

But Tommie, his trembling fingers
At once put up to his ears.
And the *British History* advancing,
Thought he soon would be in tears.

"Listen Tommie," it whispered,
"There was once on a time a king.
Who cared not at all for study,
But was always just idling."

"He lived many years ago."
"Oh! dear!" cried Tommie, don't worry me.
"What do I care about those who are dead,
Tell me of living people," said he.

"I was willing to teach you," said *Botany*,
"All about flowers, but when you left 'D'
You flung me away, and here I lie yet,
My very existence you seem to forget."

"Ha! we are too easy on little boys,"
Said the green covered book as it fell with a noise,
"Now I, your *Arithmetic* my duty would do
A mathematician I'd make out of you."

"Come give me your brain,
Little Tommie," he said,
"I will cram all the problems
Straight into your head."

But *Geography* taking poor Tommie's cold hand,
Said, "Come with me, Tommie, to far away lands,
Far o'er the Ocean we will go,
And I'll tell you all that you want to know."

"Come little Tommie come with me,
Such wonderful people and lands you will see."
But Tommie, he turned his face to the wall.
"I am tired," he said, "and sick of you all.
A fellow might almost as well be dead,
As have to be cramming so much in his head."

SADIE HUESTIS.

LIBRARY REORGANIZATION.

It seems to me that the following arrangement of the library of the Academy, would not only be most useful in facilitating the finding of books by the hard-worked librarians, but would be far and away ahead of the old system employed, and even now in use.

(The decimal system should be consistently used throughout, and charts weight and measures should be hung up in the Principal's room). A person wishing to find a book adds 10 to the date of the author's death, and upon referring to the Catalogue finds the number of a shelf opposite the sum obtained. This shelf will not in reality exist, but by drawing a line 10 kilometers in length from the place where it probably ought to be, at an angle of 50° to the vertical, the librarian discovers a shelf containing confined copies of the "Journal of Education." The prices of these must be added together, (if they cost anything) and reduced to centimes, all digits in the units' place being unofficial. The librarian, upon carrying his eye 5 decimeters to the right will discover a number corresponding to this sum (allowing 16½ p. c. discount except during leap year). The shelf corresponding to this last number will be always empty. Having arrived at this result, it will generally be found that the book is being read by somebody, which is highly satisfactory all round.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve and a bitter night!

The wind, which all day had been moaning drearily through the leafless branches, raised its voice and howled with rage and fury. Whirling clouds of snow thickened the frosty air and blinded the solitary wayfarer as he hurried along the almost deserted street. The Storm King strode abroad in wrath, and all Nature seemed still with fear.

But inside the handsome houses warm fires cheered the rooms. Brilliant lights shed their radiance upon beautiful dresses and happy faces, and every heart beat high with pleasure. Warmth and cheerfulness defied the bitter wind and the threatening snow. Now and then a curtain was lifted from one of the windows, and a bright face framed in light, peered out into the dismal street. Generally one glance was enough, and the curtain closed the bright scene. But down upon the street, two pairs of eyes watched eagerly for that face, and two faces lit up with a little beam of pleasure.

Crouched against the steps of the marble residence were two figures. The eldest, a child (judging by his size) of about nine years. But the face! O, so old and worn! So starved and pale, and with such a hunted look in his sunken eyes! The other, a little girl some three years younger, pinched and pale like the boy, but with a child's trusting look still lingering in her face. Yellow curls, heavy with snow, hung upon her tattered cloak, and the large eyes, turned upon her brother's face, were filled with tears. Close to her breast she clasped a tiny dog. Thin and hungry, he nestled against that loving heart in pitiful companionship.

"Tim's so cold," she whispered, and the tears fell one by one. "He's awful cold, an' so'm I. But I'm fraid Tim's coldest. He shivers all the time."

"Never mind, Daisy, he'll feel warmer soon. We'll hug him up close till the snow can't touch him, an' en' we'll watch an' see if the little fairy comes to the window again, an' ef she does we'll let Tim see her, too," said the boy in as cheerful a tone as he could muster. And so both poor, shivering children pressed closer to one another to protect the starving dog.

In the church, across the way, singers were practising for to-morrow's anthem, and their blended voices rose into the angry night.

"Do you hear that beautiful music, Daisy, in that big church over there? Doesn't it sound like angels 'ud sound ef we c'd hear 'em!" said Jim, trying to divert Daisy's attention from the dreary fall of the snow-flakes.

"Yes, they're singin' about Heaven and flowers and plenty of peace," said Daisy. "I wonder if Heaven's far away. I'm so tired, I'd like to go there an' get warm, an' never be hungry any more. An' Tim, too—he'd like to go. He'd have lots of bones an' meat, wouldn't he! An' you'd never have to sell any more matches, an' we'd have a house to live in, an' no father to get drunk an' beat us an' kick us about, would we?"

"I guess not," said Jim, doubtfully. "But I don't quite see just how we'd have a house an' lots to eat an' be nice an' warm without father 'ud find us an' turn us out again."

"Oh!" said Daisy, despairingly, "ef he'd have to come we'd better not go, had we? I'd like it better to stay here an' be so orful cold an' hungry. Praps he couldn't find us," hopefully, "ef its big 'nough."