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THE DIGNITY OF A CALLING IS ITS UTILITY.

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EDITORIAL.

SLOWLY but surely, with an ever-quietening pace, is the fate of many a student drawing near. So quickly does time fly in College halls, that almost before we have recovered from the debilitating effects of one attack of cram and exam, the shadow of another is upon us. By many, the time is looked forward to without fear or any foreboding; but these are the faithful few, Who.

"While their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night."

To the vast majority, examinations are the bug-bear of College life; and it is not to be wondered at that this is the case, for how very often does the nature of a man's future life-work depend upon the clearness of his brain and the quickness of his thought at the critical time. But to some, shall we say unfortunate ones, it matters not if the power of thought be at its best at the final moment when they call upon the reservoir of the mind to yield up for their present use, its store of knowledge, for they find it filled with—"nothing but leaves," and then, when the results of the test are posted on the College bulletin board, there comes the pathetic wail, "done for again."

It has been so from time immemorial and will continue to be so, we suppose, as long as College exams form so important factors in our educational system. But surely there is a remedy for this troublesome state of affairs? To a very great extent there is, and although the cure may be rather severe in its operation it is as certain in its effects. It is not to be purchased with gold or rank, for it has long been an established fact that there is no royal road to learning, but its possession follows the old common place plan to "act, act in the living present," and the acting is not to be done in a round of social gaiety or pleasant enjoyments, but in the line of steady honest application to each day's duties and demands as they appear. We who enjoy the privileges of College life should ever bear in mind that we are, or should be, in College with an honest purpose in view, and having once set that purpose before our eyes should we not each resolve that it will be through no fault of our own if we fail in the attainment, and so while there still remains to us a part of this College year, let each man resolve in his own mind, that so far as he himself is concerned the next record will be in advance of the last.

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There has just come to hand the Nineteenth Annual Report of our institution, and bound with it The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Experimental Union. The whole report shows that along both lines the past year has been one of very gratifying success, so that it should be

a volume of much interest to the general public as well as to the Alumni of the College. As a general thing this report does not receive the careful consideration and study which it is entitled to receive, particularly from the farmers of our Province. It is too often looked upon as a compendium of dry statistics, experiment results, &c., from which the practical man can derive no benefit, and in which he consequently can have no interest. Now, this view is entirely erroneous; the practical man, be he ever so practical, and we believe in practical men of the right sort, can find recorded upon its pages very many things which would be of great service to himself would he but discard his old prejudices against what he so sagely terms "book learning."

Our Experimental Union, as most of our readers already know, conducts the largest system of co-operative experiments, in agriculture, in the world. From the great mass of speaking facts derived from these, surely even the wisest among us can learn something. We venture to say that if every one into whose hands the report finds its way, were to give it a careful perusal, much of the apathy and even ignorance in regard to our institution would soon disappear.

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It seems to be a universal complaint, that as the year progresses interest in literary and kindred societies gradually dies out. At the commencement of the term everyone declares his intention to attend every Literary Society meeting, health and weather permitting, at which the hearts of the President and Secretary throb joyfully. There is a crowded house for the first few nights and everything goes beautifully. But soon a small cloud appears on the lovely horizon, gradually it approaches, increasing in size, until at last so far as the Society is concerned all is dark and comfortless. The crowded house is a thing of the past, and one can readily detect the sorrowful note in the melodious rhyme of the Secretary, as, in a dreary sing-song, ding-dong tone, he reads out the long list of names to which he cannot elicit a reply. And when the once busy reporter is reprimanded for not sending in something, he can only sully murmur, "there isn't anything to send."

Our meetings will soon be at an end for this year, and we do hope that for the few that remain, more interest will be taken in them. Our Literary Society is one of the best educators we have, but most of the fellows soon to prefer taking private lessons on the nights when its meetings are held. Well, after all perhaps they are right, for what is such a meeting when compared with one in which there is soul-fellowship and—cake, and—, but no, we will draw the curtain and not intrude.