

cation, and brought to bear upon the student and his surroundings. His sojourn at college is the intermediate state between childhood and manhood—the fulcrum of his life. Round this point, on the one hand, the force of boyish habits—foolishness, recklessness, and indolence—is opposed by that of a growing sense of the fact that he is a responsible being. The problem for him to solve is, which is going to counteract the other, and upon the result hangs his destiny. Is this crisis, then, in his existence a time for self-indulgence and diversion, or ought it not rather to be employed in forming and cultivating principles for his future guidance, and in sowing seed for a prospective harvest? Serious question which every student should ask himself. And what more ennobling principle, or one more calculated to bring success, can be formed than industry? 'Tis a hard lesson for the majority, and many succumb.

"Need I describe his struggles and his strife,
The thousand minor miseries of his life,
How Application, never-tiring maid
Oft mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head!"

But assume that he has overcome the throes of initiation, and is a loyal subject of sovereign diligence, what are his sensations?

"Few are his pleasures—yet those few are strong,
Not the gay transient moments of delight,
Not hurried transports felt but in their flight,
Unlike all else, the students' joys endure
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure;
Whether o'er classic plains he loves to rove,
'Mid Attic bowers or through the Mantuan grove,
Whether, with scientific eye, to trace
The various moles of number, time, and space—
Whether on wings of heavenly truth to rise
And penetrate the secrets of the skies,
Or downward tending, with an humble eye,
Through Nature's laws explore a Deity,
His are the joys no stranger breast can feel,
No wit define, no utterance reveal."

To a poor worldly-minded student, that ideal anomaly—who loves books because he loves them, and learns simply for the sake of learning—is as difficult of comprehension as negative infinity.

But is *Duty* the only incentive to work? Has Ambition nothing to do with progress? Yes, in a great degree it has. And yet, indeed, in many cases the incitements of Duty and the urgings of Ambition would prove futile were it not for the growing sense of unworthiness and entire insignificance and ignorance of what he before considered quite a creditable chip from the block of humanity. This feeling grows in proportion to the amount he reads, and to lessen it becomes the passion of his life to which all others are subservient. The great Richelieu said: "In the vocabulary of youth there is no such word as *fail*," and using this as the pillar of fire in the night-time of despondency, with the firm conviction that nothing is impossible, or that what man has done man may do, he strives to raise himself from the sloughs of ignorance, to prove himself not an altogether ungrateful recipient of blessings bestowed upon him, and to utilize to the utmost the talents given him, and not have to confess finally that a napkin received them.

Duty, Ambition, and Sensitiveness thus combine to overcome the inertia of a sluggish spirit, and to fan into actual existence the spark, which, without such stimulants, would be smothered in the rose-beds of indulgence, or extinguished by the mists of indolence. And what satisfaction is it to see difficulty after difficulty vanish before the purging flame thus kindled!—to feel the birth of a new spirit within him—to foster and nourish it in the swaddling-clothes which the world since the creation has

been carefully making—to wean it gradually from dependence upon a mother's milk until by successive gradations it becomes a hearty child, able to stand upright, and clothed in the glorious garb of individuality.

And in moments of contemplation, so dear to a true student, when the mind is released and the spirit set free, then Hope, his ark, opens her windows, and Imagination unfolding her wings speeds her flight over the vast expanse of the unexplored sea of futurity, and, though she find "no rest for the sole of her feet," yet her return is never without an olive branch. Fancy rules the hour, and it is pardonable if his *chateaux en Espagne* are somewhat elaborate—if he fondly pictures to himself all barriers broken down, and all he has ever loved, all he has striven to attain, nestling lovingly in his embrace.

In the words of Campbell:

"Thus, with delight, he lingers to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim discovered scene,
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

But to return to things terrestrial; as labor then is necessary to procure an appetite for the body, so also must there be some exercise of the mind in order that it may enjoy happiness. And as diversion, by a senseless prosecution, results in a hypochondriacal defeat of its primary object, so also, by an intelligent and judicious selection, should amusement be found to furnish profit as well as pleasure; and it should be a man's aim in striving after an education, befitting a gentleman—not an education, however, which is suggested by the power of making an occasional mysterious allusion to Aristotle's *Ethics*, or the bringing of the Asymptotes of the Hyperbole to bear upon some problem in Trigonometry with a nod calculated to convince the uninitiated and confirm the wavering; but a training as rigid physically and morally as mentally—it should be his aim, I say, not to rush dogmatically forward, but judiciously to assimilate his "work" with his "play," and under the Shibboleth "Progress,"

"To strive that each to-morrow
Find him farther than to-day."

OLD WILLIAM.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR BOYS, M.A.

In rustic cottage, at the mountain's foot,
Beneath a sheltering tree, dwelt William Brown—
Old William generally called, though why
None knew, but such familiar title showed
That all the village reckoned him a friend.
The children loved him, too, and tired of sport,
At eventide would gather round his chair
To hear the stories wonderful and true
That he was wont to tell of things he'd seen,
And wild adventures, both by sea and land.
For he had been a sailor in his youth,
And spent his manhood travelling the length
And breadth of his own land with pedlar's pack.
No scholar he with ponderous lore equipped,
For early had he worked to earn his bread;
Yet his the massive brow, and calm, keen eye
Betokening power to observe and think:
And, studious, he had gathered mightier lore
Than books contain—deep knowledge of men's hearts.
A rude though sound philosophy was his
Of men and things, and piety expressed