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IN AUTUMN'S DREAMY EAR.

In autumn's dreamy ear, as suns go by
Whose yellow beams are dulled with languorous notes,
The deep vibrations of the cosmic notes
Are as the voice of those that prophesy.
Her spirit kindles, and her filmy eye !
In haste the fluttering robe, whose glory floats
In pictured folds, her eager soul devotes—
Lo, she with her winged harper sweeps the sky !

Splendors of blossomed time, like poppies red,
Distil dull slumbers o'er the engagèd soul
And thrall with sensuous pomp its azured dower ;
Till, roused by vibrant touch from the unseen Power,
The spirit keen, freed from the painted dead,
On wings mounts up to reach its living Goal.

THEODORE H. RAND.