

THE VISION.

SOME tales are lies from end to end,
And never ought to have been penned ;
'Tis easy labor for to trace
The foolish fable in their face.
But this that I'm about to tell,
Most truly on a night befell ;
And whilst since then time's rolled away.
It seems but like the other day.

'Twas in that genial, dreamy time,
When autumn's blessings mellow shine,
When skies assume a smoky hue,
And hills seem bathed in purple dew ;
While at their feet, as if asleep,
Lay Magog's waters, still and deep,—
Reflecting all the beauteous dyes
That now betint the evening skies.
The woodlands like a garden show,
So bright their varied colors glow ;
While all the face of nature seems
A picture of the land of dreams.

The feathery tribes by instinct led,
To sunny, Southern climes had fled ;
Hushed was the song from grove and field,
Except the lay the crickets yield.
Now full stored barns with hay and grains,
Had well repaid the farmer's pains ;
And freed from toils that seldom please,
He knew the luxury of ease.