

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,  
 A light, azure haze in the air,  
 As if angels, while heavenward soaring,  
 Had left their bright robes floating there;  
 The breeze is so soft, so caressing,  
 It seems a mute token of love,  
 And floats to the heart like a blessing,  
 From some happy spirit above.

These days so serene and so charming,  
 Awaken a dreamy delight—  
 A tremulous, fearful enjoyment,  
 Like soft strains of music at night;  
 We know that they're fading and fleeting,  
 That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,  
 And we watch them with yearning affection,  
 As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!  
 Thou favourite child of the year,  
 Thou darling, whom Nature enriches  
 With gifts and adornments so dear!  
 How fain would we woo thee to linger  
 On mountain and meadow awhile,  
 For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,  
 Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn  
 Dost thou a lost brightness restore,  
 But thou bringest a world-weary spirit  
 Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;  
 Thy loveliness fills us with memories  
 Of all that was brightest and best—  
 Thy peace and serenity offer  
 A foretaste of heavenly rest.

**Music.**

**BEAUTIFUL RIVER.**

HAPPY VOICES.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright-an-gel feet have trod;  
 2. On the mur-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,  
 With its crys-tal tide for  
 We will walk and worship

**CHORUS.**

e-ver, Flowing by the throne of God? } Yes, we'll gath-er at the ri-ver, The  
 e-ver, All the hap-py, gol-den day. }

*p* beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful ri-ver—Gather with the saints at the ri-ver, That flows by the throne of God.

3. Ere we reach the sliming river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.  
 CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4. At the smiling of the river,  
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.  
 CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.

5. Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
 With the melody of peace.  
 CHO.—Yes, we'll gather, etc.