

And so he returns to college resolving in his mind that, to him, the Junior Oration or the Senior Thesis will not mean something hard or disagreeable, but pleasing, delightful and in every way profitable. Much of this will apply to the teacher, and much more might be said of the study and painstaking necessary to force into the head of a mischievous urchin some simple truth to the reception of which he seems remarkably averse. All this is education, it may be in a different line, but still development, making the man better and nobler, causing him to become round, symmetrical, a well-proportioned being rightly deserving that most glorious title—*Man*.

Again, let us notice the case of the student on the farm. How much more education is there in hoeing potatoes, pulling weeds, or in ploughing, than there is in tennis. Much more. As far as the mere bodily exercise goes, probably not as much, because the work is so severe and prolonged. But perhaps he has been a Sophomore, and knows something about chemistry. The earth he turns up with his plough has a very different appearance to what it had before. He asks the why and the wherefore, and strives to give himself a satisfactory answer. Or he may have been a Junior, and consequently knows *little* about Geology or Mineralogy; and so the rocks he strikes with his plough call forth no impatient exclamation, but straightway he is extremely desirous of knowing whether it is a fragment of limestone, granite or something else: how it got there, etc., etc.; thus, in the questions and answers he frames for himself, developing his thinking powers and causing what he learned from books to remain firmly fixed in his mind.

Further, a man or a woman can engage in no branch of honest work for three months without having self-reliant feelings developed. He feels that he is working for himself, that his parents are not bearing all the expense, but that, by engaging in honest work, he is transferring to his own shoulders that burden which was beginning to bend the father's and mother's form despite the fact that love was the impelling power.

Thus they all return—farmer, doctor, lawyer, minister—each one saying to himself: "what I get at college this year is mine; I have fairly earned it by the hard work I have done during the summer." Is not this, after all, the highest form of education, learning from life, being developed by coming in contact, not with those who lived centuries ago, but with those who live now, feeling the living inspiration coming from men with whom you mingle and associate day by day. This, taken with the work a young man does in college the next eight months, will be more of a blessing to him than he could possibly have received had he passed his summer in idleness, careless sight-seeing or fashionable frivolities.

SOME SPRING PROPOSITIONS AND RESULTS.

LAST spring we felt sort of spring-like, so to speak. It appeared to us as though we could, like the lovely early roses, burst into blossom and shed fragrance almost anywhere. So we made a number of propositions, or mental resolutions, which we fondly promised should be carried out to the letter of the law. We struck a balance sheet, the other day, of our season's work, and give a few of the results below.

We proposed taking a glance over the coming year's work to get an idea of what it is like and give us a lift when we actually encountered it. We didn't. We proposed reviewing last year's work, to look up lost points and keep fresh on others. We sold our books at 75% discount before leaving to go to the concert. We proposed taking up a thorough course of outside reading—some of the choice pieces of English literature and standard works in general. We looked over the city and country papers occasionally and were lost in admiration over that sublime piece of composition, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache." (We might just add here, for the sake of information, that the rising of ours is similar to the rising of the river Nile—rises very slowly, leaves a slight coat of dirt and then oozes gradually away.) We proposed helping, to the best of our ability, our Dear Old Father, by whose gracious liberty, and money, we are permitted to let our lights shine for the benefit of the people about Acadia College. We spent two months with a friend; went to seventy-nine picnics, forty-six excursions, twenty-eight summer parties; took a letter to the post-office for father, and (three) at the same time for ourselves; watched the hired man half a day from the hammock, when not a-sleep, and then took a slight holiday till the term began, remembering that "all work and no play, etc." We proposed studying nature, and did, especially ice-cream and bricks. We proposed doing something at literary work! just a small beginning, say a few communications under a *nom de plume*, and a standard article or so. We wrote two-and-a-half columns of foolscap to father for a further small remittance of twenty, and some poetry which we have not published. We proposed rising early to enjoy those glorious sunrises, the sweet dewy breath of the early morn, when all nature is heart-breaking, and the shrill shriek of the early spring rooster tells of the hen's early scratch in mother's garden. We were kept out late one night and saw it rain about daylight next morning, and heard a poetical young lady describe another sunrise. It was lovely, just gorgeous. P. S.—The young lady had accepted an invitation to go to a picnic that day and the boat left before daylight; it was her first and, let us hope, her last experience. At all other times