

MORNING'S SECRETS

How devoutly quiet! how silently still
Is this little vale on this fair morn,
Though fog hang from the sky forlorn
And blanket the sight of the silent mill.
Listening, I hear the sweet gurgling rill
As it wanders among the sleeping reeds,
Whirling incessantly—a stranger to ease.
Now hark! There is the Robin's opening trill.
How peaceful now seems the virgin air;
How beautiful are the pearly trees
In their easeful slumber—heavenly fair!
But the plundering sun soon will seize
From earth these nocturnal beings so rare,
And form a kingdom with a wasting breeze.

—G. L. KEEFE '51.

A VILLAGE NEAR JERUSALEM

The twilight was disappearing from the tops of the surrounding mountains; shadows were coming down the hills and spreading themselves over the valley. One could hear the buzz of the bees returning to their hives. It was a quiet evening in spring, so quiet that this small village near Jerusalem seemed like a lost or forgotten part of the earth. Old Abacum was seated on a stone bench in his garden, inhaling the perfume of the flowers—there were many in his garden—and looking at the nearby Mount of Olives and at the small houses of Bethany which seemed to melt in the hazy atmosphere of the far-stretching valley. His wife and his two daughters, Esther and Agar, had gone with their donkey to the "big well" for the daily supply of water for the household.

Alone as he was, old Abacum was reviewing all the memories and happenings of his life as they paraded one by one before him. Among these events, the most unforgettable was his affair with the new Prophet.

Having been deprived of his sight for many years and being unemployed and weak, old Abacum used to carry his blindness and his rags, on tired and exhausted limbs, from door to door of the rich. At first he had been accompanied by his two daughters, but, when the girls grew up, they became ashamed of touring the streets with their blind father. Then old Abacum continued alone—his only companion being his cane—begging and singing in a hoarse voice and a sad tone, the psalms of Israel.