

on which demi-gods are nurtured, the fare from childhood upwards of all the great captains of industry and war, all the great men of the world—*la vache enragée*. An old professor said once, 'Qu'un homme qui n'avait point mangé de la vache enragée n'était qu'une poule mouillée.' The badness of the metaphor is only equalled by the profound truth of the thought." I hope, ladies, that this ambrosial dish is not unknown to you. I hope and believe that your professors make your tasks sometimes very hard, and that, if you have begun your educational career by expunging the word "impossible" from your dictionary, it nevertheless sometimes rises to your lips in the course of your daily efforts. Be sure that, in every great and memorable achievement, there was a moment, nay, probably many a moment, when the courage which sustained the struggle was very near akin to the courage of despair. I hope that, in whatever branch of science or art you take up, you have a clear resolve to press forward to independent judgment, and, if possible, to original work. You probably, all of you, learn some language, and in languages it often seems, contrary to our experience in science or art, that the work is unoriginal, and confined to the following of beaten paths, and acquisition of already known facts. Let me suggest to you that even here you cannot do better, even at an early stage, than by setting yourselves to translate on paper, as if for publication, though not necessarily for publication, some classic piece of literature. Could I inspire any one here, for instance, to attempt to translate, worthily, Auerbach's *Barfüßle*? If you tried, any one of you, and succeeded, our English repertory of charming tales, large as it is, would be enriched by one gem the more. Whether you succeeded or not, you would gain greatly

in independent knowledge of two great languages.

You ask how slower pace, self-questioning, pausing to sift arguments, and master underlying principles is compatible with a world in which the field of knowledge widens day by day, and the stress of life grows harder. I admit the difficulty frankly, but I will not admit that it is insuperable. If we teach more thoroughly, you will say, we must teach fewer subjects in a given time. That is precisely what I would do, but I would also extend the given time indefinitely by recognizing practically, what most would admit theoretically, that the time for education is co-extensive with the span of life itself. There have been too many limits supposed or imposed upon the time for education, many have been proved imaginary, many removed: let us not fear to break down the rest. It is a false theory of education which imposed the same "curriculum" upon all scholars; it is a false theory which prates of the classics and the learned languages; it is a false theory, again, which, flying to the other extreme, foists all "ologies" into a time-table, or a prospectus which seems to promise omniscience; a false theory which lays it down that language can only be acquired by the young, that the memory is strongest in the young; it is a false theory that invented the term "finishing" schools, and regarded education as at an end when practical life began. I do not need to tell you that your very existence, and that of kindred societies, was first a protest against these narrowing, unnecessary limitations, and are now a triumphant demonstration of the contrary. Let us frankly acknowledge that much of the education of the young is, and must be, merely a training in practical and useful arts, intellectual or manual. It is true that there is much of indispensable