

in those slave-markets of cram, sections where the cupidity and animalism of trustees may be paramount to the claims of a generous enlightenment. Why should this be so? Are we educating our youth to be true citizens, cultured, conscientious, refined members of the body politic and social, or, are we merely holding out inducements in other slave-markets of cram, for votaries to renounce the righteousness of their honorable occupations on the farm, or at the counter, or peradventure, in the scullery, that they may, after a term of months, which should be years, be passed and labelled; "Certificated:—This side up with care; not to be shaken before engaged, lest the effervescence subside, once and for ever?"

A little learning is a dangerous thing. It is a little learning which is revolutionizing society, making men, ay, and women, ashamed of their manhood and womanhood, and dissatisfied with their occupations and birthrights. Half the social unrest of the present generation is directly attributable to the Henry Georges of the educational platform, who, without any of the ability which marks their prototype, recklessly fling open the doors of discontent, to give access to the iconoclasts of all that is best in tradition and culture; who would filch the sacred flame of wisdom from its vestal altars, without effort or acknowledgment, and magnify the apotheosis of cram at the expense of the aristocracy of legitimate learning and labor.

Are we then over-educating the masses? By no means. We are simply not educating them at all. We are merely charging them with the damaged powder of cheap clap-trap, that they may, by happy chance, explode periodically in the Examination Halls, with the least danger to those sphinx-like creatures, the propounders of the annual conundrums.

"Education," as we have endeavored to show from the very derivation of the word, means, "to lead out." In-

structors of Canadian youth are striving might and main to *cram in*. In the High Schools it is, moreover, the teacher who works, that is, who does the really useful work. The pupil is a mere baby in his hands, irresponsible, inane, flaccid, spoon-fed with the pap of stereotyped rigmarole, or depleted with the skim-milk of stale examination papers, to get an idea of the *style* (*sic*) of the probable examiners! This, education forsooth! Education is strong, self-reliant, robust, aggressive, fearless. But what is the outcome of all these labors, and all the surfeiting of the unfortunates in our hands? What is the direct result of Cram? Another contemptible, rhyming monosyllable,—Sham. *Cram* and *Sham* form the constellation of shoddy, the Gemini of humbug.

The Old World, as we well know, is full of sham. That terrible sinner, the old world! O Chicago, the virtuous! O Quebec, the Pure! Poor old lady! Her wrinkled visage must be saddened oftentimes indeed, by the load of suppositious infirmities superimposed upon the already very real burden of frailties she has to bear. Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the African explorer, wishing to purchase furs in Canada as the natural home, ascertained with surprise, that the articles in question are more expensive here than in Europe. "Well," she said, laughing, "the Old World is good for something after all, if it is only for cheaper furs." It was but a jest, yet something of a moral lurks within its depths.

"This Canada of ours" is a new country. What should be the concomitants of a new country? A fresh, fair, young soul, and an unsophisticated nature. There should be no such words as *cram* and *sham* for youth. These are the associates of age, of outworn pleasure, disappointment, satiety, the sign of the approaching end. Yet, what do we find? We find *cram* enough in all conscience. Has it yet cast its gruesome and enervating shadow over the fair landscape of Canadian