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AN EASTER RESCUE

"Well, Christmas is Christmas and Thanksgiving is Thanksgiving! But if there is one festive season in the year that makes my blood tingle and rouses all the good in me, it is Easter. The very air seems full of new life and hope—and purpose—and that sort of thing."

Pen Noble turned her bright face on a girl at her side, looking as if it took very little, indeed, to make her veins tingle and quicken her buoyant life. Her hazel-brown eyes had caught, while she was speaking, a peculiar red tinge, as if a tiny flame had crept into each, her clear, young, treble voice was thrilled, her mouth even trembled with an excess of delight.

"That's just what I feel, Pen!" answered her only companion, half laughing, half groaning—"you're off again in one of your high flights, with your eyes on fire; and I don't see what it's all about. To me Easter is very tame, if ever a season was. We have the same cards, the same sort of offering, the same freaks about eggs and decorations—"

"Ha, ha!" interrupted Pen, eagerly. "You are enough to turn everything dismal. Who knows but before this Easter is over, I may get hold of a new freak? Who knows—"

The speaker abruptly broke off. Her eyes stared ahead of her, glowing yet more redly. Her little, gloved fingers worked as if her spirit had got into them, and she was trying to restrain it.

"Look here!" she exclaimed, pointing a few yards ahead along the wide, fashionable street where she walked.

Her cousin and companion, Edna Kline, obediently looked, and instantly turned aside her gaze in nervous horror.

"He—he'll kill the child before he goes much farther," said she.

"He shan't!" gasped Pen, wildly. "The boy has the face of an Easter angel."

Reeling backward and forward upon the sidewalk in front of her, was a man, upon whose uncertain steps her own were fast gaining. From his behavior, it was too evident that the silliness of intoxication was in his brain and its blindness over his eyes. Every now and again he executed a foolish caper or tried to sing a line of a song. And held in his loose, uncertain arms was a little fair-faced boy, about five years old, with eyes of turquoise blue, drowned in tears, who looked in terror and appeal back at the girls across his drunken bearer's shoulder.

With every lurch and antic, the man threatened to fall heavily upon the pavement, with the child beneath him.

Pen Noble was only fourteen, but she had a ready wit and strong courage. For a moment she cast her eyes about her, in vain search for a policeman; then she sprang forward and grasped the man's shoulder with a grip which, albeit that it was a girl's, was resolute and powerful.

"Give me that child," she cried, sternly. "If you don't, you'll kill it before you get to the end of the avenue."

The man's limp clasp relaxed; his eyes looked unresistingly at the speaker; he tottered against a railing by the side-walk, and Pen took the child into her arms.

"What a little ragamuffin!" exclaimed Edna, nittyingly, coming up at this moment. "Put him down, Pen!" she added, in sudden hurry. "You can't carry him along the avenue. We'll be sure to meet people we know."

Pen set the child for a minute upon his feet, and tried to lead him forward. But she snatched him back again, saying, with tears in her brilliant eyes:

"He's lame! He can't walk! His poor little leg is all bandaged!"

"Where do you live?" she questioned then, imperiously, turning to the boy's incapable guardian.

The man made a foolish motion ahead, and Pen walked on, with a mother-like soothing of the frightened child.

"What is your name?" she asked of him.

"Tomtit," he replied gravely, his turquoise eyes looking up into hers. "The men at the show call me that, cost they think I's real cute—and father does, too."

"If he's your father, what is his name?"

The girl's head motioned scornfully backward at the man, who, moved by a half-clouded instinct to follow his child, was reeling after her as well as he could.

"They call him Jolly Dog," the boy answered, "cos he smears himself over, and does tricks for the folks. He's a real smart one, they say."

"Pen—Penelope Noble!"—Edna's voice here broke upon Pen's ears in accents of icy dignity—"for pity's sake, put that child down! Here's the Van Vleet's car coming toward us. Oh, how they will stare at you!"

But Tomtit's arms had crept closely around Pen's neck, his little, injured limb pressed against her side; she held on her way bravely, and bowed to Mrs. Van Vleet and her aristocratic daughter over his head, with a twinkle in her hazel eyes.

This was sorely too much for Edna.

"Penelope Noble, you're a disgrace! And I'm going right home," she declared, with tears of choked indignation.

Turning, she retraced her steps along Cedar avenue in the direction of her uncle's house on Star street. Unmoved, Pen again addressed her burden.

"Now, how long am I to carry you?" she asked.

