



AUTUMN THOUGHTS.



GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to earth, so cold and grey,
"An emblem of myself thou art."
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams,
And songs of merry birds again."

"But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the flowers no longer blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow :

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart ;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart." — *Whittier.*

