

## REMINISCENCES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

BY A. B. A.

It has ever been considered as the acme of human felicity to be able to withdraw from the world, and entirely to devote oneself to the pursuit of knowledge, to wander in the path of science and to endeavour to search out for ourselves the causes of things. So much so was this the case that Virgil breaks off in the midst of a pastoral poem and exclaims—

*"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."*

And whilst man has ever shown a propensity to study the works of nature, so also has he ever delighted to sing in immortal verse the doings of Gods and of men; and from the storied page of history to learn of the heroes and achievements of ancient days. It was this thirst of knowledge which caused the Athenæum to be set apart as a place of resort for the poets and philosophers of Athens. It was this which in later days gave rise to those magnificent universities which in the present day are the fosterers of literature, science and art. And it is the universal admission of the great value of learning that has given rise to the maxim "knowledge is power." It is now my wish to give some idea how those live now, whose sole object is the pursuit of knowledge, by calling up some of the recollections of four years spent at College. There are many ways in which the subject may be considered. It has its grave as well as its ludicrous side. We have all read with pleasure how Mr. Verdant Green made his first appearance at Oxford in a scholar's gown, how he was plucked by his fellow-students for being unable to solve a mathematical problem which would have defied the perception of Archimedes himself; and finally how when he went up north he shewed that his heart was as soft as his head. And here I must protest against a vulgar error into which those who pretend to write about Colleges have frequently fallen. One would think when writing about grave Oxford men, that authors would not descend to the common-places of books, which delight in yellow covers; and which, although called novels, are, we know, quite the contrary, as they generally end in a wedding, which so far from being a novel occurrence, is but a matter of every day life. "Tom Brown at Oxford," the best book of its kind ever written, ends thus, and in my opinion in a very unstudent-like way—"He looked into her face and kissed her again, and then rose up, for there was something within him like the moving of new life, which lifted him and set him on his feet, and she sat on at first and watched his face, and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes, then she rose too and stood by his side—

And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold;  
And so across the hills they went,  
In that new world which is the old."

All I can say of Tom Brown is, that if he was a Bachelor of Arts, he soon met with a master or rather with a mistress of arts. In fact the book from this circumstance is disappointing, so much rather would we have wished him described as winning a fellowship; and wedded to his aristotle, he might have been spoken of as one

Who in the College Hall would love to dine  
On foaming beer, and beef and mellow wine;  
Unmarried thus his salary to earn,  
To learn to live, and thus to live to learn.  
His fellowship to him should be a wife,  
Should him provide with comforts during life;  
Books, learned leisure, plenty of good cheer,  
Should render him more happy year by year

To go to College is the ambition of every boy. He naturally looks forward to its freedom, and to the pleasant associations there to be made. He hears from old school-fellows how jolly it is; they tell of their practical jokes, and he longs to rejoin in College those with whom he has had such pleasure at school. Consequently