

and a keen determination, and you shall soon be able to boast, justly, "I have more enemies than have any of my enemies."

—AMBROSE FLYNN '49.

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## Autumn

The happy days of summer now are gone,  
 Into the distant past on wings they fled.  
 And now with autumn comes the time of year  
 When Mother Nature puts her brood to bed.

The fading flowers, the gathering of the birds,  
 To seek new homes in climes less hard than ours.  
 The melancholy wailing of the winds  
 Among the trees and in the leafless bowers.

The lowering sap, the falling of the leaves,  
 The bare brown fields as if in loneliness  
 For all their children of the summertime,  
 Of beauty passing fair and rapturous dress.

These all proclaim the never-ending care  
 That Nature for her children e'er must take;  
 So that when Spring renews the world again  
 Once more from every bud new life shall wake.

— JOSEPH CAIRNS '49

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## "That Is Best Which Lieth Nearest"

This is a line taken from one of Longfellow's famous poems, "Gaspar Becerra", which I read in my early school days. At that time it meant very little to me, but since then I have learned to realize its full significance. It could be applied to many of our daily activities but I am here going to apply it to only one phase, the search for pleasure.

When our forefathers arrived in this country many of them had wives and small children and no means of support other than a strong body backed by a fervent spirit of perseverance and determination. We may shudder at the thoughts of leading a life such as theirs, but their lives may have been much happier than ours. Their joys consisted in the winning of their daily bread, peace of body and soul, and the simple things of their rude home life.