

sickness. The weather was so fine that even the old skipper could scarcely remember a finer voyage, and I was sorely disappointed on not being favoured with seeing even a small storm or "a blow." But as to the sea being ever "as smooth as glass," don't believe a word of it! It looks at times smooth on the surface, but there is always a swell, and I have noticed that this swell, even when the sailors say the sea is perfectly calm, is sufficient to turn some stomachs sick. Of sea-sickness, as I had more than enough on the return passage, I will tell you more in detail again. But of one incident which rather amused me you must hear. A thin, delicate-looking American gentleman, beyond middle age, came up to me on deck the second day we were out, and a dialogue about as follows passed:—"Good-morning." "Good-morning." "A fine morning." "It is very fine." "Have you ever been at sea before?" "No, I have not." "Do you expect to be sea-sick?" "Well, I hope not." After giving me a most doleful account of a trip he had across the Atlantic in a French ship when he was sea-sick, as he thought, almost "unto death," he wound up by assuring me that I would suffer severely, as I "resembled him in complexion." Sam-

my, just imagine my indignation! In the first place, compared to a whitish-yellow, washed-out, nervous, dyspeptic, faint-hearted Yankee; I, a youthful and wiry, if not actually robust Canadian. And then, how kind of him to thus comfort me in advance!

But I was avenged upon mine adversary. He was so sick nearly all the voyage that it was only towards its end that he could make an appearance on deck. I had felt the sea air chilling and unpleasant, but had been positively ill only for an hour or two. The poor little fellow at last came on deck looking white, melancholy and miserable, with but little of his face emerging from a shawl in which his neck and head were enveloped, and in a voice equally below standard inquired after my condition. Well, Sammy, Satan tempted me to glory over the poor Yankee, but I resisted, and my sympathy for his misery gained the victory. But if he had been on board on the return voyage we might have shaken hands in wretchedness. But of this again. I leave you now, to learn what you have to say to all this, and when you next hear from me you will get my impression of Old England upon landing.

Yours, in Canadian feeling,

TOMMY.

OVERWORKING THE UNDEVELOPED BRAIN—The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth, and consuming it in work. What happens to horses, when allowed to run races too early, happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next-but-one ensuing. School work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong

enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. A crooked spine or weak or contorted legs is the inevitable penalty of such folly. Another blunder is committed when one of the organs of the body—to wit, the brain—is worked at the expense of the other parts of the organism, in face of the fact that the measure of general health is proportioned to the integrity of development, and the functional activity of the body as a whole in the harmony of its component systems. No one organ can be developed at the expense of the rest without a corresponding weakening of the whole.—*Lancet*.