"We lives at the show," Tomtit replied. "There's no playing to-day, cos it's Sunday; but there'll be plenty to-morrer. You ought to come and see the Jolly Dog. I tell you, he acts fine! It's right down here; don't you see?"

Her gaze following the jerk of a very thin little hand, Pen, having now reached the end of the avenue, saw only fifty yards away from her, erected on a plot outside the town, a gaudy circus tent.

A few poor, half-starved looking horses were tethered beside it; one or two men were lounging near. The girl detected at once that the show was the lowest of its kind.

For a minute she looked into the innocent young eyes upraised to hers. For a minute she stood still, to feel the clasp of the child's arms about her neck and his heart beating against hers, ere she put another question:

"Tomtit, how was your leg hurt?"

"Father tried to teach me to jump, and I fell," was the answer, with a shudder.

"Does it pain you?"

"Pretty bad."

This settled a point in Pen's mind.

"It's an Easter freak!" she whispered, under her breath, with that red tinge brightening her eyes.

Along she hazarded, after a glance round for the drunken father, whose strength had now given way and who was sitting, a forlorn, sleeping heap by the roadside:

"Tomtit, will you let me take you to my home? I'll give you a red Easter egg and sugary cake, and you shall have a right good time."

Tomtit nestled to her, softly and gratefully whispering "Yes."

But already Pen's young muscles, well developed though they were, had done tiring work, and it was no mean task to carry the boy—though his lean little body was pitifully light—all the way back along Cedar avenue and an additional distance of five blocks before she reached the four-storeyed home of her uncle, Doctor William King Owen, on Star street, where Edna had preceded her.

Nerves and strength were together failing as she mounted its white steps and rang the bell; but, with the opening of the door, courage returned to her.

Forcing her weary feet, she quickly entered, crossed the hall and burst into a room on its right, which was evidently a gentleman's study.

"Uncle King, I've brought you a new kind of Easter offering!" she panted, much straitened for breath.

A man rose to receive her. He was tall and masterful-looking, with eyes of a duller blue than Tomtit's, but kindly and clear.

Pen set her burden upon a chair, and, turning to the dignified gentleman, she poured forth her explanations.

"And, oh, Uncle King!" she wound up, "I want you to let me keep him—for a short time, at any rate—until his poor little leg is well. You can persuade his miserable father to consent—I believe you can. You give me more money than I know how to spend. Let me feed him up and nurse him, while you cure him."

"Is this your latest freak?" asked Dr. King Owen.

But his eyes softened and grew moist.

"It is," answered Pen, boldly. "But it is a freak in keeping with the day, isn't it? You know what I mean, uncle—say it for me."

"You mean," was the reply, "that Easter Sunday is a suitable day for making a resurrection in a poor, little, oppressed and joyless life. Well, Pen, I consent; and I'll see what I can do to help you."

"Uncle King," the thankful cry was emphasized in the doctor's ears with a fervent hug, "you're a regular king of men, that's what you are! And you'll go after his father to-night or to-morrow?"

"I promise it," Doctor Owen answered.

"Then come, Freak," said Pen, lifting her ragamuffin out of the chair, where he sat, looking very serious and tired. "You're my freak—my Easter freak. So I'm going to call you that in future instead of Tomtit. Do you like it?"

The child blinked his heavy eyelids, brightened and nodded as if he had caught her spirit.

That Easter night, Freak supped of layer-cake and wine jelly. That night he stretched his weary body and bruised limb on a downy bed, while Pen related to him marvelous stories, chiefly from Scripture lore.

"Tell me again about the ole chap with the lights," he murmured, drowsily, ere he fell asleep to confound "Gideon and his damps" with his own father, the Jolly Dog, and with the flaring, guttering lights of the circus tent.

On the Easter Monday, Doctor Owen examined his leg, and declared that, with skillful treatment, it would soon be tolerably well, though, owing to previous neglect, Freak might for a year be slightly lame.

The doctor had good news, too, for Pen. He had hunted up the child's father, who was acting as a clown in the traveling show the girl had seen, and being so fortunate as to find him in a sober, penitent mood, he had won his consent to his little son's remaining in the refuge he had found, to be cared for and educated as long as his benefactors wished to keep him.

"Poor clown! He had sunk to the level of the slums, but I should not be surprised if he was once talented and a gentleman," the doctor added, mournfully, to his niece. "I tried to persuade him to reform for his boy's sake, and he seemed moved; yet I scarcely think it was much use."

