2. Letters—twenty-one real letters.
3. Promises of God—one book.

Here are the figures: 5+21+1=27.

Old Testament 39+New Testament 27=66, made up of 22 books of stories, or one-third of the whole; 5 books of poems and songs; 21 letters; and 18 books of God's promises.

In another lesson we may still further divide the Old Testament books into 5 stories told by Moses; 12 by other people; 5 books of songs; 5 great books of promises, and 12 smaller books. In the New Testament 4 books of stories about Jesus; 1 book of stories about the church; 10 letters by Paul to churches; 4 letters to men; 5 letters by others to churches; 2 other letters to persons; and one book of promises.

THE FAIRIES' TROLLEY CARS

It had been raining a long time, and Gladys was tired of playing indoors. She pressed her little face close to the window, and looked longingly out. The little circlets in the miniature pond in front of the house were dancing about merrily, and they were apparently having the jolliest time in the world. But this did not add anything to the child's joy.

Great silver drops were clinging to the branches of the rosebush in the yard, but Gladys did not see any beauty in them; they had been there a long time, and she had seen them a great many times before. She turned away from the window at last with a long-drawn sigh.

"I guess you didn't see the fairies' trolley cars, did you?" asked Auntie Meg, who had taken note of the sigh and the discouraged little countenance.

"No, Auntie; where are they?" and she turned to the window again.

"Just see if you can find them," said Aunt Meg.

Up and down she looked. The grass, the trees, every visible part of Mr. Morton's house across the way, and of Mr. Little's, which stood next to it, the muddy streets, and even the dull gray clouds in the sky, were gazed upon long and intently. At last she gave it up.

"I've looked just everywhere, and I can't find them. Are there really and truly fairies' trolley cars out there?"

"They look as if they might be," said Aunt Meg, "but I'm not sure that there are fairies inside. I can only see the outside of the cars, you know."

"Are they going, or is it only a make-believe?"

"They are going," said Aunt Meg.

Once more Gladys searched for them, but with no better success than before.

"It's not every little girl that can see the fairies' trolley cars," said Aunt Meg, "for before the cars can run, you know, there must be a track. There happens to be a track going past this house."

"Oh, I see," cried Gladys. "It's the telephone wire! And I can see the little drops of water sliding along down the hill on the wire."

Auntie Meg smiled.

"They do look like cars, only they're all going one way. It's a good thing that the fairies can have trolley cars on rainy days. They don't need them on sunny days, do they?"

"No," said Aunt Meg.

"GUARD, MY CHILD, THY TONGUE"

The words are six hundred years old, but are needed just as much by every child in these days.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speaks no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it,
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it do no wrong,
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise:
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn thy sight;
Prying is not wise,
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in,
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear,
Guard, my child, thine ear.