

much inward amusement. They all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and didn't get home till half past five.

Marjorie's mother, looking so pretty in her new gown, met her at the door, and kissed her tenderly.

"Did you have a perfectly delightful time dearie? Eleanor," to Miss Maxwell, "how perfectly dear of you to do it."

So Marjorie decided that mother hadn't "meant anything," and was rather sorry about the worms.

LOUISE LAIRD.

---

## November.

The autumn skies their dull aspect of grey  
 Fling out o'er wave once blue, and red sand bar:  
 The moaning sea to ocean seems to say:  
 "The icy grip of winter is not far"  
 The wild geese fly in broken flocks, and slow,  
 The boat to sea goes with no summer glee,  
 Afar the huntsmen hears the cattle low,  
 And turns to reach the shelter of the lea.  
 From where the cold bank rises 'gainst the sky,  
 A bulwark rough, and red, yet ever nigh.

Athwart the barren fields the tempests sweep,  
 And showers of leaves from forest gaunt and bare,  
 The young herd, out all summer, homeward creeps  
 And strive their lair with those about to share;  
 The smoke in curls the sooty chimney 'sakes,  
 The blast breaks louder, and the pelting rain—  
 While those about the fireside speaks of wakes  
 And wars and crime; and, on the trembling pane  
 Like shot of battle beat the great hailstones,  
 And chills of heavy frosts creep through our bones.

When thus November, bleak and blue and sad,  
 Warns all the land that snarling winter's near,  
 Man's thanks go up and wife's and lass and lad,