

ours round,
ailing thought
d mind, forbidding
ught
winds
ills and leafy trees,
rough windows
bees,

hood's innocence :
Autumn air,
ecrepit hours
lid care,
rough the shading past,
ords awake to sweetest song,
youthful sympathy
ng.

YOUNG FOLKS SONNET.

I catch the shy whispers
That run through the grain
While gay heads are dodging
And peeping again.
And bold stalks are crowding
Or standing tip-toe ;--
All bidding for smiles
Of the afternoon glow,
While Phoebus is gilding
His throne in the west
To scatter his brilliants
When toil is at rest ;
And the light-winged breezes
Are hovering low,
And the sirens are singing
In measures so slow,
That eyelids are closing
On nature's kind breast.