

TO THE SUN.

O golden glory, banner of the world !
Long hast thou known the searching gaze of man,
Yet never, through thy history's unknown span,
Hast paled thy lustre nor thy splendors furled.

Earth shews her beauty 'neath thy brightening rays
And thrills man's soul anew with love and light.
The lily pale and "glowing violet"
By thy bright aid appease our longing gaze.

Without thee Earth were blank. But yet untold
Thy greatest mission; for as with shaded eye
And timid brow the Moon doth thee unfold,
So thou, abashed, dost point to higher sky
Where dwells thy source, a brighter Sun, unfelt
Save by those who in God's pure light have knelt.

H. McNEILL.

TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

In thee with runes all radiant God hath writ
A history of man, and state, and world.
Like thine their spring, when meshes closely knit,
To smiles of suns, and showery tears unfurled.
Wind-cradled, soothed by night, and schooled by gales
Thy summer life was filled—while consort weaves
The birds a kindly roof; and downs and dales
Call back their songs and laughter of the leaves.

Then Time his sadder beauties thee bequeathed—
The simple splendor of thy summer lost—
On thee the autumn sun's cold kisses breathed :
Last came the archer hoar with arrowed frost.

All life is like: its glory is a breath :
Men, worlds and empires float away in death.

B. W. N. GRIGG.