| Waste not the prosent hour in vain regrot <br> For prises forfeited it days gone by; <br> It naught avails for fair winds lost to sigig Or mourn the glow of sum forevar set; <br> Entomb thy past, bil memory forget <br> The flxed and clanging yeara that rear ward lie: <br> Charge but thy constant eoul with pur pose higk, <br> Analife shall esde thee of its treasurzs yet. <br> The Now is thine, a goodty battlefleld <br> Whereon all past defeati rofeemed may be: <br> Figat bravely on and vanquishol foes will yield <br> Thay valiant swort a path to vietory, <br> Tis cowaris droop und moan, "it migit <br> "+ bave beep" <br> *It yet shall be," the steadfast Cry, an win. <br> -Donabo's Magnaine. |
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\Rightarrow-x 026=-20
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