A PSALM OF EASTER.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

kings and Lord of lords! To the ear listening in faith cometh the laus Deo of the angels.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

"Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

A CHILD'S VOICE.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

The other persisted. "Will you send some to your sweetheart?"

The baby stopped swinging the first old gentleman's watch and listened.

"I told you—," Littlefield began.

"Isn't your wife your sweetheart?"

Littlefield looked over at the child, and something seemed to blur before him. Then the car came suddenly to a stop and the German woman stood up with the baby.

The newspaper man glanced from the windows. They were at Forty-second street. He could hardly believe that the youngster had been in the car for a mile. The time had flown.

The two old gentlemen, as if ashamed of their frivolity, shrank back in their seats and disdained to take further notice of each other.

"By-by!" sang the baby over the nurse's shoulder.

There was not a person in the car who did not answer the sweet little child's voice. Some of them, only in their hearts, but most of them in conscious, stiff tones.

Littlefield lifted his hat, then once more held communion with the head of his cane. When, finally pulling himself together, he glanced around the car, he found it singularly empty now that the child had left.

"May I ask," he said to the westerner, "how much further you are going?"

"Don't know! I'm just riding 'round!"

"Then let us leave together!" Littlefield suggested, and started toward the door. He could hear the stranger following him.

Once out in the street, they swung down Broadway.

"Ain't we just passed here?" asked the older man.

"Yes, but you couldn't see much from the windows."

The street was filled with people, the air rich with spring warmth, and the wares of the florists, overflowing the shops, straggled gaily out to the very curbs.

"What's the matter, young feller?" asked the big man, suddenly, "did the kid 'loco' you?"

"Not exactly," said Littlefield.

"Perhaps it was my question about your sweetheart. I ask your pardon if it was,—it was none of my blamed business!"

"What is your business?" asked Littlefield, ignoring the first part of the speech.

"Well, I haven't any business here," said the man. "I came on, God knows why, and I'm going back as quick as scat! The plains ain't in it for loneliness compared with this place!"

"See here!" said Littlefield, with a rapid change of manner. "I'm going to tell you something not a soul in the world knows. You'll think it odd, perhaps, my telling this to a stranger whom I met ten minutes ago in a public car. But the man couldn't have a face like yours if his heart wasn't in the right place, and somehow, that kid has set me thinking!"

"Fire away!" said the westerner.

"You say you're lonely! Man, you couldn't be as lonely as I if you lived to be a hundred. I have a home—you might call it that. My wife lives there too, but—we're almost strangers. We haven't spoken in six months, except when we have visitors. We live our lives apart, but under the same roof, and I wonder if you can understand how grastly that is!"

"It must be the devil!" said the other man simply. "What happened?"

"Well, her sister died. There was a little baby left—a nice enough young one, I suppose, though I have never seen it. It's father was a pretty bad sort, and disappeared soon after the sister died, and has never come back. I felt sorry for the mother, but I had never liked her. When she died and the father made off, my wife wanted to take the child, but I put my foot down. She had made all her arrangements without consulting me, and I didn't like it. I lost my head that afternoon, when we talked it over, and said some wild things, I suppose. I spoke of her sister in a way she grew pretty angry over, and said she should not bring the baby into the house. I said I didn't want her sister's child there, nor—nor anyone else's child!"

The men walked along for a little way in silence.

"It was rough, wasn't it?" asked the stranger.

"Brutal," admitted Littlefield, "but the kid in the car seemed to change something within me. I couldn't help thinking that if the sister's child was like this one, it would make things sort of jolly, or if there was a little one of our own, the world wouldn't be such a beastly lonely place after all."

"You're all right," said the other, kindly, "you're all right." Then he asked," where is the child?"

"With some aunt or other. I could find out in the directory!"

"Come along then, and find out."

"I know,—but—" began Littlefield.

"Quit your buttin," said the westerner, "you're on the right trail—stick to it."

"I thought," Littlefield spoke almost bashfully, "I thought I would send my wife some flowers now, and go after the baby tomorrow. It will be Easter, you know, and we can make some attempts at the holiday again."

Without more words, he turned into a large flower shop, and the stranger found himself in the midst of glories such as he had never dreamed of.

"I don't know much about these things, but I suppose you wouldn't object if I were to send her one?"

Littlefield put his hand on the huge shoulder.

"She would like it," he said. "You must know her. Will you come and spend tomorrow with us?"

"I'll see, I'll see!"

