

him still in imagined glory, "at whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads." How often the freshman in his "salad days" has "plucked his gown to share the good man's smile!" How the sophomore admires him, "with loads of learned lumber in his head!" But the junior knows that "crabbed age and youth cannot live together," and resigns himself to the approaching parting. The senior himself, soaring on Daedalic pinions, never realizes that in the words of Shakespeare, "The game is up" until a few years after he awakes to find himself at the bottom of a ditch, with half a dozen miniature copies of himself impeding his efforts to get out. Perhaps he may so far succeed as to give to the aforesaid copies "the advantage of a college education."



Commencement is the saddest season of the year. Nature is unsympathetic and "wears one universal grin" at the expense of the poor senior. "Sharp misery hath worn him to the bone" and his loose fitting shroud but accentuates his leanness. He is like a pie left too long in the oven.

And lest it be thought that we who are to come to such a fate within one brief year are too hard on those that go before, let us say to the classes who crowd after us, to paraphrase the words of Holmes that

"If we should live to be
As the last leaf on the tree
In the Spring;
Let them smile as we do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where we cling."

