

As is the case with freshmen, I was present in good time. The senior students had not yet returned, and only a few beginners were on the scene.

These had worked themselves up to no small degree of excitement over the fact that they were to present themselves before the Council during the evening.

My idea of what the Council might be was very meagre.

I considered it a very formidable body, and quite heated myself in contemplating the result of an interview. I pictured myself in a thousand unpromising aspects, but knew such things must be encountered. But my spirits went up, and my temperature dropped considerably, when I learned that the papers which I brought with me explained all that was necessary. The only ordeal I had to face was a hearty shake of the hand from each of the governors, and to be dismissed, as I considered, a full fledged member of the institution.

Alas! how many things there are in life which we are unable to foresee!

How pleasant it is to have the future remain unrevealed!

The students have their own way of receiving a "greeney" into their ranks; and as to whether their plan is always the most judicious, I shall leave you to draw your own conclusions. Initiation! This historic event is foretold by a kind of silent stampede among the students. Hurried consultations, carried on in whispers, take place. Then there is a simultaneous rush for some unhappy beginner. Freshy is put through a number of performances in such rapid succession that he begins to wonder where he is—if the world has not, on a sudden, gone crazy. Then, by degrees, the true light of his situation dawns upon him. He is seized with a sort of funny inclination to make some one else feel in the same condition as himself. He rushes to assist in ushering some other mortal into the mysteries of the bath.

After things have once more assumed their normal condition, the new student struts around very much at home indeed, until his turn comes to read in Chapel. Then poor freshy again feels that his college life becomes shaky.

The students gaze at him sympathetically and patronizingly, as much as to say, in very strong language, "Poor fellow."

He tries to be firm, and to keep a stiff upper lip; but it is no use.

A trembling of the knees takes place, and a rushing sensation around the place of his affections. He takes a firm hold of the reading desk as though there was the slightest danger of the law of gravitation ceasing.

The words chase one another over the page with frightful rapidity. His tongue, which appears to have broken loose from its moorings, and got beyond all command, catches fast in a big word and refuses to wobble; yet he plunges ahead, feeling to stop is impossible, and safety lies beyond.