

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

Our royal Lady Summer,
Altho' her heart is sore,
Now hides her pain and smiles again
E'en sweetlier than of yore.

In robes of faded purple,
A queen without a throne,
She holds her sway o'er hearts to-day,
And rules by love alone.

NOVEMBER SENTIMENTS.

Ah, to-night I am weary, so weary!
But it's not from a lack of rest;
'Tis the darkness and gloom of November,
And the weight of a soul depressed.

All around me the shadows are creeping
'Neath the frown of a leaden sky,
And the winds seem to muffle their weeping
As they furtively pass me by.

Not a flower may be found in the woodlands;
Not a leaf to adorn the trees;
Not a bird its sweet warblings to mingle
With the notes of the ev'ning breeze.