

AUTUMN GLEANINGS FROM CANADIAN POETS.

Proclaim him Royal Autumn! Poet King!
 The Laureate of the season, whose rare songs
 Are such as lyrist never hoped to fling
 On the fine ear of an admiring world.
 Autumn, the Poet, Painter and true King!
 His gorgeous Idealty speaks forth
 From the rare colors of the changing leaves;
 And the ripe blood that swells his purple veins
 Is as the glowing of a sacred fire.
 He walks with Shelley's spirit on the cliffs
 Of the Ethereal Caucasus and o'er
 The summits of the Euganean hills;
 And meets the soul of Wordsworth, in profound
 And philosophic meditation, rapt
 In some great dream of love towards
 The human race. The cheery Spring may come,
 And touch the dreaming flowers into life,
 Summer expand her leafy sea of green,
 And wake the joyful wilderness to song,
 As a fair hand strikes music from a lyre:
 But Autumn, from its daybreak to its close,
 Setting in florid beauty, like the sun,
 Robed with rare brightness and ethereal flame,
 Holds all the year's ripe fruitage in its hands,
 And dies with songs of praise upon its lips.—CHARLES SANGSTER.

The morning sky is white with mist, the earth
 White with the inspiration of the dew,
 The harvest light is on the hills anew,
 And cheer in the grave acres' fruitful girth
 Only in this high pasture is there dearth,
 Where the gray thistles crowd in ranks austere,
 As if the sod, close-cropt for many a year,
 Brought only bane and bitterness to birth.

But in the crisp air's amethystine wave
 How the harsh stalks are washed with radiance now,
 How gleams the harsh turf where the crickets lie,
 Dew-freshened in their burnished armour brave!
 Since earth could not endure nor heaven allow
 Aught of unlovely in the morn's clear eye. —CHARLES ROBERTS.

Out in the frosty, crimsoning woods,
 When the afternoons are sunny,
 In the sweet opening solitudes