

work for the institutes while we are growing up to the status where we may be noticed by the Western government's expensive officials.

Between the lines of Mrs. Graham's letter I seem to see thoughts fitting here and there that carry with them hints of wider purpose than mere domestic science as it is taught in government classrooms.

Keep going, Lea Park, you are on the right track and will arrive some day.

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

(By Henry Van Dyke).

When the frosty kiss of autumn in the dark
Makes its mark
On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves
Over fallen leaves.
Then my olden garden where the golden soil
Through the toil
Of hundred years is mellow, rich and deep,
Whispers in its sleep.

Mid the crumpled heads of marigold and phlox
Where the box
Borders with its glossy green the ancient walks,
There's a voice that talks
Of the human hopes that bloomed and withered here.
Year by Year—
Dreams of joy that brightened all the laboring hours,
Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen grief:
But relief
For the loneliness of sorrow seems to flow
From the Long-Age,
When I think of other lives that learned, like mine,
To resign,
And remember that the sadness of the Fall
Comes to all.

What regrets, what longings for the lost were theirs;
And what prayers
For the silent strength that nerves to endure
Things we cannot cure!
Pacing up and down the garden where they paced,
I have traced
All their well-worn paths of patience till I find
Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs appear:
Yet how near
Is the tender voice, the careworn, kindly face,
Of the human race:
Let us walk together in the garden, dearest heart—
Not apart!
They who know the sorrows other lives have known,
Never walk alone.

THE VALENTINES OF POLLY ANN AND JOSY

(Gina H. Fairlie)

Polly Ann and Josy watched the Smith children with envious eyes. The whole three of them were going into Millar's store to buy valentines, and not one or two amongst them either, but three or four apiece.

Polly Ann and Josy sighed. They wished they had ten cents a week each to spend like the Smith children, just on whatever they liked.

They could see the valentines through the window. They were lovely. Some had verses long and short and some had only pictures on them—dear little winged babies without any clothes on. Josy liked them best, although she could not understand why they were all shooting arrows.

"That isn't a baby—that's Cupid," explained Polly Ann from the height of her superior age.

"But who's Cupid?" demanded Josy. "Oh, he's—he's—well I just forget who he is," admitted Polly Ann,—but I think mother told me, he goes round shooting arrows into people's hearts—specially on St. Valentine's Day—that don't care very much for each other, and after that they always do."

"Oh my?? cried Josy, clasping her hands over her own little beating heart—"I wonder if it hurts. I'm glad I never saw him—really—after all."

"Goozie!" laughed Polly Ann,—that part's only a fairy story!—like Santa Claus and Christmas; but the rest of it's true enough; on St. Valentine's Day everybody lets other people know they love them by sending them cards."

"And we've got such lots of people to love but we haven't got any cards to send them," said Josy mournfully, with her eyes fixed on the fascinating array in Millar's window. She could see the Smith children too, turning over the contents of a big box on the counter inside. Oh dear!

"Say!" said Polly Ann suddenly—"Oh say!" But she only looked and looked at Josy with sparkling eyes—she was planning it all out.

"Oh what is it?" cried Josy excitedly. Polly Ann did think of such lovely things to do—and make out of nothing. When you only get cents once in a while, and perhaps ten cents at Christmas time, you have to learn how to do that sort of thing if you want to have any good times at all.

"Why, let's be valentines ourselves," proposed Polly Ann—"and just go round and tell people we love them 'stead of sending them cards." "P'raps too"—she suggested—"we could learn some of the verses on these ones to say—that would make it seem more real."

"Oh, goody!" cried Josy. "Let's!" So they stood in front of the window and picked out some nice easy ones that would suit anybody or everybody. "I know three now," Polly Ann announced presently. "Do let's start."

"But I only know two," objected Josy. "Well never mind, we'll take turn about and that'll make five. Where'll we begin?"

"Miss O'Brian's," said Josy promptly. "She always gives us cookies whenever we go there."

"Why Josy-phine Beatrice Woods!" exclaimed Polly Ann severely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! We're not going round to get things—we're going to give. St-til—I s'pose—we might begin with Miss O'Brian—she hasn't anyone else to send her valentines that I know of."

"Why, bless my heart!" said Miss O'Brian, when they told her they were just two valentines come to bring her their love, "if that ain't the beatnest idea! Why, I ain't had a valentine for pretty nigh forty years; and then it wasn't two nice little real live girls. No, no—it was just a card, and a very silly card too." But as Miss O'Brian laughed with a pretty pink blush on her poor faded old cheeks, Polly Ann and Josy thought that she must have been quite pleased with the silly little card after all.

And then after they had each recited her nicest valentine for Miss O'Brian, she brought them into her big cosy kitchen and treated them to delicious little crackly biscuits and 'calico tea."

"I think, its perfectly lovely being valentines," said Josy as they came out. "Where'll we go next?"

"Mr. Silas Brown's," said Polly Ann firmly.

"Oh, my, no!" cried Josy drawing back. "I'm afraid!"

"Nonsense!" said Polly Ann. "He

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isn't always cross; 'sides, we're going to all the people we think won't get valentines any other way."

But indeed Mr. Silas Brown did not look a very amiable person to visit, when he opened the door. However, he seemed to grow quite nice and kind after he had heard all about their plan, and listened to their valentines; and he made Polly Ann repeat her longest one two or three times before he let them go, each with a big rosy apple in her pocket. He said it over to himself again after they had gone, too.

"The heart was made for Love, Quarrels hurt and fret it; If we feel like disagreeing Let us both forget it."

"Yes—yes"—he nodded before the fire. "Love's the best thing after all. Guess I'll go over to brother William John's to-night and see if he'll make up—we've quarrelled long enough."

And Polly Ann and Josy, never dreaming of the good seed they had dropped behind them, went blithely on their way. "It's been the loveliest day we ever had," they told mother when they reached home. "Everyone was so good to us, and they all thought, or they said anyway, they were the nicest valentines they'd ever had. But we kept the very best one for you, mother dear," they told her. "We didn't say it to anyone else."

"And what is it?" laughed mother, with an arm round each.

"If you love me as I love you Nothing shall ever part us two!" chanted Polly Ann and Josy, both together.

"Oh, I'm glad you kept that one for me," said mother, as she hugged them close. "It's the nicest valentine that I, too, ever had in all my life!"

SORROW AND JOY

Today, whatever may annoy,
The word for me is simply Joy.
The joy of bright, blue, cloudless skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of winged things on their flight;
The joy of noonday and the tried,
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor, and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
The countless joys that flow from Him
Whose lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts upon our way,
Whate'er there be of Sorrow
I'll put off till Tomorrow;
And when Tomorrow comes—why, then,
'Twill be Today and Joy again!

HATS STRUCK HIM

The death of the widow of Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, recalls an incident which took place in her presence many years ago.

There had been a monster revival

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