

Where the wild bee stores her honey,
And the bright wood-carpenter
Hammers at some dead old fir.

There the world forgets its woe,
And the heart releases trouble,
Where the drumming partridge go,
Trailing underneath the stubble,
While the golden afternoon
Slopes and slants, and sinks too soon.

From the forest rich and gleaming,
Where the old year sitteth dreaming,
By a smoky curling brook;
Hour by hour new wonders learning,
Like to one who sitteth turning
Pages of some magic book;
Sounds of nuts and dead leaves falling,
Lonely notes of crows and jays,
Lowing herd and squirrel calling,
Chanteth sweet of autumn days.

From the golden, undulating
Wheat fields, where the glad pulsating
Gleam of mowers, moves along—
Through the day so rich and heavy,
Billed with bees a pollened bevy
Jargoning their lones song:
Comes the music of far voices
Dying, swelling here to me;
Thus wise all the earth rejoices
At the year's maturity.

—W. W. CAMPBELL.

Saw ye in yonder meadows
A band of maidens fair,
Dancing, and slinging perfume
Upon the shining air?

No, we saw not those maidens,
Their dancing days have fled,
The frosts are in the meadows,
The summer flowers are dead.

—BLAIR

THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENTS.

Music, as an art, is too important a subject to be merely glanced at and turned away from without a thought. Its origin, development, and growth stand in the same relation to its present adaptability as to