

firmly in the mind of the student, since by his own manipulations he has brought about their proof.

In botany the beginner is at the outset put at original investigation and observation, the learning of technical names being deferred until such time as their application is fully understood. The work done is mostly field work and at the close of the year or term the student has a clearer idea of the subject and a greater taste for it than he can possibly get from the antiquated manner of teaching which unfortunately is still in vogue in many of our high schools, academies, and, possibly, colleges.

The student of structural botany is provided with a microscope and needed apparatus and, though assigned certain investigations, is encouraged to go outside of these as much as possible. Similar methods are used in physics, engineering, zoology, geology, etc.

Nor are the sciences alone in this improvement of method. History, at least as taught in our University, makes each student an historian. He is taught, not to memorize one author, but to compare all those in his reach and from their often conflicting statements to sift the truth. He is taught not to accept a thing upon the assertion of one man, though he be world-famous, but to go further back, find *his* authority and test it. He learns to trace back to their causes events of his own and other times, pursues the theoretic law of history as did the alchemist of former ages the philosopher's stone. History is not to teach him a dry and dusty collection of dates strung on a string and told off as the beads of a rosary. It is a living, breathing organism in which a diseased spot here or weakness there produces its effect, though remote, as surely as if it were a human body and a human disease. It is to him a chain of cause and effects stretching through the ages, along which the vital force of one man, one act, passes as does the most mysterious of fluids along the sunken wire, producing results as sure though not so easily controlled.

It is that education which makes one realize the grandeur of creation and the sublimity of human life, that expands a man and brings out all that is best in him. It is to this that modern education is tending. Let us then who are to benefit by improvements be alive to our advantages and quick in adapting ourselves to such innovations as are made necessary by the rapid progress of education. At first thought it may seem that when the student does nearly all the work for himself, pursues his own investigations, and summarizes for himself, there is not so much necessity for highly qualified instructors. But we must remember that when a student is thrown mostly upon his own resources he is more liable to make mistakes, to waste his energy in futile endeavor. The instructor must be then not only, as formerly, well learned in his specialty, but sound in judgment and ready in tact. He must know when to aid and when to be silent; when to encourage and when to hold in check. In a word, he must know exactly how to so direct the student as to yield the greatest possible result for the least outlay of time and study. Neither will it suffice him to close the book of his particular branch, considering himself perfect. He must be up with the times, open to the investigation and acceptance or rejection of each new theory and discovery. He must read and write, become himself the hardest student of the class he leads.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

Among the hundred perplexing problems that our revolutionary sires were forced to consider, the question of supplying the soldiers and country in general with a medium of exchange proved most troublesome. Even now, when we look at it through the lapse of one hundred years, we can scarcely

understand how they bridged over the stormy tide of war, retaining even as much credit as they did. What a shadowy semblance of national power they must have been to the other nations of the old world! They were thirteen colonies bound in a loose confederacy, each one regarding jealously any movement that might be made either by the Continental Congress or any of the neighboring states, each one fearful lest they should be deprived in the slightest degree of their much prized privilege of "State Rights." But the British regulars had arrived and resistance must be offered or slavery would result. The Federal troops were crying loudly for rations, but there was neither gold or silver to pay for them. In this extremity the convention assembled at New York in 1775 recommended to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, a scheme of issuing paper money. It was eagerly seized upon and some \$3,000,000 of paper money came from the mint. This was hailed with delight by the straightened colonists. But soon depreciation in the value of the paper money began. Leading financiers had little faith in the new money or the ultimate success of the colonists. Congress, with its shadowy power, could do nothing but increase the issue, and vainly attempt to regulate prices. The additional issues served only increase the depreciation. Congress at length saw the necessity of limiting the amount to be issued and fixed it at \$200,000,000. In 1779 this amount was reached, the depreciation being 30 for 1. The paper continued in circulation till December, 1781, the depreciation at that time having reached 1,000 for 1.

Much criticism is offered on the conduct of Congress in issuing continental money, but it should be borne in mind that power of Congress depended entirely on the will of the people, who were themselves without any plan of action, and at the same time unwilling to trust the ruling power to their representatives. The fact that the paper money carried them through the period of war should excuse it, and we doubt if any other means could have done it as well.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP, ETC.

"Tommy, Tommy, O Tommy, where are you?" I shouted at the top of my voice.

"Ahem, ahem!" sounded softly from the top of the stairs and looking up my eyes met a vision of loveliness composed of gold hair, baby blue eyes and a cloud of blue and white batiste.

A smothered exclamation and a gesture toward the parlor door had the effect of reducing my shout to a whisper, as I asked, "Who is here?"

"Mr. Kavanaugh. He is with mamma now. Hope he didn't hear your racket."

"Can't help if he did. Evidently you've prepared yourself to 'come, see and conquer,' all at once. You will do it, too—you are looking lovely."

A slow blush suffused my sister's cheeks and served only to heighten her childish beauty. Ida never blushed a fiery crimson all over her face as I do. In fact she never did anything that was not strictly correct and according to the most aesthetic ideas.

"I don't suppose Mr. Kavanaugh has been all around the world and seen the most beautiful women for nothing. If he wanted to marry he wouldn't come to this poky place to look for a wife."

"Das macht nichts! He might find her all the same. But go in for all the honor of the Wards. I wish you success. O, Ida, is that his carriage at the door and *did* you look at his horses?"

Where is Tommy? O Tommee!