

The firs, whose towering minerets,
Reach up to kiss the evening sky,
Contrast in their different jets,
Their illustrious neighbours by.

These sturdy oaks with dappled plumes
Of purple-green and russet-brown,
That graceful maple which assumes
To wave aloft her scarlet crown.

I love them all ! see those which stand
Yonder, smiling in their graceful pride,
In varied tints, profusely grand,
They deck with glory Autumn's bride.

Yonder, stands a giant, full of hope,
Crowned with a thickly purple wreath,
While its puny neighbours drop
Their faded garlands underneath.

Down yonder, in seclusion's dell,
A basswood in its coat of mail
Of yellow green, stands sentinel
O'er some berchlings lank and frail.

Exquisite shadings everywhere,
More than the poet's pen can tell,
Or even canvas can declare,
On which the painter loves to dwell.