

music teacher, or extra lesson, or afternoon tea engagement, and at the end of the day, when nature is at her lowest ebb, a heavy, rich meal, and more study or excitement. Furthermore, the growing, injudiciously worked girl is probably clothed in tight, heavy garments, and put to bed in a closely shut up room from which all pure oxygen is soon exhausted.

When the strain of school life under such treatment is over, and the greater strain of mature life claims the young woman's time, there is no reserve strength to meet the demands—often legitimate—of a more complex existence, and we have the inevitable breakdown, when the same mother will bitterly and helplessly exclaim, "Why should my child be so delicate?" The true answer is, "Because for years all your training tended to produce just such fruits."—*Catherine Baldwin in Harper's Young People.*

In the June number of *Education*, Morrison J. Swift, of New York, gives some account of over twenty-five cases of needless, foolish, wicked over-strain at American schools and colleges, most of which ended in permanent invalidism or premature death—one in suicide. None but those who have had similar experience would fully believe these things. Yet they are true. And we all say that health is important. Do we really think so? As Professor Tyndall says:—"There have been men who by wise attention to this point might have risen to eminence, might have made great discoveries, written great poems, commanded armies, or ruled states—but who by unwise neglect of this point have come to nothing. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in another boat, what could he do but by the very force of his stroke expedite the ruin of his craft."

And Mr. Herbert Spencer:—"The constitutions shaken by this long-continued over-application, they bequeath

to their children. And then these comparatively feeble children, predisposed as they are to break down under even an ordinary strain upon their energies, are required to go through a curriculum much more extended than that prescribed for the unenfeebled children of past generations."

And Mr. Emerson:—"Get health. No labour, pains, temperance, poverty, nor exercise that can gain it must be grudged. For sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters. I figure it as a pale, willing, distracted phantom, absolutely selfish, heedless of what is good and great, attentive to its sensations, losing its soul and afflicting other souls with meanness and mopings, and with ministrations to its voracity of trifles."

And who is to save our boys and girls from this fearful phantom? Who but their fathers and mothers? "Let them go and help them," says the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, "to trundle the hoop, and fly the kite, and build snow castles." And he, too, goes on in the same sermon to say:—"Multitudes of children, because of their precocity, have been urged into depths of study where they ought not to go, and their intellects have been overburdened and overstrained and battered to pieces against Latin grammars and algebras, and coming forth into practical life they will hardly rise to mediocrity, and there is now a stuffing and cramming system of education in the schools of our country that is deathful to the teachers who have to enforce it, and destructive to the children who must submit to the process."

The following conversation, given verbatim, is submitted as a specimen:

Alice, a pale, delicate, small, nervous girl who had a general look as if nobody had ever been kind to her, was discovered one day weeping.