

And let it never be our creed,
That when we do an evil deed,
To think that penance can succeed,
 To cancel sin ;
We pluck the fruit, but still the seed
 Remains within.

But may we daily strive to win
That happy world which knows no sin,
'Tis on the heaven we form within
 Our bliss depends,
Where life celestial shall begin,
 Which never ends.

INDIAN SUMMER.

While winter in the dreary North
Lies crouching ready to leap forth,
In "*Indian Summer*" doth appear
The gentle seasons of the year,
As if they came to shed their bloom
Around their excavated tomb,
To hold their parting interview,
And bid their native world adieu

The leaves that linger on the trees
Are smiling in the sunny breeze,
And chanting forth with holy breath
The mournful requiem of their death.