

The Senior

When evening shades are falling
O'er all the world so dear,
When the twilight soft is gleaming
And the stars shine cold and clear.

The weary Senior homeward turns
To seek his kingdom fair,
His palace halls, his crested walls,
His treasures rich and rare.

And there enthroned no king so grand
Can e'er with him compare,
He rules the monarch and the lord
And none his rights forswear.

For at his bidding subjects all
Do bow before his will,
His books, his pipe, his violin,
His every wish fulfill.

And round about his castle walls
Are hung in splendor grand,
Fair forms and faces that he loves,
Sweet maidens of the land.

While hung in every corner,
Every nook, however small,
Bright posters, flags, and pennants
Do gayly deck the wall.

And in a heap upon the floor
Are pillows, books, and shoes,
While decking all the chandeliers
Are ties he ought to lose.

Beside him is his trusted friend,
A fine old graphophone,
That teaches him the improved way
Of getting French "alone."

His problems in old calculus
Are wonders in their line,
He gets them in the grafting room,
In mechanics he does shine.

And lined up in fine order,
All ready for the race,
Are ponies small, but daring,
That could keep up any pace.

But as the long hours lengthen
And the midnight oil burns low
And the bright and fair dream angels
Do softly come and go,

The weary Senior falls to sleep
Within his mansion blest
And dreams the dream of love and
By angel hands caressed.

And as the years roll onwards
And the Senior's dreams are o'er,
When life is stern and bitter,
In dreams he sees once more

His palace halls, and crested walls
His youthful visions fair,
His dreams ahead — the path he'd tread
Crowned with success so rare.

N. M. M.