

Noises

Peggy spun around in alarm! There was the front door wide open and outside were only the early summer night and that strange, wild sound. It could not have been made by little Jim; he was upstairs asleep. Could it be John? No, he was in the den amusing himself, as he liked to do.

"Oh, why in the world did I have to say I would baby-sit to-night?" fifteen-year-old Peggy asked herself.

Mrs. Brown, her next door neighbor, had called her that morning and asked if she could come over to stay with the boys while the Browns visited a friend in the hospital. They would be home very early. The Browns had often given Peggy rides, taken her with them on picnics, and arranged treats for her and her friends. She could hardly refuse.

Besides, the children were lively youngsters and a lot of fun to keep; but now Peggy was wondering if she had been wise to say

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"Yes". Some of her friends had told her of mysteriously frightening experiences they had had recently. Peggy wanted to call her mother, but was afraid of appearing too easily scared.

There, the noise had stopped; but just as Peggy reached the front door and pushed it hastily but gently shut, the noise began again, apparently from a different direction. Shakily Peggy went upstairs to see about Jim. He, at least, was sound asleep! She then went around to all of upstairs windows one after another and looked out. She could see nothing, though the backyard and front lawn were lighted by an almost-full moon.

As she was descending the stairs, she again heard the noise; and underneath it she thought she detected the low murmur of voices

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From The Valley

I looked up out of the depth of a valley of loneliness of a strange new adventure in a strange new place. . . . searching for a foothold. . . . a limb to grasp. . . . to pull me from the valley— into a world of love and a sense of being wanted. . . . and wanting.

At first there was a great struggle and a frantic search for one face in the midst of thousands. Confusion ran rampant through my disturbed and interrupted mind because of this desperate need for only one thing— one friendship.

And then one day I heard a voice speak a warm hello and I turned and knew in my heart that surely here at last was the end of my search. Yet this was and could be only a beginning because I knew that this must be a lasting and a wonderful relationship that my simple heart had never known before. A part of myself must be given and I must climb from this valley of selfishness and loneliness as a stepping stone.

I must learn the meaning of walking alone. . . . if need be. . . . or of pulling others when I can barely reach the next step myself. . . .

I must learn that the welfare of my friend means more than my own. . . .

That we both are human and must clasp the hand of God when the problem grows too deep or the path too dim for mere shallow minds to solve or even understand. . . .

That even my life is not enough to give should the choice come between the two and that love deeper than the well of the sea can never be deep enough when his soul is involved. . . .

That his place on the mountain must, at times, be higher than mine. . . .

and when mine must be higher, I can still reach down and grasp his hand and still feel the warmth. . . .

That my tears can be but the remains of the rains that have fallen into his life and must be washed away by someone else. . . .

That his laughter is but a reflection of my joy in his happiness. . . .