

of our high (?) animal spirits. Let us pray that the paternal government may not issue a manifesto that we are to manifest our toes, as did our ancestors, that is, that our performance be consummated in our natural costume. What a golden age it would be for art! What a chance for the painter of the nude!

In one respect alone does the evolved acrobat differ from his hirsute prototype. The latter, so far as we can judge, liked his exercise, and held his tongue about the matter; we, the superior evolutions, dislike the exercises, but are very loud in the disavowal of any such disloyal sentiment as dislike, for why? With superior evolutions we have learnt the twin arts of hypocrisy and lying, and moreover, the pristine club swinger was an independent gentleman compared to the modern representative of the clan.

The prototype could afford to speak the truth by being silent and continuing his gymnastics; actions with him speaking louder than words. Nature gave him food, clothing, and a decent residence, and if he disliked his habitat he left it without danger of starving. The evolution has to eat the bread of coercion, grin, and say he likes it, despite a certain commandment and his high professions of faith; for otherwise he might lose the pittance which keeps him alive, him, and perchance another, dearer even than life; and then the miniature acrobats opening their hungry little mouths for the expected morsel!

If X, with his twenty or twenty-five years of service, worn and gray with patient toil and accumulated experience, does not like the discipline of making a fool of himself, there are many embryo Y's, though none too wise, who have been told they are educated, and who think they are, only too ready and willing to step into X's shoes. And this is the per-

section of an educational system. This is true liberty. This, the educational *ne plus ultra* of a stultified and ungrateful egotism. What a ragout of fiddle-faddle it all is! Given, a young man of very average abilities fresh from the plough, maturely set, so to speak, and therefore no longer very pliable, intellectually or physically. Given, also, the ragout and a twelvemonth to discuss it, and, *presto!* the evolutions! the perfected matriculant! "Everything Sirs," truly! Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Biology, and half a dozen other *ologies* and *onomies*, with extras; drawing, tumbling, acrobatic-convulsions, and the fine arts. Only one thing wanting: the power to express himself becomingly and lucidly in the one tongue whose use proclaims him, or should proclaim him, educated. Too often, alas! judged by this standard, we fail to find the evolved aught different from what he was before he attacked the ragout. Incompetent, he commenced the hash. Incompetent, he remains after surfeiting upon the nauseous mixture. Incompetent he probably will remain, unless the genius of reason and self-examination purge the poor devotee, before too late, of the indigestible mass he has ravined, and substitute a wholesome regimen that may be truly digested and assimilated.

There is one more phase of this interesting subject. When a mechanic is required to work over hours, he usually receives an extra consideration for the extra work performed. The remuneration awarded in such cases is indeed not unfrequently double the usual rate. Such employment is a most desirable privilege. When the pedagogue is directed to take unto himself some new accomplishment, he has to effect his purpose, not only by the sweat of his brow or brain, but usually in that portion of time which may properly be said to belong to himself, and he receives nothing for