



Thanksgiving Meditation

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For all the long way we have come, we pause on our Thanksgiving day, lest we forget. For the million, million years behind, which push us forward with the irresistible surge of a tidal crest behind which is all an ocean's roll. We know not why God swung through so dark and low a circle to find Himself in man. But now in the fulness of time slowly swings the world to light. As slow as on Norwegian heights the rose of midnight changes softly to the rose of dawn, and yet as swiftly and as surely too. The western world lay once a flickering speck of light before a pale and worn man's eyes, peering through darkness.

But within us each are continents unknown and milky ways and astral glories and sudden splendors ineffable. Happy he who becomes the Columbus of his own soul. And for such high quest in this year of grace, 1911, how gleams the master light of all our seeing, how lures us on the Light of the world, through all our college days. Therefore, we join in thanks this day, not loud but deep. And back from the breadth of our Canada and those other nations of our speech and kin there swells a plangent note of praise that all the world has swung a whole year nearer to the time when all men's good shall be each man's rule and 'universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land and like a lane of beams athwart the sea.'

