

Our Autumn Song.

'Twas late one afternoon in Autumn time,
As Sol was far down the western slope,
When Autumn's tinted leaves were in their prime,
I was the bidden guest of Buoyant Hope.

For scenic pictures round her home I sought,
As I sought them in pensive silence there,
The young loves came into my heart and taught
Me that all around me were passing fair.

It is true old Frontenack's rock-ribbed shore
Was rough and scant of beauty's softer green,
But oft, in the rough exterior, love is more
Deep, than in some proud, beauteous queen.

The young loves were the children of Buoyant Hope,
She bade me follow them to where they led,
I followed them unto a mossy slope,
That ran down to Ontario's pebbly bed.

And they sang to me as I set me down
On a mossy cushion, that overgrew
And made homely, those rocks of green and brown,
As they brought all around me in review.