

AUTUMN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

How lavishly He paints,
In green, crimson, scarlet and gold,
How varied the design
In delicate tracing or bold—
A Master Mind these autumn glories hold.

Although he needs must give
Winter sleep to the woods and flowers,
Yet the beauty of Autumn's enough
To delight us till Spring sun and showers—
A Loving Heart these Autumn glories hold.



HOPE.

You cannot come to me—I go to you
Some happy day ;
The way cannot be dark, since Christ and you
Have passed that way.

I cannot give *you* aught—but you to me
May this bequeath,
The mantle of the brightness of thy life
Around me wreath.

I cannot talk to you, but truly you
Tho' dead, yet speak.
Oh ! give a benediction from thy Rest
For our love's sake.