

OCTOBER DAYS.

ADOWN the lane the busy wind goes hunting,
 His voice is lonely in the dismal places;
 The maples toss a wealth of crimson bunting
 Into the air; the flowers' soft, sweet faces
 Have vanished with the coming of the frost,
 And up the mountains, through the dead woods
 stealing,
 There comes a cry, fraught with a tender feeling—
 A cry as of souls lost.

The trees are sad and bend their heads in sorrow,
 And cast no shadows on the brown, dry grasses;
 In the chill skies are sleeping dreams of morrow,
 While banker Autumn with his gold slow passes,
 So miserly, across the silent lands.
 And from afar the river strong is singing,
 And to our hearts fresh, happy thoughts are
 winging
 With folded, pray'rful hands.