

in Chinese characters, the little one literally translated is "Peace Doctrine Stone," the larger is in meaning "Lane," obtained for a given name, and "A Clear Sky" for a surname. The Chinese think these are very fine names.

We are all well and busy as bees all day long; between building the house &c., which Miss Brackbill is managing, and the school work, the dispensary, the babies, and a house to be kept in some kind of order, and some time each day for study with the Chinese teacher, we do not have much idle time.

NOVEMBER.

ALICE CARY.

"The leaves are falling and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you my child,

"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

"And when the winter is over,
And the boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves;

"The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

"The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb;
But let me tell you my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

"There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child!

"So, when some dear joy loses
Its beautiful summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!"

THE MAGIC RAY AT THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

 MAY as well tell you, at the beginning of this story, that there is to be something about it which you probably won't believe; but nobody before 1492 believed that Columbus would discover America: nobody before 1848 believed that lightning could flash a telegraph message along the wires; nobody, till this very year, believed you could, by a certain lens, look right into a man's body; and

so it may well happen that more wonderful inventions will come about than the magic ray which caused such consternation at the Middlebanks Harvest Festival.

A harvest festival implies that, some time before it, somebody has planted some seed; and so it was at Middlebanks.

Three months earlier, when the Junior Mission Circle held its last meeting before the girls left town for the summer, Elsie Rogers, the president, had made a little speech:

"Girls," said she, "we must each bring back a great sheaf of wheat for our harvest festival in the autumn. Every girl in this Circle must have something to show for her summer's outing. Our festival must be a success."

And now the autumn had come, and on a glorious day early in October, it came to pass that the friends of the Junior Mission Circle were all on their way to the harvest festival.

The pretty church was decorated with autumn leaves while the platform groaned under its weight of golden pumpkins, ruddy apples and pears. Elsie Rogers occupied the president's chair, and after the opening exercises, announced that the members of the Circle would bring in the Sheaves they had gleaned during the summer for the mission cause.

The first to come up the broad aisle was Kate Comyns, whose great sheaf of wheat was bound together by a delicate lavender satin ribbon. As she laid it on the platform, a second member of the Circle advanced with her sheaf, Lettie Reynolds, whose bundle was tied with a coarse rope. Madge Roberts, who came next, brought a sheaf which seemed likely soon to tumble apart, for only a twist of lightest worsted held it together. Mary Lathrop's sheaf had a most artistic binding of broad golden and purple satin ribbon, which held also a bunch of golden-red and asters where it was knotted into a bow. Caroline Wheatley's was tied with white satin ribbon. Bettie Bushnel's green bound sheaf was the last upon the pile.

When, finally, the sheaves were all gathered in, President Elsie rose and made another little speech, telling how valuable each of these sheaves was to the mission cause, and how it meant a whole summer's work for each member.

And now occurred the strange thing which you won't at all believe.

When the people were coming in, the last of all was a stranger, who carried under his arm a mysterious looking box.

"Stay," said he, in a deep voice. "Let me put

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