

# OCTOBER

Mrs. A. Giddings Park.

Over the hills and through the valley  
That late were clothed in robes of green,  
The work of some magic land, outvying  
The skill of the masters' old, is seen!  
With cardinal, gold, with scarlet and crimson,  
The sumachs and maples are all ablaze;  
In browns and russet the oaks are painted,  
The far horizon a purple haze.

II

The willow's yellow locks are streaming,  
The stately pines of the forest nod;  
In Trojan dyes the asters are waving;  
The pastures are gleaming with golden-rod.  
The fluffy bloom of the woodbine lingers,  
Crowning with beauty the shrubby copse;  
The ivy covers with gayest mantles  
The dead tree-trunks to their very tops.

III

Over the marshes the sedges whisper;  
Bordering the wayside the ferns grow fern;  
Down by the brook the blood-red eyebright  
Shows where the shallow pool lies clear.  
Up from lone nooks peers the blue fringed gentian;  
The dry leaves fall from the clambering vine;  
The blue birds twitter of sunnier regions;  
The sun is tempering the grape-elder's wine.

IV

Out in the woods the nuts are falling,  
The squirrels gather their winter's store.  
The red-cheeked apples lie in the orchard,  
The boughs above are laden with more.  
From stubble field and wasted garden  
Shrill is piping the cricket's song;  
With muffled beat from the tangled thicket  
The drum of the partridge reverberates long.

Softly the mellow light is resting  
Over the far off, misty hills;  
A murmuring plaint comes up from the valley,  
The twirling cascade, the wandering rills,  
There's a sigh in the air, with a hint of tears;  
Everywhere symphonies pensive we hear,  
Nature a threnode in undertone humming  
Grieving the fate of the failing year.

O. H. Vong.

AUBREY  
GALLION-QUE  
15789  
W. M. Poyer