

NOVEMBER.

When you speak of drear November,
Of its days of rain and gloom,
You should also e'er remember
It's the advent very soon
Of the bright month of December,
With its Christmas joys and cheer.
That its family rejoicings,
And its greetings of New Year,
Eclipse all previous darkness,
As the dark before the dawn ;
Ignoring all the dangers,
That yet before us yawn.
For happily so the future
Is hidden from our gaze,
We only blindly, step by step,
Tread the ever-tangled maze
That encircles all our future,
And no one can design
The pathway to be trodden
By either yours or mine.
So implicitly we'll leave