

AN IMPROMPTU PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Don't want to sleep; I want to think.
I didn't mean to spill that ink.

AS TOM SAW IT.

The wind whistled sharply round the corner and Tom's audience drew closer together. The ragged coats and frayed trousers flapped dismally against the shivering little figure, and the newspapers in half a dozen hunched hands rustled noisily.

close to the floor, they gained the stairway and started, half sliding, half tumbling down the long flights. They had almost reached the street when there was a crash, a blinding glare, a scorching something across their faces—then oblivion for Tom.

the long pavement leading from the hospital. Teddy and Dot, with skips and leaps of joy, danced along on either side.
"Ob, it is true!" murmured Tom ecstatically. "It truly is true. See, I don't limp the slightest bit!"

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT
Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ,
I might despair.—Tennyson.

things of nature, changes of season, day and night, rain, ice, snow, light, lightning and thunder. The answers to these questions are a study in psychology. They illustrate the credulity of the mental conceptions of little children and the oddity of their use of language.

in touch with the occasion. Our shops are now showing some delightful novelties, such as cookies filled with candy, artificial cherry trees, growing in paper mache pots, medallions of Washington tied with ribbon, portraits of the Father of his Country are executed in chocolate, banners, liberty bells and cherry sprays in the same delicious edible.