

potent, it should therefore be honest ; and, finally, that it is no disgrace to be humble and poor, as it is no dishonor to consider another better than one's self.

What nonsensical sentimentality has been wasted over the mute, inglorious Miltons that perished and went down to the grave unknown for lack of opportunity ! As if the great Orderer of events did not know best what was good for the world and the mute, inglorious Miltons, as regards opportunities. For my own part, I am thankful that Miltons are so few. The world would doubtless have been as well without him and his arch angelic legions, pedantic compounds of Homer's *Iliad* and Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, and far better without Dante and his infernal Inferno. Such minds are diseased, and are better both mute and inglorious. Instead of dreaming of aerial flights, they should have been employed breaking stones to macadamise the roads of earth, then their digestions would have been in better order, and their nightmares less frequent and diabolic. But what was, was probably for the best, things could not have been otherwise than they were. All the Miltons that were to sing, have sung, and not even a school-board of 19th century trustees, nor so august a functionary as a modern specialist, could have conjured another either from the womb of silence, or the womb of a Canadian school curriculum. Club-swinging in corsets has not been productive of a second Hercules or Antæus. Homers are as blind and mythical as ever, nor has that Jove-like creature, a political High School inquisitor, been able to evolve from his sapient brain the faintest resemblance of a modern Minerva, although the female element seems to be a potent factor in his code of educational tactics.

Standing at the street corner of a populous city, close to one of its

public schools, whose name is legion, watching the floods of juvenile humanity pour forth from between its open portals, what are the predominant sentiments that engage the mind of the casual onlooker—here again I mean the thoughtful, reflective onlooker ? Are they jubilant, hopeful, or even pleasurable ? Crowds of ill or over-dressed, hard-featured, rough-mannered, often sickly, hungry-looking boys and girls file, eddy and surge by him, or even over him, if he do not show some agility of movement himself. Each precocious Sinbad has his or her especial old man of the sea upon his back or under her arm, the inevitable leather bag which proclaims the fad of the hour. That the old man is a hard rider, and not always a congenial one, is manifested by the pale faces, attenuated physiques, and lack-lustre eyes of many of the bearers. Some, certainly, seem to enjoy the ordeal. It affords means for social gathering, unlimited mud and marbles, gossip and display. Others look upon it as a desirable release from home supervision and chores. But, take a hundred youngsters at hap-hazard, who have not had exceptional advantages at home, and enquire what education is making of them. It is certainly not cleansing some of them bodily, nor dressing others of them becomingly, nor toning yet others down mannerly, nor elevating them æsthetically. In bearing rude, rough, unkempt, and uncultured, in any true sense of the term, are many of them. They lounge, whirl, or scamper by, a crowd of human waifs charged with the cheap clap-trap of memorial services at the shrine of rote, but destitute as ever of a single trait that marks the true evolution of the species as a whole ; intellectually better informed, possibly, than their grandfathers on subjects not worth a doit to the majority of them, physically degenerate, in nine cases out of ten,