cessful in bargaining, or Latin add to his riches? Why teach philosophy—the world is not for philosophers? What is rhetoric to the farmer? Who has not heard these questions asked over and over again? Yet always by professing advocates of education—practical education. They want something, but the best of them mistake the ends for the means. The best want knowledge, but have not learned that the mind must be trained ere it is prepared to gather and digest knowledge. They want science, but science turns mouldy and unwholesome in an unprepared mind. They forget, or do not know, that education consists chiefly in training, not in informing. That is instruction. At the same time without a due mixture of instruction, education becomes insipid and distasteful to boyhood and youth. The older the pupil the more instruction must be mingled with the teaching. And when we are professionally educating young men, then the more science we can instill through our educatory lessons, the better for them. Were the sciences so infused, to be entirely professional, we should warp and contract their mind. The tonic would be too strong—would not invigorate, but corrugate. We must counteract the natural tendency of purely professional studies—the tendency to limit the range of mental vision. We can do this most beneficially through the collateral sciences which are sufficiently allied to the professional ones to prevent an undue dissipation of the student's thoughts, and at the same time are sufficiently different to give them a wider sphere of action. It is in this point of view that we should regard the natural history sciences as branches of medical education. For my own part, after much intercourse with medical men who had studied at many seats of professional education, some collegiate, some exclusively professional, I have no hesitation in saying that, as a rule, the former had the intellectual advantage. There are noble and notable exceptions, old and young; but the rule is true in the main. The man who had studied in a seat of learning, a college or university, has a wider range of sympathies, a more philosophical tone of mind, and a higher estimate of the objects of intellectual ambition than his fellow-practitioner who, from his youth upwards, had concentrated his thoughts upon contractedly professional subjects of an hospital school. I will not believe that the practitioner of medicine, any more than the clergyman, or the lawyer, or the soldier, or the merchant, is wiser or better able to treat the offices of his calling, because his mind takes no note of subjects beyond the range of his professional pursuit."

THE CAUSES OF INTEMPERANCE; OR THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.—"Does he want it back again?" asked a young woman, of a fellow passenger, in a second class carriage, on the Newcastle and Carlisle line, the other day, as they were starting from the central station, at half-past one p.m., and the cry of "Tickets!" met her ear. "Does he want it back again?" "No, but merely to see that you have one." "Well, he shan't have it back again at any rate. It's all I've got for my 6s. 8d.—a bonny penny-worth, is'nt it?" and fumbling in her pocket, she pulled it out, and held it between her finger and thumb. "You must take care of it," said the gentleman; "if you lose it, they'll make you pay over again." "Faith, but that's easier said than done," answered the woman. She seemed an easy, good-natured sort of person, some 20 or 21 years of age, with her crumpled half-holiday dress hanging loose about her rather than put on, and a three-quarters-old infant nestled in her lap, exhibiting in its face and clothing the marks of unmotherly sloth and squalor, but smiling through the dirt with which its countenance was begrimed and looking healthy and contented. Its cap, fashioned out of an old gown-piece, cut into a triangular form, and stitched together without art, and with a clumsily puckered cape falling over its neck, was more entitled to the epithet *ugly* than even the fashionable head-dress so called. Sundry crushed bandboxes, with torn lids tied on with twine, and lumbering shapeless bundles, pinned and knotted in handkerchiefs, old journals, and brown paper, were deposited in various ways around and beneath her, and encumbered the seat. "I'm going all the way to Carlisle, and from that to Annan," said she, "to bury my mother, poor old body, who lies dead there, among total strangers. I have had gettin' away, but it's only right. It's all one can do, and one should'nt grudge. I must be back again to morrow, for it's pay-day, and the goodman will get on the batter. Ah, he had little need! I had to get a pound for this journey, and it's a long time it will take to pay it back, at a shilling a week out of twelve. If I had got up in the morning, they tell me I would have caught the penny-a-mile train, but I did not know. Only, when I get to the far end, I'll not let them have this ticket back. I'll keep it and make it answer when I return. But, dear me, how them houses is running!" cried she, catching a glimpse, through the window, of some new cottages beside the railway above Elswick. A gentleman explained to her that it was a *deceptio visus*, occasioned by the train going at a rapid rate. "Why, I thought it was new brick houses they were bringing down on waggons," said she. Here the train stopped. "Where are we now?" "At Scotswood." "And how far is that from Newcastle?" "Between two and three miles." "Only that! I thought it might be the place where we got out to go on the Caledonian line, and I would have had some tea. Here's sixpence I've carried on purpose in my mouth all this blessed morning. For I've been in such a hustle, I've had no time to take nothing, or make nothing ready." Poor woman, thought we, the untidy dress, the unwashed infant, the silly proposition of cheating Ticket Tam, the sixpence in thy mouth to purchase a meal with that thou hadst not time to take "all this blessed morning,"—all tell a tale of discomfort, ill-humour, fighting, and wretchedness, which drives thy husband from his fireside to the beer-shop where he gets on the *batter*, and leaves thee in the dumps at home a draggletailed drudge, whose only consolation is to gossip at the door with thy marrows in ignorance, to let loose thy tongue in scolding and thy hands in skelping the children, and to take a sup of something cheering, like thy worse half, perhaps, to drive dull care away. And what mightest thou not have been, with those good-natured looks and, we doubt not, docile nature, had thy parents been able and willing to train thee in the paths of order and economy, and true maidenly grace.—*Gateshead Observer*.

Zeno said, we have two ears and but one tongue, because we should hear much, and talk little.

The following reflection on the vicissitude of sublunary things, has undoubtedly occurred to every one who has attended with care to the history of mankind, that however