

An unjust price it might be thought
For a gift we never asked.

An icy blast from his presence came,
Smiting both eye and lip,
While skeleton hands bore my aged form
Out to the ghostly ship.

The weary brain grew too tired to think,
The heart too tired to feel,
I hailed the breath of eternal peace
Over my spirit steal.

No more I feared the fortune ill
That on my life had frown'd,
The heart that craved eternal rest,
Eternal rest had found.



Autumn

A stillness broods over the resting earth,
And over the shimmering sea,
And ever the haze wraps the distant hills
In purple majesty.

Dear memories walk by our side to-day
Where the red, red sumachs nod,