

even become a trafficker in the husks which the swine do eat. But happy is the man who has near him an old friend of his 'Varsity days who will occasionally drop in upon him to break the bread and sip the wine of an enduring friendship; to recount old college pranks and interchange confidences that are too sacred for an ear that has not been purified by fire and dedicated to this holy office. We can scarcely imagine anything more refreshing; more likely to keep the heart young, and the mind alert and active than the meeting of old college chums who have long since doffed the crimine. Their professions may have called them to serve in widely different spheres, but there is a common point in their history where their minds meet and their souls blend and they are one. All reserve is thrown off and with the old frankness of student days, they open their hearts to each other. The hours pass, midnight comes, but conversation flows on like a placid stream. The names of old classmates who have gone to their reward are mentioned with a tenderness and reverence that reveal the most subtle instinct of their being. But the subject which consumes the hours is those never to be forgotten days, the brightness of which was often clouded by petty disappointments and trials, but now, as seen through the pale clear light of the sacred temple of memory it is a scene of enchantment—not a jar, not a discord, and yet, no less true to the experiences of other days when they were undergraduates of the dear old class of — in the white college on the Hill.

J. W. K. '99.



Examiners and Examinations.

This is the season of the year when the anxious student is expecting a summons to the bar of the examiner. He knows that all the vulnerable points in the student armor must be patched up if he expects to gain a "pass." It is of no use for him to offer pleas for absence, indisposition, or any such trivial causes. Deficiencies must be made up, even if there is a resort to "cramming."

We hear many complaints from our secondary schools and colleges of over-pressure, over-study and the cramming of a medley of ill-assorted information for examination. Much of the ground of complaint is real and much is doubtless imaginary. It is imaginary where the instruction stimulates the student to thought and the application of all his powers. It is real where the instruction is weak and is doled out piecemeal in view of an impending examination.

The poor we always have with us; and the incompetent instructor will be an ever present factor until the educational millennium comes with its enlightened public sentiment, intelligent school boards and broadly trained teachers. But the incompetent instructor is not the only one to blame for bad training and weak scholarship. The