

here to the text books mentioned in the Calendar, and to spend all one's time in the actual work gone over in the various classes; the other is, while not neglecting text books and class work, to continue to do a certain amount of outside reading. Of the two plans mentioned we unhesitatingly declare our preference for the second. The actual facts that we acquire from text books and class work leave us very soon, and the student who makes his stand upon them alone is in a dangerous position. The end of college training is to give men a broadened and liberalized understanding, an ability to cope with any ordinary subject in an intelligent and unprejudiced manner. A college graduate need not be an authority on any one subject, but should be a man who has a fair knowledge of the thought and problems of the day, and who has a mind so trained as to be able to give any subject a fairly impartial and intelligent hearing. For such an end, the technical foundation given by text books and lectures are indispensable; but a foundation is not all. While these studies must not be neglected, they should be regarded strictly as means and not ends. To attain the desired result outside reading is needed, is almost as indispensable as the technical work. Too few men now in college seem to realize this; they work faithfully and laboriously at their class work, pass their examinations, and find themselves in the world with a stock of crude facts that after all is pitifully small in comparison with the huge world of facts that are still unknown to them. To digest and apply these crude facts there is nothing but independent reading, and yet that is now greatly neglected. Our library should be patronized more freely and more books of general literature should be taken out. No one should be uncertain as to what to read. If we keep in mind Emerson's three rules: (1) Never read any books that is not a year old, (2) Never read any but famous books, (3) Never read any but what we like—we cannot go far wrong. The choice offered us ranges from Dickens to Spencer and Darwin, and in the vast field before us we surely can find something that complies with all three of the above canons. In fact, would it not be a good thing if the Senate were to make a certain amount of general reading a recognized portion of a college course? There are many matters that no educated man can afford not to know and which yet come under no specific head. Might not, for instance, a full and comprehensive list of works be given and students be expected to satisfy the Senate that they have read a certain number of these works? We offer this merely as a suggestion, believing that such an arrangement would prove of benefit, alike in encouraging reading habits, in providing a species of general information that now is too much lacking, and in definitely recognizing the fact that the value of education lies, not in the facts we master, but in the use to which we put them.

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Buddhism is spreading to a considerable extent among the female graduates of the universities and other young people of culture in Europe, and the fact is being laid at the door of Max Muller, who is charged with having first brought that religion to the attention of the Christian world. His defenders say that the converts are made chiefly by Hindoos who come from India to attend the universities.

## LITERATURE.

### FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

#### RELIGION.

THE gods need not our worship, but we need  
 To mount to them on faith's assured wings;  
 Else drifted blindly on the stream of things,  
 Sans plan, sans purpose, like the floating weed.  
 Write them Jove, Buddha, Allah, Elohim,  
 Apollo, Krishna, Vishna, Great All-father,  
 Or Great All-mother, if it please you rather—  
 These are but names that sound one self-same theme,  
 Soul of all souls, and of all causes cause.  
 And as a babe upon its mother's breast  
 Dependent hangs—poor helpless imp—and draws  
 Life from that milky fount with eager zest,  
 So we on God's all-fostering bosom lie  
 Sustained, and from that strength divorced, we die.  
 —John Stuart Blackie in *Edinburgh Student*.

#### TWILIGHT.

The sun's last crimson ray  
 Gleams in the West,  
 The bird with weary wing  
 Has sought his nest,  
 The distant church bells ring  
 The hour of rest.

Now Night her mantle dark  
 Lays over all;  
 Still shadow spirits glide  
 Along the wall,  
 Then, coming near my side,  
 The past recall.

They tell of conflicts fierce  
 That brought me peace,  
 They speak of sorrows dear  
 And sweet release;  
 They whisper "Do not fear—  
 All trials cease."

The hours of weary toil  
 All pass away,  
 And bring thee rest from care  
 At close of day,  
 And God who hears thy prayer  
 Will grief allay.

And so this hour of prayer  
 Brings trust in God;  
 I know He doeth well,  
 And kiss His rod.  
 I dry the tears that fell  
 On tear-soaked sod.

I love this solemn hour  
 Of holy calm;  
 Unto my heart it brings  
 A heavenly balm,  
 And to my soul it sings  
 A sacred psalm.

—The Carletonia.