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AUTUMN.

(FOR THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST).

**M**ATERNAL Flora sinks to rest,  
Nature puts on its sombre best,  
And Time, with his relentless power,  
Is changing every tree and flower.

Each flower, each creature hath its day  
In which to flourish and decay ;  
So 'tis decreed, that all below  
Is only made to come and go.

We sadly mourn sweet human flowers,  
Transplanted in Eternal bowers ;  
But, tho' by grief our hearts are riven,  
Lost friends are stepping stones to Heaven.

Although no joy their voices give,  
We know they in their vigor live  
And watch us with unslumbering eyes,  
And wait to bear us to the skies,