

There is another, and perhaps more disagreeable feature in this tendency towards specialization. As we have suggested, specialization is in one sense a result of the widening material interests and energies of the day. Does any new avenue of material progress open up to us Moderns—immediately we insert in our curricula the Science that may be said to exploit that avenue. Is the nation dependent upon its agricultural interests? Let us have scientific agriculture in our Colleges. Do we see in our mines a source of unequalled revenue? Let us specialize in Mineralogy. Or, are we to be a commercial people? Then surely we shall give years to the study of the modern languages. To the young man who enters College with his interests wrapped up wholly in the Church, Metaphysics, Ethics and Hebrew stand forth as the only subjects that will meet his needs. To the prospective lawyer there is nothing good but Political Science; while the ambitious medical student despises all but the "experiment, observation, conclusion," of his Science course.

Far be it from any man to condemn the appearance of Science, or Languages, or Philosophy, or Mathematics in the curricula of our Colleges; far be it from any man to belittle these subjects in their vast significance to the development of the race. What must be condemned is the materialistic spirit of the student—his practical, shall it be said, mercenary spirit. With the cry "*cui bono*" on his lips, he examines each department in the curriculum. Which department will meet my case? Give me practical, professional skill as lawyer, doctor, engineer! Fie upon all other subjects! What must be condemned, too, is the conscious sympathy shown such students by modern curricula. To him who falsely thinks that Science alone constitutes a liberal education, to him Science alone is given. To him who sees in Mathematics or Languages the "open sesame" to success, Mathematics or Languages alone become the scene of intellectual struggles.

These are difficulties that must be met, and to meet them successfully it is probable that the age and its tendencies must first be transformed. Within man's breast a new heart must be created, and a right spirit renewed. The youth must enter upon his student course convinced that education gives primarily power, not professional skill; is of things spiritual, not mechanical.

But in what practical ways may we meet these difficulties?

They may be met, it is true, by a broader, deeper, and more liberal standard for admission to Colleges. In many ways our admission standards are already higher than those of England or Germany, but the student body of these European countries, from the peculiarities of its social status, enters College with a wider and richer degree of culture than we dare look for in this new world.

Or, we may postpone the year and occasion of specialization. And here—acknowledging as we must that the courses are already as extensive as the four years would justify—we are come face to face with the question: "Shall we postpone specialization at the expense of a narrowed range in our special subject?"

Many American Colleges have replied in the affirmative. "Leave," they seem to say, "leave minute specialization to the student in his own library or laboratory, leave it to postgraduate work, leave it to travel and research in other centres."

In any case, it is a question that is well worth considering, before we go farther on that ever-increasing tide towards specialization. Why should specialization be complete in the Second, Third, or Fourth, or any year? Why should it ever be complete? Can we not meet some of the dangers of minute and early specialization by counterbalancing the chosen subject or department with other subjects and other departments? Why should not the course in Mathematics, or Chemistry and physics, or Chemistry and Mineralogy be rounded out in the Second, Third, and Fourth years by some training in the humanities—even if it be only English? Why should not English, even to the extent of Honors, be compulsory in all years to all candidates? Candidates spend years in familiarizing themselves with the words and idioms of a new language—years merely in mastering the approaches to a new universe—the thought of a foreign people. Why should they not be asked to enter that universe? Why should not the language student have a larger and more intelligent interest in the world of the Science student? Why should not the Mathematical mind occasionally leave its supersensual world of abstract certainties, and dwell in the world of sense with its possibilities? It is a liberal education that is sought—not bread-winning power—not primarily scholarship.

GRADUATE.

A BICYCLE NYMPH.

I was wheeling along a country road one glorious summer evening, just at dusk, and had arrived about six miles from the city, when I noticed by the road-side the figure of a woman. It was too dark to allow me to distinguish her features, and so all I could clearly determine was that it was a woman, and in evident distress.

With the spirit of gallantry I at once dismounted and was about to enquire if I could assist her in any way, when I recognized in her a former friend, with whom I was once very intimate; but a slight misunderstanding had put an end to all our friendly relations.

I saw, at once, that I could do nothing but treat her as I would a total stranger, so I raised my hat, and, with all the politeness I could summon, asked if I could assist her in any way.

I was sure that she recognized me, but she, too, had evidently decided to follow my plan, and replied in a very sweet manner, "My tire is punctured, I think, and I would be very much obliged if you would help me mend it."

"I will be glad to try," I said.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she returned, "but I have an engagement which it is important I should keep."

That ended our very formal conversation, and in a few moments I noticed she had wandered over to my wheel and was examining it, as I thought, to escape the embarrassment of having to talk to me any more than was absolutely necessary.

By means of the light of my bicycle lamp I soon found the puncture and mended it, and she returned to get her wheel, thanked me simply, but *very* sweetly, took it from me, and rode away.

I had almost summoned up sufficient courage to ask her if I might ride home with her, when I saw that she had already gone some fifty yards.