Bellefonte, Pa., April 5, 1901.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

Hark! Is it spring? I waked, and heard a robin sing : Only a shower of silvery notes, that dropped In tremulous outpouring, and then stopped While from a window nigh I saw a little singer flitting by.

As scorning to retreat, Although the sullen winds that moaned and Had frozen the tears of April, as they fell, to

With steadfast claim This messenger of gladness came. To welcome in with joy the tardy spring,

And from the winter's cold farewell to bring One measure of delight, Foretelling miracles of sound and sight-Of south winds blowing strong. When the white apple blossoms drift along. And for this one faint lay, the whole world steened in song.

O, robin, you, In your belief, are strong and true: By storms undaunted, with your notes of cheer

You sing, and we grow blither as we hear, Till, echoing your content, With larger faith we lift our heads, low bent. And, by past sorrows, know What may have seemed life's desolating snow

Only prepares the soul for summer's flowers to grow. -Boston Transcript.

AN EASTER-CARD On the morning of the Saturday before Easter Lawrence Brooks put on his shabby overcoat, his shabby hat, also his shabby gloves,—for, poor as he was, the instincts of a gentleman as to gloves survived within him-and set out for the post-office. The morning mail was due at nine o'clock. The air in the little country post-office was fetid with the throngs of loungers in their old rain soaked garments-there was a heavy rain soaked garments—there was a neavy rain falling—dripping umbrellas stood here and there in pools of wet. The back of Lawrence Brook's green-black overcoat was dank with rain; he owned no umbrella. He had a careless shamble of gait, and a careless shamble of pose when he stood with the content of the post of the p still; but no one for an instant would have mistaken him for anything but a gentleman. Intimate acquaintance with his own thoughts and the thoughts of others was written in every line of his face. People did not crowd him too closely as he stood before the letter-boxes, but left him, as it were, intact in a little circle of his own individuality. After all-though he was poor, though he was known to be idle, and a failure in life—he was Lawrence Brooks, the descendant of one of the best families in the village. His father had been a judge, and a member of Congress, and his mother a gentlewoman such as seldom lived in New England. Lawrence had stores of wisdom in that unkempt head of his, and a kindly smile as from an unlevelled height of superiority upon all who crossed his path. He was both sneered at and respected by others; as for his attitude toward himself, it was both condemnatory and indulgent. He watched his own shiftless shamble along his life-path with unconcern and a certain sadness. Sometimes it ocourred to him that the principal trouble with him was a lack of interest in himself. It always occurred to him more forcibly on Easter morning, because he had then a temporary revival of interest, for it was then that the Card came. For a great many years there had been without fail an Easter-card in the postoffice for Lawrence Brooks, and he had never the least idea who sent it. The Card had come first the Easter after that great disappointment of his life, which had, perhaps, been the cause of his more or less complete wreck on the rocks of destiny. The girl whom he had expected to marry had forsaken him for another man. It seemed that when the girl's interest in him waned the man's did also. He seemed to lie inert where the little thing, whose worst fault, after all, had been a gentle indecision and docility under the leadings of other wills, had thrown him. He had been put aside, and he remained there. He gave up his lawoffice after sitting idly in it for a few years; then he lived on his principal. The income of the old Brooks estate was not sufficient for his needs, which were frugal, as regarded his personal expenses, in every-thing except books. He would have books. Sometimes in these latter years he used to look with a sort of agony of anticipatory renunciation at his shelves of books. knew that in time they must go to satisfy his creditors, for he was an honorable man. He often wished that he might not live to see the day when he must be separated from them. He also sometimes was distinctly conscious of a wish not to live to see an Easter Day when his Card should not come. The card had come to mean an inconceivable amount to a man who was no longer a child. It represented for him all the outside interest in the world of his kind. Whoever sent it was a friend, and had him in mind; there could be no doubt as to that. Every Easter morning he stood, as now, before the tiers of letter-boxes, and watched the swiftly flying fin-gers of the postmaster and his assistant, with a tremendous sense of suspense. The pulses beat hard in his neck under his shaggy fall of gray blond beard; his eyes were riveted upon his own box, 267. The mail was nearly distributed, and he was feeling cold and dispairing, for he was not a man to have much faith in a last chances when there was a dart of a swift, slim white hand and a sharp slant of envelope triangled the box. It had come. Lawrence pressed closely to the window, and when it was slid open, said his box number to the clerk, and got his Card. He put the dainty white envelope into his pocket to protect it from the rain, and set out for

