

NOTES FOR TEACHERS.

IN the complexity of student life, we should not lose sight of the primary aim. Association with fellow students has untold influence in moulding character. The campus, the rink and the gym. well repay their votaries. Student organizations remind us that isolation, no matter how splendid, does not make a man; and that, in the social organism, it is needful to work with those whose ideas are not identical with our own. Social functions furnish air for social lungs, and cannot be neglected by the student who would breathe freely and with robust organs; nor can anyone, with impunity, turn a deaf ear to the claims of religion. Indeed, one of the advantages of modern college life is that it affords many means of rounded growth. The secluded pale-face of yore is at a discount.

But what about study? Many a would-be student has learned from his Arts' course how hard it is to learn how to study. The very wealth of ways that call for energy in good "side lines" increases the charm of dissipation, so that a man may graduate without having learned concentration. To earn mere smattering by work on lectures, with exams. in view, by snatches of reading and by a final spurt, is not to study. And surely the special aim of an Arts' course is missed if a man does not thereby grow to be a real student.

The "grind" or "plug" is regarded to-day as an obnoxious animal. Whatever may be said in his defence, he is out of touch with the times. By study, then, we do not mean mere *grinding*, though grinding involves an element of perseverance that is "of the saints." Was it not Anthony Trollope who could work like a Trojan by keeping a good sup-

ply of beeswax on his chair? Such work is never of the highest value, but give us some beeswax nevertheless.

Is there, then, an art of study? May a student become one with his work, absorbed in it and giving expression to his whole and best nature. We believe he may. For man is not a mechanism, much less a mere fragment, and as there are artists in words, and tones, and colors, and actions, are there not also artists in study? Nay, are not all true artists students, else how could they teach?

When we look at this, we are reminded that "straining after the unattainable" is sorry work. Who can pass "the invisible line which separates the man at work from the man at play, the craftsman from the artist?" And yet methinks that the right student-spirit, the spirit of our rarer moments, can answer—"Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their Masters' table." Surely we can enter into sympathy with the thoughts of the great, and so catch something of the artist spirit, making the dry bones live.

A love of systematic study—reading *plus* interpretation—is well worth the seeking. "*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.*" We are not in the service of the inhabitants of Mars, but in our own—not our individual selves merely, but some micro-organism of the great Whole. Having learned to study, a man may go forth into the world, come under new conditions, attach himself to practical interests and yet fail not to infuse fresh life and interpretation into whatever he handles. He may thus "pour a stream of consciousness" around the objects that demand his attention and become a centre of pure influence, a person of culture.—*Exchange.*