

it is dead. Oh, let us all weep for Mathematics, determined that our fiery tears shall, this very night, make Mathematics an echo and a light to posterity.

Most musical of mourners weep now. Oh, weep for Church's Mechanics. Not all to that bright station should climb and happier they who knew him not, nor burned tapers for him through the night. Oh, weep with me for Church's Mechanics, yet wherefore weep, for he is seen to go where all things wise and good descend and are soon forgotten. But if I should live a thousand years I could never forget you. Oh, Church, to live up to your name you have put many to sleep. Oh, Church's Mechanics, 'tis hard to believe that one with a name so holy should inspire expressions unholy. Oh Church's Mechanics, a creature to conjure with. We swear by thee, oh, how we swear by thee. The oath of the Musselman by Mohammed's beard is not so terrible as the oaths you have provoked. Weep, weep for Church's Mechanics, for Church's Mechanics is enough to make anyone weep.

Most musical of mourners weep again. Lament now for Campbell's Calculus. And thou, oh Campbell's Calculus, has thou come to this pass? We, your former companions, were satisfied to pass any old way, but you, you are to pass in a blaze of glory, amidst the admiring gaze of the cheering multitude. Oh, thou producer of infinite trouble. You are fast approaching your limit. Before the night has passed you will have disintegrated. From a maximum of body the only derivative will be a minimum of ashes. Oh, Campbells' Calculus, born in a spirit of inspiration thou has brought naught but perspiration.

Most musical of mourners weep anew. Sound the dead beat of the muffled drum for Freshman pamphlets, for the youngest one of all has perished. Thou most paradoxical