

IN some of our colleges, where the modern languages are taught, the instruction is not made practical enough to be of any substantial advantage. Without the aid of thorough class-room drill in any language the student will possess little else than a vague idea of its true beauty and usefulness. We allude particularly to the study of German, although the same state may be said to exist in the study of French or any other of the modern languages. The practical part, and the part which seems to be mostly neglected, is the translating of our language into that of the foreigner. There is necessity of thorough class-room drill. The reading and translating of standard German works may be highly entertaining, but it will not place the language at the student's command in order that he may use it whenever circumstances require it. To do this will require practice, for it is expressing an English thought in German words. This practice can be obtained, and *even* in the class-room, but it must be a talking, rather than a reading class. In the study of German, for instance, let nothing be spoken save in the German tongue. And furthermore, let the drill be conversational in its tendency, in order to reach its desired end—a *practical* knowledge.

To many, such a matter may seem trivial and unworthy of their attention; but nevertheless, it will ever be a source of regret to a College graduate to meet a native German or Frenchman, and find how little his study has repaid him when he cannot speak their language.

Our observation has taught us that this is the condition of the graduates of most of our colleges.

ONLY TWO NATURES.

JOHN SMITH.

First.—

Why was I born to live this life
Of sin and toil, of pain and strife?
These many years I've toiled in vain
In search of things that men count gain.
I laugh to hear them talk of joy
For which they happy words employ,
And claim this life is full of bliss
Though hanging o'er Fate's precipice.
A base delusion are their words
That leads the multitude in herds;
It blinds the eye, and shuts the ear,
And makes men *quasi* content here.

Second.—

What stuff is this your mind contains?
I had not dreamed such poisonous stains
Could e'er pollute a soul's abode
Or be to man so sharp a goad.
A life of toil makes pleasures sweet,
And pain and strife we all must meet
If we would find the love and power
That hold the key to pleasure's tower.
What cursed virus irritates
The brain that foully contemplates
The sacred things of life, in thought
Like this you to my ear have brought!

First.—

Stir not! In normal health my mind
Is now expressing just the kind
Of thought that always it would give
While forced in this cold world to live.
The pleasures sweet you nominate,
Within your mind do formulate,
And by these words—mere empty sounds—
You swell to wonders nowhere found.
You live in hope, you are deceived;
You've lost the joy, your heart is grieved;
And all that men call love and peace
Is the verbal nothing they release.

Second.—

Oh, friend! when first I answered you
I sought to wound as arrows do;
I sought to kill your sinful mood,
But now I find 'twould have been rude;
For in your heart love is unknown,
And in the dark your mind has grown
Subsisting on the basest food
That demon angels could include.
I pity you! God pity too!
The heart that has been given you
Does not know what it is to love
And lead the mind to things above.