Littlefield stood by the table while the salesman put a dozen American beauty roses into a long box. Then he gave his wife's address.

"Why don't you carry them, and give them to her yourself?" cried the westerner. "Don't you think that's a pretty fashion? That's the way I used to do."

The big man had such a deep voice, and put all his questions in such a tentative manner!

"Well, yes," assented Littlefield, "only it isn't the custom here."

"Oh, take them! What do you care about custom! It isn't the custom for a man and his wife to live as you have been living."

It seemed absurd to Littlefield that he should be taking this man's advice, and yet there was no reason why he should not,—except on principle.

"You need not send the roses," he said, turning to the salesman, "I'll just take them along with me."

The westerner having brought a little basket of violets, the two once more went into the street.

It was a silent walk, for the most part that brought them to Littlefield's dwelling. Perhaps in their hearts they were thinking of the simple, childish incident that had brought them together from such distant parts of the land,—one to tell his story of wounded authority, the other to give in a simple way courage to undo the mischief caused by a stormy heart. And the innocent cause of this chance acquaintance,—a mere scrap of a baby, whose tiny voice has prepared a way for peace, had gone serenely on her way without a thought.

Littlefield's home was, from the outside, a pretty little house, with a quiet, elegant air which the stranger seemed dimly to realize as he stood gazing at it.

"Can you find your way tomorrow?" asked Littlefield, one hand on the stone railing of the stoop.

"We'll be glad to see you," he continued, "Rose and I, and—the baby."

The westerner shook the other's hand with a warmth that surprised Littlefield. "Thank you, thank you," he said, "but you'd better not have any strangers about tomorrow! I'll drop in on my next trip east."

"No," cried Littlefield, earnestly, "you must come tomorrow. I want you. Why, it's a holiday. What would you do all by yourself, like a stray cat?"

The stranger shook his head decisively. "I'll be thinking of you and wishing you luck."

"But how will you spend the day?" asked Littlefield, anxious for the big man's welfare.

The stranger grasped his hand again before he finally turned away, and, laughing in his deep, gentle way, he said:

"I know it will be a wild goose chase, but I'm going to try to find the baby we met in the car today. No, I know there's not much chance of my succeeding—but I'm going to try! Sort of thought I'd like to send her some flowers—seeing it's Easter."—Claire Wallace Flynn in The Delineator.

O'HARA'S EASTER GUEST

(Continued from Page Nine.)

paused, listening keenly, one leg across the edge of the bunk. There it was again—a weak, appealing rap, rap of knuckles on the planks of the door. He crossed the cabin noiselessly and took up a heavy sheath-knife from the table.

"Who is it?" he asked, with his lips to the frosty crack of the door.

"A stranger to this country side, David Brant, in want of food and shelter," replied the untimely visitor.

For a heart-beat the big O'Hara stood uncertain. Then he tossed his sheath-knife behind him, dropping it among the blankets of his bunk with sure aim, and drew back the bolt.

"Ye bo welcome to what food and shelter I have," he said, peering into the unreal light beyond the gloom of the doorway.

"Give me a hand," said the stranger.

With a flutter of curiosity at his tough heart Mike assisted David Brant across the sill and shut the door after him.

"Set down an' make yerself easy," he invited, "an' I'll be havin' the water boilin' in no time at all."

He threw dry wood across the red coals on the hearth. He lit a battered lantern and set it on the table against the wall. Then he turned and surveyed his uninvited guest. What he saw was a slim man in garments of gray blankets, red stockings and moccasins. The face was bearded and thin and tanned. It carried signs of age and suffering, indications of youth and hope, in equal measure. A meager pack, blanket-rolled and backed with snow-shoes of the Micmac pattern, lay at his feet. Belt-axe and rifle leaned against the log wall.

"D'ye know," said O'Hara, "that when I heard your voice it seemed familiar like? But I ain't seen ye before, have I? Ye're a stranger about these parts, I take it."

"I have been away to the westward," replied the other. "Now I am heading for the salt water. My grub ran out yesterday."

"Lord, b'y," exclaimed O'Hara, "then ye've tramped all day on an empty belly! Help yerself to a taste out o' that bottle beyant the big painted almanac there." He laughed good-naturedly. "That almanac," he continued, "was give to me by as pesky a little pink-faced missionary person as ever I see. That was five year ago." He laughed again. "An' while ye take a nip, I'll put on the kettle an' the bacon," he concluded.

David Brant stepped over to the corner shelf, whereon stood a highly-colored church calendar propped against a black bottle. He glanced at the calendar; then he uncorked the bottle and set it briefly against his lips.

