

Goldenrod.

Thou art not welcome, Goldenrod,
For thou art Autumn's flower,
And we would fain fair Summer stay
Beyond her golden hour.

"O Summer, stay; dear Summer, stay,"
The little children cry.
"Sweet o' the year—ah, linger, pray,"
We older children sigh.

The skies are sheathed in thinnest gauze,
Taming the fierce Sun's glow
To languorous, dreamy warmth and light,
The days enchanted go,

Slipped one by one, in gracious mood,
From lissome fingers, where
Her radiant court Queen Summer keeps,
In the blue hills distance rare.

The fair, shorn fields, a fringe with trees,
Sleep in the nooning heat.
The warm air holds in close embrace
A breath of fragrance sweet;

A memory of the haying-tide.
Red raspberries tempt the eye
By every road-side, where, alas,
The golden plume we spy.

Intruder, interloper, thou—
In fair Queen Summer's realm!
Thou dost not match her fragile flowers,
Bright crest of Autumn's helm!

Sign of another power art thou,
Thou plummy spear of gold!
But Summer's subjects are we still,
Her dreams our spirits hold.

N. M. McADAM.