Authorities, both ancient and modern, are not lacking to uphold the rebellious Jack in his determination not to be made a "dull boy" by all work and no play And by the way this same Jack must be of at least as remote parentage as the days of the Caesars, for Persius describes with ill-concealed glee his mischievous tricks as a schoolboy to escape his hated tasks and confesses it was his supreme delight to study chances and compute what sum the lucky dice would secure and what the fatal aces sweep away! First cousin, at least, to the boy of the period wast his Roman school-boy. But *revenons a nos moutons*. Both poets and sages, from the the great Preacher himself down to the rhyming philosophers of the present mystifying school, are decisive on one point while the New and Old Philosophy agree in owning allegiance to the charms of "Youthful Jollity" and bow together before the Circean altars of Pleasure. It is true, indeed, that here and there are a few apostates from the seductive creed. For instance, the witching tongue of Beaumont sings of "Sweetest Melancholy" in strains that wou'd almost win a Sybarite to forswear all those vain delights which he anathematizes—though it must be admitted that the Mermaid was like to hear "quite different sentiments expressed over sack to the beaded rim," while he and the rest of that merry crew drank to quick-eyed Pleasure, as he himself terms the enchantress—and moreover the rosy morn was quite apt to rise blushingly upon the end of many a noisy revel that surely did not celebrate the praises of "lovely Melancholy." Since practice and theory, as often happens, did not go hand in hand we need scarce hesitate to class him among the devotees of Mirth. Euripides may be cited to give a still more ancient testimony indirectly in our favor. For though he declares

> Of all the dreams of bliss there are
> Not to be born is best by far,

he immediately adds as a sort of half-way consolation,

> Next best, by far the best for man,
> To speed as fast as speed he can,

which advice we, of the present age, are undoubtedly putting into practice, though probably with our characteristic irreverence for the authority. It has been said of us so often as to have become a trite aphorism, that we as Americans have no time for enjoyment. We are so immersed and overwhelmed in business as to leave no leisure for pleasure. The truth lies in a nutshell. We do not know what enjoyment itself is. We have time and we take time enough for what we call amusement but it is no more the real thing than our vile decoction of logwood and alum is the old Falerian whose praises Horace was wont to celebrate.

The difficulty is that instead of making our work, play, we make our play, work. Witness our national game as an example. We make a settled business of getting happiness as we do of getting money and like any other capricious damsel, the more we will, the more she won't. We have not yet reached the conception that it may be better to sit down quietly and wait for happiness to come in its own good time, but we must rush around in frantic search with a sort of consolatory feeling that even if we do not find it we are, at least, doing our duty. And "duty" is *such* a satisfaction to the American heart! As an instance of this, take that peculiarly American institution—a pic-nic. Now, to be perfectly enjoyable, a pic-nic should be entirely unpremeditated. It should be an impulse of the moment, an inspiration born of the perfect day and that gypsying spirit which yet remains in our veins. A spirit which, with visions of Robin Hood in his Lincoln green and the laughing eyes of Maid Marian, entices us

> ——to the faire forest
> To hear the fowles' song.

But a moment is needed, when called by the happy voices of companions, to gather up a little to eat under the spreading beeches, snatch up a book, (a tin-cup, prosaic as it sounds, is a very good thing to have along), and, sun-bonnet in hand, to run out to the old wagon—which, to keep up the pleasant travesty, is mentally designated as a "wain." The whole long day in the woods is one of dreamy enjoyment and perfect *abandon*. If one does not chance to meet Friar Tuck or the Nut-browne Mayde still they are hiding somewhere in the leafy hollows too shy to make the acquaintance of 19th century mortals. Fair Quiet and Sweet Rest are over all. If the day is not one in Arcadia, we have at least trodden the border land.

But a picnic conducted on strictly American principles is an entirely different thing. It has been talked of nearly a month, discussed in committee meetings, and announced in the papers. Miracles in the way of dresses have been devised, and quantities of the most indigestible compounds that human ingenuity can concoct, have been prepared for the occasion. The ever present 'bus is on hand to carry the deluded pleasure-seekers to their place of torture. It is sure to rain or be so hot that it is an exertion to breathe. Speeches and flirtations are the order of the day. When did an American citizen ever think a speech superfluous? What American girl could resist the temptation of a public flirtation? And so the day passes, each one, at night, conscientiously trying to persuade himself that he has enjoyed it.

Saint and sinner, priest and penitent alike discover the need of some outlet of that superfluous animation which if repressed reacts in moody depression, or breaks out, at last, in deeds of violence and insanity. What is more evident than that it is well to give it outlets which are safe and pleasant? Humanity craves excitement. It is a positive necessity to the well-being of each one. But everything may be abused. Therefore the less harmless our amusements are, the better. There is no doubt that happiness is greatly promotive of good morals. That keen and practical philosopher, Becky Sharpe, remarks, with her accustomed shrewdness, that happiness and success go a great way towards making people passably good. We find the larger part of our happiness in our amusements. If we can get away for a while from our work and lose our cares and ourselves in the pleasure of the hour it is a very good thing and one which by all means we ought to do. But here again is our question in morals. What shall our amusements be? We hear a great deal about stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, but the other side of the shield is seldom presented. Why do we not boldly take the livery of the devil and consecrate it to the service of Heaven? There is a great deal of it that needs it. It may be that this would take away their zest and human ingenuity would immediately set itself about inventing new sins to be forbidden. But the world in its six thousand years must have exhausted most of the sources of evil. At any rate by making respectable many things that are now opprobrious we have removed just so many stumbling blocks from the paths of the young and made just so many more innocent amusements. Indeed many of our amusements are interdicted by the Church to-day only because a small majority of stern fanatics who burned witches and branded heretics decreed that they should be so, several hundred years ago. When we have ceased to reverence authority instead of simply respecting it we shall have a change for the better.

