

well-known roads are quite impassable. Storm and thick darkness the timid and the wicked. But here and there a crocus, sweet har-binger of summer, smiles out of the frost. The sunshine is yellow and warm, and above the tempest may often be heard the song of the birds beginning their nesting. It is springtime and there is nothing to fear.

Men say that the church has lost its power, and they are turning away unsatisfied from its doors. The reason is plain. Christianity is a splendid ocean liner. Timid souls have kept her tied to the wharf or running up and down the harbor. All is pleasant and safe, but it grows wearisome after a while. Let preparations now be made for the long voyage into the great deep. Let there be high purpose and and strenuous endeavor to find the sunlit land of human peace and brotherhood. Then the people will come aboard gladly. It is time to put to sea.

*Charles Aubrey Eaton, '90.*