

of this triad of Mathematics. At once a stepping stone and a stumbling block. A stepping stone for those who forsake the downy pillow to keep the vigils of the midnight lamp. And to what purpose? I know you cannot pass Freshman Mathematics with E's. But what prospects are there? The mediæval Palmer who traveled o'er the Leigh, returned with a palm leaf as a reward and mark of his pilgrimage, but after a year of traveling the rocky road of Mathematics, after a year of pushin', scramblin', fightin', strugglin', and Joslyn, he whom we saw in Autumn so gay, so fresh, so green, so full of spirit, comes forth in the spring full of spirit, but no longer gay, no longer fresh, no longer green, but wearing the colors of the Down and Out Club, the black and the blue.

But there is no rest for the weary wanderer. He Riggs out another expedition for the Desert Calculus, with only a Campbell for a companion. But how different he who lies still in dewy sleep. Awake him not; let him sleep; let him take his fill of deep and liquid rest, forgetting all that is ill. Such a one is undismayed by the Joslyn, he goes through and comes out feeling E'sy and full of hope for the future, and he is on hand the next year to repeat the journey.

I see I have made you weep. As I look into your eyes I can see the lumps in your throats. The attentive gravity of your countenances show me that you have suffered while I have been speaking. But wait, wait until you hear Mathematics' last testament and will, then will your sorrow know no bounds. Mathematics has left you, but wait until you hear what he has left you, then you will suffer of agonies as I suffer when I think of all that he did for me during his life. But let not our sorrow make us forget the duty we owe to our departed friend. His last wish was that he be cremated, so put on a smiling face and bring in the fagots, the fateful hour has come!