

One owes it to oneself, and distinctly to one's fellows, to take a leading part in societies, debates and "functions." There must be leisure for recreation, not only for health's sake, but also for the cultivation of those finer qualities of culture without which no student is truly educated. It requires a nice balance to accurately determine the share of time and concentration to be allotted to each—but the student who has reached the Senior year can weigh the rival claims with precision and give to each its just proportion of attention. In study hours he works assiduously, but pays no less heed to the hours which summon him to social duties and the tenets of his creed lay equal stress on the values of application and relaxation.

So he passes through his college course, impressed with the vast opportunities afforded and the great responsibilities incurred, and comes to the parting of the ways. He has learned many lessons and grasped many truths, he has done some good and perchance some harm. He has "lived his life," his college life, out to its little end, and passed into the great world. Soon the keenest remembrances are dulled, the most vivid impressions become softened, and University life shapes itself in dimmer outline. The judgments which the student passed in undergraduate days upon his college course, its benefits and its significance are gradually readjusted. Not only are his conclusions modified, but in some cases they are almost reversed. The lessons he prided himself upon mastering seem of strangely little worth. The grand distinctions he set up in the pride of enlarged experience have broken down. The influences which

seemed to him so potent in the moulding of a man's character are replaced by others, subtler far, forces which his single life cannot control but which touch him in some inexplicable mysterious way. Hesitatingly he turns again to the "little things" of life, scorned in his philosophical researches. He learns in the larger school of practice that only through painstaking care of the details can life as a whole be beautiful. He sees that the serenity which is untroubled by passing clouds is at one with an earnest appreciation of the veriest trifles. And he realizes that while his college course has given him a glimpse beyond the temporal into the eternal, its benefit has been most truly in that rigorous discipline of study which demanded accuracy, research, and exactitude of scholarship.

And his retrospection shows the student also that the hours in which he "scorned delights and lived laborious days" were the best hours of his course. Recreation for health was necessary, time spent in social life was beneficial, and yet essentially the self-denial of his study-hours was worth more than all. And this not only for the discipline that of inclination which was generally involved, but also for the actual education acquired. Though the rounded life may be beautiful, the graduate cannot but feel that the aim of a student is primarily to *study*, and it needs but the lapse of a brief space of time to show him the value of the hours filched from his books and too generously given over to dissipating pastimes. He recognizes, too, the worthlessness of half-hearted study. Hints and fragments of knowledge are valuable as compared with ignorance; but the