

the chapter. To become a chronic grumbler does not usually demand a large amount of intellect; frequently the absence of this article is the characteristic of the fraternity. Grumblers are often to be pitied as the victims of disordered lives rather than deferred to as the possessors of accumulated stores of wisdom. They are never at a loss for an opportunity to growl, and if one is wanting they promptly provide it. If everything moves pleasantly they regard it as a personal slight, and feel grieved and injured accordingly, and straightway grumble because there is nothing to grumble at. This querulous class might be despised if they were not so numerous or treated with indifference if not so annoying. There is no place secure against their intrusion. Nearly every college can exhibit several well developed specimens who take pains to find fault and snarl and persistently exhibit the "whole diabolical catalogue of their unamiable qualities" at the expense of their fellow-students who usually have to endure the affliction with stoical calmness. The college journal is often honored by the covert attacks of these gentry who growl because it is not conducted after a fantastic ideal which lurks somewhere in the obscurity of their own imagination. They declare with many a significant gesture that when they sit in the editor's chair "things will be different." This may be true, but the *difference* will hardly be in the line of improvement, as whatever looks in that direction is viewed by the ordinary grumbler as a new and pressing cause for complaint. THE ATHENÆUM doubtless receives a due share of attention from the fault-finding class but strong in the favor and sympathy of its numerous friends it can afford to be magnanimous and treat with indifference the impertinent remarks of the literary tyro or the crude deliverances of the embryo critic.

WORKS of fiction are to be found in nearly every student's library. This

class of literature has its good as well as its evil effects. While it is folly to proscribe it entirely it is equally unwise to admit to favor what is useless or pernicious. The gold and dross should be separated; the creations of an acknowledged genius and the worthless productions of the sentimental penny-a-liner should not be placed in the same category. The man who prefers garbage to wholesome food has a vitiated taste, similarly the student who chooses the trashy dime-novels when Scott, Dickens and Thackeray are within his reach proves himself devoid of appreciation for authors, high literary merit, and wanting in taste for genuine works of art. But to him who selects his authors wisely, strives to comprehend the lessons they would teach, analyzes the motives of the different characters and endeavors to grasp the work as a whole—to him we say the novel is an educator. But while we would blame the indiscriminate novel reader we would pity the one who reads to excess. He surrounds himself with an atmosphere of unreality, which is in antagonism with the demands and responsibility of every-day life. "He gets so habituated to the landscapes of romance that in these only he luxuriates; and he turns from an article creative to an artificial one." He waits till the curtains are down to find a summer's dawn blushing beautifully on paper; and half-asleep near a smoking lamp at midnight he has in the same way a splendid sunset on the mountain. This is to exist in a medium which is artificial and visionary, to exclude from the mind original impression and cram it with the vagaries of the imagination."

JOSEPH COOK, the celebrated Boston lecturer, has come and gone. Arrangements were made by which he would have visited the 'Land of Evangeline' and have addressed the Faculty, students and friends of the college, but for *various reasons* all plans failed and many