

NOVEMBER.



THE river's face grew hard last night.
The last leaf from its swaying throne
Has fluttered, brown and small; and lies
Upon the ice—alone.

The sun, wrapped in his misty skirts,
The West with purple glory dyes ;
And, clearly as a cameo cut,
The mallard Southward flies.

The crescent moon gleams on her bed
Of argent cloud ; by slow degrees
Drooping on unseen wings beyond
The lattice-work of trees.

Northward gleams one bright star, that says :
I guard the seas that lie below !
And from the East the wind runs out,
And comes—and brings the snow.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.