

but true peace on earth. Mounted on our chargers of truth, protected by our mail of righteousness, and armed with the immutable spiritual reality, we must penetrate the outworks of the world, and finally take by storm the citadel of the Kremlin. We must once again crusade for Christ.

What ails the world is, in the last analysis, the absence of religion from our daily lives. The panacea for our social, economic and political ills is not the ready-at-hand formulas of masterful manipulators, but rather the infusion of the religious spirit into our daily lives. The function of the Holy Year of 1950 is to bring together those estranged parties, religion and life. This is the secret, the 'Open Sesame' of victory. Religion must be reinjected into life, so that when the trumpet shall ring out for the Armageddon against Communism, the soldiers of the Christian army will be worthy standard-bearers of the Cross, and the Marxian ogre will be pinned to the earth for the deciding fall by the colossus of Christianity.

—MARK MacGUIGAN '51.

ABOARD MY SHIP OF DREAMS

Last night as I sailed
On my ship of dreams,
I watched the sleepy people
Gaze with mysterious wonder
At the moon which fell
And spread its charms
In a path of silver
Across a diamond studded sea.

Soon we passed the harbour light
Which stood like a white angel
In the enchanted night.
Then we went ashore
Back to the land I love,
Where all was still forevermore.

—REG MacLELLAN '54.