

THE STUDENT.

The true student is nothing more nor less than an interrogation point.—SEA SHELL.

WHO is it that stalks past with stately gait,
So pompous, grave and prudent?
Who never hurries, yet can never wait?
Who works till midnight and then sleeps till eight?
Who is it but *the student*?

Who takes the cover of his lexicon—
Although he knows he shouldn't—
To strap his second-handed razor on?
Sells borrowed books, cleans stamps, and plays at pawn?
None other than *the student*.

Who combs his room-mate's scalp-lock with a pick,
Because its owner couldn't?
Who 'scratches gravel,' worn down to the quick;
Who consecrates his muscle to Old Nick?
Again you say,—*the student*.

Who has a roll of sheepskin 'in his eye'—
Might have it now but wouldn't—
When rackets and exams have all passed by?
Who owns old mother earth, with sea and sky?
That same tame dame, *the student*.

