Renunciation.

A smile, a sigh, a laughing eye,
A whispered word with no one nigh,
The mute caress of a silken dress:
Just these, no more, I must confess,
And made me—sentimental.

She does not dream, my radiant queen,
With golden hair and eye serene,
What direful havoc she has made,
And what a sudden, dashing raid
On the heart of an unsuspecting Tech;
And little I fear that she would reck
If she knew that she had done it.

But, blissful, bewitching she,
Blissfully ignorant shall be;
For a Junior Tech to speak of love,—
Ye gods of prudence that dwell above,
Forbid the thought— forbid the act!
Yes, farewell to all save plainest fact
Of science unromantic.

A Railway Experience.

FF for a few days’ careless sauntering, before the regular business expedition of the vacation should begin. No definite place in mind; nothing but rest, change, and the agreeable “dolce far niente.”

Somehow I drifted oceanward, in a car filled with the usual types of humanity. The mad rush of the train pleased me; my solitude, also, was grateful. I longed, with Carlyle, for “silence, silence, silence.” A morbid condition for youth? “Yes; but the nerves become tense with too continued a strain of application, and the rebound must come.”

The train slackened, and I was mentally remarking that the gradual slowing was unaccompanied by the usual dislocating jerks, when my attention was arrested by the sweet tones of a feminine voice in my vicinity. Glancing upward, I saw, in the seat just before me, a face so exquisite in its beauty, that I find it hard, even now, to believe that it could ever have been surpassed. The contour of the face, and each feature in detail, was classic in its regularity; and yet the expression, the animating life, was the supremest charm.

My seat was such that, while apparently intent upon the changing panorama from the window, I could yet perceive all the varying shades of sunlight and shadow which broke in succession over the exquisite face. Now laughing dimples and mirthful eye, and anon the long heavy eyelashes shading the fair cheek, and expression serious, almost pathetic. The hair, too—blue-black, and curling slightly and naturally, in delicate tendrils, around the low brow, in striking contrast with the bushy locks or artificial frizzles of the ordinary woman.

To beauty she added grace, as every movement plainly showed. Her refinement was perceptible in her dress, and a certain air of elegance more easily perceived than described.

She opened her hand-bag when apparently wearied of the conversation with her traveling companion, and I felt that the forthcoming literature was to be the final test. Should it be the Waverly Magazine, or “My Heart’s in the Highlands,” I must, after all, confess appearances to be deceitful, and believe that sometimes a pretty milliner-girl may aptly counterfeit the lady. But no; the dainty hand takes out and opens a most appetizing volume—fair print and good edition of an old favorite, “Essays of Elia.” So she loves poor Lamb, also; another bond.

On rushed the train, and the revivifying odors of the salt-sea foam, in close proximity, was just suggesting something like terminus to my bewildered senses, when the car stopped, and the beautiful unknown, with her female companion, arose to depart. I followed. Crowds of ill-timed and uninteresting people rushing hither and thither, with vulgar haste, intercepted my view. Just a glimpse of her dainty head in a carriage, and a hat—a hat to be envied, and to be proud— uplifted in passing.

Strange—the wearer of the happy hat turns his head, and reveals the face of Tom Hains—old Tom of ’88. Never before had Tom seemed so desirable an acquaintance, so coveted a friend. The unwonted warmth of my manner.