

THE SILENT WAYFELLOW

To-day when the birches are yellow,
And red is the wayfaring tree,
Sit down in the sun, my soul,
And talk of yourself to me !

Here where the old blue rocks
Bask in the forest shine,
Dappled with shade and lost
In their reverie divine.

How goodly and sage they are !
Priests of the taciturn smile
Rebuking our babble and haste,
Yet loving us all the while.