

That there might be no obstruction  
 To this eye, while, gazing upward,  
 He observed the fiery planets  
 Wheeling madly in their orbits ;  
 That the whole range of creation  
 Might be his for exploration.  
 Listen to the mournful story,  
 How the junior, home returning,  
 On that midnight dark and dreary,  
 Saw his goods upon the house-top ;  
 How he tore his hair and whiskers  
 In his wild and frantic anger  
 In his mighty burst of passion.  
 How the bright stars shone upon him  
 With a soft and soothing splendour,  
 While the puzzled, wrathful junior  
 Tried to put to use his science,  
 Strove to pry into their secrets,  
 To discover which bright planet,  
 With its evil intent hidden  
 By its mild and friendly gleaming,  
 Least its dark and baleful influence  
 Round him in his natal hour,  
 That on such a dire occasion  
 Such an evil should befall him,  
 And for aught we know he may be  
 Standing still upon the house-top,  
 Gazing up into the heavens  
 With the mystery still unravelled.

A worthy third year, exultant in the joys of a happy discovery, thus aptly expresses himself in the presence of his co-searcher for knowledge :—" If you are June I am Junior." When we reflect upon the prevailing color of June, we see the force and appropriateness of the comparative degree.

At reception smiled the young man,  
 Ran his fingers through his hair,  
 " Will you kindly introduce me  
 To that girl with golden hair."

Thus began the conversation  
 " This your first reception ? " " No,"  
 Caused a beautiful carnation  
 In the maiden's cheek to glow.

And she answered roguish looking  
 In a murmur soft and low—  
 " Ah ! I see you are a Freshman,"  
 And the young man said—" just so."

There he plainly saw his error,  
 Kicked himself in his despair,  
 For she said :—" Please introduce me  
 To that Senior over there."