

Fortune may frown and days grow more dreary ;
 Hope's sunshine fade 'mong the clouds in the west,
Friends may grow strange and cold,
All life's joys dull and old,
 As wearied I journey towards Silence and Rest ;
Still I will think of thee, *mia carissima*,
 Pure as the starlight thy mem'ry shall be ;
Heav'n grant whate'er betide,
Angels thy way may guide
 Safe o'er the billows of Life's troubled sea.

IN THE WOODS.

Away with care and sadness,
Let us fill our hearts with gladness,
Let us go into the woodlands where the ruddy leaves do fall ;
And 'mid the golden glory
Of the maples old and hoary,
Lulled by the pleasant murmurs of the distant waterfall,

We will linger till the gloaming,
And amid our forest roaming
We will muse upon the memories of the autumns gone before ;
Of the well-beloved faces
And the well-remembered places
To which our hearts are loyal in their love for evermore.

Thus pleasant memories blending,
While twilight's soft descending
Like the shadow of a seraph's wing upon a world of care ;
With a joy all calm and holy
Shall fill us as we slowly
Wander homeward from the woodlands 'neath the calm October air.