

When the city streets are littered with a million mellow
leaves,
And the little birds seek refuge in the shelter of the
eaves;
When the air is sweet and pleasant and from torrid heat
relieves,
And fertile plains are dotted o'er with glistening ripened
sheaves,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the marts of active business, after summer's quiet
trance,
Once again, with life and vigor, girdle round them every
lance,
And the youth of all the nation are endeavoring to ad-
vance
On the royal road of learning—that comes not by lucky
chance—

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the snug and cozy hearths of home are gathered
round at night,
And fables, tales and stories are related with delight,
And the children sigh and wonder at the store of gran-
pa's light
On the glorious deeds in Fairyland, so beautiful and
bright,

Then 'tis Autumn.

When the year is in its dying state, though gay and
still serene.
And Heaven's brightest light shines down on every
closing scene;
When father, mother, children, all unite in joy at e'en,
And life's enjoyments better seem than they have ever
been,

Then 'tis Autumn.

D. McTIGHE,
First Form.