

## AUTUMN.

Summer will soon be flitting from the land,  
When all her usefulness to us is passed,  
And joyful Autumn with her bounteous hand  
Will scatter fruit before the wintry blast  
Shall sweep the earth and cover deep in snow  
The living carpet Summer bade to grow.

Forecasts of Autumn are already here;  
The golden grain before the sickle bends;  
A ruddy tint bursts from the maples near  
The idle brook that to the sea still wends  
Its silent course, for all the heat of Summer  
Couldn't ne'er have left a noisy streamlet dumber.

The song of birds is fading from the wood  
Whence lately the incessant music flowed;  
Now their attention has returned to food  
For the long voyage to the south; the toad  
Is silent where in answer to the throng  
He gurgled noiselessly his watery song.

Wild fowls are calling from the northern sky;  
Ducks round the marshes feed in early morn;  
Wedges of wild geese even now pass by;  
The leader's 'honk' his straggling care would warn  
As over civilization's path he flies  
And bids his flock for safety to rise.

Brown are the fields where lately in the hay  
The hum of bees filled all the air with joy;  
Crickets and grass-hoppers are now at play,  
Their music do the busy ants enjoy;  
Fluttering butterflies can still be seen  
In colors almost anything but green.

Thus do we see the changes wrought on land  
In a few days by some well hidden ower,  
Changes so simples we don't understand,  
But still a course through which must every flower  
Pass in its turn, and with its neighbors be  
Laid down forever in obscurity.

Man's life is little more than that of flowers,  
Opened at first by Summer's sunny hand;  
He grows, blooms, flourishes amid the showers;  
Then withers, fades and asses by command  
Of Him who made and rules the land and sea  
To rest as flowers in eternity.

—R. R. F.

August 25th, 1916.