

EDUCATION.

THE covering of a cheap wood with a thin layer of mahogany has given us the word "veneer." We look at the four huge dome-pillars of St. Peter's (two hundred feet in circumference), but our estimation of them is lowered when we know that the middle of each pillar is rubble-work. The blocks of the Parthenon or the huge squares of Luxor are more honest. Wherever we meet the Joseph Surfaces or Uriah Heeps, we pierce through the gloze and despise the fine manners or the humbleness when we know them to be veneer. In the building art or in the higher architecture of the soul, we turn from deceit. In the building of the mind, the drawing out of its force, we want the core to expand with its full vigor—not have the same old rubble continually veneered. Better to whitewash the old pictures than to paint rainbow tints on a soluble mud-wall. "My leetle god is all gone," said a German lady, who, wanting to clean