

NOVEMBER

The old year's withered face is here again,
The twilight look, the look of reverie,
The backward gazing eyes that seem to see
The full-leaved robin-haunted June remain
Through devastating wind and ruinous rain;
A form that moves a little wearily,
As one who treads the path of memory
Beneath a long year's load of stress and stain.

Good-night! good-night! the dewes are thick and
damp,
Yet still she babbles on, as loath to go,
Of apple buds and blooms that used to be,
Till Indian Summer brings the bedside lamp,
And underneath a covering of snow
She dreams again of April ecstasy.

UNHEARD NIAGARAS

✓ We live among unheard Niagaras.
The force that pushes up the meadow grass,
That swells to ampler roundness ripening fruit,
That lifts the brier rose, were it not mute,
Would thunder o'er the green earth's sunlit tracts,
More loudly than a myriad cataracts.