

SEPTEMBER COMES AGAIN

And now September! in whose languid veins

The wine of summer, slow-distilling, flows;

The light and glory fade—the laughter wanes,

But earth more lovely grows.

O rare September! has it all been said?

The wistful hours, the soft reluctant days,

When nature seems to pause with arms outspread

And heart that yearns both ways.

Upon the mellowed harp-strings of the vine

The fitful winds their soft forebodings urge,

And with the liquid murmurs of the pine

In plaintive sweetness merge.

The mountains, veiled in gold and amethyst,

Their once familiar outlines scarcely show;

Across the uplands, faint with purple mist,

The oaks and maples grow.

These gathering mists the coming change would hide,

But in our hearts already sounds the knell,

O, never surges love in such a tide

As when we say farewell!

Yet come, September! All the old desires,

The old enchantments, at thy touch return—

'Tis in our hearts thy August-kindled fires,

In deepest rapture burn.

And in our hearts the ancient melody

That earth has yielded of her joy and pain,

Comes softly stealing, echoed back from thee,

In surpassing strain.

Still summer waits, her mood with thine akin,

As if her love could not release its hold

Until her little hosts were folded in
Against the coming cold.

Against the cold till March once more unlocks

The gates of frost, and rives the icy chain,

And June returns to lead her little flocks

Across the fields again.

Across the fields, beyond the shining hill,

When Pan plays up his pipes o' love and pain—

But now, O heart of mine, be still,
September comes again!

—Helena Coleman

AN ACCESSORY.

Old Dobbin was a good old nag,

And he proved mighty handy

In days of old when I would go

A-sparkin' sweet Mirandy.

He knew the roads that we would take,

And faithfully he'd take 'em;

He knew the hills that we would make

And faultlessly he'd make 'em.

Unguided, he, and when at times

Her lips to mine were pressin',

Implicit faith we had in him—

He never had us guessin'.

The while I hugged her, I recall

The lines were idly swingin',

Old Dobbin was one good spark plug,

His praise to-day I'm singin'.

—T. S. (Detroit.)