

of grave import. For, if the centres have been recruited from foreign sources, where are our own people? Have they sought other and fairer fields of labor? If, on the other hand, the centres have been recruited from within, what is becoming of our rural population? The answer is manifest. It must be shrinking. The young, and sometimes the old, are flocking to the cities, with not seldom disastrous results to the rural districts, while the professions and business callings are becoming over-crowded, ill-served and under-paid.

As to certain direct results of this centralizing of the population, the mayor of Toronto, in a late statement of views on municipal questions, says: "Our city population has increased 93 per cent., and our law expenses have increased 360 per cent." And again: "Ten years ago our police force numbered 132, to-day it numbers 286."

After all, is the great end of life to become a lawyer without clients, a doctor without patients, or an evangelist without converts? Is the great end of life to ape the gentleman without a single attribute worthy the name; or is it, as some fondly imagine, to attain to a possible wealth, wrung, not by patient toil through the proper channels of all self-acquired wealth, honesty and diligence, but from the unfortunate, the dupe, the needy, or, not infrequently, the fellow, but less fortunate, adventurer?

We prate of equality in this land of liberty, where the very name of aristocrat makes some sensitive noses twirl in ineffable derision to the skies, yet we are too good, many of us, to be either honest farmers or intelligent mechanics. We sneer at the airs and graces of the old-world gentry, yet who so great as some among us, at playing the rôle of that gentry? A pitiable, tenth-rate business it is to be sure, but it is rampant in our midst. We pride ourselves on our manliness and brotherliness and the dignity of

labor and the honor of the crooked finger and horny palm of toil; yet, with all our academies and institutions of learning, where is the industrial school, cognate and universal, which teaches students to be men as well as gentlemen, instructs them how to acquire a competency by honest means, instead of filching it from their fellow-creatures' pockets?

In all young, sparsely settled colonies like Canada, there should be an industrial school affiliated with every establishment of learning in the popular sense of the word. Geometry should go with the carpenter's rule and plane, and Greek with the Spartan code of frugality, integrity, loyalty and self-denial. And the legend of such an institution should be, not notoriety, but honor; not society, but man; not mere idle faith, but saving works. The Alumni, should, moreover, be instructed, that the "*divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,*" has, in infinite wisdom, seen proper to set bounds to social communities, and that the irrevocable fiat, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," of natural law cannot be annulled at a wish or in one generation. They should be told, that it is at least as honorable to be a laborer in a coal mine as a highwayman in a Chamber of Deputies.

What should be the aims of a true education? A higher intelligence and a higher morality. What are the aims of an education that is not true, but spurious? Cram and the bubble success in the examination halls.

What should be the motto inscribed above the portal of every school in the land?

*An honest man is the noblest work of God.*

What is the legend, implied if not expressed, too frequently found usurping that lofty vantage ground?

*A certificated incompetent is the noblest product of cram.*

Then, next to honesty, what shall be said of reverence—not the awe of