

ability but who do not apply this ability along conventional lines. The former type is familiar to all, and requires no special comment. The latter is often gay, erratic, and care-free—except at the close of each term. Its members are similar to Dicken's Micawber in the fact that they are hoping for something to turn up. In due course something does turn up—their plucks. They further resemble Mr. Micawber in that they often make motions at themselves with razors.

But the serious phase of this matter lies in the fact that a great many people attach importance to the averages obtained by students in their various studies. They erroneously suppose that these averages can be taken as reliable indices to the intellectual ability of the students. Governed by this fallacious theory many students from year to year are led to deaden their creative powers by hours of constant study in the seclusion of their rooms.

If we could conceive of a student so blind regarding values as to devote his whole time to study, we should have pictured a very unwise student indeed,—foolish in his seeming wisdom. True, he might attain riches and fame, but he would be so desolate and could not enjoy it, solitary and could not impart it.

Man is basically a social animal. So general is this social tendency that those who have withdrawn from their kind are regarded as objects of pity if not of loathing. The Biblical writers, in endeavouring to devise a fitting punishment for Cain, said that he was banished from human fellowship. Yet many misguided students take upon themselves voluntarily a penalty almost as severe as was placed upon Cain for gross iniquity.

There is no question that some students who graduate from College with honors have as the result of their education a devitalized constitution and a distorted view of life.

The chief error that many zealous students make is to mistake one of the means of attaining culture for culture itself. We learn to appreciate poetry, not by forcing ourselves to read it, but by first gaining experience, and then finding in poetry pleasant echoes of experience. The description of a beautiful landscape or sunset would awaken but