"Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!  
Let every man be jolly.  
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,  
And every post with holly.  
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,  
And all their spits are turning."

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!  
Fling your books into the corner, and forgive and  
forget for a brief moment. There's no room for  
trouble, or aught but good cheer at Christmastide,  
and woe to him who thinks otherwise.

The expectant stocking, with mouth agape, is about  
to assume its duties in the watches of the night, and  
the little ones, hand in hand, go tripping gayly through  
Dreamland. The Lounger wishes you one and all,  
grinds included, "a full belly and an empty brain," and  
hopes to see you all back again next year.

Ninety-one, farewell! Hail! Ninety-two!

Ye stars in your circumnavigating courses, stand  
still! Lie calm, ye restless ocean surges! Lift up  
thy shadowy veil, O Future! and reveal to us that  
which immediately approaches. For the New Building  
bears a name! Hail! heralds of that glorious event.  
Come sit ye down beside us, and drink to the Corporation.  
Get thee hence, sour jester, and cease thy cavil!  
What's in a name, forsooth! Verily, more than a  
smell, the immortal bard and the chemical laboratories  
notwithstanding. Yea! scoffers! and that name we  
now consecrate to all-enduring time. What ho! without there! Bring hither thy ten-gallon demijohn of  
Malmsey, and that right speedily, on thy life. Hark!  
comrades, to the music of the spheres—"The New Building hath a name!"

As the Lounger has resided in boarding houses ever  
since that far-distant date when he first became a  
student at the Institute, he feels it to be his duty  
to speak a few words of sympathy and kindness to the  
Freshmen who are at present under the clutches of the  
old maids and widows of that shady type, who are at  
one once our fears by day and our trials by night.

First take notice, please, that the plural is used in the  
first statement. The Lounger wants it understood  
that he has resided in boarding houses. He has made  
it a rule never to live in the same house for more than  
one year. He has found from close observation that  
the family of the lady in ruined circumstances, who  
runs the house, are very liable to treat you as one of  
them when you come back the second year, and that  
as a rule means kissing the sisters, cousins, and aunts  
between you retire; together with a few little extras, as a  
scoffing now and then, or possibly "a little favor of a  
loan of $5.00." So few people ever stay in the same  
house for more than one year that the family have a  
right to think you are very fond of them, and the  
Lounger does not blame them.

The Lounger is at a loss to know what the best ad-  
vice is which he can give to the baby class in regard  
to the very delightful places in which they live. He feels  
his own littleness relative to the immensity of the sub-  
jects in hand; but then he returns again to the thought  
of the many youths who are sent to live in Boston  
with the people in the boarding houses, and how they  
have not their fathers and mothers of whom to ask ad-  
vice, and a feeling of "malice toward none with  
charity toward all" overcomes his timidity, and he feels  
his grip tighten on his pen, knowing that he is bene-  
fiting humanity and helping to overthrow a system  
which promises to overthrow the equilibrium of the  
stomachs of the future generation of wise men.

"Sana mens in corpore sano," is an old Latin say-  
ing, and the Lounger feels that he would rather grasp  
the hand of the man who wrote that short line than  
dine on Michael Angelo. For the Lounger is sure  
that the noble Roman who wrote down such a thought  
could never have been very fond of living in a  
boarding house, and therefore the Lounger and he  
would be companions in thought and champions of the  
same cause. Undoubtedly he was a very smart man,  
and had lived in a boarding house at some time in his  
life, perhaps when he was attending college in Rome,  
and he probably makes use of this expression in a  
speech entitled something like this: "My College Life,  
or, The Nightmares of a Boarding House."

Now the Lounger has had numerous experiences in  
his boarding-house lives. For when he first came to  
Boston he was an exceedingly hearty eater, and liked