

THE LOST GYPSY

Where fled the gypsy with his caravan
 And fairy strains? Younger hearts are empty now
 Hearing no tales of the warrior without nation
 Or banner; fearing no capture by nomad-man.
 We remember the gypsy, you and I. Recall?
 Our sand-castle we built by the gate,
 Fearing his coming in the shadows of nightfall;
 And from our window we watched, aghast,
 Marking his garb and sabre till at last
 He passed; and only his songs by camp-grate
 Scared the village silence till dawn. Recall?

All is changed now; I view the spring-hills
 Expectant; by wayward ways and camping haunts
 I search, awaiting his whistle and gay reels.
 Gone? Forever. Absorbed in modern citadels.
 Lost is the gypsy, drowned in pools
 Of hate and suspicion;
 Lost is the gypsy—and so are we all.

—GEORGE KEEFE '51

A THOUGHT FOR THE GRADUATES

We fools estimated their life madness and their end without honour. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.—(Wis. 5.1-5)

Two men climbed a little winding hill together. Their journey was happy, their road was smooth, their footing sure. Together they reached the top of the little winding hill, jubilant in their hour of triumph. But soon their smiling ceased; for two roads lay ahead and try as they would those two men could not agree on a common road for both. This was the parting of the ways; their journeying together was at an end.

Here they said good-bye to each other; and many comrades and friends were gathered there to wish them success in their chosen ways. One man started out on the road that led up a steep