

AUTUMN.

Down in the garden
The first frosts harden,
Crying a pardon
The late birds call :
On lilies and roses
The long night closes;
All the poor posies
Must faint and fall.

Oh, how the flowers
Remember the hours
Of perfumed bowers
Under the moon—
Large and yellow,
And hark! the 'cello,
The flute so mellow,
The rich bassoon.

Violins playing,
Dancers swaying,
Voices straying
Over the lawn,
Silks a-shimmer
Till stars grow dimmer,
And so the glimmer
Of rosy dawn.

The vision is ended
Of summer splendid,
Broken and bended,
They hear the knell :
Vain to linger
When Death's cold finger
Becks, and the ringer
Is plucking the bell.

Down, couch lower,
O grass and flower;
The dark leaves shower
To shroud you round;
The red rose petal
Is one with the nettle
To sink and settle
Into the ground.

But lean and listen
Where hoar frosts glisten
And snow flakes christen
The sleeping earth :
Here awhile dreaming,
Spring comes a-gleaming :
Death is but seeming,
Not Death, but Birth.

D. G.

The conjurer in the village school-room had invited any gentleman from the audience to step upon the platform, and a rustic in velveteen coat responded. "I suppose you consider it a matter of impossibility for me to make that rabbit in the box on the table pass into your coat-tail



At the Local Tea Shop:

"Parlez-vous Francais, M'selle?"

"Oui, M'sieur!"

"Well, how's chances of getting some tea and cake at this joint?"

pocket?" "I dunno about the impossible," came the reply, "but I wouldn't do it if I were you, sir." "Oh, you'll be in no danger, I can assure you," smiled the sleight-of-hand man airily. "I worn' thinkin' about myself," the rustic answered. "I was studying the rabbit. I've got a couple of ferrets in that there pocket."