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AUTUMN.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

Upon the summer bowers,
Where fairy fingers twined
In gay festoons the flowers,
To tempt the amorous wind,
Death and decay are stealing,
Sadly their gloom revealing;
For there have blown
Autumn's hot withering breeze,
Bringing their pale diseases;
Like love's sirocco breath,
That dooms to lingering death
Its victim love.

Sadly the sycamore sigheth
In low and plaintive tone—
The pale grove, hectic fadeth,
Its joy and greenness gone,
While melancholy sighing,
For their pale children dying,
Come from the trees
As o'er their cold grave spreading
Their sorrowful, their chartreuse beadings
Swell on the breeze,

Decay is on the mountain,
Darkness upon the hill—
A shade upon the fountain,
A shadow on the rill:
The frost, the grape is dropping;
Plums, flowers and shrubs are drooping.—
Beauty, perfume
Are gone, and robed in sadness
The fond heart once was gladness,
Nature, with mournful eye,
Shows man his destiny,—
His certain doom.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. WALTER COLTON.

The change that has come upon nature—the blight of its vernal beauty, the falling of the leaves, the departure of the birds, and the plaint of the rivulet, struggling with the ice chain of winter, speak a moral to man. They remind him of the time when he, too, must undergo a fearful change, when the light of his countenance will be darkened, the elastick energies of his limbs be relaxed, and his frame, pulseless and cold, be consigned to its couch of clay. Nor will he come up from his sepulchre to share the reviving influences of the year: the flowers may again garland the earth, the liberated streams exultingly shout in their courses, and the birds return to their renovated bowers; but he will ever remain in the dark and silent prison of his grave. Remembrance may go there and number over his virtues, but the whisper will not reach his ear; affection may go there to linger and to mourn, but he will know it not; they whom he has left here among the living may go down on the breathless bearse to join him, but there will be no greeting, no question, no reply; there is no voice, nor any that can answer, in the grave, nothing stirs there, save the worm, fretting the shroud of the man falling through the coffin's decay.

And is this the end, the all of man, the gloomy catastrophe which terminates forever all his existence and his hopes? Is there no adoration for him, no awakening hand which can bring back his bloom again? Yes, the long, leafless winter of his sleep will come forth in the vernal beauty of an imperishable life, a stranger to change, decay, and death. No onward disasters can reach him more. The throes of the dissolving ruin, the mountain which he has trod may crumble, the mountain which he has trod may crumble, the mountain which he has trod may crumble