



## FRATERNITIES

### WHEN BADGE GROWS OLD

We've slipped the bandage from your eyes,  
We've drawn aside the veil  
That hides our sacred mysteries  
From men beyond our pale;  
And now upon your glad young breast  
We place a pin of gold—  
You cannot know how richly blest  
Till this new badge grows old.

How brightly in this mystic gloom  
Its letters shine for you,  
While now within our chapter room  
Each eager dream comes true;  
Full many a dream shall drop to dust  
And many a hope lie cold;  
But you shall find no hint of rust  
When this new badge grows old.

This badge proclaims the newest part  
Of all our endless line,  
And hand to hand and heart to heart  
We form the eternal sign;  
Grip tight the links of this dear chain,  
God grant they long may hold;  
You can not make such friends again  
When this new badge grows old.

This little hour of happiness  
Shall light your future way  
Through years whose course we can  
But guess, from promise of today.  
Unreckoned now some happy boy  
May watch your name enrolled,  
And wear his father's pin with joy,  
When this new badge grows old.

Then close together, hand in hand  
And heart to heart—for, Oh!  
Tonight you can not understand—  
But some day you shall know.  
So now upon your glad young breast  
We place this pin of gold;  
God give you only of his best  
While this new badge grows old.

—CHARLES FIELD KELLOG.

