

longer see, feel and enjoy, but judge, compare and criticise. In fact, many seem to have outlived enjoyment, to have been born old! Nothing in art, literature or the drama excites in them the least emotion; they approve, but never wonder; they know all things, and refuse to acknowledge the existence of any such old fashioned hobgoblin as experience. Though we are in a certain sense undoubtedly more educated than formerly, we are assuredly more superficial in all that constitutes true education. By some means the poetic element in the youthful mind which has swayed the world in past generations, making it better and loftier for being able to enjoy the sense of a fuller life in the presence of the sublime in nature, literature and art, is completely obliterated. Undoubtedly home influences plays the major part in the development of the young, but on the other hand, to the baneful influences of the present system of popular education, which crams the mind and leaves the heart untouched, may be traced the woful effects of filling the mind with false ideas of life, liberty and freedom, while forgetting to inculcate the principle that all life is from God, that liberty implies dependence and has its conditions—facts which negative minds too often forget. The youth of our day are taught that they have reached the acme of success and fail to acknowledge the birth of our ideas in past generations. A total want of reverence and disregard for parental authority is fostered by the constantly reiterated assertion that “father and mother may have known something in their day, but we have entirely outgrown them; our educational methods are far in advance of any of their ideas, for this is a progressive age,” etc. And so it is, and an age of unrest, also, which manifests itself in the mad race of our young people after what they are pleased to term *fun*. Startling indeed are some of the pastimes which come under this head—indecent dress, vulgar language, promiscuous flirting, etc., all are embraced under this one name, *fun*. Alas! even in the female it often means slang, smoking, and a most deplorable love of adventure, while, on the other hand, among men it would be impossible to limit its significance or to enumerate the frivolities in which our youth spend their substance in the frantic effort to escape the *ennui* which is the “familiar demon of cold imaginations and vacant minds,” minds which are crammed with much best left unlearned, while totally untutored in the