

THE FREE LANCE.

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A PRAYER

When to thy couch at even thou dost go,
E'en as the moon doth rise beyond the hill
And setteth all the azure heavens aglow,
And all the sounds of busy earth are still—

When thou dost kneel and humbly bow thy head
And whisper forth thy plaintive, pleading prayer,
Oh, pray for him so oft by passion led;
Commend him to thy Father's loving care.

I know repentants' prayers are always heard,
But I myself know not the way to pray;
Yet I am sure the Lord will hear thy word—
Then thou canst lead me ever in His way.

—T. N. B.



“FOR TOM”

THE streaks of gray on Farmer Belden's head were fast turning to white and his figure was bent with toil, but his sunburned face wore an expression of purpose as he came into the kitchen where his wife was preparing supper and sat down by the fire.

“Martha, I'm going to Chicago.”

Mrs. Belden dropped the stick of wood she was about to put into the stove and stared at her husband in amazement.