

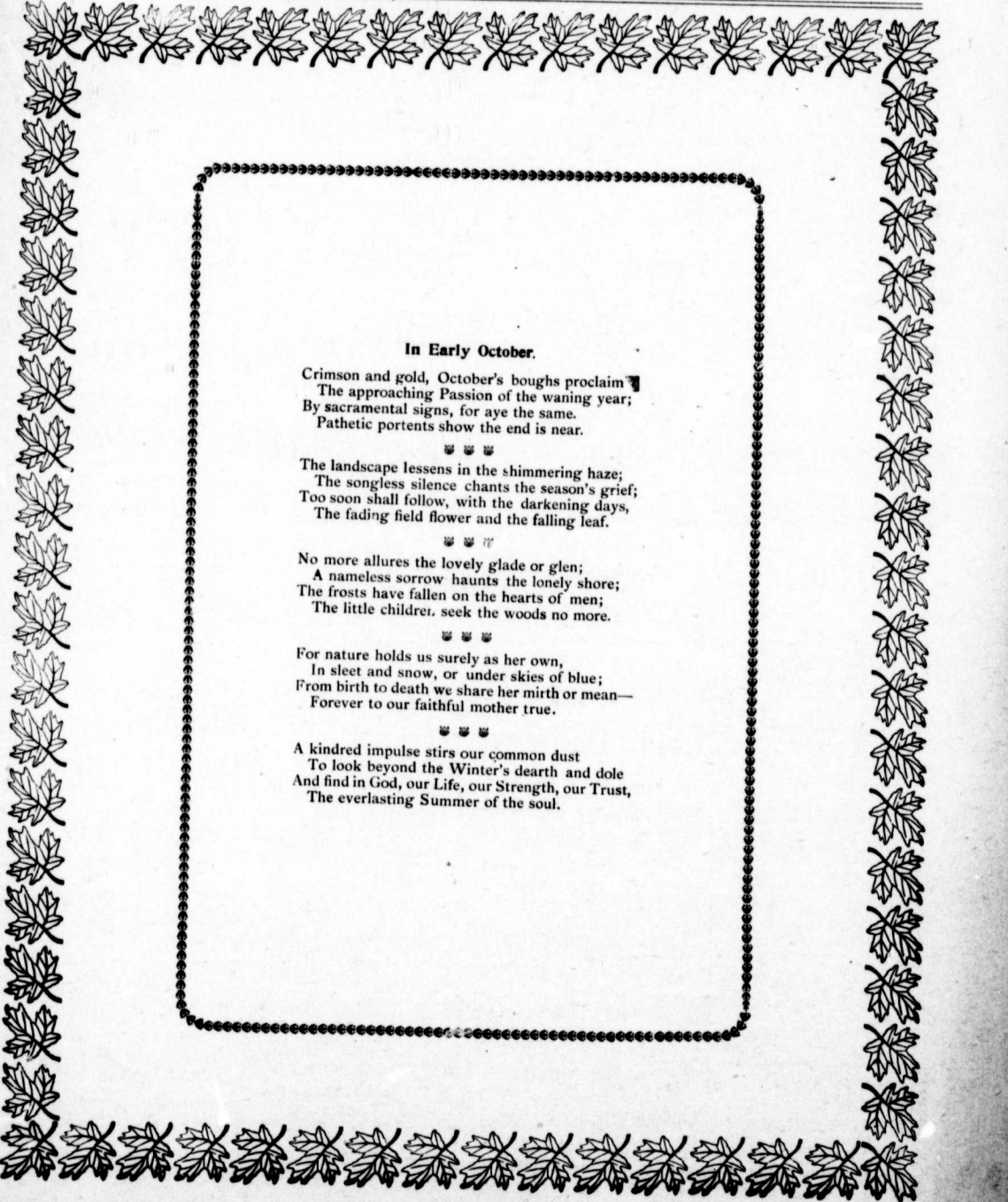
# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA, MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

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In Early October.

Crimson and gold, October's boughs proclaim  
The approaching Passion of the waning year;  
By sacramental signs, for aye the same,  
Pathetic portents show the end is near.



The landscape lessens in the shimmering haze;  
The songless silence chants the season's grief;  
Too soon shall follow, with the darkening days,  
The fading field flower and the falling leaf.



No more allures the lovely glade or glen;  
A nameless sorrow haunts the lonely shore;  
The frosts have fallen on the hearts of men;  
The little children, seek the woods no more.



For nature holds us surely as her own,  
In sleet and snow, or under skies of blue;  
From birth to death we share her mirth or mean—  
Forever to our faithful mother true.



A kindred impulse stirs our common dust  
To look beyond the Winter's dearth and dole  
And find in God, our Life, our Strength, our Trust,  
The everlasting Summer of the soul.