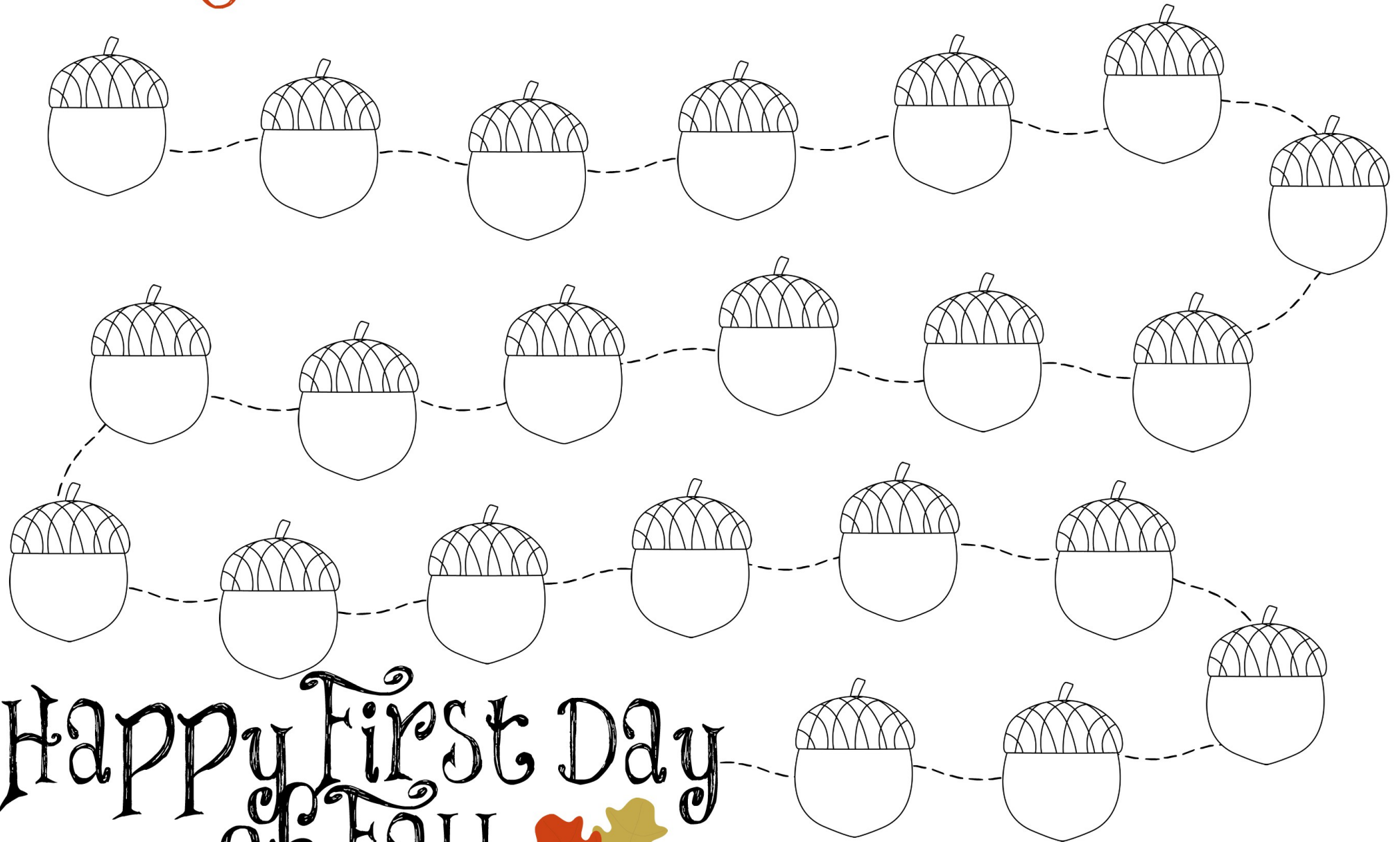


AUTUMN COUNTDOWN



Happy First Day
of Fall





Come *and* **hear,**
all you who fear **God,**
and I will tell **what**
He *has* **done**
for my **soul.**

Psalm 66:16



Apple Cinnamon Dump Cake



Ingredients:

- 2 cans apple pie filling
- 1 Tablespoon + 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 yellow cake mix
- 3/4 cup butter, melted (1 & 1/2 sticks)

Preheat oven to 350°. Spread the apple pie filling evenly into a 9x13 baking dish. Sprinkle 1 Tablespoon of cinnamon over the apples. Dump the dry cake mix on top. Make sure the cake mix completely covers the apples; break up any large clumps. Lightly sprinkle the remaining 1 teaspoon of cinnamon over the top of the cake mix. Slowly pour the melted butter over the entire top of the cake mix. You can spread the butter out with a spoon if needed, but do not stir it into the cake mix. Bake for 45 minutes or until lightly browned.



