The idea of an elective course or optional studies, freedom of will, self-reliance, upon honor, are heretical thoughts, and are to be banished. The young mind is to be watched, and carefully pruned; the tares are many, and the wheat requires a skillful gleaner, or it will be defiled.

The old classical course as laid down by the Fathers of the church enriches the mind, makes a finished scholar, and treads no dangerous ground. The combative spirit of science knocks too loudly, and asserts with too much force; is given to doubting, and has no reverence for mysteries. Her claims are to be carefully examined before concessions, and she is not to be recommended as a subject for training-schools.

The graduate comes into the world filled with mystic lore, himself almost anancient,—more a Roman or a Greek than a member of a busy inquisitive, hurly-burly, work-a-day world. A thousand temptations; forbidden pleasures; the careful guardianship that has hedged him in; the automatic motion,—each in their kind are offered as taken away; and the startled subject of deprived volition finds himself in a sea beating from every point, with muscles relaxed, his staff taken from him, in scenes that require a Peter, uncertain how to act.

J. T. G.

Student Life in Heidelberg.

An article under the above caption, which appeared in an early number of the present volume of The Tech, having been received with much favor, we have obtained permission to publish extracts from two private letters written by a Harvard graduate, now studying at the University of Heidelberg, which illustrate the same subject from equally interesting standpoints.

Heidelberg, Jan. 7, 1886.

The best way to give an idea of a student's life here, is to recount the doings of a day, with comments thereon. Well, then: at eight, my interval clock admonishes me that it is time to arise. It is not yet very light, for we are much farther north than you, and the days are very short, to say nothing of the fact that the nights are very long. I arise, dress with lightning celerity, on account of the cold, and descend into the breakfast-room, where I pour out my coffee from the urn, which sits boiling away on the stove, and masticate my "Brödchen" (which are something like rolls, but rather tough) and butter. Often I am alone; but just now a young English boy, who is coaching for the Woolwich examinations, has also to start off early. My first lecture is at nine, nominally, but fortunately for me there is "das Akademische Viertel,"—which means, you have fifteen minutes to get there. Promptly, however, at a quarter past, the Professor, preceded by an assistant bearing trays of rock specimens, which would be immense for Bret Harte's famous fracas, rounds the door leading from the ante-room, and we all spring to our feet, but immediately sit down again, for he is generally in a full tide of conversation. His first words I have never heard. There is a tradition that they are, "Meine Herren, das letzte Mal—;" but by the time I get the run of things he is well into the present lecture. He goes on, not fast, but steadily, very clearly, and in a highly interesting way, but rarely repeating, and stopping only occasionally, when a specimen he wishes to show is not to be found. Consequently, if your attention flags for a moment, you wish it hadn't, for you lose something. Moreover, as he talks he walks around, starting specimens of the rock under discussion, granite, or gabbro, or whatever it may be, in circulation; so that your mind is liable to be distracted unless you can pay attention with eyes and ears quite independently.

At ten o'clock, however, he approaches the ante-room door, and, having finished a sentence, vanishes; and we, having taken a more leisurely look at the specimens, of which he has a wonderfully fine collection, wander down to the laboratory below. This consists, first, of three main rooms, wherein are eight windows, each with desk and microscope. Of the eight in the laboratory, five are Americans, one a Russian, and two Germans. The German assistant is also with us, and always at hand to explain or help.* Besides these rooms, which contain a working library, we have a dark room for optical work, a chemical laboratory, and rooms for grinding and polishing stone sections.

Into this last I go, as I have to finish grinding a topaz prism. You made me laugh in reading the

*This feature constitutes one of the chief superiorities of the German system.