There was jubilation in his heart. The infinite preciousness of being unforgotten filled him with radiance, and that appened which never failed to happen at these times—his interest in himself awoke, stimulated by this interest of another. He stopped at the market on his way home, and purchased a tender steak for his din ner; it was long since he had eaten a steak He told the salesman, with a confidential air, to put it on his bill, although he knew that the bill must be met by a sale of some of his beloved books. He also purchased some potatoes, and a pound of choice tobacco. Then he went home and cooked his

dinner; he lived quite alone.

When the steak and potatoes were eaten, and he had settled down with his pipe over a hearth fire, for the weather was cold though it was Easter, he opened the envelthough it was Easter, he opened the envelope which contained his precious Card. It was a very pretty card, delicately designed and executed: a cross with lillies and the usual "He is risen" in Old English text.

The man, huge, unkempt, settling into his old arm chair with a heavy lounge of comfort, like some irresponsible animal, looked like in the fort, like some irresponsible animal, looked like in the same house; she had always left the room location in that part of the macabebes were wheels rolled out of sound. Lawrence still island. A number of the Macabebes were wheels rolled out of sound. Lawrence still given insurgent uniforms, and they looked and acted their part well.

He had known her ever since they were children; they had gone to school together. She was Amy's cousin, had lived in the same house; she had always left the room boat Vicksburg at Cavite. The Vicksburg

at it over his cloud of tobacco smoke with a curious delight, and then, as always, his dream began. A species of hypnosis induced by the suggestion of the Easter-card settled over him, and he lived therein to his complete self delusion for the time. The room in which he sat had been a stately apartment in its day, but it was now hideous in spite of the valuable books with which it was lined. The books themselves were dust laden, and seemed descrated; the tops of their cases were covered with a medley of nameless rubbish; everything about the room was loose hung and indescribably shabby and squalid; disorder had arrived at such a pitch that ease and comarrived at such a pitch that ease and com-fort alike were sacrificed. Lawrence even shifted uneasily in his old chair on account of the broken springs; the ragged edge of his collar rasped his neck, the ceiling over his head hung perilously, threatening a fall. He stared fretfully at an old engraving, discolored and hanging awry, when the dream suggested by the Card came into full

force.
Suddenly the picture was straight, the hearth swept, the brasses were bright, the precious books dusted, the tops of their cases ornamented with photographs and flowers, roses—he could smell them. In-stead of those torn traps for stumbling feet, in the old carpet, were rich rugs, his chair was a hollow luxury, and as for himself, he had found his level. He no longer regarded himself with that strange mixture of indulgence and sadness, but with entire respect and approval. He lived up to his Easter-card. This little lever of human interest did a mighty work within him; he was not yet a dead weight, he had the power of response to love and faith. Sitting there holding the Card, he resolv-

ed, as always, to engage his old law office the next Monday, to reassert himself among his kind, to go to work, to let them see that he was not quite crushed. He had always resolved this, but had never done it. He had a whole drawer of his desk full of these Easter-cards, and upon every one he had reared an airy edifice; but the foundation was too fragile, and it had collapsed. He had settled back into his old ways. But the resolve always came, and always for the time it caused his elevation to his own true level. He insensibly straightened himself as he sat there, the loose lines in his face grew tense, his very hands, clutching his old pipe and his Easter-card, took on a different character. They looked as if they could not only grasp, but retain.

