

## Children's Page

Rustily creak the crickets;  
 Jack Frost came down last night;  
 He slid to the earth on a star beam,  
 Keen and sparkling and bright.  
 —Thaxter.

### The Fir Tree

O singing wind,  
 Searching field and wood,  
 Canst thou find  
 Aught that's sweet or good—  
 Flowers, to kiss awake,  
 Or dewy grass to shake,  
 Or feathered seed  
 Aloft to speed?

Replies the wind,  
 "I cannot find  
 Flowers, to kiss awake,  
 Or dewy grass to shake,  
 Or feathered seed,  
 Aloft to speed;  
 Yet I meet  
 Something sweet,  
 When the scented fir,—  
 Balsam—breathing fir—  
 In my flight I stir.  
 —Edith M. Thomas.

### EDITOR'S CHAT

Dear Boys and Girls:

Here is grey, chill November upon us again, with its taste of winter in the air, but with its sunny days, too, for November, like everything else that seems black and dark in the world, has a sunny, bright side as well, and for all of you who are young and happy November is only a pathway which leads through "naked trees and wailing woods and meadows brown and sere," to that glorious white day in the distance—Christmas. This year, as before, we will be so busy in November that we will hardly have time to look out of the window or to feel the chill winds. Most of us have had an unexpected holiday and we can well imagine

what good use you have made of it. You have been outdoors a lot, we know; you have been knitting and cooking and sewing and carpentering and planning your Christmas boxes. Perhaps some of you who have lost the dear soldier you used to send to feel you are out of all the planning and happiness, but don't be! Make up your parcels and write your letters and send them to some lonely man—there's always someone who needs a parcel—and the Red Cross in your town or one of the church societies will be glad to give you the name of some lonely soldier who will appreciate your good things all the more because he expected them so little. Remember in packing your par-