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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

Our Woods in Early Autumn.

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

I have passed the day mid the forest gay
In its gorgeous autumn dyes,
Its tints as bright and as fair to the sight
As the hues of our sunset skies,
And the sun's glad rays veiled by golden haze
Streamed down neath its arches grand,
And with magic power made scene and hour
Like a dream of Faerie Land.

The emerald sheen of the Maple green
Is now turned to deep rich red,
And the boughs entwine with the crimson vine
That is climbing overhead,
Whilst like golden sheaves, the broad saffron leaves
Of the Sycamore strew the ground,
Neath Birches old, clad in shimmering gold,
Or the Ash with red berries crowned.

Stately and tall—towering o'er all
Stands the Poplar, proud and lone,
Every silvery leaf in restless grief
Mourning o'er the summer flow,
Whilst each Oak and Elm of the sylvan realm
In brilliant garb arrayed,
Seem together to vie, though it be to die,
In beauty of colour and shade.

When wearied the gaze with the vivid blaze
Of rich tints before it spread,
Gay orange and gold with shades untold
Of glowing carmine and red,
It can turn mid the scene to the sombre green
Of the Fir, the Hemlock and Pine,
Ever keeping their hue and their freshness too
Mid the season's swift decline.

Though the bird's sweet song that the summer long
Hath thrilled melodious and clear,
Through the cool dim shades of our forest glades,
No longer entrances the ear,
As witching a spell that will charm as well
As his glad notes may be found
In the solemn hush, or the leaves' soft rush,
As they thickly fall to the ground.

Vainly they tell of bright Summer's farewell,
Or of coming decay and doom,
Of stormy wild cloud—of cold snowy shroud,
Of approaching winter's gloom,
The heart must yield to the charms that wield
Alike tender, soothing, gay,
The beauties that gleam and that reign supreme
In our woods of an autumn day.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

JENNIE E. HAIGHT.

What do we live for?
Is labor so lowly,
Toil so ignoble, we shrink from its stain?
Think it not—labor
Is Godlike and holy;
He that is idle is living in vain.

What do we live for?
Creation is groaning,
Her desolate places are yet to be built;
The voice of the years
Swells deeper the moaning,
As time rolls along the dark tide of guilt.