For hours the two sat before the fire, though the matter of eating was soon over with. Brant did the talking; the big trapper puffed at his pipe, leaning back in his rough seat and chuckling freely at Brant's stories. All the time he kept his eyes on his soft-voiced guest.

Some of Brant's stories were purely humorous; others were keenly pathetic; all were homely—of the hearth, the cabin and the soil. At first his talk dealt altogether with the wilderness and frontiers of the eastern provinces, of New Foundland and of the desolate Labrador. Balked forward in his chair, with his beard in his great hands, O'Hara gave his undivided attention and seemed to catch in the stranger's voice the accent of many vanished companions of camp and trail. He wondered at that, but with no disturbing curiosity.

Later, David Brant changed the scene of his stories to a certain tiny harbor on the east coast of New Foundland; and O'Hara, with his eyes half closed, went back, by faint trails of memory, to the great adventages and the clustered cabins. He nodded and nodded. His great face settled between his hands, and a dream of youth led him away from all the harshness and greed of the later years.

* * *

Of fire and opal and pearl was the lift and growth of the forest dawn; but Micmac Jim, peering from the one tiny window of his shack, thought nothing of the glory of God's morning. He snatched his Winchester to his knee; his thin lips hardened; then his brows wrinkled for a second, only to smooth themselves immediately. He sighed with relief and laid his rifle along the floor.

"Good," he muttered, "O'Hara, he forgot hees gun. He look tam jolly, too!"

(Mike O'Hara advanced, unarmed, up the hillside clearing. He rapped awkwardly on the door, with a mittened hand. The Micmac opened to him cautiously.

"Mornin', Jim."

"Mornin'."

"Have ye seen a stranger go by?" Jim shook his head.

"Not one by name David Brant?" asked O'Hara. "He mugged up at my shanty las' night. I took a nap—and when I woke he was gone."

"T'ief any grub?" enquired Jim.

"No — oh, no," replied O'Hara. He gazed about the quiet edges of the forest. Then he looked squarely at the Micmac.

"If David Brant ever routs ye out, Jim, don't grumble," he said, "for he'll lighten the heart of ye with his talk. An' look a-here, Jim—will ye come over an' mug-up with me? It's Easter Day, ain't it?"

"I guess so," stammered Jim, perplexed.

"Easter Sunday, for sure," remarked O'Hara.

Suddenly he pulled off a mitten and extended his hand. Micmac Jim took hold of it very cautiously.

"There be plenty o' fur hereabouts for the two of us," said the Irishman.

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The Reverend David Brant, breaking trail through the snow-hung wilderness, smiled as he looked abroad over the white and blue.

"I think I softened the fellow's heart," he murmured, "and that's not bad for a 'pesky, pink-faced missionary parson.'"

He laughed quietly and gave a hitch to his pack strap; for his Bible, making a sharp lump beneath the rolled blanket, galled his shoulder.—Theodore Roberts, in The Metropolitan.

Dr. Charles Cuthert Hall is making another tour of the world. He recently left Ceiga for the Philippines and China. Dr. Hall's book, "Christ and the Human Race," is to be issued in India for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Prince in Pajamas.

Passengers on the Overland Limited this morning were startled by the appearance in the dining car of Prince Mahomed Agakhan of India wearing a suit of pajamas. The young nobleman had taken his seat at one of the tables, when his secretary stepped up to him and whispered several words in his ear. The dining car was well filled with other passengers, including a number of women, who were shocked somewhat by the prince's apparel.

As gracefully as possible Prince Mahomed accompanied his secretary back to his state-room. He was much chagrined over the situation and expressed great mortification that the American women could not appreciate that by right of birth he was entitled to appear in any garb he chose to wear.—San Francisco Call.

"Mr. Hughes may not be nominated for president," says the Portland Oregonian (Rep.), at the conclusion of an editorial on present republican political signs and tendencies in New York state. "But if he were, the contingency would afford unmingled satisfaction to decent people, and would be utterly devoid of consolation for rascals."

The vegetable and fruit industries of Queensland are assuming important dimensions. It is estimated that their productive value now reaches about £5,000,000 annually, although large quantities of vegetable and fruits are also important. About £162,000 is spent yearly in importing onions, £238,630 in potatoes, £23,900 for apples and a large amount for citrus fruits.

The Imperial Bank of Persia possesses the sole privilege of issuing banknotes in Persia for 50 years to come.