

IN SEPTEMBER.

This windy, bright September afternoon
My heart is wide awake, yet full of dreams.
The air, alive with hushed confusion, teems
With scent of grain-fields, and a mystic rune
Foreboding of the fall of Summer soon
Keeps swelling and subsiding; till there seems
O'er all the world of valleys, hills, and streams,
Only the wind's inexplicable tune.

My heart is full of dreams, yet wide awake.
I lie and watch the topmost tossing boughs
Of tall elms, pale against the vault of blue;
But even now some yellowing branches shake,
Some hue of death the living green endows:—
If beauty flies, fain would I vanish too.

Fredericton, Sept., 1882.

BEFORE THE BREATH OF STORM.

I.

Before the breath of storm,
While yet the long, bright afternoons are warm,
Under this stainless arch of azure sky
The air is filled with gathering wings for flight;
Yet with the shrill mirth and the loud delight
Comes the foreboding sorrow of this cry—
"Till the storm scatter and the gloom dispel,
Farewell! Farewell!
Farewell!"

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