

MOONLIGHT.

While far from o'er the valley,
Came sounds of the midnight bell.

And o'er all there reigned a silence,
The birds were all at rest,
The moon's bright face was mirrored
On the river's rippling breast.

THE BAT.

The little bat which comes at twilight forth,
When birds to rest are gone,
Spreads not her wing until the day is o'er,
And daylight all is done.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

'Tis Autumn, mellow, hazy, soft and fair,
Oh, saw ye ever richer scenes than these?
So peaceful, dreamy, beautiful and rare,
Such glowing light, such tinted redd'ning trees?
The lowing cattle wend along the lane,
Where nuts are ripening in the golden sun,