

"O, how full of briars is this working day world " even for us
"When man plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,"
and we
"Will plead like angels, trumpet tongued," to try to still the
fuss.
"Screw your courage to the sticking point," let's pay what we
are owing.
"What a falling off was there," though many of us had to bor-
row.
"The last of all the Romans fare-thee-well." "Stand not upon
the order of your going,"
And now, "Good night, good night, parting is such sweet
sorrow."

COMES DREAR NOVEMBER

With cloud and chilling wind comes drear November,
And dull, dark hours with saddened memories strewn,
Sweet summer dead—how well do I remember
Her first warm kiss of love in days of June.
Then followed months of rapturous delight,
Low songs of joy that filled the verdant grove,
While myriad flowers lent fragrance to the night,
And love drank deep from out the wells of love.
Yet she, my own true love, is now no more.
And empty-armed I waken from my dreams,
I am as one upon some desert shore,
Who, thirsting, seeks in vain for cooling streams.