

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,  
 So lightly we heed the flying hours.  
 We only know winter is gone—by the flowers,  
 We only know winter is come—by the snow.  
 —Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The cricket is singing his warning of snow,  
 And cold, dreary winds are beginning to blow.  
 —Clifford Howard.

Four bedquilts are yearly folded and spread  
 On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed.  
 The first, a brown and white old thing,  
 She puts on in the early spring,  
 The summer one is green and bright,  
 With four-o'clocks nodding left and right.  
 And then when the winds begin to blow,  
 She spreads a red quilt on, you know,  
 She sews it through with yellow thread;  
 It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread.  
 And by and by, all in a night,  
 She spreads her quilt of snowy white.  
 —The Teacher.

### November.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!  
 One mellow smile through the soft savory air,  
 E'er o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run  
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.  
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,  
 And the blue Gentian flowers, that in the breeze,  
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.  
 Yet a few sunny days in which the bee  
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,  
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,  
 And man delight to linger in thy ray.  
 Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear  
 The piercing winter frost, and winds and darkened air.  
 —Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Trees bare and brown,  
 Dry leaves everywhere,  
 Dancing up and down,  
 Whirling through the air.  
 Red-cheeked apples roasted,  
 Popcorn almost done,  
 Toes and chestnuts toasted,  
 That's November fun.

"I tell you," said Tommy, eating his peach,  
 And giving his sister none,  
 "I believe in the good old saying, that each  
 Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Sue, a dear little elf,  
 "But the counting should be begun  
 With the Other One instead of yourself,  
 And he should be Number One."

—Southern Stories.—

### November Nature Lessons.

Much of the nature work this month should centre round the thought of the harvest. The children should make a list of the various fruits and vegetables that have appeared on the table at Thanksgiving and find out something about the way in which each is harvested. This will be easy for country boys and girls; those in the city will have to depend upon books for their information. The following list may be used and amplified as much as the teacher wishes.

*Wheat.*—This grain is cut with a scythe or machine and bound into small bundles or sheaves. Several of these are stacked together to dry. When dry the wheat is taken to the barn and threshed. Formerly the farmer threshed his grain by hand with a flail, but the work is now done by a machine.

*Corn.*—After the corn is cut it is tied into bundles and left on the field to dry. This sometimes takes weeks. The shocks are then taken apart; the ears are twisted off and husked. Some of the cobs are shelled and the loose grain stored in bins. Corn intended for the use of cattle is chopped up, plant and all, and stored in a special apparatus called a silo.

*Potatoes.*—The whole plant is taken up and the roots are arranged in piles according to size and stored for the winter in a cool, dark place.

*Onions.*—The plants are pulled and left in the

*Carrots.*—The whole plant is dug up, the green tops cut off, dried for a few hours and stored in a moist place.

field to dry for several days. Then the tops are cut off and packed in a dry place.

*Beets.*—The method of harvesting is like the carrots, but the tops of the plants must be trimmed instead of cut off.

*Turnips.*—The plants are pulled and dried, the rootlets and tops cut off, and stored in cellars.

*Parsnips.*—These vegetables are not good until after a frost and may be left in the ground all winter. If dug, the tops are cut off and the roots packed in earth.

*Cabbage.*—Just before the frost these are pulled and either hung up by the roots or buried in a trench, heads down.

*Celery.*—This is also dug late, just before the frost. It is either stored in a deep trench covered with earth and boards, or packed upright in boxes of earth.—Selected.