

## Ripened Fruit.

I KNOW not what my heart hath lost,  
I cannot strike the chords of old ;  
The breath that charmed my morning life  
Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,  
But bare the nest beneath the eaves ;  
The fledglings of my care are gone,  
And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,  
And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,  
For leaves that murmur on the ground  
Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,  
That erst did plan the autumn day ;  
I see in them each gift of man  
Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.