

At last, one fine morning, having nothing to do for an hour or so, I decided to go on a trip along a trench known to many as South Street. The trench was a good one, deep, dry, and well revetted. Rounding one corner I was surprised to hear the rustle of leaves, and on looking up I beheld a sight which caused me to try the Highland Fling. Right above me on the edge of the parapet stood an apple tree, and among its leaves I could see the old temptation smiling at me. Not a minute did I waste in climbing out of the trench and into the tree, and I was a very busy boy for a few minutes getting acquainted with long-lost friends. Soon I began to look around and found that I was in what had once been a lovely orchard, in which pears and berries still grew. Then I looked across to the crest of hill 70 and was just congratulating myself on the lovely view, when without warning, "whizz-bang!" and a shower of brick-dust, clay, twigs and pieces of old iron pattered merrily among the leaves. The next part is a blank, but I don't think I touched anything from the top of the tree to the bottom of a ten-foot trench. I made all haste back to the rats, and stayed an hour or so to cool off before telling the others of my wonderful apple tree. All further expeditions were made at night.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

