

NOVEMBER.

November has come with its frost
and rain,
And the wind has a wintry sound,
And the last leaves fly past the win-
dow pane,
And the dry ones strew the ground.

The last of the asters are sheltering
now,
'Neath the scrub oak's red leaved
screen,
And the rock-ferns crown the cliff's
gray brow
With a sombre wreath of green.

The wintergreen in the pine wood
shows
Its berries of scarlet hue,
But gone is the time when golden
rod blows,
And gone are the gentians blue.

The river beats on its steep rock
walls,
With a hoarse and muffled roar,
And the pelting rain drop falls and
falls,
And the shells lie high on shore.

November is here, let our hearts be
light,
Though the skies are gloomy
gray;
Let our hearts be light and our
faces bright,
Who cares for a rainy day?

D. W. K.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

'Neath the dome of her broad, high
palace-hall,
So blue, so vast, so fair,
A festival, summer had holden, for
all
Who would pay her homage there.
In vestures of every form and hue,
Purples and yellows, pinks and
blues,
They came from everywhere.

They frolicked and danced to their
heart's content,
To the music of birds, and bees;
Till the Queen, aweary, this mes-
sage sent,
"We are tired of joys like these.
Come, let us go sleep in our cham-
bers deep."
They followed her then, but she
heard them weep;
And, "Good-by, sweet flowers,"
sang the breeze.

But scarce had they vanished to
slumber, and rest,
Than a gorgeous motley throng,
Marshaled by autumn, with spirit
and zest,
Came, singing their festive song.
Brown and golden, amber and red,
Varied, and tinted so much, 'tis
said,
A rainbow seemed fallen down.

They madly danced 'neath the hazy
light
Of the sun's fast shortening rays;
And they wildly whirled through
the long cool night,
In the moon-beams' glistening ways,
Faster and faster their maze they
wove,
O'er hill and valley, o'er plain and
grove,
And the wind its minstrelsy plays.

Till, one by one, from their giddy
height,
They suddenly, fluttr'ing, fell;
And still in their robes so fiery
bright,
Formed shivering heaps in some
desolate dell;
And the skeleton trees their thin
arms wrung,
And the wailing wind a wierd dirge
sung,
But none could their sorrow tell.

ALIEL.
