

AUTUMN.

How fresh the fields this fair October day,
 How calm above, yon glorious, azure sky,
 How rich beneath, the maple's crimson dye
 And varied woods with green and orange gay ;
 Can tints so gorgeous indicate decay ?
 Or is it, Autumn, midst thy falling leaves,
 That Memory recalls thy garnered sheaves,
 And Earth, heart-glad, wears holiday array :
 Or is it Hope that lights thy beaming eye,
 That, wreathed with flowers, afar, sees coming Spring,
 O'er heath and mountain, health and beauty fling,
 While heaves with joy Old Ocean's bosom high.
 Ah ! blessèd Memory, of Time well-spent ;
 Ah ! blissful Hope, on Spring, eternal, bent.

WINTER.

Fierce is thy aspect, grim and bearded King,
 Wrapped in a cheerless robe of sheeted snow ;
 Checked by thy breath, the rivers cease to flow ;
 Touched by thy hand the flowerets shrink and fling
 Their charms away. But yet, O monarch stern,
 Thy brow of icicles doth shade an eye
 For beauty ; thou with magic wand canst turn
 Gaunt trees to things of fairy fantasie ;
 Thou art a lover too of mirth, when in the air
 Rings sharp and clear the sleigh-bells merry chime,
 Or o'er the glassy lake, foresworn of care,
 The whirling skaters pass the jocund time.
 But best, O King, thy fireside joys, and nights
 Of Home and intellectual delight.