

space, beginning nowhere, ending nowhere; the pregnant germ, the growing plant, the blossoming spray; the flash of the lightning, the peal of the thunder; light and dark, youth and age, life and death! Surrounded by the marvellous we intuitively feast upon the marvellous, and the dry data of the mathematician and the logician are not appreciated in the realms of romance and poetry. The intellect will have it so, where everything is wonderful; soul feeds upon wonder, and conjures up possibilities, existences, creeds, transcending the bounds of the natural; now bridging the gulf which rolls between earth and Elysium; now wandering with the souls of the lost through realms of Cimmerian darkness; companioned on the one hand by angelic hosts in robes of radiant white, confronted on the other by the horrid forms of hell arrayed in garments of Tartarean hue.

The mind then being complex and instinctively affecting the wonderful, which is the colour of life, it stands to reason that to manufacture a healthy, useful adult intellect, no less than to turn out from the loom a well executed and marketable pattern, we must so combine the elements with which we work that harmony and not confusion may result. Above all, we must be sure that the colours are agreeable, well contrasted, and rightly balanced. And this latter desideratum is only to be attained by a judicious manipulation of the shreds which form the warp and woof, now of the pattern, now of the intellect; or, to revert to our other metaphor of the piano, we must not reduce culture to a monotone, it will be flat and depressing, we must not thunder perpetually on the bass, it will be stultifying, we must not quaver for ever on the treble, it will lead to effeminacy and perhaps worse. A happy combination in which every element gets its true exercise is the secret of success,

and as a natural result we shall have a work as perfect as poor humanity can expect, with as few discords in the music of life as perhaps that humanity deserves.

Are we, seniors of the present generation, not in danger of crushing our juniors under this ever-increasing "burden of actuality"? Are we not in danger of reducing the child intellect to a monotonously strung machine—not a true instrument of music attuned to the ever-varying symphonies of true culture, but a poor monochord from which no sound can be wrung, but the discordant twang of an overwhelming and stultifying actuality? Are we not in danger of turning out from our educational looms, intellects, not remarkable for well-contrasted shades of learning and justly balanced harmonies of parts, but dreary, heterogeneously-tinted fabrics, in which no pattern is traceable, and from the surface of which all traces of a true educational impress will soon fade away?

Of all words in the English vocabulary the one least euphoniously attuned to the ear of the true educator is that detestable little monosyllable *cram*, yet it is undeniably the watchword in the schoolroom of to-day. It cannot well be otherwise, it is the corollary of the equally hateful word *actuality*. They are twin deformities, linked by the adamant hand of a preposterous fashion, in a union more fulsomely abnormal than the Siamese twins, or any other dual monstrosity that has ever offended the eyes and shocked the sensibilities of the susceptible of humanity. We, who know whereof we speak, and who are acquainted with the interior working of the modern school system, are helpless in the matter. Under existing circumstances we but go with the current. The race of life is pushed to a terrific pace. The prizes are few, the contestants many. The examina-