A Fall Song

Golden and red trees
Nod to the soft breeze,
As it whispers, "Winter is near;"
And the brown nuts fall
At the wind's loud call,
For this is the Fall of the year.

Good-by, sweet flowers!
Through bright Summer hours
You have filled our hearts with cheer
We shall miss you so,
And yet you must go,
For this is the Fall of the year.

Now the days grow cold,
As the year grows old,
And the meadows are brown and sere;
Brave robin redbreast
Has gone from his nest,
For this is the Fall of the year.

I do softly pray
At the close of day,
That the little children, so dear,
May as purely grow
As the fleecy snow
That follows the Fall of the year.

~Ellen Robena Field



How the Leaves Came Down

"I'll tell you how the leaves came down,"
The great tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

So, for just one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,—

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"

~Susan Coolidge



September

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow-nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

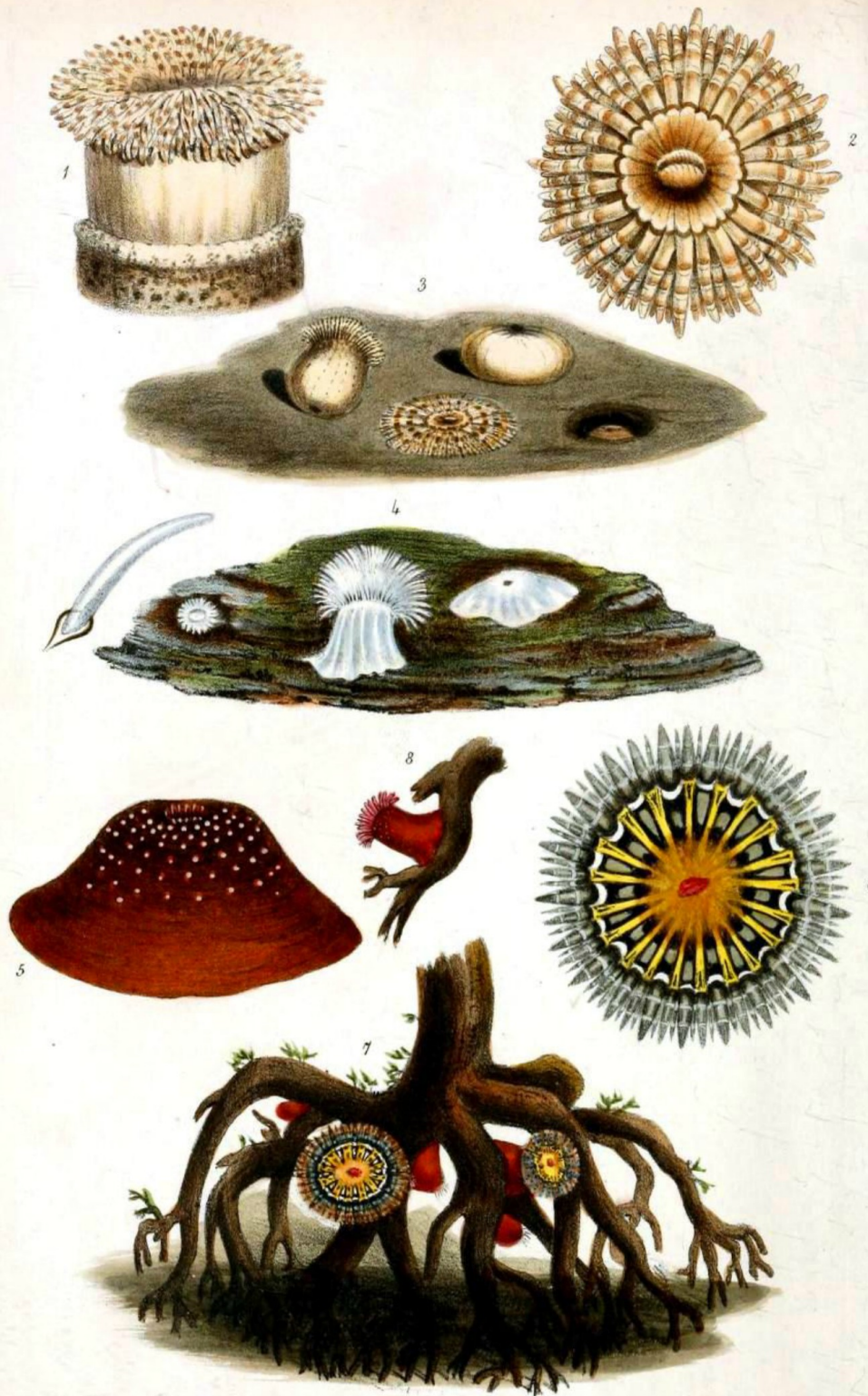
From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

