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## M I D S T R E A M

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mystics (long and long they searched the ar-  
cana) are grasping all the dimensions of life.  
It is like coming home—like the green hills of  
home after a stormy passage—this walking forth  
of Jesus to meet us again—a world-man of sur-  
passing simplicity, our exemplar and delight.

We hear the song-sparrow a thousand times.  
At last in some moment of our purer receptivity,  
we realise that this is one of Nature's angels say-  
ing: "The plan is good. The plan is good."  
. . . The sparrow<sup>1</sup> was singing it all the time.

THE END