

In autumn we were wed, in autumn came
 Our love's fruition, when our babe was born.
 In autumn, when the laden orchard trees
 Dropped ripest apples, russet, red, and green ;
 And golden peaches lingered past their time :
 And richest flowers of brown October bloomed :
 The gentian blue, crysanthema of snow,
 And purple dahlias ; flowers that bloomed again
 A year away, with amaranths, to strew
 The grave of our young hope—the first and last—
 Who died enfolded in thy tender arms."

She listened, with a look of wan despair,
 As he recalled their early bliss. We drink
 With bitterness the tale of former joys
 Retold in misery. Yet, drink we still,
 Kissing the chalice which we know will kill !
 She watched, consoled, repeated oft his name,
 In hope of recognition ; but in vain.
 No wandering syllable escaped his lips,
 Though faint as dying breath ; but she divined
 Its full intent, and with a woman's ken,
 Saw that his love was perfect, to the core
 Of inmost dreams. The thought with human touch
 Let loose the tears surcharged her swollen heart.
 She wept and listened as he still spake on :

"O, Minne mine ! in autumn, too, we lost
 Our smooth-faced handsome boy ; our Raleigh brave, —
 A stripling full of courage, and athirst
 For honour in the service of the King.
 He died in front of battle, by my side,
 In that hot day we won at Germantown.
 I bore him in my arms from 'midst the dead
 And buried him beneath the autumn leaves,
 In the still forest, by a boulder stone.
 I took thee once to see it—all alone,
 We two as one ; and there we wept as none
 But fathers, mothers weep o'er children gone."

Her heart was torn at mention of her boy,
 So good, so dutiful, so early lost.
 And for a moment a fair picture flashed
 Up from the gulf of buried years. She saw
 Him with his baby feet, as sea pearls pure,
 Essay, with awkward prettiness, to climb
 Up to her knee and bosom to receive
 A storm of kisses each time for reward.