

INDIAN SUMMER.

The red and gold of birch and maple tree
Which shed a glory o'er the evergreen,
The rich brown tint of oak, the yellow sheen
Of beech, were but as memories dear to me.
The night-winds moaned and raved through forests drear,
The earth was wet with tears of stormy grief,
And nature, full of pain, craved that relief
Which death, the last and saddest solace here,
Doth bring . . . But now, enraptured is the air !
A tender radiance bathes the stricken earth :
The winds are lulled to sleep, and music rare
Is heard : To me it seems the second birth
Of nature's soul,—a dream of paradise
Vouchsafed beloved nature ere she dies.