A year passed, and Freak's leg was still a little lame. A year passed, and Pen had not wearied of him; nor had his father claimed him, saving for a short good-bye before the circus resumed its travels.

As the child became accustomed to the refined speech and manner of the folks about him, he showed a wonderful quickness in substituting them for the words and habits of the show-tent.

His body soon grew round in flesh under Pen's "feeding up," but his turquoise eyes and fair skin lost none of their beauty. And long before the year was out he gave signs of inherited tastes and talents which confirmed Doctor Owen's guess about his father.

In fact, Freak—or, as he was called by the clown when surrendering him, Fred Kress—soon so endeared himself to every member of the household on Star street that they could ill have borne the thought of parting from him.

By-and-by he entered on another year in Doctor Owen's home, and as its months passed his lameness gradually disappeared, until before the second anniversary of the change which had been, indeed, a new life for him, he was as nimble and vigorous on his feet as he was quick in his intelligence.

At first, during these two years, he had thought often of his father; he had cast sometimes a lonely, yearning desire after the familiar Jolly Dog.

But the risks and neglects from which he had suffered while under natural guardianship had been many, and his new home was full of beauty and safety.

No wonder it was that long before the next Easter came round, Fred had ceased to have even an occasional wish for friends other than he possessed in Pen and in the good doctor who had patiently cured him, giving him a whole, useful limb instead of a lame, painful one.

On the eve of Easter Sunday, he showed himself very active, indeed, with this limb.

All the long Saturday the two girls, Pen and Edna, were busy finishing Easter offerings and putting up Easter decorations. Fred was their little page, running their messages and handling gorgeous eggs with never a break. Many of the latter he feasted his eyes upon, for Edna was a regular genius at egg-painting.

Some of the daintiest specimens of her art, brittle, colored shells from which she had blown the contents, ornamenting them then with clever touches in ferns and flowers, and tying them with bright ribbons, she reserved until late on Easter Eve to be suspended over the mirrors in the large parlor.

When the exciting time came for this crowning work, Edna was left to have the management of it altogether in her own hands, without interference, save a stray caution from Pen or a cry of admiration from Fred. Bent upon surprise, she had chosen a half-hour when her uncle's house was unusually empty.

The doctor and the servants were out. Now was Edna's opportunity. With Pen's help she dragged a long ladder from the cellar up stairs, and mounted it almost to its top most rung. Here she poised cleverly to Fred's delight, and began the business of hanging up one pretty ball after another.

How did it happen? Well, I can scarcely tell you. It was only a momentary sick reeling in a dizzy brain, tired with upward looking, then a hurried, incautious movement to descend, and Edna lay silent and white upon the parlor carpet, with blood beginning to flow from a spot upon her forehead, where, in falling, she had struck it against a tall, bronze jar.

"Oh, Edna—Edna darling!" moaned Pen, lifting the head of the unconscious sufferer and pillowing it upon her breast.

Then, for the first time since she had rescued him, the girl's eyes looked appealingly, wildly at Freak.

"Fred, Fred!" she gasped. "I believe she'll die, if we don't get a doctor quickly. Uncle King is out at Colonel Crosby's, and there isn't a servant in the house."

"I'll go bring him," said Fred, promptly, after one glance at Edna's snowy skin, marble-like in pallor now.

But it was past 9 o'clock on an April night, and the city streets and avenues looked terrible to a sensitive little lad, who, for two years, had been carefully guarded—the more so because Freak's nerves had been shaken by his early experiences. Then an icy, sleety rain was falling, dimming his eyes and stinging his cheeks and his bare little throat.

He was only seven years old; but the heart of a hero beat in him, for he just doubled his fists, set his teeth, and went straight ahead for Colonel Crosby's, remembering that white face upon the parlor floor.

But presently his nerves had a new horror. As his trotting steps passed a lamp, he noticed a man leaning against its post, with a coat collar turned high over his chin.

Something about this person's figure made his heart jump until it half-suffocated him. And by-and-by he began to believe that feet were steadily following him. He tried to race more fleetly, putting for all the strength of his little, wiry body: but still their noise was in his ears.

Reaching Colonel Crosby's, he learned, to his dismay, that the doctor's auto had already started for home.

And now began a return journey, in which Freak felt as if he was running in a nightmare, with only one object—to distance those persistent feet, which tracked him back as they had tracked him coming.

