

nated the imagination, but hallowed the heart ; and instead of exalting martial prowess and lauding the caprices of imperial

power, it set before man the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth.

INDIAN SUMMER.

OH ! these days,  
         Autumn days !  
 When the languid earth lies dreaming  
     In a sort of golden haze ;  
 When amidst the verdant woodlands  
     Stand the maples all ablaze :  
 Gold and crimson, brown and orange.  
         How they rise,  
     Glowing pyramids of color,  
         To the skies.

When the summer tasks are done,  
 And the song-birds southwards gone,  
         And no sound  
 Stirs the voiceless, breathless forest ;  
 Save when, far away and seldom,  
 The ripe acorn strikes the ground ;

Or when leaves,  
 With a melancholy rustle,  
 And unstirred by any breeze,  
 Circling downwards from the trees,  
         Spread around  
 A rich carpet brighter tinted  
 Than the cunning Persian weaves.

Oh ! these days,  
         Autumn days !  
 Who can paint the glow and glory  
 Of these halcyon Autumn days ?