

COMING.

Yes, we really mean it; our troubles are coming to an end. Soon, the present Board of Editors will retire and make room for another set who are anxious to make for themselves a name and a reputation. No doubt, there will be a lively contest for positions which carry with them so much *honor*: so much in fact that it soon becomes excessively burdensome; and only students of the broadest shoulders and toughest nerves should attempt to bear it. Then, besides the honor of these positions, the pleasures are really not describable. The editors have such a fine chance to form acquaintances among the students who are ever surrounding them, urging the merits of the various articles that each one is so anxious should be published.

The editors were completely overwhelmed with copy for the present number: the tax upon their time and strength in selecting the articles of superior merit, was so great that they feel that nothing but a trip to some watering place, Milford for example, can recruit their shattered powers. Editors heretofore have complained of the scarcity of articles worthy of publication; but surely they did not know how to awaken the ambition of the students like the present board, or no such complaint could ever have been made. The long, long nights we have spent in comparing the beauty of style, the strength of imagination, the profundity of thought, and the wonderful reach of conception of the *many* articles handed us for publication, will ever remain upon the tablet of memory as seasons of the most wonderful intellectual feasts. But when we recollect that our space is limited, and hence that only a few of these many brilliant scintillations of genius can be used by us, our souls become sad, and our eyes fill with tears, at the bitter disappointment that some earnest, hardworking student must suffer at our rejection of his piece. Not only do the editors find them-

selves overwhelmed with the efforts made by the rest of the school to help make the *STUDENT* a success, but the *Bus. Man.* also wishes us to enter a protest in his behalf. He is only mortal; and hence might not be able to resist the temptation to use money belonging to the *STUDENT* if it should collect in such large amounts as it promises to at present. No, students, don't offer him any money; it is all a mistake that it takes any to run a newspaper. Don't subscribe or he may get a dollar or two ahead, and then start for Canada. Once more we make an appeal to you not to overwhelm us with attention; the honor is all we can stand.

COMPARATIV EREADER3.

So many have been the laws laid down by critics, for the greatest utility of reading that there remains little opportunity to render additional advice. Nor would we endeavor to add our opinions to the lists, were they not to be placed in opposition to theories that have been accepted as competent guides.

Some, by system and outline, find themselves masters of the field over which their reading extends; while others with more tenacious memory find in the current literature of the day, a personal culture that puzzles the keen insight of the critic. But we are told that desultory reading will not do. That it renders one's self a pedant, puffed up with a useless erudition. What shall we say of such a rule? Can we accept it as universal? If so, what shall we infer from the case of Sir Walter Scott, who, when a youth, was accustomed to read every thing within his grasp, in the most indiscriminate manner? To this standard of correct reading, there must exist a remarkable exception; for to multifarious reading alone, Scott assigns his knowledge of human nature, that so adds lustre to his literary works.

We are frequently recommended to adopt a rigid course of reading. And un-