At last the welcome number, 2201, was dimly seen by him on the stained-glass panel above Doctor Owen's hall door.

With an uncontrollable "whoop" of joy, his little hand was about to seize the door bell when he felt himself grasped and lifted against a rough, wet coat. A pair of very cold lips touched his cheek.

But the arms which had suddenly imprisoned him released him as suddenly. There was one choking gasp in his ear. Staggering from fright, Fred turned round. A prostrate figure was stretched upon the doctor's steps; and upturned, pale and senseless, to the cloudy sky which heralded the Easter Day, was the face of Jolly Dog.

The next morning there were two invalids in Doctor Owen's house, though Edna's injury turned out to be, after all, only a trifling one, which some days of rest would cure. But in a small bedroom, distant from hers, lay the worn-out circus clown, near, as it seemed, to death.

Recovering his wits upon the previous night, Fred had at length sounded a terrified ring upon the doorbell, which brought the doctor himself to answer it. And that good man had not the heart to cast the vagabond from his steps. Jolly Dog had been lifted in, and was hourly expected to draw his last breath under the roof which protected his child.

Early in the day he asked to see his boy and the young lady who had taken charge of him. Pen came and stood by his bed. Fred, his fright over, and old memories stirring in him, crept upon its side.

"But you have another niece, sir," said the clown, feebly, addressing Doctor Owen, who was watching his patient—"Miss Edna Kline. You may think I was very ready to part with my son, but I knew that, putting everything else aside, he would live in the house with his own cousin. Have you never heard that Captain Kline, Edna's father, had a young sister who married a concert singer, and was lost sight of by her brother?"

The doctor nodded.

"She is dead," went on the clown, mournfully. "She died the day Fred was born, and Fred is her child. And the singer who thrilled cultivated men and women with his voice is the failure and sinner who lies in this bed, with his life and his joking over."

But Pen suddenly leaned forward and clasped Jolly Dog's hand.

"Oh, live—live!" she cried. "Don't you know that this is Easter Sunday—the day of new life? Try to recover, and become a new man in soul and spirit. Uncle King will help you—we'll all help you."

Jolly Dog gazed at her for a minute. Then he lifted a claw-like hand to cover his eyes, and wept tears which were a cleansing shower after the hollow mockery of his last years.

"And you mean to say that Fred is really my own little cousin, and that he ran all the way to Colonel Crosby's on Saturday night to bring a doctor lest I should die?"

So spoke Edna to Pen, a day or two later, when she was strong enough to hear startling news.

"And I would never have helped him," she added, with pain, tinged by a glimmering hope that, in future, not the opinion of "people we know," but her own sweet impulses of mercy and justice, should be her guide in every emergency.

Jolly Dog did not die. More, with Doctor Owen's help—the help of a masterful will and hand to restrain him—he became a renewed man in body, spirit and habits.

A New Easter Party.

A girl living on the outskirts of a country town invited her friends to her home for an Easter junket. The invitation suggested gingham or calico gowns as appropriate for a junket, and the girls who received invitations wondered what was being arranged.

The big, old-fashioned barn was the scene of the first act of the junket. It was arranged for a combination spider web and egg hunt, the strands of the web leading to the hidden eggs. The web began in the centre of the big floor. From there it twisted in and out of stanchions and posts, upon the open stepladder to the loft, and in some cases back again, around everything in and out of holes, and through piles of haw in the haymow. No strings were placed where hazardous climbing was necessary to reach them. At the end of each string was a colored egg.

The unwinding of the spider web caused lots of merriment. The shriek of a girl who found a spider as big as a mouse in the web, before she discovered that it was a make-believe, mingled with the howls of one who almost stepped on a toy mouse.

When the strings were all unraveled, the girls sat down and consumed the hardboiled eggs they had found. Then they adjourned to the lawn and spent about an hour in old-fashioned outdoor games.

The tables in the big dining-room were decorated with Easter flowers and plants. The food was typical of Easter as far as possible. The salad was prepared of lettuce and deviled eggs, and the dessert course was a slice of vanilla ice cream, each portion having two half eggs of a jelly preparation of contrasting color which were molded in egg cups.

The sandwiches were fingers, made by cutting thick slices of homemade bread, buttering them thinly, spreading the first slice with cream cheese, the second with her currant jelly, and the third with the cream cheese again. These were cut in strips or fingers, and were specially good and dainty.

The cake, brought uncut to the table, was a marble gold and silver cake.—H. C.

