

September Pieces to Speak,

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

—Selected.

Two little birds, one autumn day,
Sat on a tree together;
They fluttered about from bough to bough,
And talked about the weather.

"The wind is blowing cold," said they,
"It chills us as we sing."
Then away they flew to the sunny South,
And there they staid till Spring.

—The Nursery.

Now without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile, half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Thy frosts shall take the creepers by surprise,
And through the wind-touched reddening woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

—Archibald Lampman.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead:
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night.

And after, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
There's not a star left in the skies;
She picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

—Sherman.

Fall Games—For Six Little Children.*First Child—*

Come, children, tell me, each and all,
What do you like to play in the fall?

Second Child—

I like to play horse and I think it is fun
To gallop as fast as I can run.

Third Child—

I like to play at crack the whip,
I laugh and shout when down we slip.

Fourth Child—

I like to throw my ball so high
It meets the birds up in the sky.

Fifth Child—

I like to play at keeping house
With dolly children as still as a mouse.

Sixth Child—

O there is fun in all kinds of plays
That the children have these bright fall days.

Their Own Names.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say, "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour,
And sometimes she would listen,
And say, "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear sweet note she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird "a bird,"
But said the "bobolink,"
Or "oriole," or "robin,"
Or "wren," as it might be;
She called them by their first names,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden,
She never picked a "flower,"
But "anemones," "hepaticas,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral,
I'm sure you see the rest.

But would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps, you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brain a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just a "little girl."

—Independent.