

lack science. Just as fast as productive processes become more scientific, which competition will inevitably make them do, and just as fast as joint-stock undertakings spread, which they certainly will, so fast will scientific knowledge grow necessary to every one.

That which our school courses leave almost entirely out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. All our industries would cease were it not for that information which men begin to acquire as they best may after their education is said to be finished. And were it not for this information, that has been from age to age accumulated and spread by unofficial means, these industries would never have existed. Had there been no teaching but such as is given in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times. That increasing acquaintance with the laws of phenomena which has through successive ages enabled us to subjugate nature to our needs, and in these days gives the common laborer comforts which a few centuries ago kings could not purchase, is scarcely in any degree owed to the appointed means of instructing our youth. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence—is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else but dead formulas.

We come now to the third great division of human activities—a division for which no preparation whatever is made. If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the *curriculum* for their celibates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things, especially for reading the books of extinct nations and co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently then this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy, joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his

folly and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To be Continued.

"THOS."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Baker's large, cool room is delightful after our dusty drive, and some of us splash the cool water recklessly over our faces, forgetting our front frizzles, till the ripple is quite taken out of them, and we are obliged to assume a more demure style. Some of us who are wise have dainty laces folded up in our pockets, to replace our dusty collars, and one young lady, on removing her hat, reveals a neat little clump of crimping pins, from which she unrolls bright golden tresses, and with a few waves of the brush she is transformed into what some one poetically describes as a "golden cloud-capped goddess," and somebody else not to be outdone says she is a "wavy winning witch;" but when a third attempt at alliteration is made by calling her a "crimped calla-lily" we all cry—"Hold! enough!" while Golden-hair herself declares that she is a "frizzled, freckled fright," and we all troop laughingly down stairs, to find the gentlemen have been awaiting us for some time, and are already making jokes about "feminine devotion to toilet-glasses," and some one retorts that it is not so bad as "masculine devotion to other glasses not toilet," and then Mrs. Baker appears, calling us to tea.

This time it is a high tea *par excellence*, and daintily served with many pretty American decorative devices. Our drive is discussed, and Mrs. Moir expresses great admiration of the stately homes of our wealthy people.

"But," she adds, "is it not strange that we saw so few ladies and children in the grounds or on the verandas?"

"Some may not yet have returned from the country," said Captain Baker, "but I have always noticed in Montreal that there is a great absence of life about your finest homes. It seems almost as though the people did not enjoy themselves, but merely keep them for show. Now in Boston you will find groups of ladies on every veranda, and troops of gaily-dressed children playing in the grounds."

"Yes, and in Toronto," cried Mrs. Moir, "and how much pleasanter it seems. Whenever I see beautiful grounds and lovely flowers I long to see some one enjoying them. We are all sympathetic by nature, and love to see happiness far more than we enjoy cold, lifeless beauty."

"And I think it does good to see happiness," added Mr. Latour, who is a deep thinker. "When I say happiness I don't mean the selfish

pursuit of pleasure, but the pure home happiness that loves its own fireside in winter, and its own doorstep in summer,—the happiness that makes home gay and charming to the young ones as they grow up, that loves its own home circle best, yet is enhanced by being shared with neighbors—exchanging firesides and doorsteps occasionally, exchanging ideas and opinions too, which are apt to become narrow and dogmatic if always looked at from our own point of view."

As we pass into the front room after tea I pick up a book, exclaiming—

"Oh, you have 'The Bastonnais'! Captain Baker, and you are a Bastonnais yourself. How do you like reading how your countrymen were worsted one hundred years ago?"

"Oh, I don't mind; the story is so cleverly told, and the book so free from prejudice or bigotry, that none can take offence."

"You are discussing 'The Bastonnais,'" said Mr. Latour, coming up at this moment. "It is truly a charming story, and a credit to our Canadian literature."

"They used to tell me in Boston that you had no Canadian literature," said Captain Baker. "I was agreeably surprised when I picked up this."

"But you need not expect to find a number of others equally good," I exclaimed, "for it is the first and only good Canadian story I have ever read."

"Oh, then, you do not read the French books," said Mr. Latour. "We have some very good French Canadian works, and it seems strange that what you allow to be the best English Canadian novel is written by a Frenchman!"

"Oh, was 'The Bastonnais' written by a Frenchman?" cried Mrs. Moir. "I was so interested in the story that I did not look to see by whom; but I am so glad, for they are always twitting me in Toronto about our 'ignorant French Canadians.'"

"Nevertheless the French Canadians of Quebec have given more proofs of their culture than the whole population of the Dominion," said Mr. Latour.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "you are forgetting our English Scientists—Dr. Dawson, Professor Sterry Hunt, and others."

"No, I am not. I acknowledge their superiority, but I do say we can show a greater quantity of French works, and on the average of a better quality, than your English ones."

But while we older people have been discussing literature, the younger ones have been putting their heads together to get up some sort of entertainment for us. The folding doors have been closed, and Miss Willis, who is very clever at getting up tableaux, etc., has disappeared: soon followed by Miss St. John and Gerrie, then Tom and Alec are called out, and, after a good deal of suppressed laughing and talking, Mrs. Baker asks us to excuse the gas, the Captain turns it very low, and the doors are opened, displaying the white drapery, which foretells a pantomime shadow scene.