The Early Inch.

In the fourteenth century the standard for an inch measure was three barleycorns, round and dry, taken from the middle of the ear.

As part of the campaign for the elimination of man-caused fires, the Forest Service of Canada maintains a small corps of lecturers in the summer-vacation camps for boys and for girls. During the past summer (1926) these representatives visited twenty-four camps and reached a total of 1,600 "teen-aged" girls and boys in this way. The lecturers instruct the campers in true identification, the need for forest conservation, and kindred topics.

A supermiracle enabled A. C. Mahon, the man without a voice, to talk over WSB, Atlanta, Ga, recently. An operation by which his entire larynx was removed left him unable to utter a sound. He was fitted with a newly perfected device, an artificial throat, and by means of this he gave a talk over the radio.

Sunday School Lesson

Easter Lesson: The Resurrection of the Lord Jesus.—Matt. 28: 1-10.

V. 1. It is not surprising that the earliest conviction regarding the resurrection of Jesus is ascribed by the gospel tradition to certain women who, throughout his earthly career, had been unfailingly loyal to him. It is God's way to answer love with insight, and to grant his revelations in such ways as only loving hearts can understand. When we read that the two Marys, going to the tomb of Jesus on the first Easter morning, saw an angel of light in possession of the open grave, and heard the voice, "He is not here: for he is risen," we need to remind ourselves that such visions and such deathless assurances are not for all, but only for the pure in heart to whom alone it is given to see God.

Vs. 2-6. To these affectionate hearts it seemed that the grave had closed for ever over their dearest hopes, but it was revealed to them in this hour that Jesus had conquered death and was risen. They saw the grave open, and an angel of God master of the situation where but thirty-six hours before the gravestone had closed, as it seemed for ever, over the Lord whom they loved. The angel voice which comes to them is deeply significant: "Fear not, for a know that you seek Jesus who was crucified." It is to earnest hearts that the triumphant assurance of Easter Day is granted, now as well as then. If we are enclosed in self, the resurrection of Christ will not be proclaimed to our hearts. But if we love Christ and seek him, we shall know that he is not dead, but alive for evermore.

Vs. 7, 8. The tumultuous joy inspired by the revelation at once sets the women in motion. Scarcely able to restrain their emotions, they hurry to the disciples in Jerusalem to announce their triumphant discovery. Jesus before his passion had spoken of going before his disciples into Galilee, and this promise had come home to the women with new force during the experience at the grave. Accordingly, as they hurry back to Jerusalem, the words, "He goeth before you into Galilee, and there you shall see him," are trembling on their lips.

Vs. 9, 10. Yet, before they reach the city, the women are to receive a still greater assurance. The resurrection-faith is established not only by angel-voices proclaiming to the heart that the Lord is risen, but by manifestations of the risen Lord himself. As the women are on their way to the city, they see Jesus himself. They hear his voice, and go on their knees in worshipful adoration. What Jesus says to them is: "Tell my brethren that they depart into Galilee, and there they shall see me."

The experiences by which the first disciples were convinced of our Lord's resurrection are not granted to us. Ours must be another blessedness, the blessedness of those who, having not seen, have, nevertheless, believed. Ours must be the moral or spiritual certainty alone. Yet, if we have this, have we not everything that is necessary to create for us the sure hope of personal, though unseen, fellowship with Christ?

Spring Winds.

Lord, now that Spring is in the world,
And every tulip is a cup,
Filled with the wine of Thy great love,
Lift thou me up.

Raise Thou my heart as flowers arise
To greet the glory of Thy day,
With soul as clean as lilies are
And white as they.

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since life and light break through
Thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.

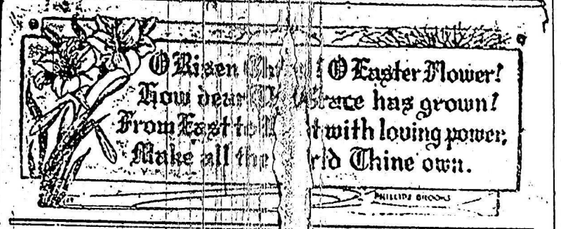
Show me that Thou are April, Lord,
And Thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake, the soft spring winds,
I'll hear Thee pass.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

Duty.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other. It is plain and simple, and consists but of two points. His duty to God, which every man must feel; and with respect to his neighbor, to do as he would be done by. If those to whom power is delegated do well, they will be respected; if not, they will be despised; and with regard to those to whom no power is delegated, but who assume it, the rational world can know nothing of them.—Thomas Paine, in "The Rights of Man."

