

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

TO NOVEMBER.

BY PERSOLUS.

Chill and surly as thou art, yet I love thee, November ; thou season of the "sere and yellow leaf." The young but seldom wish for thy coming ; for thou wearest not an aspect promotive of pleasurable sensations, and thy gloomy and lowering skies accord not with the sunny hopes and towering aspirations of the springtide of life ; and yet, though young, I love thee. I love thee for thy ever shifting clouds, which now are piled together in solid grandeur, and anon dispersed, in drifting flakes, sweep through the ærial vault. I love thee for thy fitful gales that rise like the fretful sleeper's dream—there is the rush of the tempest, 'tis but for a moment, and all is quietness and peace. Oh, I love those chilling blasts, which in mournful cadence make musical the solitary forest. And I have heard, Oh joy, the low wild moanings of thy viewless winds which flit across the dreary heath. The beaming month of May comes to us rejoicing in its sprouting buds and opening blossoms, and her gentle violets peep from the verges of their chill beds of snow—the last and fading relicts of departed winter's power. We hear the humming of the busy bee ; the grove is vocal with the early songster's warblings ; and the summer months succeeding shed around us the rich fragrance of maturing fruits and flowers, and all the earth appears to revel in the calm and cloudless skies of June. And yet, November, I love thee far the best ; thy season lulleth not to forgetfulness ; for in thy whirling vapors I mark the evidences of wild excitement and of powerful emotion ; and I love thee because that I, so unlike the noblest or the meanest sons of time, have found in thee a sympathising friend—a loved companion ; thou art my natal month, and dear as a mother thou art indeed to me. Thou imagest my life, nay, more, thy frequent and fitful changes, thy decaying leaves which rustle in my path, teach me that life is fleeting ; from the midst of thy general gloom and despondency thou leadest me to drink, yea, to bathe my weary limbs in that river of life, whose waters are pure as crystal, and whose streams make glad the city of our God ; and when troubled with the ills of life, to seek for shelter where it only may be found, even with Him who is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Montreal, 1853.