

One of God's Charades

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THIS morning I witnessed a dead that ought to be recorded and rewarded. I had been enjoying an all too rare treat, a morning gallop with Kitty—kind of little beasts man ever bestrode. I had left her at the stable, and was walking home along Broadway, when, at the crossing, I came upon a knot of twenty or more men, boys, policemen and standing teams. A sewer main had lately been laid across the street and the hind wheel of an overloaded truck wagon and found in the new pavement a soft place close by the track of the tram, and had sunken so deeply that the horse, great noble-looking fellow as he was, could not have drawn it out had he been multiplied by four.

Drivers, policemen and volunteers had been at work with great timber levers and planks and blocking, to pry up the sunken wheel; but the most they had accomplished was to get the end of a scantling nearly under the wheel in such wise that if it could be rolled forward at all, the scantling would make an inclined plane up which the wheel could climb until it should reach the pavement level.

With everything in readiness, and all the "prizes" at work, the men made a final appeal to the strong and spirited bay to pull once more. Once and again he re-

the heavy truck shafts, and the trace chains made fast to the whiffletree—at first a little too short, then lengthened a bit to give her sea room. There was no savage jerk upon the bits, no brandish of whip, no blow, no angry yell, nothing but a giving of free rein, and the projection of—what shall I call it? I have heard all sorts of sounds addressed to equine ears by men of many tongues and languages, but this I never heard before. It had for a basis the kiss-like sound so commonly used by American horsemen, yet some way it was peculiarly vocalized with an indescribable guttural explosion that was amazingly penetrating and human. It was at once coaxing, commanding, trustful, strenuous, kindly, authoritative, desperate, and I know not what else.

Old Whitey at once lifted her heavy ears, and as another of another of these insistent kisses were thrown at her, she suddenly took on the aspect of a new embodiment of life. She tested her tackle carefully, she felt the ground over with her feet, to find if there were the slightest points of vantage, she ascertained the central line of dead weight draft, and swinging herself one point off it to the left, gave a good, generous one-horse power tug at the immovable mass.

In vain.

Then swinging round two points to the

age of the kingbolt—I fear also perfect intelligence as to the cruelty of the imposition. Such desperate power of will; such willingness to will desperately; and all, not to escape the task, all merely to serve and please her master in his hour of need. I could not stop to pat her infinitely pathetic face, nor even to see if her driver gave her unkempt forelock one little approving pull. The tears were rolling down my cheeks and I had to hasten away.

Old Whitey had been counted on, and Old Whitey had met all expectations.

Postscript: The foregoing illustrates so many things in human life, and is so capable of yielding a moral that I fear some readers will be tempted to take it for a parable merely. To any such I want to say that I have reported the incident exactly as I saw it on the open streets. It is not a parable, but I strongly suspect it gives us an acted charade whose divine significance men should try harder to guess.—In *The Independent*.

A seventh grade boy encountered the following sentence in his grammar examination: "The horse and the cow is in the field." He was told to correct it and to give his reason for the correction. This is what he wrote: "The cow and horse is in the field. Ladies should always come first."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Who Wrote This Poem?

Note.—We have conducted contests—pictorial, literary and various—from time to time. Here is a new one. We shall print in several consecutive issues a notable short poem, leaving the identification of the author with our readers. For the best post-card essay of not more than a hundred words on the author, received at this office within a month from the date of the paper, we will send a book prize. Epworth Leaguers of any age, excepting only ministers, may compete. The poem given this month is particularly appropriate to these days, especially when you consider who wrote it. Who was the author? Answer on a post-card.—Editor.

"There are three lessons I would write,

Three words as with a burning pen,

In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

"Have hope. Though clouds environ now,

And gladness hides her face in scorn,

Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

"Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—

The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—

Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,

The inhabitants of earth.

"Have love. Not love alone for one,

But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun,

Thy charities on all.

"Thus, 'grave these lessons on thy soul,

Hope, Faith and Love; and thou shalt find

Strength when life's surges rudest roll,

Light when thou else wert blind."



ON THE MIGHTY YANGTSE RIVER.

Amateur photograph. Negative by Dr. W. Crawford, W. China.

sponded generously, but without effect. Then he desisted and continued a deist, saying good naturedly, but as plainly as ever horse could, that it was useless and inhuman to put one horse, however strong, to do the work of four.

It was now nearly time for the electric to come whizzing down the obstructed track. Something must be done at once. "There is no help for it," said the boss of the trucking team—"there is no help for it." So the well-groomed bay was led out of his shafts and Old Whitey taken from another loaded wagon. She had by no means the spirited look of the bay. Her arching neck had long since sunken to the general level of her dorsal skyline. Her great ears seemed incapable of motion, and her face was pathetically heavy and sad. Each several hair lay just where the drying from unnumbered sweats had left it, and no two seemed to lie together.

Her gaunt hulk was soon backed into

right, she gave another, surely a two-horse power, lift at the terrible load.

Immovable it remained.

Another coaxing, confident, kindly, anxious kiss thrilled through her excited brain—another.

She now fully took in the situation. It was an emergency. She knew what an emergency meant. She had been called on before. She knew she was counted on. She was this man's only present hope. Swinging once more a trifle on the great kingbolt and drawing a deep, deep breath, she suddenly bowed her sinewy neck and bony frame, and with a lunge that would have launched a world had creation been her business, she dashed with straining strides across the twenty feet of treacherous pavement, and, trembling in every fibre of her being, landed her inhuman load upon the solid street.

Well might the crowd stand breathless, as it did. Such perfect intelligence as to every ounce of help she could extort from the lay of the street, and from the lever-

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