

A bramble lifts its prickly height,
And shows its wreaths of blossom white.
Then coming last, to end the year,
The yellow golden-rods appear.
This is the pleasant place I know,
Where many flowers bloom and blow.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

We say November is a month of rain,
With dreary, leaden skies and sleet and frost ;
A chill month, when the year is on the wane,
And we lament the summer we have lost.

And so it often is, but, see, to-day !
A sky as blue as any sky can be,
A sky all full of light, where cloud-mists stray,
With sunshine pouring down continually.

And there is scarcely breeze enough to stir
The few dead leaves that to the maples cling,
Or make the outlines of the fine twigs blur,
Or move the idle boughs to sway and swing.