

THE PASSING OF AUTUMN.

These are the festal days, wherein the earth,
With crowning glory and imperial air
Of life fulfilled, exulteth that she bare
Such large increase of happiness and worth :
The ample barns are crowded to their girth,
With riches of the fields all garnered there ;
And out among the vines and orchards fair,
The luscious fruit is plucked with busy mirth.

The summer with its passion song has flown ;
And the cold herald of a ruthless king
Has left his shadow on the shrinking ground ;
Soon, soon, the saddened winds will sob and moan,
And earth will beat her breasts,—until the Spring
Shall come again, and love once more abound.