

I thank thee for the vast of steely sky
 Doming each snowy vale and icy crest,
 When night illumes her legion lamps on high
 And gives a spacious time for thought and rest.

I thank for the impulses that serve
 To conjure gracious climes while all is bare ;
 Lord, human lives wear into winter, nerve
 Our sunless hearts with hints of summers fair.

MAURICE CASEY.

Queen Autumn.



ANNOUNCED by bugles blown
 By the west wind keen ;
 To her ancient opal throne
 Comes fair Autumn, Queen.

Where her gracious footsteps move
 O'er the cloth of gold,
 Throng her subjects, joy and love
 In their greetings told.

'Neath her feet their robes they fling—
 Leaves and scented flowers—
 Faint and sweet the joy bells ring
 Thro' the charmed hours.

On the hill with maples red
 As the ruby stone
 Where the birch's gold is shed
 She is crowned. Alone :

For a widow is the queen
 All her days are dreams—
 Thro' her veil of mist, serene
 And sad, her blue eye gleams.