

in his youth Arago, Poisson, and Jouffroy. Here in 1886 he thought of old friends who for the most part had become a mere tradition to their grandchildren. No wonder sentiment waxed strong within him as he sipped his solitary cup of coffee in the empty room. So deeply had he been moved, that on departing he wished to give the waiter five francs instead of the five sous which formed the total of the *note*. But one consideration deterred him: He would be violating the traditions of a place "where generation after generation of poor students and threadbare Bohemians had taken their morning coffee and pocketed their two lumps of sugar. *It was with a feeling of virile sanity and Roman self-conquest that I paid my five sous, with the small additional fraction which I supposed the waiter to expect, and no more.*"

Aspiration makes ideal whatever is best in the qualities of common humanity. And Holmes did not lack a note of aspiration to exalt his humor, his wisdom, and his sympathy with every phase of man's experience. Since his death many—one can hardly guess how many—have had in their minds and on their lips the last stanza of his finest poem. It is because Holmes so truly lived in the spirit of these his own lines, that thousands have blessed him and mourned his death:

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

#### COLLEGE HONOURS.

This world would be a paradise indeed, were man but perfect. Had our first parents been content with the pleasure so abundantly bestowed upon them, there would be no need for us, their unhappy children, to be ever driven on to our tasks by the lash of stern duty, or enticed to fresh endeavour by the rewards of fortune or fame. But since we can neither turn back the wheels of time, nor undo that which has been done, let us look at the matter candidly, and discover, if possible, by what means we may counteract the effects of their sad fall.

We find in mankind, generally, a constitutional antipathy to labour or exertion of any kind, either of mind or body. His normal condition is one of sloth and inactivity. We have abundant proof in the lives of multitudes around us at the present day, and in the record left us by generations gone before, that if man's wants are supplied, like the brute, he lies down in perfect contentment. There is, therefore, a need for some outward inducement to arouse him from this condition, and incite him to rise to that noble

elevation upon which he is capable of standing. Whatever, then, will stimulate him to exercise his dormant powers is good, and demands our hearty commendation. We might cite, without limit, the sayings of philosophers, poets and statesmen to maintain the truth of this statement. Let a few instances, however, suffice. In cultured, wise and noble Greece we see the most honourable of her sons contending in the established games; and in these, rewards were offered not only for feats of muscular development, but also in those "*exercitationes ingenii et curricula mentis*," on which Cicero bestows such high praise. And is not the high state of culture and refinement, to which Greece attained, due in large measure to these contests in which her citizens contended for rewards or prizes? And that philosopher, whose fables have been familiar to us from childhood, and are so replete with wisdom, encourages us to the use of *reward* in leading on, when he tells us of the struggle of the Sun and Wind. One more instance will be sufficient for our purpose. Let him who has passed a peaceful day with Horace on his Sabine farm, charmed by the gentle murmur of the fountain that plays near by his dwelling, or slowly meandering through that little grove which grows not far away, listen to the poet as he recommends rewards in the following lines:—

"Ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi  
Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima."

And again, pursuing the same theme, he says:—

"Perfidus hic caupo, miles, nautaeque per omne  
Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem  
Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,  
Aiunt, quum sibi sint congesta cibaria."

Every effort made by man is, simply and solely, for the *reward* which it brings. The merchant strives with all his powers, rising early and toiling late. He racks his brains for new plans, and closely watches every change in the market in order that he may increase his trade and enlarge his business, and all for one end: that he may gain the *reward* of a large fortune.

The politician bends all his energies to the pleasing of his constituents. The slightest ripple on the surface of public affairs cannot escape his watchful eye; and all this he does for the *reward* of praise and power.

To him who pursues the paths of literature, Fame beckons on, and points to a niche in her temple, as yet, unoccupied. This is to be his *reward*.

We see, then, that this stimulus of *reward* applies to all the walks of life. Is it just to deny it to the student? Rather would we say that to him of all others it must be prescribed, for to youth the honours of the world are not yet apparent in all their fulness, the growing intellect must be stimulated by every means that is right and true.