

The plovers skim low o'er the fallow,
And the swallows are flocking together,—
The sough of the wind sounds hollow.
Soon will come wintry weather.

There falls on the landscape a pallor—
Unruffl'd the water looks languid,
With every gust the leaves fall more;
Whilst the poplars are shiv'ring and pallid.

In the sky the clouds are lowering—
Heavy with moisture congealing,
For shelter the sheep are cowering,
Seeking the warmth of their shieling.

Sad, sad is the landscape and lonely
Of its glory the garden's bereft,
The flowers are dead, whilst only
A casual blossom is left.

The beautiful summer is dying
In the pines the murmuring zephyr
For her fading glory is sighing
Lamenting it in a whisper.

A FLOWER OF THE WILD.

By river and lake, through forest wide spreading,
Untouched, undefaced by a civilized hand,—
Gladyn marched slowly, his devious way threading,—
Indefatigable leading his pioneer band,
On many a lake all noiselessly gliding,
His birchen canoe its shadow doth cast
On pools deep and clear where the muskellunge hiding,
Shuns its approach until danger is past.
Alone in the wilderness silence oppressive
He saw not the pride of the future so fair,
Only he thought of foemen aggressive—
The redman in ambush, to spring from his lair.
Ne'erless there was beauty from nature surrounding,
From virginal forest, from river and stream,
Where the cascade leaped sheer, tumultuous sounding,
And the lake repos'd placid in morning's glad beam.
Thro' unbrageous spaces the moon with her glimmer
Illusively silvers the midsummer's night