

## AUTUMN.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Autumn, thy rushing blast  
Sweeps in wild eddies by,  
Whirling the sear leaves past,  
Beneath my feet, to die.  
Nature her requiem sings  
In many a plaintive tone,  
As to the wind she flings  
Sad music, all her own.

The murmur of the rill  
Is hoarse and sullen now,  
And the voice of joy is still  
In grove and leafy bough.  
There's not a single wreath,  
Of all Spring's thousand flowers,  
To strew her bier in death,  
Or deck her faded bowers.

I hear a spirit sigh  
Where the meeting pines resound,  
Which tells me all must die,  
As the leaf dies on the ground.  
The brightest hopes we cherish,  
Which own a mortal trust,  
But bloom awhile to perish  
And moulder in the dust.

Sweep on, thou rushing wind,  
Thou art music to mine ear,  
Awakening in my mind  
A voice I love to hear.  
The branches o'er my head  
Send forth a tender moan;  
Like the wail above the dead  
Is that sad and solemn tone.

Though all things perish here,  
The spirit cannot die,  
It owns a brighter sphere,  
A home in yon fair sky.  
The soul will flee away,  
And when the silent clod  
Enfolds my mouldering clay,  
Shall live again with God!

Where Autumn's chilly blast,  
Shall never strip the powers,  
Or 'ey Winter cast  
A blight upon the flowers;  
But Spring in all her bloom,  
For ever flourish there,  
And the children of the tomb  
Forget this world of care.—

The children who have passed  
Death's tideless ocean o'er,  
And Hope's blest anchor cast  
On that bright eternal shore;  
Who sought, through Him who bled  
Their erring race to save,  
A Sun, whose beams shall shed  
A light upon the grave!

## SADDLE TO RAGS.

THE following song, taken from a Collection of Old English Songs and Poems, recently printed for the Percy Society, is worth the reading. It is the conversation of a "silly old man," with a highwayman, whom he encountered, when "going to pay his rent:—

"I am but a silly old man,  
Who farms a piece of ground;  
My half-year rent, kind sir,  
Just comes to forty pound.

But my landlord's not been at home—  
I've not seen him twelve month or more;  
It makes my rent to be large,  
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told anybody,  
For thieves they are gangling many;  
If they were to light upon you,  
They would rob you of every penny."

"Oh, never mind," says the old man,  
'Thieves I fear on no side;  
My money is safe in my bags,  
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were a-riding along,  
And riding down a ghyll,  
The thief pulled out a pistol,  
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,  
As in this world are many;  
He flung his saddle o'er the hedge,  
And said, "Fetch it, if thou'lt have any."

This thief got off his horse,  
With courage stout and bold,  
To search the old man's bags,  
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,  
And he got on astride,  
He set the thief's horse in a gallop—  
You need not tell the old man to ride.

This thief he was not content,  
He thought there must be bags,  
So he up with his rusty sword,  
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man galloped and rode,  
Until he was almost spent,  
Till he came to his landlord's house,  
And he paid him his whole year's rent.

He opened this rogue's portmanteau—  
It was glorious for to behold;  
There was five hundred pound in money,  
And other five hundred in gold.