

## AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

The forest leaves are flushed with gold,  
And scarlet hues, and crimson dyes,  
And colors rich and manifold,  
As sea shells boast, or sun-set skies.

There's glory now on every hill,  
And wooded dell, and glen, and vale,  
And beauty margins lake and rill,  
With green, and red, and yellow pale.

Come with keen eye, and dextrous hand,  
With poet's genius, painter's skill,  
And fix these scenes that cannot stand  
The coming gusts, and rain, and chill.

E'en now the wind's low moan and sigh,  
Seem sorrowings over dead ones near—  
And lo! those gleams in Nature's eye,  
Are portents of the dying year.

Away with eager steps I haste,  
From stir and strife, to scenes of calm,  
To view the landscapes fair, and taste  
The breeze that brings the woodland balm.

Here I may breathe a holier air,  
And feel life's pulses stronger rise;  
And nerve renew to bide and bear,  
By noting how the foliage dies.

With such inspiring scenes in view,  
Faith, hope, and courage sturdier grow;  
And patience learns to wait or do,  
From nature's glorious dying glow.

W. H. PORTER.

*Brantford.*