Then the door opened suddenly, and his one surviving relative, a second cousin, entered without ceremony. She was much older than he. harsh faced, strung up to the painful concert pitch of order and thrift of New England. She had married a prosperous man. Her carriage was waiting at the gate, but he had been so absorbed that he had not noticed the noise of the wheels. She held on to her silken skirts with a firm hand, lest they come in contact with the dusty floor. As she tossed the plumes on her little jet bonnet, she surveyed the man before her and the squalid room with disgust, indignation, and something like tri

umph. "Well, Lawrence Brooks, I've found out after all these years," said she, in a voice lower and sweeter than one could have expected from her face but clear and pitiless. "Found out what, Candace?" Lawrence, in a bewildered way, rising.

"Sit down, will you not?" he went on.
The cousin looked with disgust, that almost amounted to nausea, at the chair. "No, thank you," she said; "I didn't come to stop. I came to tell you; to expose her. I thought it was time. Of all

don't know what you mean, Candace." he said gently, yet with a certain dignity. "What I mean is, I've found out the one

who has been sending you Easter cards all these years, ever since The man before her actually quailed. "I

never-" he began, but the cousin interrupted him.
"No, I know you didn't," said she: "but Emily Dickson's husband has been postmaster all the time except during one administration, and I made up my mind I'd find out who did such a thing as to send Easter cards year after year to an unmarried man. And now I have found out; Emily saw her put it in the box, and sh made Jonathan tell. Emily came right over and told me, and I went over and told her to her face what I thought of it, and

told her I was going to expose her."
"I don't want to hear any more, Candace," said Lawrence, brokenly. He was very pale; he felt as if some inner sacred-

ness of his nature had been laid bare to

pitiless scrutiny.
"Well, I'm going to tell you," said the cousin firmly; "it was—"," Then the door opened again and another woman came in swiftly. She was a slender woman, with red spots of excitement blaz-ing in her thin cheeks. She was not pretty, she had never been that; but she was elegant and unmistakably a lady. She threw back a long cloak which had protected her from the rain, and stood there an almost inconceivable figure in such a place, on such an errand. She was of such delicacy and dignified modesty that she seemed almost ascetic. Her soft gray hair was laid around her temples with the precision of a statue. Folds of white lace swathed her throat. She held out one little gloved hand with an imperative gesture toward the other

"Stop." said she, "stop, Candace Mears; I will tell him myself. I am not in the least ashamed. I did it. I sent those Easter-cards every year, after Amy—after my cousin treated him so badly. I was the one; I sent them. You have worked all this time to find out, and now you have, and I hope you are satisfied. It seems to me that you might have found nobler em ployment for your time, but you succeeded; however, I will be the one to tell him."

"Margaret Abbot!" gasped the other man. "Of all the—" woman. "Yes, I know, Candace," said the new-comer, "of all the shameless women to come and tell him! Well, perhaps I am shame-less. I don't know. I feel no shame. All wanted was-to do him a little good; that is all I want now. I have been seeing for some time that the cards weren't enough,

that I ought to tell him." The cousin stared at her with a vacant look. Lawrence held to the back of his old chair. He was actually trembling like a girl, between these two feminine countercurrents. He was quite dazed with bewilderment over it all.

His cousin drew her silken skirt higher with a sudden twitch of decision.
"Well," said she, "it's time for me to be going. I'll wait till you haven't any oth-

when he called on Amy. He had never thought anything about her, never any-thing at all; she had scarcely been more to him than a piece of furniture. But now a mighty change like that from the union of elemental affinities seemed to be taking place within him. A wonderful strangeness of precionsness was all at once in the appearance of this slight, plain woman. There is always a point of view wherefrom the jewel-lights of another individuality are evident, and Lawrence Brooks had gained one in the case of Margaret Abbot. Margaret, standing before him, began to

talk quite unshrinkingly.

"Candace is cruel; she always was," she said impartially. "She has been ferreting this out for years, but that has nothing to do with it. It was time I told you anyway I have been thinking for some that I ought; that I ought not to regard my own pride or even my womanly modesty, if I could do you any good. I have always loved you, Lawrence. I used to love you when you came to see Amy; I used to think there was nobody like you, and I think so now." She said it with the unswerving truth of a child.

