

INDIAN SUMMER.

O to drift, we two together,
 You and I, my friend, forever,
 Through this deep blue hazy weather,
 Dreaming naught of fates that sever.

Past the shining pebbly beaches,
 Past the wooded steep incline,
 Down the river's silvery reaches
 Rimmed with moss and trailing vine.

Past the banks where children clamber,
 Under skys of misty blue,
 Over shallow floods of amber
 That the golden sand looks through.

O to drift, we two together,
 You and I, my Friend, forever,
 Through this deep blue hazy weather,
 Dreaming naught of fates that sever!

HOW NATURE COMFORTED THE POET.

"Nature, I come to thee for rest,
 For covert cool from thought and strife,
 O rock me on thy ample breast,
 For I have loved thee all my life!

Then Nature hushed me in her arms,
 And softly she began to sing
 A legend of her woodland charms,
 A lullaby, a soothing thing.