

THE FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

I had been in College about two months, and was, like every other engineering Freshman, crammed full of mathematics. Indeed so much of this subject had been my task to master, that on this particular evening, my brain was one vast chaos of positive and negative numbers, of peculiar exponents and co-efficients, of radical signs and imaginary quantities, of functions of X in infinite series, and of planes, angles, tangents, pyramids, cones, and spheres.

It was after an evening of hard study, that I retired about midnight to rest from my ceaseless toil. O, toil and work! O, wearisome task! How difficult is the problem of college life to solve, how infinitely far away its end and its honor. But the demands of exhausted nature soon broke the thread of such thoughts, and caused me to fall asleep.

But even sleep could offer no comfort, for scarcely had I lost consciousness, when the wall at my left hand opened, and a huge paralleloiped, emerging from the black depths beyond, placed itself upon my chest. This was very uncomfortable, and I tried to remove it, but it would not budge; I tried to roll over, but it held me fast, and all the while it was getting heavier and heavier. I was just planning some other method of escape, when a thrust in the ribs made me turn my head, only to find that I was surrounded by assailants on all sides. A sharp pointed triangle kept poking at my ribs, a cylinder nearly strangled me by lying across my throat, a derived function was in each ear trying to expand, two were cutting figures in my skin, a truncated prism held down each hand, while an X raised to the tenth power danced a Highland Fling, first on one hand and then on the other. Equations smothered me like a swarm of flies around a dish of honey, while various and innumerable geometrical figures played all sorts of games over and around me,—sliding, rolling, and jumping on me