"Oh, Margaret!" gasped Lawrence.
"Yes, it is true," said she. "I always
did. I had no right, you never cared anything for me, you hardly knew I lived; all
you thought of was Amy. If you married
her you would never known how I felt,
you would not have needed me. But why you would not have needed me. But when she treated you so, it almost killed me. I cared enough about you to want you to be happy so it almost killed me. I have never forgiven Amy."

"I did, long ago," said Lawrence.
"She did not deserve it," said Margaret. "I will never forgive her one minute of suffering she caused you. I loved you so that it seemed to me I must do something; and it was Easter right afterward, you know, and so I sent a card, and I have ever since. I thought you might feel that somebody thought of you, that it might keep up your courage. I knew what kind of a man you were, but I see now that has not been

She looked him straight in the face with blue eyes like a child's. A wonderful pos-sibility of beauty seemed to awake in her face, and the man gazed at her eagerly. "You must not live this way any longer," said Margaret. She indicated the wretched room with a comprehensive wave of her little gloved hand. "You must rent an office, and practice law. You must be different; you must be what you started to be. You have not enough interest in yourself; you have not since Amy"—Margaret said "Amy" with undying rancor—"but you can do it for the sake of some one else if not for yourself. You don't love me, you never will; but I love you with all my soul and shall as long as I live, and love is worth something even if you don't love back. You must be different for the sake

of the love, Lawrence Brooks."

She continued to look at him. No woman of her race had ever made such an unsolicited avowel before, but it seemed to exalt her instead of shaming her.

Lawrence crossed the room, opened his desk drawer, and returned with his hands full of neatly tied packets of Easter-cards. "You sent all these?" he said in a husky, tender voice.

"Yes, I did," said Margaret, "because I loved you, and wanted you to be the man you were meant to be; and now I have had to tell you. You've got to. Lawrence." Lawrence looked at the woman's face, then at the topmost of a package of cards, whereon was pictured an angel with a bunch of lilies. It crossed his mind that she looked like the angel.

"I'll do my best, Margaret," he said. Margaret drew her cloak around her a turned to go. Lawrence stood staring stupidly after her, with the Cards still in his hands. When the door closed he went to the window and watched her going down the street. All at once a resolution mightier than any which he had ever known awoke within him; he seemed to see his own better-self at Margaret's side, keeping pace with her love for him, and to see also in her strangely new yet familiar guise the ideal of his life.—By Mary E. Wilkins in Everybody's Magazine.

The Story of Aguinaido's Capture

nsurgent Leader's Headquarters Approached in Guise of Reinforcements for Aguinaldo, Bringing Prisoners; Then, at Command, the Guards Were Elusive Chief Fell to the Prowess and Strategy of the Splendid Funston.

In our edition of last week we published a brief story of the capture of the noted Filipino leader Aguinaldo. Since that time we have received the following details of Gen. Funston's heroic action hearng date of Manila, March 28th

On January 14th a detachment of General Funston's troops captured at Punta Bangan, Provice of Nueva Eciji, a messenger from Aguinaldo's headquarters at Palaman, Isabela Province, who was carrying letters to the various insurgent chiefs asking them send reinforcements. On February 8th one of Aguinaldo's staff officers surrendered to Lieutenant Taylor, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry. This officer had in his possession valuable correspondence which told of Aguinaldo's whereabouts and of the strength of the force with him. One of the letters was addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, ordering him to take command of the insurgents in Central Luzon, and to send 400 riflemen to Aguinaldo's head-

quarters. FUNSTON CONCEIVED PLAN. Upon learning the nature of the correspondence, General Funston immediately onceived the plan of equipping a number of native troops, who would pass them-sleves off as the expected reinforcements, several Americans going with the party ostensibly as prisoners, the object being, of course, to trap the Generalissimo of the insurgents. The plan was forwarded to General MacArthur far his approval. When this was received by General Funston the expedition was formed, the greatest care being exercised in the selection of the men

who were to take part in it. Four Tagalogs, who were formerly offi-cers of the insurgent army, were first chos-For obvious reasons their names have not been made public, as their lives would not be worth a minutes purchase if some of the more determined of Aguinaldo's friends knew who they are. Then seventy ight experienced and trustworthy Macabe be scouts were selected, some of them being told off to play the part of the insur-

The expedition was accompanied by Lieutenant Hazzard, of the First Cavalry Lieutenant Mitchell and Captain Newton, of the Thirty-fourth Infantry. The latter is familiar with the country through which the expedition was to pass, he having be-fore led an expedition in that part of the island. A number of the Macabebes were

was delayed by bad weather, but at 2 p.m., March 34th, she landed the expedition a short distance above Baler, which is twenty miles south of Basiguran, near which place the reports had located Aguinaldo.

