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the rock, all by myself. It is surely with me as Uncle Pliny says:

"It ain't nowise a bad thing for a person to get into a cruel tight place, sometimes — ef they don't gin up, ef they goes through it with good courage. Seems like they is somethin' deep down in ever' one of us, stronger than we ordinary knows on. We gets into a hard place where they ain't seemin'ly any way out of, an' that strength comes a-surgin' up, an' we uses it reckless like, maybe, not knowin' how it is goin' to last us, an' somehow, it lasts us through. An' after we once gets a-holt or it, an' uses it that-a-way, it ain't never goin' to leave us. An' it helps us a heap of times, all through our lives."

The hill was steep above us, but it was not too difficult for me. We reached the topmost top, and found there a level place, almost big enough for half a dozen people to stand on, and a stone seat almost big enough, just big enough, for two!

The strong wind tried to lift us and carry us upward and away, but we were not ready yet to leave this beautiful earth.

Far below us lay the green valley, its bright colors and all its outlines softened and subdued by the tremulous heat waves that rippled in between. There was the sparkling river, wind'ing in and out