

best prepares him for this struggle; not the school that guards him most sternly or most tenderly, nor the school that guards him not at all, but the school that steadily increases his responsibility, and as steadily strengthens him to meet it. The best college is the college that makes him a man.

The first feeling of a Freshman is confusion; the next is often a strange elation at the discovery that now at last his elders have given him his head. "I never shall forget," says a noted preacher, "how I felt when I found myself a Freshman—a feeling that all restraint was gone, and that I might go to the devil just as fast as I pleased." This is the transition from school to college.

In a man's life there must be, as everybody knows, a perilous time of going out into the world: to many it comes at the beginning of a college course; to many—possibly to most who go to college at all—it has already come at school. The larger and less protected boarding-school or academy is constantly threatened with every vice known to a college; the cloistered private school affords, from its lack of opportunity for some vices, peculiar temptation to others; the day school, if in or near a large city, contains boys for whose bad habits, not yet revealed, their parents by-and-bye will hold the college responsible. I remember a group of boys going daily from cultivated homes to an excellent school, each of whom, in college, came to one grief or another, and each of whom, I am convinced, had made straight at home and at school the way to that grief. The transition from school to college was merely the continuation in a larger world of what they had begun in a smaller.

A continuation is what the transi-

tion ought to be: the problem is how to make it a continuation of the right sort. "What is the matter with your college?" says a teacher who cares beyond all else for the moral and religious welfare of his pupils. "I keep my boys for years; I send them to you in September, and by Christmas half of them have degenerated. They have lost punctuality; they have lost application; they have no responsibility; and some of them are gone to the bad." "What is the matter with your school," the college retorts, "that in half a dozen years it cannot teach a boy to stand up three months? College is the world; fitting for college is fitting for life; what is the matter with your school?" He who loses his ideals, loses the very bloom of life. To see a young man's ideals rapidly slipping away, while his face grows coarser and coarser, is one of the saddest sights in college or out of it. What is his training good for, if it has not taught him the folly, the misery and the wrong of dabbling in evil? If he must believe that no man is wise till he has come to know the resorts of gamblers and harlots and has indulged himself for experience sake in a little gentlemanly vice, can he not put off the acquaintance four years more, by the end of which time he may have learned some wiser way of getting wisdom? Besides, in the course of those four years (and the chance is better than even) he may meet some girl for whose sake he will be glad that his record has been clean. Cannot a school which closely watches its boys while their characters are moulding teach them to keep their heads level and their hearts true, save them from the wrongs that never can be righted, send them to college and through college, faulty it must be, but at least unstained?