

See the Asters, like miniature stars come down, directing our aspirations to things beyond this life! And the gay Golden Rods,—gaudiest flowers of the field—parading their wealth, displaying their riches, but bringing brightness and gladness where else all were common-place and drear!

Do you not see that the plants which still revel in the joy of existence are those which ripen their seed quickly and furnish their fruits with feathery barbs to help them spread far the hopes of a new generation? They are all of the highly developed order *Compositæ*, which collects all its florets into town-like communities so that bees and their brethren may visit a number in rapid succession, and have turned the green calyx of their sister flowers into a parachute "pappus" which floats on the breeze, securing wide dissemination to the fast-ripening fruits. Take home a plant of one of the Golden Rods, the Asters or a Thistle; put it in water, and see how soon it recognizes that its time is short, its end is near! You will find in a few hours where bright blossoms were a mass of feathered fruits ready to launch themselves out on the patient air to be borne by the breeze to new places of lodgment. The Grounsels look aged with their rusty brown pappus; the Autumn Dandelion replacing its more generous sister of the spring, is even now growing old and grey. But there's a charm in the Autumn peculiar to itself. The scorching heat and glare of the midsummer sun are mellowed by the later breeze; the noisy revel and struggle of life in every part of the animal realm are sobered now as the season advances. Impatient exertion gives place to methodical calm. There's a dignity, a moderation, a ripeness, conducive to contemplation, inciting to provident provision for the future. We set a higher value upon the beauties which are so soon to be things of the past. This is a half-way halting-place between youth and old age, between activity and rest; a dividing line between life and that milestone in life which we falsify by the name "death." As we take a lingering farewell of a friend, so we cherish delay in the march of this season. Its beauties are doubly beautiful because fleeting and of uncertain duration; its coolness is grateful in contrast with the heat of summer, its warmth doubly warm in anticipation of winter. It is the time of fruits, of results, of reflection; the