

little brother's hand gripped tightly in his own. When I asked him if he had forgotten something, he said hesitantly and somewhat reproachfully, "Teacher, you said that when Jesus was in the temple he asked the teacherth questions and they answered him willingly. Why didn't you like my questions?"

In my best teacher manner I set out to point the moral. "The questions Jesus

asked," I explained, "were about the church and the Bible and God. Can you see why Jesus' questions were different from yours?"

One grimy finger twisted the front of the heavy sweater. "Well . . . ," came the low reply, "Jesus lived a long time ago, and he didn't play marbles; so he couldn't ask questions about marbles."

I fled.

COMBAT

JACK RETHERFORD

The place was a small clearing in a forest in British Columbia. The contenders were two buck deer of about the same build, but one was younger than the other. The time was early morning, and the prize at stake was a herd of four does.

Around and around went the two shaking their heads and stamping their feet. Neither wanted to start the fight, but it was evident that both were intent upon fighting. Finally the young buck made a lunge, and his antlers hit those of the older deer. The sound was like that of nothing I had ever heard before. It was like a mixture of a club hitting a tree trunk, a hard tackle in football, a knockout punch, and two wrestlers hitting the canvas at once. They then broke away and came together again. This time all the other likenesses of sound were there, and there was still another. Like the crack of a rifle one of the antlers of the younger deer broke, and it was left hanging by the outer covering. The angry snorts issued from him then, compared with the shouting of a street brawl. They fought on, becoming more fierce in their attacks, and louder in snorts, and grunts.

After about thirty-five minutes the younger deer succeeded in wearing out his opponent, and with one final lunge he ripped the older deer's side half open. The cry which followed sounded almost human. It made me think of a man being shot, or of a frightened woman. With this he backed away, and turned to run. The younger deer whistled a high shrill note in triumph and went away with the does following. That last whistle made me think of a boy, the leader of a gang of ruffians, demonstrating his superiority over his companions.

Feeling curious to know with what fate the old deer met, I picked up the trail, and late that afternoon I came upon him drinking at a small brook. His side was still bleeding, and it was evident that he was yet in a great amount of pain. He was not as quiet at his drinking as he might have been, and sounded very much like an old sow in mud. Just to see if the old buck had any life left, I jumped up and waved my hands to attract his attention. With a snort he turned and walked slowly into the woods, too tired to sense danger, or to run from it.