An Aberdonian getting on a train recognized a fellow-passenger, who, however, seemed to have forgotten him. "Mon, I mind ye fine," said the Scotchman, "D'ye no remember about a year ago ye giod me a fine cigar? Mon, it was a grand yin. Why, even noo Ah tak a draw o' it on the Sawbath."



THE POETRY OF THE PSALMS

Can you remember a time when a phrase, "poetry of the Psalms" sprang upon you with surprise? And was it not because the word "poetry" suggested to you a certain form, this form consisting of lines long or short, forming a page, each line beginning with a capital, and, in all probability, ending with a rhyme, and going on measured feet—very measured feet.

Then, perhaps, came study, and there was revealed the fact that form: you visualized was verse,—the shell, the dress, the urn; where poetry is the living beauty, the divine fire. Put tersely, in the language of Dr. Henry van Dyke, verse is the formal element of poetry; rhythm, emotion, the essential element.

In translation from the original Hebrew the Psalms have naturally lost many poetical characteristics. Certain devices, such as "artifice of alphabetic arrangement," are untranslatable. The Hebrew poets sometimes began their verses with successive letters of the alphabet; or used the same letter to begin every verse in a strophe. Perhaps, in the original rhyme was used. As standard authority on versification lists the following as the qualities of genuine poetry: thought, emotion, imagination, utterance, interpretation, rhythm, beauty, profit, lofiness, and light. Are they not all present in the Psalms?

The thought throughout is a thought of God. Where in them interpretation and utterance show forth the beauty of nature, this beauty is but the handiwork of the Creator. They voice a deep and idealistic love of nature, not a love that loses itself in contemplation. Nature, in the Psalms, is a book written by God—a book of beauty and symbolism, a proclamation of loveliness created by the Highest, and speaking to mankind in messages of order and cheer and inspiration. Numerous verses illustrate this. There is the familiar twenty-third, every phrase of which has been identified as merely describing phases of the shepherd's care of and for his flock. There are the ninth and tenth verses of the fifth: "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; . . . Thou greatly enrichest it."

The very spontaneous poetry of emotion of the Psalms runs a wide gamut. There are psalms of triumph and psalms for a season of humiliation. There is a national anthem, as the twenty-first, and a marriage song in the forty-fifth; a matchless pastoral, the twenty-third, and an ode to the divine law, the one hundred and twenty-third, and an ode to death. There are psalms for the year and for the Feast of Tabernacles. Throughout this "hymnbook of Hebrews," we have the personal, the emotion characteristic of the

[illegible] the Psalms contain strong [illegible] imagery, though we feel [illegible] logic,—we undoubtedly experience in a less degree than did the [illegible], to whom "the mountains about Jerusalem" were sacred; [illegible] tree planted by the rivers of [illegible]—a poignant symbol. Yet how [illegible] all hearts, west as well as east, [illegible] wonder and familiar figures of speech:

"The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower."

"As far as the east is from the west, so hath he removed our transgressions from us."

In this Book of Psalms we have [illegible] in many guises—the beauty of holiness, the beauty of noble thought, the beauty of a rich imagination, the beauty of holiness." The Platonic [illegible] held that "the highest form of [illegible] is spiritual and ethical. It is [illegible] harmony of the soul with the eternal [illegible] of God." Though not equal [illegible] holiness, the Psalms are mainly upon [illegible] of thought. Perhaps the [illegible] singing in the temple are [illegible] companies, facing one another [illegible] Listen as they [illegible] back and forth in [illegible] chanting.

[illegible] in the man [illegible] the counsel of the [illegible] in the way of [illegible] in the seat of the [illegible] the response: "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law [illegible] he meditate day and night." [illegible] to the end. It is [illegible] for [illegible] fifth, the same thought, or amplification of it, used again and again. [illegible] "parallelism" runs everywhere [illegible] the Psalms.

[illegible] spite of all that [illegible] we rejoice in this division: "Not in their divine [illegible] alone, but in the very [illegible] composition, the Psalms may [illegible] made to appear over all [illegible] literary incomparable."

The Swarming.

