

The branches cast their cooling shade
On many a dusty cavalcade.

They whom God moved to gratitude
Gave water ; so it thrived and stood.

There came a day when men forgot
Their gifts ; the skies were withering hot ;
The sun smote through with burning blade
That once impenetrable shade.

Again their came a caravan
To rest. All marvelled that the ban
Might rest on that which, heaven-wise,
Shed comfort on heat-blinded eyes.
One said " 'Tis sad its life is spent "
And sought for shade within his tent ;
And one had pursed the critic's mouth
To chide the drooping wrought by drought .
And one had wept its bitter fate,
And one with moan cried " Ah, too late ! "
But one said " See, my brothers, where
The greener leaves are living here ;
We each have water ; part we give
Ungrudging, so the tree may live ! "
Then each, for shame or gladness, gave
His utmost gift, its life to save.

Not through the open tract of sky
Our college speeds to victory ;
Earth is her battle-field—we must
With her do conflict in the dust ;
No smallest grain of help withhold
Of word, or toil, or gift of gold.
Thus only shall men ever see
Upon her shield's fair blazonry
" IN PULVERE VICISTI ! " —know
Her sons have saved her honour so.

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The Elements of Socialism in Christianity

IN all human life, social as well as individual, there is a movement, a growth, possible only through the permanent deposits of ages which have passed away. As one of the most fertile countries in the world has been built up by the accumulations of centuries, so is it with life, each preceding age leaves the impress of its customs and ideas