

if he has held the influential office of school-teacher, or preacher, for him to become reconciled to the position in which he finds himself in the first year of his college life. If he is a Freshman of the Tom Brown sort he courts distinction, usually with the success of those who take first the highest seat. The whole year differs from what he had conceived it to be. At the end of two months, if he does not get disgusted and leave, he settles down, resolved to make the best of it. He tells his friends he belongs to the first year, the title of *Freshman* being altogether too significant. But he is fresh, the quality becoming more and more apparent the more he tries to conceal it. When the fact is brought to his notice, as somehow it is sure to be, he is indignant, and it is not till near the close of the year that he is in any degree reconciled to his lot. When the period is past he looks back at it very much as a chicken might be supposed to regard the shell from which it had just been hatched. He enters the second year, in many respects, a different man, though he has not yet been given to see himself as others see him. He tries at first to be dignified, but finding that he is not appreciated, seeks to amuse himself by worrying the Freshmen. The sophomore-year is altogether the most unsatisfactory of the four, and from the derivation of the word, reminds one of that period in the theory of evolution, where the ape has too much man about him to be called an ape, and too much ape about him to be called a man. As a Junior, he comes back to college pretty well settled in the conviction that, in educational circles at least, "the mind's the measure of the man." Accordingly, he goes to work, and, usually dissatisfied with his previous course, sets about remedying the defects by striving to redeem the time. The junior-year is especially one of reformation. If it passes without the formation of good habits and the establishment of correct views of life, there is little hope they will ever be attained. Hence the close of the third year finds the average student pursuing a well-defined course of action. He has chosen his profession, in most instances, and begins to display tact in making the forces around and within him subservient to his purposes. He enters the fourth year with a better knowledge of his powers, and hence is characterized by becoming modesty. His reputation is made, or it is irretrievably lost, and hence he does not seek fame. He needs no spur; for the importance of time is fully realized and he seeks to improve every movement. On the street he is known by his thoughtful appearance, and his little concern for surroundings. In society the philosophical drift of his conversation is sufficient to identify him.

Thus, college life is seen to be a life of change; and in this fact, no doubt, lies the secret of the longing which is felt at times during vacation to return, as well as the true explanation of the loneliness and sorrow felt when the final adieu is taken.

A FABLE OF TWO LIVES.

THE ROSE aloft in sunny air,
Beloved alike by bird and bee,
Takes for the dark Root little care
That toils below it ceaselessly.

I put my question to the flower:
"Pride of the Summer, garden queen,
Why livest thou thy little hour?"
And the Rose answered, "I am seen."

I put my question to the Root:
"I mine the earth content," it said,
"A hidden miner underfoot;
I know a rose is overhead."—*Scl.*

TEXT BOOKS.

Our fathers love to refer to their school-days by way of reminding us of our superior advantages. They speak with regret of their scanty libraries, and offer as an apology for lack of knowledge the want of books. They are apt to regard the boy who grows lean carrying around a huge pile of books as particularly favored, and to measure his knowledge by the size of his satchel.

Time has indeed brought great changes. The facilities for acquiring knowledge have for ages been multiplying, until, at the present time, the climax appears to have been reached. The present system of teaching, in many respects, stands strongly contrasted with that in vogue even a generation ago, and the contrast appears more striking in proportion to the remoteness of the period with which it is instituted. It would be a mistake, however, to make the improvement solely dependent on books. On the contrary it might not be difficult to show manifest disadvantages arising, not from the use but from the abuse of text-books. Leaving this consideration of the subject as foreign to our purpose, it is proposed to state and discuss briefly some of the qualities desirable in a text-book.

It should be a text-book, that is, according to Storemonth, "a book used as a standard book for a particular branch of study, for the use of students." The custom of introducing a popular series of lectures, as is frequently done, cannot be too strongly condemned. In such a case the student is obliged to spend the most of his time and strength in wading through a dozen pages of rhetoric for as many thoughts. Compare, for example, *Wayland's Moral Science* with *Chadbourne on Instinct*. The former is a model for the clearness with which the different subjects, with their sub-divisions, are placed before the student; the latter, though excellent for general reading, as a text-book is a failure.