~ Helen Hunt Jackson

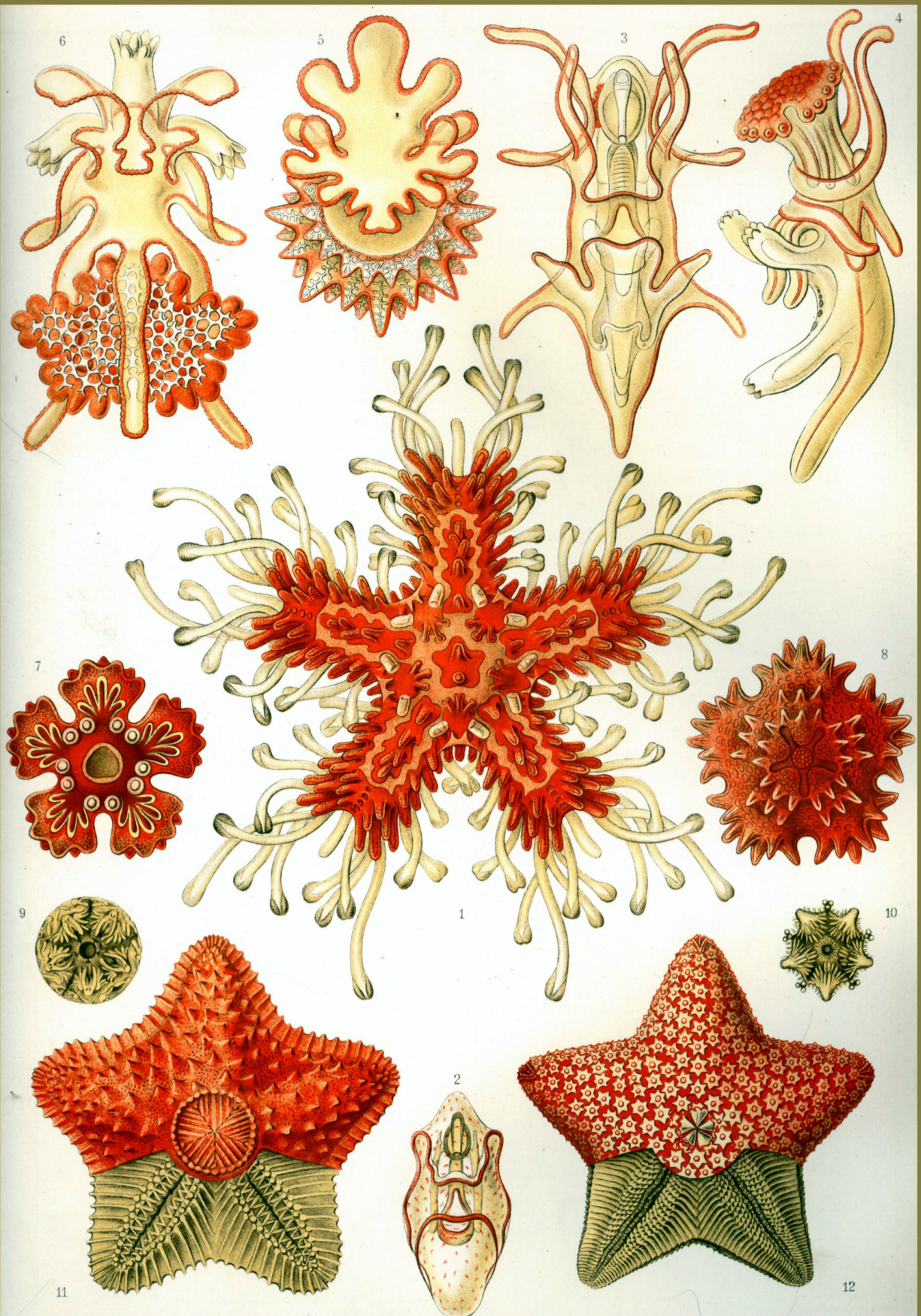






1. 2. 3. SCOLANTHUS SPHÆROIDES. 4. ACTINIA PALLIDA. 5. 6. 7. ACT. ORNATA.

8. ACT. ORNATA. Var.





Probably only a red variety of our common Squirrel
Sciurus vulgaris of Linnaeus.



Quercus P.

Quercus scaly.

CHENE