

The Rockwood Review.

OCTOBER.

Summer days are gone and over,
The fields are bare where the bluejay sings,
And the mullein stalks where the brown bird clings;
And dragon flies and late bees hover
In lush swamp grasses and sun-dried clover,
Haunt of the Killdeer and the plover.
Pipe of snipe, and blackbird's whistle,
Hips and haws, and down of thistle,
Shepherd's purse, and plantain seeds
Ripe for the small birds needs.
Now the clambering bitter sweet
Opens flame-red berries out,
Where with nimble hands and feet,
And many a ringing laugh and shout,
In hazel trees and hickories brown,
The schoolboy shakes the russet treasures down.
Blue the haze rests on the hill,
Wave and sky look far and dim,
Fleecy cloudlets sail and swim,
Autumn days are soft and still.
Autumn harvests gathered in,
Golden apples in the bin,
Fruit and corn and yellow wheat
Make the farmer's store complete.
Sharp-eyed gleaners in the path
Of the ox-cart's rustling sheaves,—
Reapers of the aftermath,—
Burrowers among the leaves,
Where the spider nightly weaves
Ropes of pearls in jewels set,
Fit for Titania's amulet:
Tiny harvesters are merry
Gathering stores while skies are fair,
Scarlet leaf and russet berry,—
Motley is the only wear.
Hawthorn apples sweet and sound.
In small cellars underground,
Keep the long cold winter round.
Mossy cells in field and wood
Shield the bumble bee's young brood,
Ready with the winds of spring
To visit every blossoming thing,
And in the meadow grass of June
To sing again their lulling tune.
Morning airs are crisp with rime,
Fields and woods are brown and sober,
But this is the round world's resting time,
And the sweet of the year is gray October.

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