



A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

When in late summer the stream run yellow,
Burst the bridges and spread to the bay;
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

WHEN HIGH IN THE FIELD THE FERN LEAVES AWAKE.

When high in the field the fern leaves awake,
And brown is the grass where the mooves have been,
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,
And brookside crickets o'er stock and stone;

WHEN BROOKS AND HOLLOW THE ROBIN'S SONG.

When brooks and hollow the robin's song,
And thick lies the shade in the heat of noon;
When the air is white with the down of the thistle,
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

WHEN THE CHERRY-YOUNG ROBERT AND MARY.

When the cherry-young Robert and Mary,
Let no time slip—not a moment away;
If the little would play it must stop its
Tuning,

WHEN THE WOOD WOULD MARRY MUST BE DONE WITH THEIR MOONING.

When the wood would marry must be done
With their mooning;
Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate.

A TURQUOISE RING.

Hattie Thorpe, the nursery governess,
sat playing at building block-houses
with her two little charges, Artie, aged
nine, and Louis, aged seven. She was
only eighteen herself—a tiny girl for
that age, with a sweet baby-face, and
evidently so much of a gentle creature
that it seemed perfectly natural to see her
with younger children, and as much inter-
ested in their childish games as them-
selves.

WHEN EDWARD NEARLY FELL, AND DID, IN FACT, STUMBLE.

When Edward nearly fell, and did, in fact,
stumble, so that he caught the crouch-
ing of a small black cat, and as he
himself he also picked it up and set it
on his feet. And then, with the moon-
light shining on his little flushed, bear-
ing face, he sat in a seat in an attitude
all hanging about his shoulders. It
proved to be poor little Hattie Thorpe.

WHEN MISS THORPE, WHY, I'M SO SORRY!

When Miss Thorpe, why, I'm so sorry!
I'm sure you must be mistaken.
I'm not mistaken, sir. She said so,
plain, two or three times that I stole
her ring because you gave it to her, Mr.
Edward, and that I would like to steal
you too.

WHEN EDWARD LAUGHED, THO, WHEN SHE SAID IT.

When Edward laughed, tho, when she said it,
he said it a little more than he ought to
have said, and then would do Nelly good,
while a little less might occasionally
relieve Miss Thorpe, for Artie and
Louis, though clever, were not as clever
as she, and she was not as clever as they.

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