

# APRIL IN NOVEMBER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Soft are the hours and delicately grey,

For, golden warmth to silver coolness turned,  
The late year bringeth back an April day.

The lessons that from summer it had learned  
Of ample lights and shadows and deep greens,

And all that autumn had of splendor taught  
With carpets and with tapestries and screens  
Of mingled vividnesses, are forgot

That now November's wistful alchemy

May draw from stores of earlier loveliness.

Quenched is the color, thinned the panoply

Of crowding leafage. Bare of any dress  
The young trees stand and the wide ancient trees,

Or on their traceries wear as light a veil  
As though they were but budding; and the breeze,

Ruffling their leaves (their little leaves and frail  
And dry but seeming from a space away

To be so small and scant because so new),  
Shows vernal tones of saffron and of grey,

Pale brown and paler green, each early hue  
Re-echoed in a tender melody

By the last season ere the time of snows.  
The slender birch and poplar-tree deny,

With their faint yellow where the rivulet flows,  
That April died long since; and where with gold

And crimson once the thickets burned, are now  
Dim pinks and greening whites, like those that hold

Assurance of awakening life. . . . Oh, how,  
In all this delicate flutter of soft hue

And substance, in these gentle winds that wing  
Such small white clouds o'er skies of pallid blue,

How can we look for death? Of birthtime sing  
These voices of November, and her smile

Reminds not of past youthfulness but seems  
Young spring itself, returning for a while

To weave its promise into winter's dreams.

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## SANCTA SILVARUM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

A goddess hunts in the wood tonight,  
Her feet are light and her hair streams wide;—  
Sorrow, hide!

Full fast she flies and her leaping pack  
Of shadows black flies faster yet;—  
Lie low, regret!

The notes that trail from her windy horn  
Of madness born beat where they will;—  
Echo, be still!

What will she see when she leads the chase  
By the low sweet place where the fern lies crushed?—  
Ah pain, be hushed!

What will she start from that dewy bed  
When she leaps ahead and the pack sweeps by?—  
Ah memory, die!

## FOR ONE DEAD

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

When I go down the empty street of Death,  
And I have feared this street for its strange name,  
Its clammy mist that might be hovering breath,  
The darkened doors and windows void of flame;  
When I go down this street exiled from all  
That has been part of me—I think that now  
I shall look back less often, shall recall  
Less avidly the sun, the fruited bough.

It is not that I hope to see her go  
Before me, bent against the wind, a book  
Half slipping from her arm, but that I know  
The street will have an eager, welcoming look;  
Old Death shall find he's taken unaware  
A lodger who plays host beneath his stare.