

Contemporary Thought.

THE highest pressure that exists in the educational world is undoubtedly in girls' colleges and boarding schools. In some of them it is something frightful. There are very few in which the pressure is low enough for safety.—*New York School Journal.*

JUST think of what Riverside Libraries and Lakeside Libraries we shall have, by and by, when your Congress shall have settled the principle that it is right to steal foreign books. And you will not be able to keep our reprints out with six times your present staff. By mail, in travellers' pockets, in their luggage, they go into your country, and nothing but the forcible annexation of Canada can stop it. Lookers on sometimes see most of the game; and, in my humble opinion, your literature made its great spring during the Civil War, when feelings of bitterness checked the reprinting of British books; when your people were out of sympathy with the English people and you turned in upon yourselves. Now you are again falling into literary bondage.—*S. E. Dawson, to Harper & Bros.*

"A FATHER, by prayer, and precept, and flogging, has done his best to reform his boy, whose staple diet was meat and sausage and pie and cake at his meals, with lunch between. The family physician said to the father, 'If you will put a leech back of each of your boy's ears once a week for a month, you will do more to reform him than your preaching and pounding will do in a year.' The father asked for the philosophy of this prescription. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'your boy has bad blood and too much of it; he *must* behave badly or he would burst.' 'Then,' said the father, 'I'll change his diet from beef and pie to hominy and milk.' In three months thereafter a better boy of his age could not be found in the neighborhood. The acrid, biting, evil blood had not become food for leeches, but had done its wicked work and had passed away, and a cooler order, blander power, safer blood, had been supplied from sweeter, gentler food services."—*From "Food and Works," by Rev. J. T. Clymer.*

AND yet, as said, some will always have to remain the servants of others. Those who mine coal or weave carpets cannot build homes. All that can be sought, then, is the most individualism possible, and the benefits of labor-saving machinery, which are for mankind, should be for the laborer as well as the capitalist. The benefits both have received in the shape of increased commodities, should be extended as far as possible to increased time and capacity for enjoying those commodities. Improved conditions of life and happiness should be for all. The dislodgment of men by machinery should drive them to the unoccupied lands. All these things are, or will be. The sequence of the present surfeit of labor must be an exodus to the prairies. The thing needful is colonization facilities for those who can enhance them to those who cannot. The proposed extension of railroads is the natural provision of the efflux that is to come. And the increased productiveness of machinery will, in the long run, keep pace with the increasing population of the world and the increasing uses of contrivances.—*The Current.*

THE custom is becoming so common in the towns and villages, at hotels as well as private houses, to have for breakfast oatmeal, wheaten grits, or other cereals, with graham "gems" and fruit, so that the traveller may choose between such diet and the usual meat and hot cake food, that our farming communities must fall into the habit sooner or later, and give their children at least a chance to work out their own salvation. How much clearer is the head, how much less craving the appetite for drinks and stimulants, how more under subjection their temper, and how more healthful their whole system, when the food is mainly of an unexciting nature, and how soon the taste is formed to enjoy it, and to cease to crave after the fleshpots which have heretofore yielded their most noxious supplies. There are many farmers and their wives who are considering these things, but hesitate about differing from their neighbors, or are, as is too common in this country, afraid of their children; but let them once more try a change, and have their morning and evening meals consist of grains and fruit, with well-baked bread, and not always fresh and hot, and such vegetables as they desire, and milk for the children, water and tea for coffee, and see if, after a sufficient length of time to produce effects, there is not more health, peace and contentment in the household, and a consciousness that the way is not being prepared for subsequent violences and breaches of nature's and man's laws occasioned by gross appetite and indulgences.—*New England Farmer.*

WHEN the lives of the prophets are written then will the biography of George Fox occupy a foremost place in the sacred list. For the great Quaker stands forth among the foremost of those who, speaking the English tongue, has also held direct converse with the Infinite Spirit, of whom it may be said, as of the heavens, there is no speech nor language where His voice is not heard. "A Divine and a Naturalist," as William Penn called him, "all of God Almighty's making," George Fox is memorable among the multitude of his contemporaries in the Seventeenth Century as one of the few whose message still echoes in the heart of man. From the background of the stirring times in which his lot was cast, four men stand out whose influence is still living and potent in these days. Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, John Bunyan, and George Fox, all of them serious, godly men, have stamped the impress of their souls upon all that is best and most enduring in the English character. Of the four the influence of George Fox is perhaps at once the most widely felt and the least recognized. There is not a Quaker living, nor has ever a Quaker lived, who has not owned more or less of his spiritual baptism to love and good works, to the Leicester cobbler, the making of whose leather breeches, Carlyle declares, was "perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history." And no one who has even a cursory acquaintance with the far-reaching sweetening and purifying influence which the Society of Friends has exerted and still exerts will be disposed to challenge the correctness of the estimate which gives the Quaker saint a position in the first rank among the four worthies of the Puritan era.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

EVERY popular writer has a biography in these days, and this tribute to his fame was not likely to be omitted in the case of Longfellow. That the

story of his life would be told he seems to have anticipated. Writing in his journal, he says:—"How brief this chronicle is, even of my outward life. And of my inner life not a word. If one were only sure that one's journal would never be seen by any one, and never get into print, how different the case would be! But death picks the locks of all portfolios, and throws the contents into the street for the public to scramble after." The remark is true generally, and applies with so much pertinence to the poet's own biography, that it may be regarded as prophetic. . . . No doubt it is true, as the writer says, that the quiet life of a man-of-letters can be best painted by a multitude of minute touches; but then, every touch, however slight, should add something to the fidelity of the portrait. And we disagree altogether with the old-fashioned apology—familiar enough in the biographies of the last century—that "the life of a man-of-letters must needs be unexciting and uneventful in the eyes of men of activities and affairs." On the contrary, the most attractive, and in some respects the most eventful, biographies in the language—the Lives of Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, and Carlyle, for example—relate the story of men whose reputation is due to literature. "Peace has her victories," and the achievements of great authors—what they thought and what they said, how they bore the burden of life, how they suffered, failed, or conquered—create an interest not easily to be surpassed.—*Spectator.*

MANUAL training in public schools (says the *Evening Standard*, London, Eng.) is rapidly forcing itself to the front as one of the chief educational questions of the day: and Chicago—always progressive and wideawake—has taken the matter vigorously up, and is about to re-model its schools with the intention of bringing them more into touch with the real need of the times. The new departure is to take place in September; and, after that date, technical instruction will form a chief feature of the work done in the public schools of the city. The proposal is a direct outcome of the wonderful success which has attended the kindergarten system, which is based on the well-known saying of Comenius "Things that have to be done should be learned by doing them." The intention at Chicago is to blend mental and manual training by bringing the eye and the mind into relations of closest intimacy, and by making the hand equally skilful as the organs of both. It is contended by the advocates of the system that, at present, popular education stops exactly at the point where it should begin to apply the theories it has imparted, and that the practical abolition of apprenticeship in the States means the rapid decline of America as an industrial power, unless lads at school are practically equipped for the actual work of artisans and mechanics. Professor Barbour, of Yale University, recently declared that the schools of America were suffering from congestion of the brain—there being too much theory, and far too little attempt to reduce it to practice. There is no doubt such an observation is equally applicable to schools much nearer home; and the experiment at Chicago, which is already exciting the keenest interest and criticism throughout America, will be closely watched by all sensible educationists in England, who are not above taking a hint for the improvement of the work to which they have devoted their lives.