

many instances ought to be loudly protested against. As we write four cases come to our knowledge of girls seriously injured by this folly and unintentional wickedness. In one the brain is utterly unable to bear the burden put upon it, and the pupil is removed from school in a highly excitable state; in another, epileptic fits have followed the host of subjects pressed upon the scholar; in the third, the symptoms of brain ag have become so obvious that the amount of schooling has been greatly reduced, and in a fourth fits have been induced, and complete prostration of brain has followed. These cases are mere illustrations of a class, coming to hand in one day, familiar to most physicians. The enormous number of subjects which are forced into the curriculum of some schools, and are required by some professional examinations, confuse and distract the mind and by lowering its healthy tone often unfit it for the world. While insanity may not directly result from this stuffing, and very likely will not, exciting causes of mental disorder occurring in later life may upset a brain which, had it been subjected to more moderate pressure, would have escaped unscathed. Training in its highest sense is forgotten in the multiplicity of subjects, originality is stunted and individual thirst of knowledge overlaid by a crowd of novel theories based upon yet unproved statements. Mr. Brudenell Carter, in his "Influence of Education and Training in Preventing Diseases of the Nervous System," speaks of a large public school in London, from which boys of ten to twelve years of age carry home tasks which will occupy them till near midnight, and of which the rules and laws of study are so arranged as to preclude the possibility of sufficient recreation. During the last year or two the public have been startled by the suicides which have occurred on the part of young men preparing for examination at the University of London, and the press has spoken out strongly on the subject.

*Habits of Disrespect in the Family.*—One of the dangers of home life is this habit of disrespect—that which is bred by familiarity. People who are all beauty and sunshine for a crowd of strangers, for whom they have not the slightest affection, and all ugliness and gloom for their own, by whose love they live. The little prettiness of dress and personal adornment, which mark the desire to please, are put on purely for the admiration of those whose admiration goes for nothing, while the house companions are treated only to the ragged gowns and threadbare coat, the tousled hair and stubby beard, which, if marking the ease and comfort or the *sans façon* of home, mark also the indifference and disrespect that do so much damage to the sweetness and delicacy of daily life. And what is true of the dress is still truer of the manners and tempers of home, in both of which we often find too that want of respect which seems to run side by side with affection in the custom of familiarity. It is a regrettable habit under any of its conditions, but never more so than when it invades the home and endangers still more that which is already too much endangered by other things. Parents and bringers—up do not pay enough attention to this in the young. They allow habits of disrespect to be formed—rude, rough, insolent, and impatient, and salve over the sore with the stereotyped excuse, "They mean nothing by it," which, if they look at it aright, is worse than no excuse at all; for if they really do mean nothing by it, and their disrespect is not what it seems to be, the result of strong anger, or uncontrollable temper, but is merely a habit, then it ought to be conquered without the loss of time, being merely a manner that hurts all parties alike.

*Dips into good books.*—I think, among the greatest errors that language has imposed upon us, there is none more remarkable than the sort of antagonism which is established in common language as between Nature and Art. We speak of Art as being, in a certain manner, the rival of Nature, and opposed to it; we contrast them—we speak of the superiority of nature and depreciate Art as compared with it. On the other hand, what is Art but the effort that is made by human skill to seize upon the transitory features of Nature, to give them the stamp of perpetuity? If we study Nature, we see that in her general laws she is unchangeable; the year goes on its course, and day after day pass magnificently through the same revolutions. But there is not one single moment in which Nature, or anything that belongs to her, is stationary. The earth, the planets, and the sun and moon are not for any instant in exactly the same relation mutually as they were in another instant. The face of Nature is constantly changing; and what is it that preserves that for us but Art, which is not the rival, but the child, as well as the handmaid, of Nature? You find, when you watch the setting sun, how beautiful

and how bright for an instant! Then how it fades away! The sky and sea are covered with darkness, and the departed light is reflected, as it had been just now upon the water, still upon your mind. In one evanescent moment, a Claude or a Stanfield dips his pencil in the glowing sky, and transfers its hue to his canvas, and ages after by the lamp of night or in the brightness of the morning, we can contemplate that evening scene of Nature, and again renew in ourselves all the emotions which the reality could impart. And so it is with every other object. Each of us is but for the present moment, the same as he is in this instant of his personal existence through which he is now passing. He is the child, the boy, the man, the aged one bending feebly over the last few steps of his career. You wish to possess him as he is now, in his youthful vigor, or in the maturity of his wisdom, and a Rembrandt, a Titian or a Herbert, seize that moment of grace, or of beauty, or of sage experience; and he stamps indelibly that loved image on his canvas; and for generations it is gazed on with admiration and with love. We must not pretend a fight against Nature, and say that will make Art different from what she is. Art is, therefore, the highest image that can be made of Nature.—*Wiseman*.

Not long ago, I was slowly descending this very bit of carriage road, the first turn after you leave Albano, not a little impeded by the worthy successors of the ancient prototypes of Viento. It had been mild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the domes of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex grove rose against pure streaks of amber and blue, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noon-day sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and the masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixt with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage turned and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all—the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sa red clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orb'd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white blinding lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.—*Ruskin*.

Happiness is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best which we know, to seek that and do that; and if by "virtue its own reward" be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more, then it is a true and noble saying. But if virtue be valued because it is politic, because in pursuit of it will be found most enjoyment and fewest sufferings, then it is not noble any more, and it is turning the truth of God into a lie. Let us do right, and whether happiness come or unhappiness it is no very mighty matter. If it come, life will be sweet; if it do not come, life will be bitter—bitter not sweet, and yet to be borne. On such a theory alone is the government of this world intelligibly just. The well-being of our souls depends only on what we are; and nobleness of character is nothing else but steady love of good and steady scorn of evil. The government of the world is a problem while the desire of selfish enjoyment survives; and when justice is not done according to such standard (which will not be till the day after doomsday, and not then), self-loving men will still ask Why? and find no answer. Only to those who have the heart to say, "We can do without that; it is not what we ask or desire," is there no secret. Man will have what he deserves, and will find what is really best for him, exactly as he honestly seeks for it. Happiness may fly away, pleasure pall or cease to be obtainable, wealth decay, friends fail and prove unkind, and fame turn to infamy; but the power to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected.—*Froude*.

It is sad to think that the one genial earth produces, in every successive generation, fewer flowers than used to gladden the preceding ones. Not that the modes and seeming possibilities of human enjoyment are rarer in our refined and softened era—on the contrary