

Busy Work for October.

A dainty and pretty gift which any child can make at a cost of ten or fifteen cents for paper and ribbon is made as follows:

Flexible white paper is cut into sheets six by eight inches, covered with "cover paper," and fastened together with ribbons run through holes made with a leather punch, and tied in bows. On cover write:

"A BOOK OF AUTUMN LEAVES.

On the first page:

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove
The Autumn leaves lie dead.—*Bryant.*

On each of the following pages gorgeously colored autumn leaves are fastened, each page displaying a different kind, and the following or other appropriate verses written beside them:

"The leaves have turned from green to red,
From red to sober brown,
And left the branches overhead
And softly fluttered down.

Again the leaves came fluttering down,
Softly, silently, one by one,
Scarlet and crimson, and golden and brown,
Willing to fall for their work is done."

"Come," said the wind to the leaves one day,
'Come o'er the meadows with me and play,
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the leaves grow cold.'"

"As soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering one and all.
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew."

The groves were god's first temples.—*Bryant.*

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad like reefs of coral,
Rising silent in the Red Sea of the winter sunset.
—*Longfellow.*

"And once again comes the dreamy haze,
Draping the hills with its filmy blue,
And veiling the sun whose tender rays
With mellowed light comes shimmering through."

Another plan: Press neatly and smoothly some highly colored autumn leaves. Mount them, arranged artistically, on large sheets of white, stiff paper; underneath write or print one of the above quotations. These make fine fall decorations.—*School Education.*

Poems and Selections.**October.**

All the riches of the harvest crown her head and light
her face;
And the wind goes sighing, sighing, as if loath to let her
pass,
While the crickets sing exultant in the lean and withered
grass,
O the warm October haze!
O the splendor of the days!
O the mingling of the crimson with the sombre brown and
grays.—*Jean Blewett.*

Harvest Time

Pillowed and hushed on the silent plain,
Wrapped in her mantle of golden grain,
Wearied of pleasuring hours away
Summer is lying asleep today,—
Where winds blow sweet from the wild rose briars
And the smoke of far-off prairie fires.
Yellow her hair as the goldenrod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod,
Purple her eyes as the mists that dream
At the edge of some laggard sun-drowned stream;
But over their depths the lashes sweep,
For Summer is lying today asleep.
The north wind kisses her rosy mouth,
His rival frowns in the far-off south,
And comes caressing her sunburnt cheek—
And Summer awakes for one short week,—
Awakes and gathers her wealth of grain,
Then sleeps and dreams for a year again.

—*E. Pauline Johnston.*

"There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellowed richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds."

—*Longfellow.*

The law of the harvest is

To reap more than you sow.
Sow an act and you reap a habit.
Sow a habit and you reap a character.
Sow a character and you reap a destiny.

—*G. D. Boardman.*

Autumn goes loitering through the land,
A torch of fire within her hand.
Soft sleeps the bloomy haze that broods
O'er distant hills and mellowing woods;
Rustle the cornfields far and near,
And nuts are ripe and pastures sere,
And lovely colors haunt the breeze,
Borne o'er the sea and through the trees,
Belated beauty lingering still
So near the edge of winter's chill,
The deadly daggers of the cold
Approach thee and the year grows old.

—*Celia Thaxter.*