

REMEMBRANCE



M. Stiven.

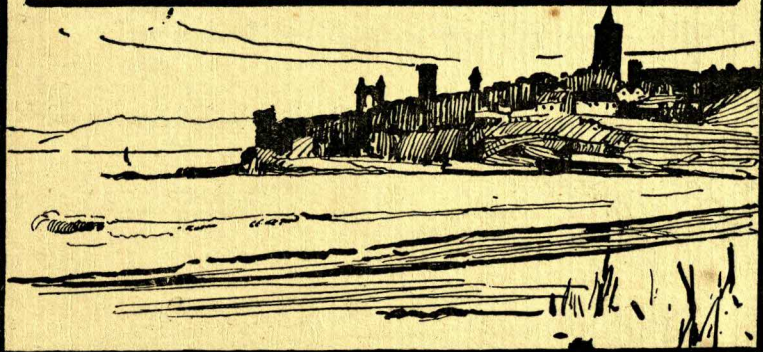
from Mrs. Herkless and
the other Ladies of the
University.

Christmas, 1916.



St. Andrews.

grey rocks, and greyer skies, and
greyest sea—
And on the verge an old-world city set,
Battling with undefeated parapet
Gainst stress and storm to windward or to
lee—
Full of old memories she yet shall be
Nurse of heroic men for whom the debt
To that dim past is unacknowledged
yet,
Till Time shall set their names in
history.
W.L. Courtney.





AIEN APIΣTEYEIN



Cever to be the best. To lead
In whatsoever things are true;
Not stand among the halting
crew

The faint of heart, the feeble-kneed,
Who tarry for a certain sign.

To make them follow with the rest—
Oh, let not their reproach be thine,
But ever be the best.

Nor want of this aspiring soul,
Great deeds on earth remain
undone.


But, sharpened by the sight of one,
Many shall press toward the goal.



Thou running foremost of the throng,
The fire of striving in thy breast,
Shalt win, although the race be long,
And ever be the best.

And wilt thou question of the
prize?
'Tis not of silver or of gold,
Nor in applauses manifold,
But hidden in the heart it lies:
To know that but for thee not one
Had run the race or sought the
quest,
To know that thou hast ever done
And ever been the best.

R.F. Murray



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Murray's poem.

