

countenance. There is something altogether unmeaning in a young man acting the part of the prodigal, and making the seat of learning the far country in which to spend his goods on riotous living. It is worse than unmeaning. It is foolish and wicked. Yet when one looks back on the vista of years, and remembers the sad fate of student; who have sacrificed their lives at the shrine of learning, and while we confess to a sentimental interest in midnight lamps and stooping forms, we feel a shudder passing over us at sight of the youth who is evidently working himself to death. And we ask ourselves, is there not a better type of student life than this? Surely there must be, or else we would be forced to argue against colleges and learning, and conclude it is wiser to send our sons to the work of a trade or of the farm.

We feel strongly that a student should never injure his health by over study. It is our impression that mental work pure and simple, unless pursued with fevered ambition, will not prove detrimental to our physical well-being. Much of the injury that has been done in the past resulted from students earning their daily bread besides working for honours. Not a little of the wrong done could be traced to stimulents employed to goad the wearied brain, and to the want of sleep, as well as to nervousness induced by over work. Young men attending college in Canada are in various ways freed from such a necessity. We are glad of this, for we think they can thereby reach the highest type of student life. One of the best students we had the pleasure of knowing, and who is the present Lord-Advocate of Scotland, did not as a rule spend more than two or three hours daily over his books. The regularity with which he studied was the secret of his success. He carried off the first prizes and yet he never seemed to overwork himself. Other students were more brilliant, but they did not succeed as well. At the end of the session there he was as ruddy as ever and beaming with health. He never neglected physical exercise. He was always ready for a ramble. Weather made no difference. His life was methodical. Each day furnished its equivalent of sleep, recreation and work. Above all he was a good lad, having the blessing of God resting upon him. As a youth he taught in the sabbath school, and we were delighted to learn not long since that he is still acting as a Sunday-teacher. Some may poke fun at our Divinity students and say, This is for them. But observe we are speaking of a lawyer, and we do not see why medicals as well, are not all the better for pursuing a similar course.

We are convinced that study properly conducted conserves the physical health. Why should it be otherwise? *Sana mens in sano corpore* is our motto. Given a proper substratum of health, and suitable exercise, and one is fit for anything in the way of study. A philosopher in a well developed body is no contradiction. We would have our students symmetrical in their lives as well as their bodies. By attention to such matters as food, clothing, exercise, they will be the more capable of mastering their subjects. Nor do we think they need be hermits in order to be regarded as hard-working students. We like to see a young man enjoying amenities of life. Why should a student avoid, or pretend to shun, the society of ladies? In such a kindly, hospitable city as Kingston, it is certainly not

necessary to do so. With the healthful society which he may enjoy in our christian homes, we are satisfied his work will diminish neither quantity nor quality, and he will be freed thereby from the dangerous temptations of city life. Let us add one other stone to our cairn. And can we express it in better form than the following lines from the 119th Psalm:

"By what means shall a young man learn  
His way to purify?  
If he according to Thy word  
Thereto attentive be.  
Unfeignedly Thee have I sought  
With all my soul and heart;  
O let me not from the right path  
Of Thy commands depart."

#### SCRIBBLINGS FROM AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

DEAR me! I had no idea my hand would shake so, it never used to do so. I suppose it is the thought of having what I write you now, my dear JOURNAL, appear in type, and that is enough to make any bashful man nervous; though I suppose I need not have minded that, for no one knows me but you, and you being a Journal are such a faithful repository of the names of secret writers, that not even the threat of a libel suit can bring them to the light, as I have heard has been exemplified recently by a contemporary in your own old Limestone city. So I need not fear, need I? And I suppose I need not have mentioned my hand shaking, for once this is in print no one can know, unless it is by the number of mistakes the compositor may make because of the indistinct writing.

But this is not what I started to write.

I am an old boy—I have called myself an "elderly gentleman" up above, because some people attach a very ambiguous meaning to the phrase "old boy"—and living in a little village out of the track of busy life, I often get a chance to think quietly of events transpiring in that great outside which sends occasional echoes in on us. In one sense no village on a line of railway is nowadays out of the world. Daily papers and magazines come to us as to the rest of mankind; few events happen of which we do not hear. But then we hear them in a very quiet way. Not in a crowd standing around a flaring bulletin board, and all discussing the probable results thereof, but seated quietly at our tea tables we read them twenty-four hours perhaps after the rest of mankind has ceased talking about them, and knowing this we do not talk much about them either; so we mostly acquire the facts without the immense bundle of imaginings usually attached thereto, and let them quietly settle down in our minds. Other things far more important to us attract our attention. The deaths, births, but most of all weddings (or prospective ones) in our little community are eagerly discussed, they are of interest to all, and no one can speak thereof and find an uninterested auditor. The death of a President perhaps causes deep regret and anxious thought in the minds of a few, and a little wave of feeling among all others; but how can it touch the universal interest or