

A PICTURE OF AUTUMN.

SOFT as the vernal airs of May
Fair Autumn's breezes whirl :
While in her tinted forests play
The rabbit and the squirrel.
The leaves are dropping everywhere
From trees. in silence shed ;
And o'er the green old earth with care
They spread a cozy bed.

The wrens sit twittering on the spray,
The swallows skim the lake ;
And through the quiet, dreamy day,
Sing blue-jays in the brake.
The brook its silvery course pursues
A-down the gilded glen ;
And, through the haze, the crimson hues
Of Sol, loom forth again.

The blooms from hill and dale are gone,
And from the hedge, the rose ;
Where once their smiling blossoms shone,
But shattered stems repose.
The bee flits to and fro, in vain
Searching for honey-cells,—
And hums his low, farewell refrain
Through summer's desert dells.