

her husband; but within the last ten months, he came under the influence of the temperance movement, he is attentive to his work, a *sobber man*, and all is peace and happiness at home.

I might record many more cases of encouragement arising from tract effort, but, not being able to trace them beyond the first steps of temperance, I forbear, feeling assured that what the light of time will not fully reveal, eternity will unfold.—J. McC.

The subject for the Thursday Evening Meetings at the Temperance Hall, a few weeks to come, will probably be—the propriety of restraining the traffic in intoxicating drinks by law. We trust that public attention will be effectually called to this subject.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Protoxide of Hydrogen" cannot surely be in earnest. How would

"The temperance cause do flourish still"
sound in the ear of a grammarian?

Education.

THE SOURCE AND FOUNTAIN OF DISEASE.

From Dr. E. Johnson's work, entitled, *Results of Hydropathy.*

As soon as we have become capable of thinking for ourselves, we look round, and instantly perceive, that there is now but one road to fortune—mental exertion; and but one road to fame—mental superiority. If we would live, we instantly perceive that it must be by the sweat of the brain, and not according to God's ordinance, by the sweat of the brow.

But we are not left to find all this out for ourselves. It is instilled into us, at every possible opportunity, from our very earliest childhood. And thus children are encouraged, and urged at school, to wrestle with each other, not with their infant limbs, but with their infant brains. If one boy, wrestling (literally) with another, kick his shins, and bruise them, making them look black and blue, the bruise is pointed at as a mark and sign of the "horrid barbarity" of the sport. Yet this insignificant bruise will be utterly gone in two or three days, and the bruised shins just as good as ever. But the very same persons, who are shocked at an insignificant bruise on the shin, will go on, with the utmost self-complacency, urging, and stimulating with every species of argument, temptation, bribe, and promise, these self-same boys to batter and bruise their young, and tender, soft and half-grown brains, one against the other, year after year; and think they are doing them good service. While, in fact, they are inflicting upon them an amount of disease and feebleness, millions of times more important than a paltry bruise on the shin, and whose effects are to be manifested in after life, in the shape of some such maladies as those we are now considering. I say, I repeat, and I would cry it from the house-tops if I could, that those very persons who raise such an outcry against the cruelties inflicted upon the limbs and the health of the factory children, are guilty of a greater cruelty against their own offspring—are diligently and mercilessly sowing in their little and highly impressionable brains the seeds of disease and future suffering, more important, both in amount and intensity, than any which could result from the mere excess of physical labour.

I, of course, here only mean those parents who are in the habit of sending their children to school at an early age. The confinement and mental exertion to which many of these children are submitted, and to go diligently through which they are spurred by every possible argument, is such as would be sufficient to injure the health of a full-grown man. How many office-clerks lose their health simply and solely from their confinement. And wherein does this confinement of office differ from the confinement of school? And if the confinement of office, and the mere mental drudgery of writing in ledgers and day-books, where any act of thought or memory has so little concern, be too much labour for the brain and health of a man, with what show of reason can we suppose that these can be borne with impunity by the half-grown brain of a child? If a parent were seen urging, and tempting, and stimulating, and tasking his child to the perform-

ance of an amount of labour, with his legs and arms, sufficient to tax the health and strength of a full grown man, all the world would cry, "Shame upon him! he will cripple his child with excessive work." Yet everybody seems to think, that, though the limbs of children cannot, without injury, be urged and tasked to do the work of a man's limbs, yet that their brains may be 'asked to any degree with impunity. What is there in the brain and its powers essentially different from the leg and its powers? Nothing whatever. But people seem to look upon the brain as some extraordinary, mystical, magical something or other, which is exempt from the ordinary laws which govern all the other organs of the body. The principal business of a child's brain, like that of a child's limbs, is to grow and to acquire strength. Thought, reasoning, reflection, study—these constitute the natural work of a man's brain; as ploughing and sowing constitute a species of labour only proper for a man's limbs. Play is the proper business of a child's life.

Many an indigestion and many a constipation which have embittered the lives of their victims, making existence almost a curse, have had their foundations laid in the school-room. The over-tasked brain, compelled to appropriate so much of its own energies to its own labours, has too little to spare and to distribute to the other organs to enable them to perform their several offices, which they all do, and can only do, by virtue of a power distributed to them from one or more of the three great nervous centres, the brain, the spinal chord, and the sympathetic ganglia.

From the school-room the boy is sent, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, to commence the business of life, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, to have the greater part of all he has acquired at the school of his childhood, by the injurious labour of seven or eight years, swept away by the lessons of this new school of his manhood—the school of the world—cleanly and completely, as with a broom.

But the evils of the first school are equally inseparable from the latter. As in the old, so in the new, it is still work, work, work for the brain, and confinement for the limbs.

By dint of incessant exertion of the faculties of his brain, and incessant confinement, for ten or twelve years, he is enabled to enter the third school, marriage, and business on his own account. And still the evil goes on, and now with greater vigor than ever; for now his own personal interests are more immediately and manifestly at stake. Everything now depends, more than ever, upon his own exertions. His parents are dead, and cannot help him; his capital is staked; he has three or four persons now to support instead of one; an establishment, and certain appearances, and a certain position in the world to maintain; his ship is now fairly afloat, and he and all his household are embarked in her, and must sink or swim with her. His eye now watches the horizon with redoubled intensity; his ear hears every varying sound of the wind with a painful acuteness; every sense is on the stretch to catch the first indications of any coming storm; while his brain is vividly impressed with the consciousness that the welfare of every creature in that vessel depends upon him—him whose hand alone it is that has undertaken to guide the helm, and trim the sails, and carry the vessel safely into port. The brain-work, therefore, still goes on, the only difference being the handsome addition of another item to the catalogue of evil influences—that anxiety of mind which is inseparable from personal responsibility.

What wonder that this individual, just when he has got his vessel within sight of harbour—just when the season for rejoicing has arrived—should find himself no longer able to rejoice at any thing; that his faculties should be withered, his temper soured, his health broken up, the final object of all his labours utterly destroyed by the very means by which he so earnestly sought to obtain it. What wonder that he should find himself a miserable and dyspeptic hypochondriac, hurrying about, hither and thither, in search of his lost treasure, health, looking for comfort and enjoyment everywhere, and finding it nowhere.

The history of the life of woman, in this same sphere of society, is not greatly different. She has the same brain taxation to support in childhood, and, when she has embarked her fortunes with those of her husband, she cannot be an indifferent spectator of his toils, nor destitute of anxiety, nor free from responsibility. She has, moreover, other duties peculiar to herself, and duties, too, which cost her anxious thought and painful reflection, involving, also, much unwholesome confinement within doors.

I do not say that this is the fate of all; but I do say, that it is, in a greater or less degree, the fate of many thousands. And I