The gunboats displaying no lights entered a lonely cove. The small boats were lowered alongside, and those who were to take part in the risky venture were soon in them and on their way to the beach. Not the slightest suspicion was aroused by the landing party, and as soon as they were safe ashore the boats put back to the Vicksburg, which at once stood out to sea, with the understanding that she was to return and pick up the party if they were success-

The expedition was nominally under the command of Hilario Plecido, an ex-colonel of the insurgent army. The other three ex insurgents pretended to be officers of lesser rank. With the exception of the twenty Macabebes, who were attired as insurgents, the other natives in the party were dressed in the ordinary costume of the country in order to allay any suspicion

that might be aroused. All of them, however, were armed with Mausers, Remingtons, and ten Krag-Jorg-ensen rifles, but the supposed peaceable natives kept their arms concealed as much as possible.

AMERICANS DRESSED AS PRIVATES.

The American officers who were acting as prisoners were dressed as privates. Each of them had a towel, a toothbrush and half a blanket. At daybreak, March 14th, the expedition started on a tedious march for Casiguran, word, in the mean-time being sent to the Presidente that the reinforcements expected by Aguinaldo were on the way to him. This ruse was adopted so that when the expedition arrived at Casiguran food and quarters would be ready. The message was signed by a supposed officer which mystified the Presidente, and the message was sent by him to Aguinaldo. The message was written on captured official paper, and the name Lacuna was signed to it. It stated that the reinforcements were sent in response to Aguinaldo's order, and the troops were the best in La-cuna's command. It further stated that enroute the reinforcements have had an engagement with the Americans and that five men, armed with Krag rifles, had been captured.

SIX DAYS OVER BAD LAND.

For six days the expedition marched ver an exceedingly difficult country, covering ninety miles. When they reached a point eight miles from Aguinaldo's camp they were almost exhausted from lack of food and the fatigue of the march. They stopped at this place and sent a message to Aguinaldo, requesting him to send food to

The ruse thus far had worked with the greatest success, and on March 22nd, when Aguinaldo sent provisions they saw that he did not have the slightest suspicion. With the food he sent word that the Americans were not wanted in his camp, but in structed their supposed captors to treat

them kindly.
On March 23rd the march was resumed, the Maccabebe officers starting an hour ahead of the main body of the expedition. The "prisoners," under guard, followed

TALKED WITH AGUINALDO.

When the party arrived at Aguinaldo's camp a body guard of fifty riflemen was paraded, and the officers were received at Aguinaldo's house, which was situated on the Palanan River.

After some conversation with him, in which they gave the alleged details of their supposititious engi American force they made an excuse and quietly left the house. They at once gave orders in an undertone for the Maccabebes to get in position and fire on the bodyguard. The order was obeyed with the greatest rapidity, and three volleys were The insurgents were panic stricken by the sudden turn of affairs and they broke and ran in consternation. Two of them, however, were killed and eighteen

RUSHED AGUINALDOS' HOUSE.

Simultaneously with the delivery of the volleys the American officers rushed in Ag-uinaldo's house. Major Alhambra, one of Aguinaldo's staff, had been shot in the face. He, however, was determined not to be captured and he jumped from a window Attached, the House Rushed by Americans and the into the river and disappeared. Two captains and four lieutenants made the escape in a similar manner.

AGUINALDO WAS FURIOUS. Aguinaldo was furious at having been caught, but later he became philosophical and declared that the ruse by which he had been captured was the only one which would have proved successful if the Americans had tried for twenty years.

One of the Maccabebes was wounded. The party stayed two days at the camp, and then marched overland to the coast, where the Vicksburg, whose arrival was excellently timed, picked them up and brought them back to Manila.