At the moment the signal is given it is as though one sudden, mad pulse had simultaneously flung wide every single gate in the city and the black throng issued, or rather pours forth in a double, or triple, quadruple jet, as the number of bees may be; in a tense, direct, vibrant, uninterrupted stream that at last dissolves and melts into space, where the myriad transparent, furious wings weave a tissue throbbing with sound. And this for some moments will quiver right over the hive, with prodigious rustle of gossamer silks that countless electrified hands might be ceaselessly rending and stitching; it floats undulating, trembles and flutters like a veil of gladness invisible fingers support in the sky, and wave to and fro from the flowers to the blue, expectant of divine advent or departure. And at last one angle declines, another is lifted; the radiant mantle unfurls its four sunlit corners; and like a wonderful carpet the fairy-tale speaks of, that flits across space, obey its master's command, it steers its straight course, bending forward a little as though to hide in its folds the sacred presence of the future, toward the willow, the pear-tree, the lime whereon the queen has alighted, and round her each rhythmical wave comes to rest, as though on a nail of gold, and suspends its fabric of pearls and of luminous wings.

And then there is silence once more; and in an instant, this mighty tumult . . . this bewildering golden hail that streamed upon every object near—all these become merely a great, inoffensive, peaceful cluster of bees, composed of thousands of little motionless groups, that patiently wait, as they hang from a branch of a tree, for the scouts to return who have gone in search of a place of shelter. . . . This is a day when a spirit of holiday would seem to animate these mysterious workers, a spirit of confidence, that apparently nothing can trouble. . . . They become inoffensive because of the happiness, though why they are happy we know not, except it be because they are obeying their law.

We may regard it as probable that most careful attention is given to the reports of the various scouts. One of them it may be dwells on the advantage of some hollow tree it has seen, another is in favor of a crevice in a ruinous wall, or a cavity in a grotto. . . . The assembly often will pause and deliberate until the following morning. Then at last the choice is made, and approved by all. At a given moment the entire mass stirs, disunites, sets in motion, and then, in one sustained and impetuous flight, that this time knows no obstacle, it will steer its straight course over hedges and cornfields, over haystack and lake, over river and village, to its determined and always distant goal.—Maurice Maeterlinck, in "The Life of the Bee."

There are serpents 40 ft. in length in the Nile Valley.

Housewife Cleans Up on Wall Street.

[illegible] earnings of $4,600 in 1917 now [illegible] $2,500 a year. That looks like work of a "bull" on the Street, or of at least somebody intimately connected with the Stock Exchange. But it's not.

According to an article in "Forbes Magazine," it is the feat of a normal [illegible] western housewife whose previous business training had been limited to her relations with the "meat man" and who knew considerably less about finance than of Dreiser. Yet by systematic savings and cautious investment for dividends, not immediate profits, she has gradually accumulated a capital of $30,000.

[illegible] in general, points out [illegible] Magazine," might well take a leaf from her spouse's cheque book, give their wives twenty odd gilt stocks with which to exercise [illegible] for saving pennies.

[illegible] all this young wife began with her husband's "prize collection" [illegible] share certificate plus twenty [illegible] of General Motors. Almost every month of the year she would receive a quarterly dividend check from one of the corporations for say the large amount of fifty cents or even as high as $1.75.

[illegible] her own volition she opened a [illegible] account in her bank where she had her housekeeping cheque account, and into that savings account went all these dividend cheques. A [illegible] of years rolled by. One evening she handed her husband the passbook statement and asked how he would advise her to invest the $500 she had accumulated. She bought one share of three or four stocks with established earning power [illegible] and all over again piling up earnings.

[illegible] there was sufficient savings [illegible] an investment, such stocks [illegible] selected as could be bought with [illegible] available. The prime consideration was the earning power and dividend record. The yield at the [illegible] purchase was ignored.

[illegible] every dollar of her dividends she [illegible]. In 1923 the dividends [illegible] to over $600, in 1924 $900, [illegible] 1925 over $1,200. Last year [illegible] about double that."

[illegible] might well be studied by investment bankers. "By encouraging [illegible] to follow such a plan [illegible] be making a distinct contribution to the ideals of thrift and [illegible] of a class of intelligent [illegible] but also from their own [illegible] they would build up for themselves a block log of steady investment which, in time, would prove [illegible]."

Why He Was Beaten.

"Friends," began the aspirant for office, addressing his first audience in his own town, "I call you [illegible] I will not call you ladies and gentlemen. I know you too well for [illegible]."

[illegible] students at British Universities now number nearly 9,000. In [illegible] years ago, there were only [illegible]