To make the application of all this to those grave and rather ponderous students who look down in contempt upon their fellows with capacities for lighter enjoyments, we parody our "text."

> Dost thou think because thou art studious, there shall be no more croquet and base ball?

But how does all this effect us as students? Very little, perhaps, yet enough to point the moral There are a class of people to be found in University life as elsewhere, who are no doubt sincere in their opinions, but who nevertheless do an incalculable amount of harm in their well-meant efforts to do good—and one of your stupid-sincere people can do nearly as much harm as half-a-dozen downright sinners. Of this class are very apt to be those students who have "an Object in life" and who make that mysterious "object" a very Moloch to whom they offer up all that is joyous and pleasant in life. They condemn all amusements as frivolous and vain and there is a visible "Thank God I am not as other men" on their faces if there is chance mention of billiards, croquet, cards, or dancing, in their presence. They condemn them on the worst possible grounds—simply through ignorance. They have heard other people express their holy horror at these "instruments of the devil" and they follow suit with a sort of a martyr-like spirit. A great many of us pride ourselves upon being martyrs. They do not know, or they forget, that the evil in these things lies in the association wholly, and that the sooner they and all the other good people of the world band together to redeem them from their evil associations, the better it will be for them and all concerned.

We have but few of that class of students among us here and hope to reform the few we have. The faculty bind us with no rules. If we get our lessons and keep out of the saloons they care very little about what we do otherwise—though they did not succeed in that, so far as the girls were concerned, during the Crusade. And thereby they show their wisdom, for the liberty is acknowledged as our right and so is seldom abused. We may dance, play croquet and cards, go to lectures or the theatre, but rarely to the detriment of our lessons. Less often is this the case perhaps, than if these things were strictly forbidden.

ITEMS—EDITORIAL AND OTHERWISE.

Pennsylvania claims to have the largest number of schools of any state in the Union. She has 16,305.

The number of colleges in this country is 322.

Prof. Shaler will open a Summer-School of Geology at Cumberland Gap, Kentucky, on the first of July. Its pupils are limited to twenty-five and the management will be upon the plan of that at Penekese.

Harvard finds, as a result of the Elective System, a manifest decline of Class spirit and feeling. Some of the college men deplore this falling off from the ancient customs while again perhaps the larger number hail it as an evidence that they have passed from "the little old fashioned college" into the broader University life.

On the other hand Columbia is agitating the revival of the Cap and Gown—going backward several centuries instead of progressing with the rest of the educational world. Leaving out all discussion concerning the questionable utility of the fashion of wearing gowns, the fact that it is an old dead and gone practice long ago laid aside with other college customs, is sufficient evidence against its advisability in the present age. It had its day and an attempt to revive it now is simply foolish and absurd.

There are ninety-seven Colleges, Academies and institutions, in this country, in which the sexes are educated together—just ninety-seven too many.—*Ala. Univ. Monthly*. Precisely our sentiments.—*Owl*. And emphatically ours.—*Niagara Index*.

Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is just a little comical to see what wonderful unanimity of sentiment against co-education, there is among the "Colleges, Academies and institutions" which have never tried the experiment. Those that have, take it as a matter of course and would never dream that it could be a question of dispute, if it were not for officious outsiders.

The *Nation* thinks that under-graduates have nothing to say which an audience would care to hear for its own sake and therefore decides that I. C. L. contests are only facilities for the developement of "fluency and assurance." Undoubtedly most of us already have enough of that—more perhaps than we will have in after days when the rubs and knocks of actual life have taken some of the conceit out of us. But, surely, out of the thousands of young men—and women—who throng our Colleges and Universities there are half-a dozen who "have something to say." What are Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Williams and others doing—what have they been doing all these long years since their founding, if they cannot now, setting aside natural abilities, furnish culture and thought that would "interest for its own sake?" Vassar, Holyoke, Ann Arbor and Oberlin ought to furnish, by this time, something of worth. We dont want "sweet girl graduates" of seventeen, from them, or half-fledged boys of twenty from other colleges,—no one claims they have anything to say worth the hearing—but cultured men and women worthy to stand side by side on the platform and present the results of their study and self-discipline, as something that is worthy *for its own sake*. This, we contend, the I. C. L. contests will in time show us, and if the *Nation* does not wish to see and hear so much "fluency and assurance," let it stay at home and growl at a distance.

By way of reparation for his heresy of the prayer guage, Prof. Tyndall has invented a fireman's hat in which life is safe for half an hour in an atmosphere which could not be endured otherwise for half a minute.

President Robinson, of the New Hampshire Seminary and Female College, has in press a work entitled, *Infidelity Answered*—whether conclusively and forever answered is not stated.