General Funston speaks very highly of Commander Barry of the Vicksburg, whose skill had much to do with the success of the expedition. General Function will recommend that suitable recognition be made by the government of the services rendered by the Maccabebes.

His Stomach Removed.

In the presence of many physicians of prominence both in Manhattan and in Brooklyn the surgeon-in-chief of the Ger-man hospital on Friday performed the operation removing the stomach of Jacob Wichmann, who has been a sufferer for many years from cancer of the stomach and was slowly starving to death.

The incision revealed the location of a cancerous growth at the point of entrance to the stomach, and another was at the exit from the stomach to the intestines.

The blood vessels which supplied the stomach were tied and after the organ had stomach were tied and after the organ had been removed the two points of the stomach—that of the entrance and exit—were joined together by a double row of stitches, probably fifty in all.

Should he survive the operation Wichmann for a week or more will receive sustenance in the form of injections. He will be able later to partake of digested food in the natural way. Wichmann's condition after he left the operating table was very hopeful.

TO APRIL.

Dear April, you're like some coquette, Some little flirt, I ween ; For half the time your face is bright. And then, all unforeseen. You droop your head, and pout, and shed Tears that you do not mean. Yes, April, you're a winsome lass,

A little flirt, I know; You do bewitch this heart of mine And bid me whisper low, "You are a true coquette because You make me love you so?" -Charles Hanson Towne LAST WEEK IN THE LIFE OF

Solemn and pathetic interest always attends on the last hours and last words of our human life. The world gathers around the death-bed of its heroes and listens for every accent which fall from their lips. Nothing else in the works of Plato thrills the reader with such deep and ten-der emotion as the stery of the final scenes in the life of Socrates, and his triumphant faith in the sphere beyond where those who had prosecuted him could neither harm nor reach. Into the last week of Jesus' life was crowded a large part of His teachings, and the most impressive events of His career. What ever men have thought about His person, and, however they have estimated His mission, they find in the seven days before His death all the significance and greatness of His work. His ministry was drawing to a close. He had made little impression on the wealth or power of His time, but His simple yet pro-found words, His sympathy with the suf-fering and the poor, His works of healing, and the democratic tendency of His teaching had deeply moved the common people, so wherever He went He was always at-

tended by crowds in which curiosity was mingled with expectancy.

As the Jewish feast of the Passover drew near, Jesus, loyal to his country and its traditions, desired to observe it in the Holy City. The Passover celebrated the origin of the Jewish nation. It meant to that people what Independence Day means to Americans. It was the festival of Hebrew patriotism as well as of the Hebrew religion. It was always observed in Jerusalem. The population of the city was probably about fifty thousand, but during the week, around, if not within, the walls were often gathered two or three millions of visitors. They came from many lands, sometimes even beyond the sea. One of the attractions of the occasion that year, no doubt, was the presence of Jesus, who was already the hope if not the idol of thousands who were looking for deliver-ance from the tyranny of Rome quite as anxiously as for a Messiah.

WHERE JESUS FOUND SYMPATHY AND REST IN BETHANY.

About three miles from Jerusalem, in Bethauy, was a household to which Jesus loved to go, and which seems to have satisfied His human craving for home. Even the greatest among men have hours of social hunger. They long for the companionship of kindred spirits. In that home Jesus found sympathy and rest, and thither He went to be a guest during the Passover week. It was a quiet family, consisting only of two sisters and a brother. The Passover festivities began on Thursday, and Jesus reached Bethany on the preced ing Friday. On the evening of His arrival an event occured which many have believed had an important bearing on the occurrences of the succeeding week.

