

Educational Department.**Graduation and Real Life.**

The commencement season is about over. All over the land these happy, joyous occasions have come and gone. And what scene is more pleasing to the eye or to the intellect than a goodly band of young men gathered together on this their graduation day.

Stand in their place and look forth upon this scene and upon life. With this day in view, they have studied for will-nigh half a score of years. Thinking always of the time—would it ever come—when they, too, would proudly stand on this platform to receive their diplomas. And now, they see before them a crowded house; all their friends dressed in gala attire, listening to their farewell words. Hope beams in their faces and paints in glorious colors the future. They will achieve fame and fortune. They will make names which shall live on the lips of future ages. To these young minds, proud of the past, it seems a comparatively easy thing to do. For years they have listened to many of the choicest minds of the land, who have come to them to impart the riches each has garnered in his own field of study. These men have made for themselves names and reputations, why not we? For years they have heard repeated over and over again that the way to the highest positions in the land lies open to any student who will toil hard enough. Others have climbed these heights and shine now upon us in the firmament of power and of thought. These men—what matter if they be few—mould the thinking of millions. They have succeeded, why not we? And so these fresh, young graduates whose college work is done, and who hardly escape from the conviction that now the bulk of their hard work is over, look forward into active life with dauntless courage and enthusiasm.

Young men! we rejoice with you in your youthful strength and enthusiasm. But you will need it all in the fiercer conflicts which now haste to meet you. Life is not a bed of roses. The protection of college walls is no longer yours. The strength of comradeship which you have learned to realize, and it may be to depend upon somewhat, is no longer yours. Gird yourselves, young men, for now you must fight life's battles alone.

And beware! for now there are

elements to meet you ye wot not of. You must learn to stand, each one single and alone. But you can not do so without often sinking deep in the waves. Not a few hard and bitter experiences are before

you. You will have need of all your strength, and all your enthusiasm—yes, and all the knowledge you have ever acquired. And, oh, how pitiful will that knowledge seem. In college days it seemed well-nigh sufficient to carry you through the whole battle of life, and now it seems as nothing beside of the stern requirements of the hour. Now, quit you like men. This first sense of helplessness will be of worth to you, if it lead you to take a just estimate of self and of the need before you, and, sustained by honest faith in self and in God, to settle down till you strike your lowest point, and then having found bed-rock, prepare to cope with what is before you. Woe to you, if pride leads you to over-estimate your abilities. In that case there is a rock before you on which you will make shipwreck. Woe to you, if courage forsakes you at a time like this, and in despondency you give up the conflict and settle down to a life of inaction and nonentity. Woe to you, if when you are in the deep waters and begin to sink you catch hold of some stronger one, and try to sail through life in his wake.

Life is real. And real men have place because they make a place for themselves. The world wants men, and if you approve yourselves men, it will give you place and welcome. Life is earnest. And men who pass through it, as we do, but once, must strike to-day, every day, hard, true blows for God and the rights of fellowmen. Therefore, we say, quit you like men and you will receive the welcome of men.—*Ex.*

One Way to Learn.

Rufus was but fifteen, yet he had been a year and more at work in Mr. Johnson's store. He came home very tired every evening—running upstairs and down so much, and handling over groceries of all sorts.

"I wish I had studied harder when I was in school, Uncle Edward," he said, one night; "but I don't feel much like taking up a book after my day's work is done. I don't know how those wonderful boys managed we read about, who learned so much in their spare minutes."

"You may learn a good deal,

Rufus, every day, and that, too, without any painful application. It will not wear you out in the least; but, on the contrary, it will be rather inspiring and cheering. The way it is done is this: Get into the

habit of reflecting well over everything that goes on about you. Events and people pass before the before the view of the majority, leaving as little impression as the rolling clouds. The only thing that seems to awaken this listless attention is the prospect of 'having some fun.' That is well enough in its place; but it cannot be made the business of life, nor of the spare moments of life, if we would ever amount to much here. A thoughtful boy is, by all odds, the one to make the most of himself and stand in the highest esteem. It will take a little while to form the habit; but every fresh effort will make your powers of mind more wide awake, and stronger for the next opportunity. You can learn even from things that are not pleasing

in themselves. If a man comes into the store with a rough, coarse way of speaking and acting, you can take a mental note of that man, and determine that you cultivate quite a different style. When a tipsy youth steps in, and talks in his maudlin, silly manner, there is a temperance lecture for you. If some one else manages a piece of work much more skillfully than yourself, take a sharp look at his method, and learn his 'sleight of hand.' It will be a great deal more profitable all your life than to learn a dozen funny tricks. If you hear people conversing upon subjects upon which it is well to be informed, give attention to their remarks, and store away the points in your memory. It is surprising how much one may gain from conversation if he will but learn to sift out the wheat from the chaff. You can learn much from thoughtful reading of good papers also, and it will rest instead of tiring you. So, don't give up the ship, Rufus, and conclude your education must stop because you work hard all day. You are acquiring an excellent practical education in your store work, and it will be easy to double its value, if you will but adopt the attentive, thoughtful habit.—*Ex.*

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