

THE HARVEST.

RECITATION.

I watch the golden billows waiting the sickles keen
While the yellow corn stands yonder, a splendid glittering sheen;
I hear the reapers coming with merry shout and song,
Then I see the billows falling in solid ranks along.

The grain not only falling, but the tender flowers too,
And with them tares and thistles are scattered through and through;
For the reapers reap a harvest that is heavy for the blade,
While the Master's voice is calling, "It must not be delayed."

Thus is the mighty harvest in all our glorious land—
The reaper blithe and happy, there is joy on every hand,
Toil sweet is to the faithful, reward will come at last,
So the reaper sings and labors, till daylight hours are past.

I see another harvest in the grain-fields of this life—
The wheat is bent and shaken with labor, and with strife;
But the reaper cometh often, with footstep soft as air,
He taketh the grain and flowers, the thistle and the tare.

The harvest is ever ripening to the reaper's subtle breath—
To the knife of the silent reaper, whose mystic name is Death;
We know not the hour of his coming whether at night or day,
Nor why he should spare the thistles and take our flowers away.

In this living, mighty harvest we are grain or worthless chaff!
We cannot serve two masters—God wants no work by half,
And I pray, when the harvest is over, at the garnering of the wheat,
1, with the grain and flowers, may be at the Master's feet!"

HELPING GOD.

A little girl, seeing the servant throw the crumbs into the fire said "don't you know that God takes care of the sparrows?"

"If God takes care of them," was the careless reply, "we need not trouble ourselves about them."

"But," said the little girl, "I had rather be like God, and help Him take care of the little birds than to scatter or waste the food that He gives us."

So she carefully collected what was left of the crumbs and threw them out of the window. In a short time several little birds flew eagerly to the spot and picked up the crumbs she scattered.

After this, she every day collected in a little basket the crumbs and bits of bread that had fallen around the table and threw them out on the snow for the little birds; and during all the Winter these little creatures came regularly after each meal to partake of the food thus provided for their support.—*Epworth Herald*.

We think that dear little girl would make a grand Mission Band Worker. Caring for the little sparrows because God cares for them, she would surely learn to care for the poor, hungry, little girls of heathen lands, hungry in more ways than one.

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this Magic Ray through each of those sheaves of wheat, and I can show you in a twinkling which are really of any worth to the cause of foreign missions."

Elsie was too much astonished to make any objec-

tion, and the audience was so spellbound with wonder and curiosity that the stranger had it all his own way.

Putting up Kate Comyn's lavender-bound sheaf on a chair by itself, and aiming the lens in the black box, through which a crystal flame shone, directly upon it, the astonished audience beheld, on the white-washed wall behind the platform, a most extraordinary spectacle. There, as the flame flashed through the different layers of the wheat, all Kate's interests and occupations, missionary and otherwise, for the whole summer were seen, like a rapidly changing panorama, upon the wall. There was at first such a succession of tennis parties, golf and boating, that it was hard to see anything else; but at last there were visible two missionary meetings which she had attended, and one number of the WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND, which, however, lay unopened at the bottom of her trunk. The wheat in the meantime rapidly shriveled up, under the strange effect of the Magic Ray, till only two stalks were left in their lavender binding. Kate's cheeks were crimson with shame, and great was her relief when Mary Lathrop's sheaf was subjected to the lens.

Beautiful sunsets, flowers and trees were seen on the wall, for Mary's had been an artist's summer; but through them all were seen hours of steady work each day, when she painted lovely pictures on screens and frames and panels, which were bought by the hotel guests and the money brought home for missions. Her sheaf lost little of its weight as the searching flame shone through it and lit up the beautiful golden and purple ribbons.

Madge Roberts' bundle of wheat no sooner felt the light of the Magic Ray than it fell entirely apart, and all but one slight stalk shriveled away at once. On the wall was the plain reason—nothing but bicycle rides occupied the whole surface; one ride after another had engrossed the attention of Madge for the entire summer, for her interest in missions had been all but forgotten. That "all but," which saved her one stalk, was a missionary story she wrote for the "Woman's Friend," one rainy day, when she could not use her wheel.

Lettie Reynolds' sheaf held its own under the flame of the ray. The rope was so stout that nothing seemed likely to break it. A glance at the wall showed why. There, framed with plenty of exercise and merry times, was a task which filled many days of all the summer. Among the thoughtless, jolly girls of the great hotel where Lettie Reynolds' summer had been spent, she had succeeded in bringing and holding together a little band for missionary work, which changed the lives of two, who afterward became missionaries, and brought a new world of interest into the lives of all the rest. The rope was not only unhurt by the Ray, but it seemed to turn into gold.

The next sheaf put upon the chair was Bettie Bushnell's. About half of it only fell away as the Magic Ray shone through it. Bettie was the Dorcas of the Circle, and through a cloud of busy days were seen upon the wall dozens and dozens of useful articles of clothing which her clever fingers had made, instead

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