

Samplings . .

As nature had built the lake, so had Mr. MacSherry built his landing on it—small. . . Each spring his small store comes to life. Its birth is never premature nor unduly late, for the day which officially opens the fishing season brings life to its very doorstep . . . Though Mac's spring preparations end temporarily at nightfall, the natural advance of spring does not pause to rest. In the evening as the rippling water is stilled to a motionless sheet of reflection, we notice nature still at work. In the distance we can hear baby frogs belching out an imitation of their croaking daddy. The shrill of crickets and an occasional plop of a fish are the only other sounds . . .

Spring Comes to MacSherry's Landing

BARBARA HEINEY

But if man has faith and has thought about himself in relation to the universe, he knows there is a plan for everything—from an amoeba's reproducing of itself, up to the tremendous revolvings of the planets in the solar system. The executors of this plan of things are always changing: a star may burn with the same intensity for thousands of years, but eventually its light will change, as all things must.

The man will come to realize that death is a part of the relentless, continually changing plan which is taking place in the universe.

There has to be something which began this tremendous plan and watches over it—something which we call God.

Faith

DIANA HARVEY