



November.

When chill November days appear,
The forest paths are strewn with leaves ;
Like an uneasy spirit grieves
The wind, the naked boughs among.

The robin's farewell song is sung,
And on impatient wing he hies
To fairer scenes, 'neath warmer skies,
When chill November days appear.

When chill November days appear,
What matters storm or lowering skies ?
I seek my heaven in her eyes,
When chill November days appear.

—J. TORREY CONNOR in " Mayflower."