Again the Lounger turns with loving favor to the Freshman—soon no longer so to be—and speaks the words of wisdom and reproof. He offers his congratulations, too, to the wayward sons who, with an unquenchable hope, expect ere long to be beyond the thraldom of drill, descrip, and similar idiosyncrasies. Yet he would warn the expectant youth that the dispensations of Providence and professors are as wonderful as they may be unmerited.

Hark ye then, all ye followers of a too exultant army! Keep thy weather eye upon the “fanciful” professor. Beware! He’s fooling thee; and durst thou smile or offer too independent thought, more weary hours than thou canst contemplate with the T square and triangle will be thy doom! Hereof, fail not, and make due return as well of crimson precipitates. Though seemingly of a different hue, these noxious compounds are in truth colored with the gory gore of many wounded heroes. Yet be not over dismayed. The same nervy nerve for which you are so famous has oft survived the task, and why not you? Behold the Lounger and take courage. But ere the coming struggle, the Lounger recalls the prancing drill hall, where the Freshman must air his brass and display his academic teachings. Here too you have the Lounger’s sympathy, as you march up to martyrdom for your poor Alma Mater. You know too well the farcical programme that awaits you. How with tightened chest and strained hat band must you display your shape to the goodly maidens, how you must follow the tin gods in their perambulations, and innocently think that you are an honor to the Institute. Recall then that you are but walking in the footsteps of men who have lived to rise above such scenes, and that you too may yet survive.

And now before one last farewell, the Lounger extends his hand across the athletic field to the Freshman class and says: You have started well—let the good work go on!

Vale.

The term with all study is ended,
And all my exams have been passed;
I have neither been dropped nor suspended;
To the seashore I’m going at last.
And yet, with all pleasures before me,
A curious feeling of gloom
Comes quite unaccountably o’er me
While I’m saying good-by to my room.

The window-seat seems to invite me
To stretch once again in the sun;
The guitar seems again to incite me
To songs full of music and fun.
The desk with its lamp seems to seek me,
The carpet (unknown to the broom),
The pictures all somehow bespeak me
While I’m saying good-by to my room.

I note, with a feeling of sorrow,
The pipes in the corner alone;
The photographs there seem to borrow
A look of appeal all unknown;
The racquets, the foils, and each trifle,
The books that will soon meet their doom,
The sofa, the chairs, and my rifle,
While I’m saying good-by to my room.

I love thee, old room, with thy colors
As many as Joseph’s gay coat,
With thy mem’ries of beer and of crullers,
That have passed, like this lump, down my throat.
I think of the friendships here fostered,
That shall last till I go to my tomb;
Ah! what fancies around me have clustered
While I’m saying good-by to my room.

I offer riches, name, devotion true
To you whom I adore;
Besides, a love so deep, like chasm steep,
Once there I’m free no more.”

Your proffered wealth, and fame, and spotless name,
I really cannot spurn;
But,—may your fond heart interpret true,—
Your love I must return.”

Thus
A maiden’s ambiguity,
An implied superfluity,
Is equivalent to “Yes.”

Some one has said in praise of books,
Their friendship never lacks;
Yet to their friends when on the shelves,
They coldly turn their backs!—Williams Weekly.