

Looking Toward The Dawn



This was the only life I had ever known, the only world. As a creature conceived and reared in a selfish place of continual beginnings and endings, it would be difficult, at first, to look down that splendored corridor of timeless love. Yet this I knew, for me the door of death would swing on easy hinges; there would be no "Inner Sanctum" noises grating in my soul.

Today, far removed from that thundering land where the wind ceaselessly torments the scudding sea and prunes grey limbs from the needled green hair of towering redwood giants, this one thought pre-eminent remains. I shall look into the black abyss of Night and, with one quick sigh, step off the steep precipice of that Great Divide in one last triumphant act of faith. A stride across the brink and I shall see that the bottomless chasm was only a thick shadow of fear cast by the cloud of my unknowing. Standing on a vast luminous plain, I shall, overwhelmed with joy, embrace the Friend who has long waited there for me; and together, now for aye, we shall go to join the enraptured hosts, in the glowing dawn of a new, unending day.

Abstraction

The whole is its parts—
The universe, man, and the individual.

And if these things be so, then
Within the whole is development.

As we think, so develops the whole.
Therefore the universe is thought.
The cause of all things is the will of the thinker.

And as we think, so is it what we know.

Similar then is the universe to my own ideas.

The combination of the ideas of the motley generation

Are the causes of the Universe;
Therefore of what things shall we think?

JIMMY HUNTER

HILLTOP—PAGE ELEVEN

cause of their horror and livid reality. Those loggers'-tales were validated too frequently by fresh blood-lettings. And the day previous, a near miss of my own had added to me an understanding new and appalling. I had tasted of the apple, though only a taste, and, finally, my eyes were opened wide to my nakedness before such forces. How could I face the heavy chains, lashing like coach whips when a link snapped, or the tumbling, thirty-foot logs that if prematurely released, gave no other warning of their crushing descent from the towering log-deck than a few blood-jelling thuds before they pounced upon one's back?

Then, as I looked toward the east, where dark precipitous ranges of snow-capped clouds rose out of the golden maze of terrestrial foot-hills, I sent forth a prayer on the wings of the morning. And as I stood on the brink of that wild tormented coast, entreating the Lord who had, at the first dawn of creation, placed this new day in the womb of the earth, I came to realize more clearly the relation between this brief pilgrimage and life everlasting. I could see how, when the time of transition comes, memories of un-numbered adventures in faith and those companions with whom they were shared, along this trampled maze of footpaths, would bring a suspended sadness to one's heart.

JIM OTIS