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THIS a banner of gold and scarlet
October flings to the breeze,
And none other of all the twelve months
Can boast such colors as these.

For the trees that through all the summer
Have been dressed in the darkest green,
Now hanging with red and yellow
In most gorgeous gowns are seen.

The golden-rod flames by the roadside
And over the fences old,
Till each meadow is fast becoming
The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

And even the sun in his setting,
When he slowly sinks from view
And looks over the world of color,
Has caught the golden hue.

A. S., in Fx.