



A THOUGHT

WHY CAN we not always have the simple faith and contentment of a little child? Does not that question often occur to you? As we grow older do we not become discontented with our lot? We no longer are able to see the small things in Nature that have at one time been a great discovery to our simple minds and a source of untold happiness. We overlook all of these and only see the big things on the surface; little details make up the whole, but we no longer consider these, and yet we go about constantly airing our hollow knowledge.

Why not turn to Mother Nature? There is not an ill that she has not a cure for, but she is not so obliging as to bring it to us; we must seek her. Into the mountains that overhang this valley let us go! As we ascend its side in the dewey morning, our cares depart with the sun's first signal of his rosy messengers before his palace walls, and as his golden chariot draws near our spirits leap up as the burden is gradually lifted and we smile and challenge him to a race to the top of the hill.

When defeated do we feel any chagrin? No, we are no longer the downtrodden slave of care. We bask in the sun's cheery glow, feel the cool breeze on our cheek, breathe deeply of the pine scented wood, and are glad. Down into the valley we go! She extends her shadowy hands, and shows us her flowery treasures, and we are refreshed by a drink from her crystal waters. On and on we go, what mind we the tiny avalanches that tumble over each other at every step we make?

Ah! We are at the summit of the high purple peak that has stood guarding the valley for centuries. Why do we feel so small? Have we actually lost some of our gigantic stature? Is it possible our knowledge is not so great as we thought? Now we realize the truth! "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, O Lord?" How small our mightiest structures seem! From what man made tower can we see so far? God and God alone reigns supreme and Nature is but His agent. You can feel an Unseen Presence and you hide your face in shame. Could it really have been you who were pressed by care a short



time ago? How foolish you were! "Never more shall I murmur under my tiny burden," you whisper. You look for many minutes over the rolling plains of green, the almost minute darker patches of trees, the waters—tiny silvery serpents running to the sea, and then the minute specks—man's habitation.

You heave a heavy sigh from the bottom of your heart when the little silent messengers of sun and shadow whisper, "'Tis time to return." Onward down the hills you trudge picking up your burdens with renewed courage and your heart singing a paean of joy as you go.

Margaret Brewer, '25.