

# WORDS OF COMFORT

To the Unanchored

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*You will outride the storm and come to your desired haven at last.*

**T**HERE are some lives like a boat adrift at sea, without rudder, without anchor, without sails or oars, driven by the wind and tossed. An east wind drives the frail bark west, and a west wind east, and sometimes there is no motion perceptible as she lies in the midst of a great stretch of calm. Then the great storm comes and the little bark is unable to ride the billows and fills and sinks to a watery grave fathoms below, or else is driven upon a rocky coast to be dashed to pieces and its fragments scattered by the waves far and wide.

My good friend, you realize as you read that your life is something like the boat. You have drift-

ed without thought or care for a long time. Find a definite purpose and make it yours, and it will become rudder to the boat, oars for your use, sails to enable you to scud before the breeze and an anchor to windward when the great storm comes. With the Great Pilot of us all at the helm, then you will outride the storm and come to your desired haven at last.

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Begin your search at once. Be the best man in your shop, your store, your trade, and even so small an ambition as that will help you. When your ambition begins to work, greater things will dawn upon you. You will be able to see past the headlands and you will be no longer without anchor.