On His arrival a supper was given in honor of Jesus by the people of Bethany at the house of a man who was known as Simon the leper. Among the guests were Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary and Martha. Mary had in her possession a box of precious ointment, which may have come down to her as a family heir-loom. Its value has been estimated as high as forty-five dollars. As the evening advanced, the woman, who had long loved Jesus with peculiar and possibly even passionate intensity, broke the box of ointment, poured its contents on His head and feet, and then wiped His feet with her long hair. The whole scene was peculiar, and against it the disciples earnestly protested. Judas, especially, was loud in his disapproval.
He declared that the ointment might better have been sold and the proceeds given to the poor- Was Judas honest in his indignation, or was it only the outburst of cupidity? We may not know. Jesus however, ignored the expostulations of His treasurer, and in strong language com-mended the devotion of the woman' Some believe that the purpose of Judas to betray Jesus had its origin at that time, and that its motive was anger and resentment. That supper was, it may be said, the be-ginning of the end in the career of Jesus. HAILING JESUS AS KING AS HE RODE INTO

JERUSALEM. Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath, was spent in seclusion. On Sunday Jesus, desiring to visit the city, started to walk. He had gone but a little way before He was surrounded by crowds who had heard of His works of healing and His profoundly human teaching, and who began to sing and shout around Him in true Oriental fashion. Either they were intoxicated with enthusiasm, or convinced that at last the deliverer of the nation had come. They broke off branches from the trees and waved them before Him as they danced

Heretofore Jesus had refused popular homage. He shranked from publicity. But on that day He was hailed as "King," by a frenzied populace. He improved the occasion to show that He was not seeking temporal power. In doing so He sent for an ass, and on it rode into the city. It was a strange and fantastic procession was a strange and fantastic procession. The thousands of excited people waving olive branches, singing psalms, dancing around a young man riding on an ass, calling Him their King, and obstructing the highway, very soon attracted the attention both of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. entering the city He proceeded to the temple, but there is no record of how the day was passed. Some manifesto concerning His future plans was expected by those who had followed Him, but none was issued, and at evening He returned to the peace and sympathy of the home in Beth-

JESUS BITTERLY DENOUNCING JEWISH

On Monday and Tuesday Jesus again went into Jerusalem and taught and healed diseases, as He had done before. His method of teaching was extremely simple. He would take a seat in the temple, and, when a company had gathered, talk with the people. He never preached; He always conversed. During these two days was held the con-

versation about that tribute money, in which He dexterously evaded those who were trying to make out a case of treason against Him. In these days, also, were spoken the parables of the King's supper from which the guests first invited absented themselves, and which was then opened to the througs of the streets, of the Ten Virgins, and of the Talents. The most vivid of His teaching at this time was that concerning the rewards which would surprise the good, and the penalties which would over-whelm the wicked at the end of the world. He declared that it would appear at the last great day that giving water to a thirsty man or visiting a prisoner in his cell was ministering to God. He said, in substance, that God is all the poor, the sick, the criminal, and that to serve them is to serve Him. Such teaching is common now; it was radical and revolutionary

At some time during those two days, out of patience with the trickery and conceit

of the officials of the Jewish Church, He denounced them in the bitterest terms. He knew how to be righteously angry. In some such mood, perhaps, He declared that the holy and the beautiful temple, so dear to the hearts of His countrymen, would surely be destroyed. That greatly incensed the ultra-patriotic. "The commandment"—That ye also love one another as I have loved you"-was also spoken on one of those days. He was the object of enthusiastic interest among those who came from the provinces, and not improbably of the Jewish commonality, but of sneering criticism on the part of the priests and their friends. At length enthusiasm became so intense and opposition

so bitter that the Sanhedrin, the court of the Jews, decided at once to take steps for His arrest. While they were de-liberating as to the best way to proceed help came to them from an entirely unexnected quarter.

WHEN JESUS WASHED THE FEET OF HIS DISCIPLES.

