

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1872.

While with her trick of sighing
Again the old woman said

"One was tall the other was small

Is the little one dead?" (Terribly Significant)

(note) A fond Mother had two "Little Lambs" she lost one
(The younger) her Mother-in-Law & Sister-in-Law after a
time came to see her, the Song tells the rest -

- The Fallen Leaves -

We stand among the fallen leaves,

Young children at our play,

And long to see the yellow things

Go rustling on their way,

Right merrily we hunt them down,

The Autumn Winds and we,

For pause to gaze where snow drifts lie,

Or sunbeams gild the tree.

With dancing feet we leap along,

Where withered boughs are brown,

For past or future check our song -

The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves - In youth's enchanted Spring,

Then Hope (who wearies at the last) first spreads her eagle wing.

We tread with steps of conscious strength, Beneath the leafless trees,

And the Colours thicken in our cheeks As blows the winter breeze.

While gazing toward the cold grey sky, Clouded with snow and rain,

We wish the old year all past by, And the young Spring come again -