

barefaced, unabashed falsehood. It grows with the pupils. Like the ill-formed business habits, it follows them into after life, dogging them like sleuth-hounds of evil, into the professions, to the polls, to the parliament! These boys are our future electors! These girls are our future honest women!

Well, some-one will say, this is a very bitter tirade against Provincial Education. Have you any antidote at hand, Mr. Caviiler? It is very easy to vilify, to break down, to demolish. How would you reconstruct? What fairer edifice would you raise upon the ruins of the system you assail?

Let us make, simply but emphatically, a preliminary statement. Men are *not* born equal, never *have been* equal never *will be* nor *can be* equal—once again, regrets but unqualified admiration to Mr. Bellamy ungrudgingly accorded.

Why should education, and here we include higher education, so-called, be, in a country like Canada, the one-sided jade she is? Does education consist simply in stuffing halting Greek and Latin, lop-sided mathematics, frowsy, archaic, Addisonian English, history, geography, Euclid, and priggish fashions into the heads of our young democracy? Is there nothing outside of the "humanities" worthy of being called Education? Has the mobile intelligence, the subtle instinct, the grand physique, the nimble, sensitive touch of the artisan, mechanic, artist, or musician nothing in common with the term? Does the ponderous hammer of "the village blacksmith" never smite out a syllable of it as it rings on through the centuries against the God-shaping anvil of Time? Does the facile finger of the moulder shape no letter of it, fashioning it deftly from the clay, ere embodying it as a thing of beauty or use in the stubborn, lasting metal? Does not the graver grave something of it on the block before him, to carry a message into the centuries to come? Does not the mariner trace its characters on the yeasty waves, spell out its

legend from the story-book of the stars? Has not the miner to hew it, syllable by syllable, patiently, unfalteringly, everlastingly, from the earth-embowelled rocks? Does not the artist idealize it in his fadeless pigments, the musician utter it in his pulsing chords; the architect and the engineer elaborate it in the memorials of their great professions? Is not the Suez Canal deeper than a legal quibble, and the deck of an ocean leviathan broader than many theological dogmas? Does not Tubal Cain antedate Judge Jefferies, stupendous monstrosity as he was, and are not the Pyramids of Egypt older than even Osgoode Hall?

Twelve years ago, we were told that the population of the country was four millions some odd hundred thousands. A short time since, a census was taken, and we were told that the population, as a whole, had increased but half a million.

Again, twelve years ago, we were told that the City of Toronto numbered some 80,000 inhabitants. To-day, its population is nearly 200,000. Many cities, towns and villages have increased in population, not, perhaps, to the same comparative extent, but largely.

Why do we touch upon this topic at all in an article upon educational principle and method? Because it is, in a way, intimately, though seemingly, indirectly, connected with the subject. It is suggestive, first, of a fact, and then of a deduction arising from that fact, a corollary to the problem of population.

The fact is this, that, in twelve years, the population of the country, as a whole, has grown comparatively little, while that of many individual cities and towns has grown largely. This fact is alone well worth pondering. But what is the deduction to be drawn from the fact? One of two conclusions is inevitable. That the centres must have received the surplus supply either from within the country or without. Whichever it be, it is matter