

tention! As he began to speak, the people before him gradually relapsed into silence. A great quiet fell upon the room. With his rich and sympathetic voice Tom won the audience; and as he talked on, they listened with the deepest interest. When the last words had been spoken, there was absolute stillness for a few seconds, and then the applause burst forth. Cheer after cheer was sent up for Tom Evans while the judges were making their decision. Hopefully yet fearfully, Tom waited for the decision while visions of his home danced before his eyes.

"I am authorized to announce that Mr. Thomas Evans wins the prize of one hundred dollars in this contest," came the voice of one of the judges.

At this announcement, wild cheering burst forth. And as the students rushed forward to greet him he seemed to see his mother and sister smiling at him from the vine-covered porch of their home.

EMILY C. ARDER.

AUTUMN

○ Hi lonely is the dawning Spring with tear-stained cheek and child-like grace,

And beautiful the Summer's pride with emerald robe and sun-kissed face,
The white resplendent garb of Winter heavenly beauties seems to show,
But lovelier far than these, far lovelier, is the Autumn's sober glow!

Though childhood's graces have been sung in every age, in every clime—
Its purity, simplicity, its trustful innocence sublime—
Yet, while its tender buds unfold, and love and reason lights the soul,
The parents dear with anxious care fears what the future may unroll.

Thus Spring—and Summer's glare is manhood's vigor, manhood's boast;
He may be honored, sometimes loved, is often feared and hated most:
Blessings and curses alternate their forces spent upon his head;
And oft he views life's steep decline with mingled hope and doubt and dread!

But Autumn's breezes all the charming freshening fancies of the Spring,
And virile virtues of the Summer—all to full fruition bring.
The dignity of ripened thought and action Autumn ever wears—
The victor's wreath, the golden sheaf, the rich experience of the years.

A calm benign of wisdom rests like holy oil upon her brow,
She views the Past with chastened zeal, enjoys the mellowed sweets of Now.
For falling leaves she never grieves, she knows that eventide is blest;
With golden tints she crowns the hills, and brings the wearied spirit rest.

S. J. W.