forest and meadows,
 May the lost singer be sought, without the monition of song ?

Peace and its pleasure remain from thy lay of the eve and morning,
 Given unasked, as the perfumes that flow and go wafting unknown.
 Haply, some soul has received it, darkened with pride and with scorning,
 Sweetening the spirit forever, in a way that may never be shown.

Beauty is swept from the flowers, and grain from the stalks that are
 broken ;

Chill is the breath of the breeze, tho' the sun shone a summer
 through.

Yet, there is place in the heart for a word so long ago spoken ;
 Remembrances stay when the days go not back nor their labors undo.