Judas went to the Sanhedrin and bargained to deliver Jesus into the hands of Jewish authorities. Until then Judas had been known as the treasurer; ever since he has been known as the traitor. To the hour of His death none of His disciples seem to have understood Jesus. When He talked of a Kingdom they thought it was of this world. There was a touch of worldly ambition in the best of them. Even James and John persuaded their mother to use her influence with the Master to secure for them choice places in a new Kingdom. They were thinking of earthly dominion. He was thinking of God and the things of the spirit. Whether Judas really intended to he a traitor, or whether he only sought to stiffen the courage of Jesus and thus to hasten the crisis which would make Him King in Jerusalem, will never be known. Whatever the motive, the act itself ended in what the leaders among the Jews had sought and Jesus had long anticipated. This was Tuesday afternoon or evening. Of what transpired on Wednesday there is no rec-

On Thursday the Passover was celebrated in Jerusalem. Jesus avoided the crowds that thronged the city. A quiet room had been found by His disciples, and there, with the turmoil and excitement shut out, they made ready to eat their feast. The scene has long been a favorite one with the artists. Leonardo da Vinci's painting of it almost rivals Raphael's immortal Madonna: But the occasion has poetry only for those who have imagination. The furnishings of the room were rude and the provision simple. Surrounded by His disciples Jesus saw a shadow approaching—a shadow seen by Him a-

They were no sooner assembled than Jesus did one of those surprising and enigmatic things which were ever puzzling His friends. In those lands it was customary for servants to wash the feet of guests. No servant was present, and therefore Jesus began to perform this menial service before His astonished followers could appreciate what He was doing. At first they seem to have been dazed, but at last Peter found voice and declared that Jesus should never wash his feet. Jesus, however, persisted, and actually washed the feet of all His disciples, including Peter and Judas. To those who believe that Jesus possessed forsight, and knew that Peter would deny Him, and Judas betray Him, this scene is of solemn significance.. The only reason He gave for His action was that He wished His disciples to understand that no service is too humble for one brother to render to

THE LAST SUPPER-MEMORABLE UTTER

ANCES OF JESUS. After the washing of feet and the eating of the Passover Judas went out to consum mate his treachery. Then Jesus ate bread and drank wine with those who remained, and asked them whenever in the future they should eat bread and drink wine to remember Him. That was the beginning of what the Christian world has so long observed as the Lord's Supper. At the ta-ble Jesus spoke many of His most memorable words. The subject of death was naturally on His mind. He said it was only like going from one room to another in

the Father's house. He told His disciples that after He had gone He would come again. He saw that when He should no longer teach them they would often be perplexed as to what to be-lieve, and he asked them to remember that the Spirit of Truth would take His place, and interpret His words, and continue to make new disclosures of truth as they were able to receive them. He went still farther, and actually insisted that it was best for them that He should die, for he had never expected to establish an earthly Kingdom nor rescue Judea from Rome; and they would con-tinue to misunderstand Him while He was with them, but when He was gone they would appreciate the spirituality of His teaching and mission. Thus around the table and far into the night He talked with His friends. Suddenly a strange solemnity fell upon Him. He grew quiet, then lifted His hands in prayer, and His prayer to this day seems not a prayer, but a conversation with the Deity. It is re-corded in the seventeenth chapter of the

Gospel of Saint John.

When the prayer was ended the little company in sad and expectant silence went out into the night. In their way lay a garden named Gethsemane. In that they halted, and there Jesus passed through a litter experience. He was convinced that bitter experience. He was convinced that His enemies had triumphed and that He must die, but He shrank from death, as most healthful persons do. He was young. Life was sweet. For a moment it seemed as if He could not die. The struggle was so intense that He sweat blood. The agony, however, quickly passed, and peace and strength returned. It was then after and scrength returned. It was then after midnight on Thursday. The small hours of Friday were at hand, when a light was seen approaching, and a company of officers with Judas at their head drew near. Feigning friendliness Judas ran up and kiss Jesus. For a moment Peter thought of resistance, but it was only for a moment. At last Jesus was in the hands of the officers of the law, and the disciples were scattered.

JESUS BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN AND

It was early in the morning, not yet light, but the greedy priests could not wait. There were to be two trials—one before the ecclesiastical, and one before the civil, court. Judea was a Roman province, therefore all capital offenses, even though judg-ment had been passed on the offenders by the Sanhedrin, had to be tried by the Roman Governor. In each of the two trials of Jesus there were three stages. Annas had been the High Priest, and still retain-Annas the influence, if not the insignia, of the office. He was an old man. To him Jesus was first taken for a brief examination. A meeting of the Sanhedrin could not legally be held before sunrise, but those who had

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