

verbial. But Sam Slick is only one, and Judge Haliburton is dead long ago. It might be disputed even if Nova Scotia can claim altogether the honor of calling the author of "Soft Sawder" her own. Many nice little stories are written but they are simply nice little stories and nothing more. In history we cannot rank with Rome; in poetry we do better, in science best.

And here it is worth while to enquire what part our college men have performed in what has been achieved. They indeed have played a most important part, and it is to them we look for much in the future. Geo. W. Dawson as a scientific writer and thinker is probably as well known as any author in Canada. Geo. M. Grant is a popular and pleasing writer and from his published works his reputation is first rate in the Dominion at least; Clark Murray's psychology is a college text book of standing notwithstanding its recent appearance; "In Divers Tones" has placed its author, C. G. D. Roberts, among the front rank of Canadian poets; DeMill's novels are at least not worse than many other fairly popular works. These gentlemen were or are all college professors and representatives of that class of scholars. Writers, journalists, magazine contributors, and promiscuous writers upon many subjects can be cited in abundance among men who are graduates of Canadian Universities, and if none of those have a world wide reputation they at least rank with the best average.

Each has had some considerable success in his own department and the fact is full of suggestion. It argues and augurs well for public institutions of learning. It shows not only ability in the men but energy in the institutions in whose interests they are working. You cannot have a tree without a sapling and soil. We have the sapling and hope to enrich our soil, then we can expect a full grown tree. What has been accomplished shows the growth of reason beyond sentiment of practical knowledge rather than fertile imagination. It is the special results of college training and work and a guarantee of their efficiency and usefulness, a sure indication of the growing power and importance of even Canadian Universities.

NO person should enter college without a fair knowledge of physiology and the laws of hygiene. No matter how closely he has hitherto applied himself to study, successful college life means a constantly

increasing intensity of application to hard mental work. And this means that amongst the thousand other precautions, he must take unusually good care of his body or suffer severe consequences. And this means that he should have a clear understanding of the structure of his physical frame and of the inexorable inflexible laws which govern its healthy action. Ignorance cannot ward off the penalty of a broken hygienic law. "However mercifully," says a modern cogent writer on the subject in question, "however merciful God may deal with the heart of man, it is clearly evident that he never pardons the stomach, the lungs, or the brain. And verily the physiologically wicked shall not live out half his days."

Physiology has a place on the course of study in each institution on the "Hill." But the time allotted to this subject is necessarily very limited. Every person should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" a good, live, author's work on hygiene before he comes here at all. "I can't find anything to read" we overheard the other day in Chipman Hall and a boy went roaming round smelling after a dime, yellow Indian or Western prairie novel. Stuff your "Western Scouts," and "Scalpers Hunters" and heathenish war-whoops away in a barn in a rat-hole and read something that can teach you what you need to know. If you cannot find anything better, get hold of a work that will teach you what so few of us juveniles seem to know—how to take care of yourself—and study it. It is a queer boy who would not find it interesting, and if it does not set him thinking there is no think in him.

ONE of the objects a man should have in going through college, is to learn how to study. The student who, during the last year of his course, goes at his work the same way he went at it the first year, has made a great failure and will probably never amount to much in after life. In this quick life and this feverish age when the world is restless and the months go by like telegraph posts a man should acquire more power every day to do the most and best work in the least possible time. He should grow in this strength and this skill. He should be able to do more work now than six months ago, and should be able to do it better and in less time. We were made to grow; growth is health, it is life, it is one of the grand objects of our existence. The man who does not grow is dead while he lives.