

The March Hare's Madness

fore our puny civilizations were dreamed of, and they will guide many generations when our hands have let go of all temporal affairs. The forethought of the ant may be a sufficient providence against the perils of winter, but we must have a touch of the March madness of the hare if we would come happily through the round year. It is not enough to avoid disaster and penury and mischance; the stones of the field accomplish that better than we. We needs must have "a bliss to die with, dim descried," if we would save ourselves from the consciousness of ultimate failure. You may very well think to get yourself through the inexorable portals of heaven under the patronage of Socrates and Newton and the Lord of Verulam, of the seven wise men of Greece and the seventy wise men of modern days. But, pray, were they not all mad together? Let me take my modest chance with the timorous March hare.

THE END.