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**ROCKS OF THE HILLS**

Have you climbed among rocks in the mountains,  
Great rocks in the rough sculptured hills;  
Have you felt you were near the world's morning  
Where order from chaos fulfils  
One of God's primal laws of creation?  
O, then may you learn of the hills.

Have you laughed when a wind swept the summit  
And swirled around pinnacled rocks;  
Have you sought a secure granite fortress  
To brave all the gale's battle shocks  
Until peace found the wings of a sunbeam?  
O, then may you love the grim rocks.

Have you watched the wee folk of the boulders  
Who scamper to rock sheltered home;  
Have you thought that perhaps the Creator  
Hung high in the heaven's blue dome  
A star over each little household?  
O, then may the hills be your home.

EDMOND S. MEANY.