

with the canker of school-room care lurking in their eye, rather than the blush of the sun-beam reflected from their cheek; poor, pale, morbid, loud, noisy, outpourings, from the mephitic close, where, hour after hour, innumerable sets of lungs have been exercising their abnormal functions in an atmosphere not seldom impregnated by exhalations and odours that would not be out of keeping with the Jews' quarter at Houndsditch or the tenement dwellings of St. Giles.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Around the growing boy."

But if this can be said by the poet of universal boyhood in the once comparatively unfettered freedom of youth, and in a land where muscular Christianity has ever held a prominent place in school discipline and ethics, what shall be said or sung of the prematurely immured votary chained to the desk of an arbitrary and uncongential task-master, at the very time when he should be making bone and muscle, perchance, for his country's future welfare?

"The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free"

than is the average Canadian, according to the average Canadian political clap-trap of the day: but, look on this picture and on this, and compare the Spartan boy and his legendary fox with the sixteen-year-old maiden of to-day—the mother of our future heroes—and her fox, her uncompleted midnight task.

Education, the panacea, like Holloway's pills, is failing to make the world either wiser or better. It is making it harder to live, harder to succeed, harder to die

It is making it harder to live.

Ask the tens of thousands of so-called educated men and women in Canada, who have received certificates, diplomas, and degrees, what they are doing, and what are their respective

salaries in this, that, or the other profession or calling.

It is making it harder to succeed.

Ask the ordinary school teacher when he expects preferment, the ordinary doctor when he expects a retiring competency, the ordinary lawyer when he expects a lucrative practice, by simply disinterested, truly morally legitimate means.

It is making it harder to die.

Ask the average man and woman who has been educated, has wrestled, fought, and failed, in his or her sense of the world, what reward is truly expected from the Hereafter, after having by physical and mental abuse and unrequited toil shortened his existence possibly by a decade, more or less, on this terrestrial sphere.

The destruction of a race is due more frequently to internal than to external causes. The germs of the fatal disease are self-sown rather than imported by alien interference. Her victories and self-indulgence were the death-knell of Rome. The arrogant strength and pride of the Armada proved its own destruction. The reckless, bloodthirsty brutality of the French populace paved the way to the second empire; the second empire perished with the dagger at its own throat. The effeminacy and internecine disunion of the Greeks obliterated Sparta and Marathon. May not misdirected education be itself a factor in the destruction of the race that advocates it? May not the durance vile of the school-room and task-master prove the insidious foe and ultimate destroyer of a healthy, strong and independent people?—*The Week.*

This is the largest and richest education of a human nature—not an instruction, not a commandment, but a Friend. It is not God's truth, it is not God's law—it is God that is the salvation of the world.—*Phillips Brooks.*