

SEPTEMBER

THE morns are grey with haze and faintly cold,
The early sunsets arc the west with red ;
The stars are misty silver overhead,
Above the dawn Orion lies outrolled.
Now all the slopes are slowly growing gold,
And in the dales a deeper silence dwells ;
The crickets mourn with funeral flutes and bells,
For days before the summer had grown old.

Now the night-gloom with hurrying wings is stirred,
Strangely the comrade pipings rise and sink,
The birds are following in the pathless dark
The footsteps of the pilgrim summer. Hark !
Was that the redstart or the bobolink ?
That lonely cry the summer-hearted bird ?