

THE CHILD'S LAST PRAYER.

By C. E. Holmes.

"Now I lay me" softly, faintly, Came the words from lips grown white, While the murmur of the river Sounded through the silent night.

The Traveler's Dream.

By L. I. Desleign.

This is the tale of my friend, What advice would you have given to him? I had engaged myself to spend Christmas at Lanfair, and as I love to travel on foot I had informed John Lanfair that I would arrive on the 23d of December, after enjoying a short walking tour in his beautiful section.

On the morning of the day which I had named I was within twenty miles of Mr. Lanfair's residence, and doubted not that I should reach it long ere nightfall. The day came on very stormy, but I did not fear a strife with the elements, and I swore that I would not yield.

Alone and on foot I had determined to arrive and in no other manner would I accomplish my journey's end. But I was forced to go slowly, more than once I missed the direct road, and night descended early, still further delaying my progress. I struggled forward, but at length I was sufficiently candid to own that my position was unpleasant. I had lost my way; I seemed to be the victim of a cruel fate; I was pretty well soaked and the wind was almost sweeping me off my legs as its gusts ever increased in violence.

I was traversing a narrow road of the roughest description that ran through a little piece of wood, and that would, I hoped, bring me to some farmhouse, when for the space of an instant the clouds were blown from the face of the moon, and my eyes could see what lay before me—walls, barns, ruined walls, standing upright in naked ugliness, and presenting in the midst of the tempest a picture of desolation that was never to be forgotten.

I stopped along the wall I was passing, and I looked at the door; the door was ajar, and I passed through, and at least I had a roof over my head. Such a shelter as I never remember to have suffered before shook my limbs and body as I crossed the threshold of this chamber of refuge, but I heeded it not.

WITTE IS RUSSIA'S HOPE

THEORIES OF THE FINANCIAL MINISTER WHO DOMINATES THE CZAR.

Reappearance of Sergei Witte Again illustrates the Power of a Subordinate Over a Master, Who Does Not Know His Own Mind.

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THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. ST. CLAIR HESTER.

Subject: "Church and Family." Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. St. Clair Hester, rector of the Church of the Messiah, preached the fourth sermon in the special series under the auspices of the Men's Guild Sunday.

It is evident to any one reading the Accounts of the life and words of Jesus Christ while on this earth that it was His desire and purpose to found a society to represent Him to preserve His memory to make known and carry out His will.

St. Paul says: "Christ loved the church." What is the proof, the evidence, that this assertion is true? He founded and established it—a man does not build a house unless he thinks that it will be worth something.

A result that was unexpected, however, was the small damage done when the torpedo was exploded. It was generally held that a square blow from a torpedo was hardly to be received without moral damage, but the vessels struck on the night of Feb. 8 were both repaired, and came again into the line of battle.

The failure of the gun to do more damage was owing to the fact that the operations were carried on at long range, which gave an advantage to armor.—Engineering.

Any Name Satisfied Him. The average office boy who enters the employ of a daily newspaper is promptly christened with a name. The name is usually the first one that pops into the head of the first man who sees him.

The Girl and the Judge. "The story that Judge Duffy was wont to tell about the girl who, when asked if she was born in wedlock, replied, 'No, sir, in Hoboken,' remains me of a reply a young woman made who was up before me for theft," said Judge Davenport.

Secrets of the Deep. As a result of the recent tidal-wave on the coast some pieces of an old-world forest have been cast on the beach between Wulcott and Hapburgh, Norfolk. One of these is a huge fossil beam five feet in length.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEA.

In one of the hazy tropical isles, where Nature on her children smiles, Where the bright sun shines and the soft winds fan,

Like a deer he fled across the plain, And never, never came back again. For he said, "I'm a bachelor, I'm a bachelor, I'll be cooked if I marry such a wife!" —New York Press.

He—Witty people make me tired! She—Um. Keeping up with them? Detroit Free Press.

"I hear he is very happy as an after dinner speaker." "Possibly, but it is more than may be said for his audience."—Brooklyn Life.

"A blizzard is a big nuisance," said Uncle Eben, "but it's a sort of comfort to be a mumpkin disagreeable that can't be blamed on a trust."—Washington Star.

"The life of an insurance agent," sighed Premyp, "is full of worm-wood and gall." "I hadn't noticed the worm-wood," growled the victim.—Cleveland Leader.

"What is the chief product of the United States?" asked the teacher in a European school. And without hesitation the bright pupil replied: "Money."—Washington Star.

"Well, Jane, did you have a good time at home? Was the village very gay?" "Yes, thank you, mum. But we were rather disappointed, as the policemen's feet didn't come off!"—Punch.

Doctor—Madam, I can never cure you of this trouble if you don't stop talking. Lady—But, doctor, I'm awfully careful what I say, and I never use anything but the choicest language.—Detroit Free Press.

JUST FOR FUN

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