

fession, and to the integrity of the school administration.

Once more, it is necessary to say, that the less the Education Bureau of the Province mixes itself up with matters of trade, and the less it loses sight of the legitimate functions of administration, and the oversight of the schools, the better will it be for the profession and for the school system. Mr. Crooks, the late minister, has been blamed for bringing the matter of the Readers into the muddle into which it has fallen. But whatever Mr. Crooks is chargeable with, he should not be chargeable with this, and nothing could be more unfair to that gentleman, than to make him responsible for sins he never committed, or for the working out of a policy which never was his. Rightly enough, Mr. Crooks desired but one set of Readers for use in the Schools, and so long as he had control of the affairs of the Department his policy was to leave to the rivalry of the publishing trade the enterprise that would secure to the Province the best series to be had. Unfortunately, not Mr. Crooks, but Mr. Hardy, the acting-minister, threw this policy to the winds, and without considering the claims of a third series of Readers, which many of the profession deemed the best for adoption, he hastily authorized two sets, and for a time introduced Chaos into the Educational administration. To reduce Chaos to order, and reclaim the Province for peace, the new minister (it is matter of history) drew aside the bolt from the trap on the stage, and the rival publishers, their respective Readers, and an armed throng of

combatants, summarily disappeared from the scene.

The cost of the comedy, it is said, was not less than a hundred thousand dollars, a claim for some part of which, we learn, may be yet made upon the Government, by the more crippled of those who have been able to struggle out of the pit into which Mr. Ross had unceremoniously flung them. The sequel to the act was the ministers playing a lone hand, the department putting up the country's money on the venture, the stakes being reimbursement by the three publishing firms interested, or the failure of the series and an inquiry by a special commission of the House.

With the best wishes of this Magazine for the complete success of the new Readers we must at the same time place on record our disapproval of the agency by which the series has been prepared; and our dissent from the idea that Government is justified in doing work that ought to be left to private enterprise, or has any right to imperil the country's interests in throwing aside trade-competition, and entering upon an undertaking which, if not a failure, may prove far from satisfactory. We say this all the more earnestly, and from the best of motives, as there are rumors afloat of further interference by the Department with trade in respect of book property, which Government has no right to deprive of its value, nor is justified in risking the people's money in supplanting by work that in the nature of things must be better done by the enterprise of our publishing houses.

THE KNIT BROW.—Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripple its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. "Tension" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brow, straining eye, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain-

work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a *growing* brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain-work done with effort that we have come to associate effort with work, and to regard "tension" as something tolerable if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should ever knit his brows as he thinks, or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain-work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill developed brain, straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.—*Lancet, Eng.*