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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1872.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In March's haughty prime -
When first our panting hearts begin
To love the older time;
And as we gaze, we like to think
How many a year hath passed
Since weath' these cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps wandered last,
And old companions - now, perchance
Estranged, forgot, or dead -
Come round us as those summer leaves
Are crushed beneath our tread.
We stand among the fallen leaves
In our own Autumn day -
And tottering on with feeble steps,
Pursue our cheerless way.
We look not back - too long ago
Hath all we loved been lost;
Nor forward - for we may not live
To see our new hopes crossed;
But as we go, the sun's faint beam
A feeble warmth imparts.
Childhood: without its joy returns -
The present fills our hearts!

- Miss Weston -