



## SEPTEMBER

**N**OW hath the summer reached her golden close,  
And, lost amid her cornfields, bright of soul,  
Scarcely perceives from her divine repose  
How near, how swift the inevitable repose ;  
Still, still the smiles, though from her careless feet,  
The beauty and the fruitful strength are gone,  
And through the soft long wandering days goes on,  
The silent sere decadence sad and sweet.

ARCHIBALD LANFMAN.