

the Truth. Seldom does she fail to reward them for their labor. Each new discovery, every little disclosure awakes for him who expresses himself in laws which guide both the infinitely large constellations and infinitely small atoms in their course.

Theodore Kierstead Cleveland, 'BB.

CONTEMPLATION

I like to wander in the fields,
Where gold-eyed daisies nod and sway;
Where grasses thrust their feathery heads
In waving mass to bar my way.

I like to watch the buzzing bee,
And see the clover bend beneath
The nectar-laden insects' weight
Until he wings to yonder heath.

I like to lie on a grassy knoll
To gaze at birds in leisure flight;
With wings outspread and firmly curved
They glide and swoop with pure delight.

I like to pierce beyond the skies,
And think of God who made this life
So full of love and peace and joy
And far removed from frenzied strife.

I like to wish that I could stay
And dwell with daisy, bee and bird,
And dream and contemplate upon
The beauteous earth as God's own word.

—M. H. M., '22.