

again his old time romance as he saw Naama's eyes in his daughter's countenance. And the princess repaid the father's love by a daughter's devotion.

One evening as Solomon was observing the stars the thought occurred to him to discover who was destined to be the princess' husband. Long and intently he gazed at the constellations. Silent and profound were his meditations in the watches of the night; and then, just as the first dim light spanned the far east, and the morning stars were singing their cradle-song for the new day, the monarch's heart felt an unaccustomed pang. He read the secret of his daughter's fate. There it stood blazoned on the fiery constellation—she was to wed the poorest man in Israel!—she, a princess, and his daughter!

With agonized soul Solomon left his watch tower. For once the rising day possessed no charm for him. Bird-note, flower-fragrance, the music of rippling waters, the magnificence of his surroundings, his books and songs and favorite pastimes, palled upon him. His lovely daughter in vain strove to soothe his disturbed spirit. Each fresh endearment only increased his irritation. Her voice, once so gentle, seemed to him as harsh as the scream of the condor. The maiden's heart was troubled indeed as she withdrew, weeping, from his presence.

"It shall not be!" Solomon exclaimed. "My daughter wed a beggar! A pauper's child to sit upon the throne of David! Nay, I shall defeat the Almighty. I shall—"

And there fell a deep silence on his spirit. A picture from the past arose before his vision. It was a king hurled from his throne on account of his pride, and doomed to wander unknown, and to suffer severe privations until he had learned to control himself and trust the Almighty. He saw the ring which he gave Ashmodai, and heard the fierce yell of triumph as the demon ascended the throne, while he—Solomon the Great—sank down, down into an unfathomable abyss. Then another picture arose in memory—the weary fugitive spurned on all sides, famine-

stricken and sick at heart, until the lesson of peace was learned.

"Forgive me, forgive me, Almighty!" he cried. "Must I learn again the cost of mortal pride? Forgive me for doubting Thy purposes and measuring my puny powers with the Infinite! Let Thy will be done. I shall watch Thy wisdom and abide by the result. My heart has lost its anguish and its fear.

Upon the rocky sea-coast Solomon had a lofty tower constructed. Walls high and inaccessible surrounded it on all sides. People wondered at the building, but Solomon continued the work until it was completed. Thither one night he had the princess brought, and placed her in charge of seventy aged custodians.

"This shall be your home," said he to the eldest and trustiest. "It is provisioned for years to come. There is no door to the fortress, so no one can enter without the sentinel's knowledge. Be vigilant. Your head shall be the price of your remissness!"

The days, the weeks, the months flew by. One night a poor traveller was wandering along, tired and hungry, his clothing tattered, his heart utterly cast down. At last he could walk no farther, such was his exhaustion, and seeking a spot to rest, he saw the skeleton of an ox in a neighbouring field. Thankful for the shelter from the wind, he crept inside, and with a silent prayer to God, fell asleep. The elements raged without, but he cared not for the storm. He forgot his cares and sufferings in blessed, restful sleep.

While the traveller thus slept, all unconscious of what was preparing for him, a huge bird with mighty pinions alighted from the distant hills, and lifting up the skeleton with the youth at rest, bore them aloft to the very top of Solomon's tower. The burden then proving too heavy, it was set down on the roof before the door of the beautiful princess. Then the bird flew away with a shrill scream that awakened the young traveller. He arose in terror, gazed about him, and began to walk up and down the roof, from



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