



THE HEAD OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

THE CEREMONY AT LUNDY'S LANE 17th OCTOBER, 1891.—(See pages 486-487.)

(John England, photo.)

AUTUMNAL WALKS.

Now this is the season for walking! You can gather your winter stock of heartsease, and refurnish your mental picture-gallery. It is

"The summer of All Saints!
Filled is the air with a dreamy magical light."

A carpet lies underfoot as brilliant as that canopy overhead. A golden fringe lines the wayside—it is the autumn flower that most of our poets have sung; and surely it is a *rod* to conjure with. Along the riverside, or in the wayside pool,—as Eve bewitched by the beauty of her face, first seen,—the maple's form gains splendour by reflection. And when the silent lake consciously mimics the clear concavity above; and sky, and trees in their holiday dresses stoop, bow down, and kiss its waters, ah! is there a sight on earth more beautiful! Reflection, indeed, makes much of this world's beauty. Did not Scott so deem, when he wrote:

"The pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

And surely he would not dissent, who saw

"The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow."

Look up, as well as down. Notice the maple on the summit of yonder craggy hill, against the sky. It looks like a blood-red flag waved from a fortress. This foliage is militant; you see a harmless sentinel in arms. He challenges your admiration; he summons your fancy to render tribute. Surrender at discretion. And notice as we pass up the Intervale, toward yon bastions of eternal rock, how all along these swampy margins, and beyond those dwarfed skeletons of trees, grayly bemossed, the low maple shrubs have first put on their crimson attire. Surely this is a

splendid hem for a wood-nymph's garment when once the sylvan dance is on. Will you not join their revels, and partake their gayety? Ah! what royalty of crimson and purple are here!—wine-dark depth of shade, as some one has well said. Artist! you cannot approach this magnificence. Sun and frost, those matchless colourists, mix their pigments with a skill all unknown to you; you cannot imitate their lustre!

Yes, let us stroll at will, when September has given us one of the perfect days which were surely meant for nothing else than a woodland ramble. You will say that nothing else will yield so much instant delight, and such a cheerful inspiration in memory. Again and again will you pluck golden rod, ferns and mosses, and shred the painted leaves. Again, will you pause to survey the whitish-grey bole of that giant beech, gather refreshment to the eye from the twinkle of silvery poplar, and the shimmer of golden birch, seeing anew "the maple burn," catching the dark terrors of "grim hemlocks," while the "lady of the forest" greets us with her "shining satin-like and lissome" dress. Again will you stoop to note where ferns are turning brown and crisp,—fading gracefully, or blast-beaten to the earth. You will hear the mournful creeping of the wind through furzy boughs or the branches of the pine,—the wind that plucks the leaves to cast them in the "smoky" rivulet. Then seize the hour, and make your truce with care. When you go homeward, the same enchantment will attend you with which you came. You may see the picture Whittier painted:

"The village homes transfigured stood,
And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
Across the waters leaned to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold."

"We rose, and slowly homeward turned,
While down the west the sunset burned;
And, in the light, hill, wood and tide,
And human forms seemed glorified."

A letter from a lover of song, which I have just opened bears a copy of Bayard Taylor's sad, sweet little poem, "Autumnal Vespers,"—a favourite with her, and so appropriate after the foregoing that I insert it:

The clarion wind that blew so loud at morn,
Whirling a thousand leaves from every bough
Of the purple woods, has not a whisper now.
Hushed on the uplands is the huntsman's horn—
The huskers' whistling round the tented corn;
The snug warm cricket lets his clock run down,
Scared by the chill, sad hours that make forlorn
The Autumn's gold and brown.

The light is dying out in field and wold;
The life is dying in the fields and grass;
The world's last breath no longer dims the glass
Of waning sunset—yellow, pale, and cold.
His genial pulse, which summer made so bold
Has ceased. Haste, Night, and spread the decent pall,—
The silent stiffening frost makes havoc,—fold
The darkness over all.

I never knew autumnal skies could wear—
With all their pomp—so drear a hue of death!
I never knew their still and solemn breath
Could rob the breaking heart of strength to bear!
—Feeding the blank submission of despair.
Yet peace, sad soul—reproach and pity shine
Suffused through starry tears: Bend thou in prayer,
Rebuked by Love Divine.

PASTOR FELIX.

One day Thackeray visited his friend in the house of the elder Milnes. Mr. Milnes, having ascertained that his guest smoked, said, "Pray, consider yourself at liberty, Mr. Thackeray, to smoke in any room in this house, except my son's. I am sorry to say he does not allow it." "Richard, my boy," said the famous novelist, slapping his friend on the back, "what a splendid father has been thrown away upon you!"