

come to reclaim you." "So let it be," they said, and the three were reunited never to be taken from each other until death should separate them.

A. Y. COREY, A.C.A., '15.

TO THE MAYFLOWER.

Fair flower of truth, so humbly grown
When skies are gray, or rough winds blow,
In cloak of green, with virgin gown,
You shame the snow.

You cheer before the birds can sing
In garden drear and dark hedgerow,
A herald true of coming spring —
Brave flower of snow.

How sweet the fragrance that you shed
As to the breeze you meekly bow,
Unstained and pure your petals spread
To catch the glow.

Close to the earth you nestle sweet,
But through the air your greetings throw.
In lonely service at our feet
Your beauties show.

Sweet flower of hope, so humbly grown,
You hear no crown of brazen glow;
But, richer far, contentment's crown
Adorns your brow.

O! would that men were true as thee,
With heart as pure, tho' stationed low,
O! would that men from pride were free —
Meek flower of snow.

HERBERT J. BLOSSE, A.C.A., '15.