

The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.
Nipped by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind."

XIX.

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher."

—Wordsworth.

I have gone into the orchard, not because
the fruit is ripe, but because the day is; for
I know Hesperia can entice without golden
apples. This slope, lazily overspread by trees
older than their owner, is a living emerald,
drinking light, and dips down into the sunset.
Afar and near,

"The day, with splendor old,
Sinks through the depths of gold."

Birds house plentifully among these branches;
now they are convivial and sociable, as they
flit from tree to tree, intercommuning with
their neighbors, enlivening me with their chirp
and carol. Thoughts are flying with their