

## AUTUMN.

Maternal Flora sinks to rest,  
Nature puts on its sombre vest,  
And Time, with his relentless power,  
Is changing every tree and flower.

Each flower, each creature hath its day  
In which to flourish and decay;  
So 'tis decreed, that all below  
Is only made to come and go.

We sadly mourn sweet human flowers,  
Transplanted in Eternal bowers;  
But, tho' by grief our hearts are riven,  
Lost friends are stepping stones to Heaven.

Although no joy their voices give,  
We know they in their vigor live  
And watch us with unslumbering eyes,  
And wait to bear us to the skies.

Where changing seasons never come  
To wither the eternal bloom.  
Nor Autumn's ruddy footsteps stray  
To the land of Immortality.

## NARCISSUS.

Arise from thy slumber, lovely Narcissus,  
The south winds now carol over thy bed;  
Old Sol is waiting to greet thee with kisses,  
You have nothing to fear now; Winter has fled.

The fearless wee Crocuses—Paradise immigrants!  
Have arrived on our borders with God's message of Peace,  
And you, too, sweet Narcissy, must try to be diligent,  
Improving Time's lessons, which never shall cease.

Your Sleepy old Sisters, Rose and Rose Mary  
Have promised to visit me early in June,  
I never have found the dear beauties contrary;  
But timely arrayed in their queenly costume.

So bonnie Narcissus, hasten your toilet,  
I weary to see you, don't tarry so long;  
Bring with you your incense, sweet odorous Pilot!  
And waft my old soul back to childhood and home.