

## A u t u m n .

The year grows ripe to middle age:  
 All o'er the sober garden bed  
 The flaunting summer petals, shed,  
 Give place to that more fruitful stage  
 When seeds of healthy life grow ripe,  
 And pulpy fruits with juices swell,  
 And Nature from her rustic pipe  
 Draws music of the softest type  
 'Mid stream and woodland, mead and fell.

Only by chance outpipeth now  
 The robin, but, his note grown dear  
 Through rarity, more charms the ear  
 Than when he piped on every bough.  
 And foliage takes a richer green  
 And skies assume a warmer hue  
 And mellow from their azure to—  
 A golden-moated deep serene,  
 Of which the earth reflects the sheen  
 In autumn's sunny harvest hue.

And as the year, my spirit grows;  
 For lo! my life hath passed away  
 From summer with its blossoms gay,  
 Unto the seed time and the close.  
 The flowers of memory, thought and love,  
 Have ripened with the golden dust  
 Of rich experience, what in trust,  
 They held of fruitage from above;  
 And through my quickening spirit move  
 The vital throbbings of the must.

Quicken of wine of life in me!  
 Grow ripe within, thou wine of song?  
 That souls may drink and hearts grow strong;  
 For genuine art should ever be  
 Inebriating in such wise  
 That all of baseness reel away,  
 And fall as native clay on clay,  
 Leaving the nobler faculties  
 Untrammelled all, and forced to rise—  
 For very buoyance to the day.

FRANK WATERS.