

tions were asked by little Isidor and were answered by the reading of the remainder of the Passover narration. Little Rachel slyly broke off a piece of the matzos called the "afikomen," and hid it, so that she might find it and thus secure a present.

The supper was served and eaten in an easy, free-hearted, leaning attitude, to show the freedom of their race, since they were liberated from the rods of the Egyptian taskmasters. They ate, drank and jested, and the "Shechina," the spirit of God, was surely upon them.

Suddenly the old man clasped his hands, a feeling of fear seemed to possess him. A sad, painful expression flitted over his face. His wife gently laid her hand on his shoulder and looked at him with a kind, troubled face.

"Ach, Levi, what is it?" she cried; "tell me what has disturbed you? What fearful memory has entered your mind?"

"'Tis nothing, nothing, dear one," he replied. "I seemed to see a picture of the past before me. A dreadful thought took possession of me. I felt as if one of those drunken wretches, who broke in upon us on our last Seder night in Russia, were near me. I seemed to feel the horror and dread of that awful scene over again."

"My man," said his wife, "put the awful past away from you; here we are safe—safe, for this is America and not Russia. This is a land where we are all equal; where none dare come and maltreat us."

Outside stood the figure of a cold, weary and hungry man looking in at the happy family and feasting his eyes and his heart on the well-laden table. There was something strangely familiar about all this to him. An odd expression passed over his face, his hand went to his hot and feverish brow. He had now fully grasped the meaning of it all. It was the Jewish Passover, the "Jhidovsky festival."

He remembered how just three years ago, he, at the head of a drunken mob of Russian bandits, had broken in on just such another family, on just such a night. How he then gloated over the cleverness of his scheme and the persecution of an innocent family. It all came back to him now. He saw the little dead Russian child that he and his comrades had placed at the door of a Jewish family, in order to attach suspicion of the Russian government upon them.

It was then a well established fact among the "moujiks" of Russia that in order to have the Passover in accordance with the Hebrew law, it was necessary that the blood of a Christian child be used in the making of the wine and the unleavened bread.

The man outside seemed to feel and see the whole miserable scene over again. A child, a Christian child, had died of fever the morning before Passover, and what better opportunity did these wild and barbarous men have of getting revenge upon the Hebrew population of Minsk than of placing the child at the door of a Jewish home on Seder night and proclaiming the hideous action to the whole town?

This was exactly what they had done, and as he looked again at the family before him he suddenly recognized in the old man—Levi—at whose door he had laid the awful blame of an act for which he was not guilty.

He was tired, but here he could not rest; he was hungry, but of these people he could expect no food; he was alone, a stranger in a strange country, but no shelter dared he expect here.

He pulled himself away, but turned back. The door was open, a light shone out, and a childish voice called for the angel Elijah to enter and be welcome.

What could this mean—could they welcome him—he who had wronged and persecuted them? He staggered forward, his head fell in the doorway. There he was, his face on the floor and his hands outstretched. He laid there, stunned and lifeless.

Half an hour later he awoke to find himself seated at the table amid a quiet, kind family. The cup of Elijah was pressed to his lips, a white-

haired man in a black silk cap and a long white gown arose, and in a tremulous voice said: "Peace, my children; this is Seder night. We are welcoming the stranger, although he be the one who has been the scourge of our lives in Russia; from our hearts do we forgive him—for the Lord forgiveth, and so must man, for man is in the image of God."

The Russian sank his head on his breast and whispered a low "Amen." In his heart and in his ears tingled the echoes of those songs that have been sung since Israel itself escaped from bondage.

## A SEDER NIGHT INCIDENT.

By Clara Ruth Mozzor.

(In the Denver Post.)

It was a little settlement, composed for the most part of Russian peasants who had immigrated to America and had settled in the beet fields of Colorado. Among these Russians lived old Levi and his family.

They were very happy, these simple Jewish people in the land of the free. Although their neighbors were Russians, yet they had no fear of them, for these were Russians in America and not Russians in Russia.

On this night Levi and his household were especially happy, for it was Seder night, kept in the remembrance of the first Passover in Egypt. Little Isidor and Rachel, dressed in their new holiday clothes, had an air of expectation and pleasure on their little dark faces. Every one looked happy and had a feeling of safety and security. Calm peace reigned over the whole house.

The new white linen was already spread on the table. The candles in their brightly polished candlesticks sent out a welcoming light. There were the three cakes of unleavened bread, or "matzos," before the master's place; a tray containing an egg and the shankbone of a lamb, roasted in the open fire, and the "haroseth," a mixture of finely-chopped apples, cinnamon and nuts moistened with wine. Bitter herbs, commemorative of the hardness and bitterness of Egyptian bondage, were there, too; and a dish of salt water with parsley to be dipped therein. Every dish upon the table was like the linen, perfectly new.

At one side of the table stood a vacant chair, and before it was placed a goblet of wine, called the "cup of Elijah." This was for the angel of peace, or for the tired and hungry wayfarer to enter and partake thereof.

The family placed themselves around the table, the father at the head, the mother at the right, the oldest son and daughter at the left, while the little ones sat near the mother. The first blessings were pronounced, the hands were washed, the Four Ques-