

And as for us—our God will guide us
In life or death, we bide his will,
We'll humbly hope, whate'er betide us
We may be friends and neighbours still.
The time for toil has well nigh ended,
The time for rest draws on apace,
And He who has our life defended,
He will provide a resting place.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

The maple leaves are crimson,
The air is fresh and clear,
The Autumn days are coming,
The fairest of the year ;
While 'mong the forest branches
Soft breezes seem to sigh,
"The summer days are fleeting,
And Winter draweth nigh."
Oh days of spring time pleasance,
And summer's golden prime,
Long be your music sounded,
On Memory's vesper chime.
Still may we all remember
As your echo floateth by,
That summer days are fleeting,
And Winter draweth nigh.
And when with fortune gliding
Down Time's swift-flowing stream,
When Hope's bright rays unclouded,
O'er the tranquil waters beam,
Let's remember in our gladness,
With a smile and not a sigh,
Life's summer days are fleeting,
And Winter draweth nigh.