



INDIAN SUMMER.

(A FRAGMENT.)


SLEECY clouds rest dreaming in the hazy azure sky,
 And the soft, still silence whispers peace and love to all;
 With quieted voice and bated breath glides the noiseless
 stream,

The sun subdued and soft shines through the hazy sheen,
 And all is hushed and still, nature becomes a dream,
 Forest leaves are gilded and to golden hue are turned,
 Mingled with a blushing tint, the color of the rose.
 The withered beach leaf swirls and eddies as it drops,
 Buried beneath others and its beauty gone forever;
 A sad and mystic melancholy overflows the soul,
 And a sorrow, sweet and sad, and longing fills the heart,
 For soon the peaceful summer from us shall haste away.

A. J. S.