

contrasts strangely with those we hear to-day of towns whose polluted water has filled their hospitals with the dead and dying. Either it is true that scarcely a man in the world knows how to drain and pave a city, or else such knowledge is so limited that its possessor is like one crying in the wilderness. Either there are few who knew how to build a house, or the many are so perverse that they refuse to have it built according to certain scientific, climatic and hygienic principles. Either there are few who can give competent judgment as to the probable future of a mine, or the many choose to employ less instructed men and lose their capital accordingly. One has but to mention such sciences as Chemistry, Geology, Engineering in all its branches, to suggest the future that therein lies to him who shall more completely give to the world their secrets. And no education can be too complete which may help to develop the practical results from the knowledge which, within this generation has come to us, that Light, Heat and Electricity are one Force with various manifestations.

Nor only this. Apart from education and mental discipline and all that comes therefrom, there is the fact that college life presents the only largely organized American existence in which play as well as work is now looked upon as a reasonable part of life. For love of play is as needful to be taught as love of work. It may be that colleges destroy some young men, but the percentage is very small; and whatever be the risks, they are invaluable if only to teach the healthy joy of play, of games, of use of the physical frame. After-life here in our serious race more or less discourages these.

We all know successful men of business who insist that in their form of career, the four years of college would be lost years. The reply is

that what the average American business man lacks is capacity for mental, indeed for any amusement. In this direction the refining influence of four college years is beyond words. Physicians will tell us that they see every month over-worked, broken-down men who need rest but cannot enjoy it, because although disease has made a vacuity of pursuit, there is nothing to fill the abhorred vacuum. They neither ride, nor shoot, nor fish, nor read in a true sense. They are like a slave who has found a great jewel. They have got the longed-for diamond of leisure, and know not how to wear it, and cannot sell it. They are forbidden to work, and no man ever taught them play of body or mind. They have won the battle of life as they intended to fight it, and the victory is like those of Pyrrhus. That inexorable creditor, Nature, is at their door and cries, "Pay me that thou owest." And they have not wherewithal to pay.

So much for college education from the hard, practical, material point of view. Even a Gradgrind must be satisfied with the picture. But if we pass from what strictly pertains to success in life to higher influences, we enter a region in which we cannot expect Gradgrind to follow us. Love of study for its own sake, shared by the sympathy of others, fostered by congenial surroundings and the interchange of thought, incited by emulation, humanizes our coarser nature, broadens our range of thought, opens to us wider views of life. By it, too, are created friendships which are not of to-day or to-morrow, nor yet of this world. Leaders of modern critical thought have branded Macaulay as a Philistine, yet surely it was no Philistine who, speaking of "the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages," said, in words which even you can bear to hear re-