

ed to sense one place of safety—and she dropped her head on her husband's arm. For the first time in her life she felt glad of his protection, of his strength.

She must have fainted, for when she next became conscious of her surroundings she was lying on the straw that covered the barn-floor, while the minister bent over her. She raised herself with an effort and looked about her. Men everywhere, coarse, dust-stained men, hated surroundings, her husband with the pleading, humble look that made her loathe him. Her mind went back to the one other time she had fainted; a ride in the woods of France, a fall from her horse, and "the Frenchman" bending over her as she regained consciousness. She looked at her husband as he stood there, shabby, patient, self-sacrificing, again the book-worm minister she had always known. She dropped her head on her arms and sobbed, "Oh, I wish I were dead."

O. M. M., '29

### RAIN

Melancholy is the song  
Of the falling rain;  
Forming little pools along  
By the cheerless lane;  
Sending splashes off the trees;  
Making mud of earth;  
Driving home the angry bees;  
Quelling joy and mirth.

Melancholy is the rain  
And the song it sings;  
But the beauty of that lane,  
Bright with shining things,  
When the sun has come once more,  
Bathing it in light,  
Surely is worth waiting for  
And a great delight.

J. R. H., '30