

## For the Month

### A Day

I'll tell you how the sun rose—  
A ribbon at a time,  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks begun,  
Then I said softly to myself,  
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not,  
There seemed a purple stile,  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.

—Emily Dickinson.

### Bees

Bees don't care about the snow;  
I can tell you why that's so:

Once I caught a little bee,  
Who was much too warm for me!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

### The Schoolfellow

Our game was his but yesteryear;  
We wished him back; we could not know  
The self-same hour we missed him here—  
He led the line that broke the foe.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts,  
Sank as of old the dying day;  
The battle ceased: the mingled hosts,  
Weary and cheery, went their way.

"To-morrow well may bring," we said,  
"As fair a fight, as clear a sun."

Dear lad, before the word was sped,  
For evermore thy goal was won.

—Newbolt.

The squirrel said, "It is growing chill,  
The wind-falls have gone to the cider mill,  
But there's many a chestnut burr  
Ready to burst at the frost's first touch.  
If snow flies soon, I shan't mind much,  
Wrapped in my thickening fur."