

dulgence, or they rapidly rally from its immediate effects. To this class belong those who live to eat, instead of eating to live. We are not mere animals. We were made to be, predominantly, moral and intellectual beings. Now, nature allows no one to violate her laws with impunity. We exalt the bestial in us only at the expense of our higher nature. Some of the Roman emperors thus came to be more brutish than the brute. They were, of course, extreme cases—veritable monsters. But even the great pulpit orator of England once wrote, "I ate like a hog, and I preached like a hog." Many a man of lofty powers and position has been, for the time, utterly shorn of his strength through the demand made by his stomach on his brain. He who is thus yielding daily to the sway of his lower nature cannot reach the full capability of his higher. If he does not embrate himself, he must come far short of the full stature of his manhood. But there is another penalty which falls upon our physical powers. Where more food is eaten than is assimilated, it is deposited as encumbering fat; or it undergoes chemical changes that give rise to gout; or it inflames the kidneys in their struggle to eliminate it; or it congests the stomach and liver; or it breaks down the brain with softening or with apoplexy. Men of high health ought to live a hundred years; they are apt to fail of their threescore and ten. But high health may be abused in the direction of the intellect. Its possessor can work mentally more hours a day than others without exhaustion; can curtail sleep; can neglect physical exercise; can carry great loads of care and responsibility. Now, with such there comes to be, in time, a mighty momentum towards and beyond the limits of safety, and either their own habits, or the influences with which they sur-

round themselves, lead to the partial or complete breakdown of their brains. These are the saddest of all wrecks. But they are numerous.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MODERN TEACHER.—The lot of the modern Board School teacher, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one. In the good old days the dominie was second only to the minister in point of importance; in scholastic matters his own sweet will was almost his only consideration. But all that has been changed. In this "age of peevish introspection," the poor teacher is turned into a kind of Ishmael, whose hand is against every man's, and every man's hand is against his. Formerly the tawse may have been used in some cases with more vigour than discretion, but nobody troubled about it. Now not only is he liable to be dragged into the Criminal and Civil Courts for injudicious punishment, but every word and every action is scrutinized with a closeness which can only be brought about by a forgetfulness of the fact that the employé of the School Board is a human being. His knowledge, his abilities, natural and acquired, and even his common sense, have been impugned, till at last life to him is hardly worth living. The defect most recently discovered in this much misunderstood individual is a deficient knowledge of English grammar. There is "much virtue in your *if*," says Shakespeare; and the deduction from a recent correspondence in the *Herald* is that there is much variety of opinion as to the parsing of *but* in its various connections. In almost, if not quite, identical sentences this word has been parsed as an adverb, a preposition, and a conjunction. This, in its own way, is a serious matter; but what accentuates the seriousness is the fact that there is no ultimate Court of Appeal. One writer throws cold