

## LEGACIES.

THE Old Year paused at my cabin door wide,  
 One night when the wind swept the white, cold  
 land;

His hair was tangled and, in his warm hand,  
 He clasped a treasure-box, golden inside.

Sad were his eyes, O and sadder his face,  
 Gone was the light from his fatherly eyes;  
 Star, moon and cloud, in their own dazzling skies,  
 Waited and wondered what had taken place.

Weary and footsore, he paused in the night,  
 Weary his voice, O and weary his brain.  
 In his old true heart the feel of a pain  
 That dispelled pure joys, like birds in a flight.

Then from his lips burst sweet words, music-bright:  
 "Roses must die, else the summer remains  
 To woo them with love; birds hush their refrains,  
 For earth must sleep 'neath her blankets of white."