

THE DYING YEAR.

The hawthorns all have paid their toll,
Past us the dead leaves fly,
Above the hazy grey clouds roll,
The year's begun to die.

The last flowers in the garden bed
Lift their pale petals high,
And seem to say "we'll soon be dead,
The year's begun to die."

In merry flocks from tree to tree
The sparrows flutter by,
And they too seem to say to me,
The year's begun to die."

The wind with whispers sad is filled,
The crickets drone and sigh,
All hushed the songsters are that trilled—
The year begins to die.

THE ROSES.

Sweet and pink and dewy,
Modest, small and white,