C-H-I-P-S.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

(A FRAGMENT.)

LEECY 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.

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