

We will accept our autumn, when it may come after an unwasted summer. With willing grace may we sink, bright at our falling, as is the maple leaf; or, as the elm and the willow, may we yield our honors when the gathering time is near! Then, when we are in the clasp of Him who never relaxes, we may hear him say, "Mistake me not!"

"'Guess now who holds thee?' 'Death!' I said. But there  
The silver answer rang. . . . 'Not Death, but Love!'"

## XXI.

## AN AUTUMN HYMN.

Autumn has come—sweet Sabbath of the year!  
Its feast of splendor satiates our eyes;  
Its saddening music, falling on the ear,  
Bids pensive musing in the heart arise.  
Now earlier shadows veil the sunset skies,  
And the bright stars and harvest moon do shine;  
The woodbine's blood-red leaves the morn espies  
Hung from the dripping elm; the yellowing pine  
And fading golden-rod denote the year's decline.

The light is mellow over all the hills;  
Silence in all the vales sits listening;  
A holy hush the sky's great temple fills,  
As if earth waited for her spotless King: