

the brakes should be applied ; to put them on later is of little use, when most of the mischief is done. It has been abundantly shown that girls of tender age are so over-burdened with study in and out of school hours, that they have no time for needful exercise, and in not a few cases has serious and fatal disease been the result of the nervous strain of the cramming and forcing process, intensified by the periodical competitive examinations. Charles Kingsley addressed an able plea to Englishwomen on the subject of encouraging girls to engage in the exercises that are so necessary for developing a healthful and beautiful *physique*. But our girls have no leisure left for these,—hardly indeed for taking a little fresh air, unless on their daily walks to and from school. It is here that reform should begin. After girls have been encouraged to give their whole time and strength to the same studies with their brothers, it is rather hard to stop them short at the gates of the University, and tell them

that they may not carry their studies further, to some practical end !'

What the female students of Ontario are asking is—not that the whole course of education for both sexes be assimilated ;—this is indeed, as we have said, too much the case already ;—nor that a course of university education should be in any way *prescribed* for young women, but simply that those exceptional young women who have the taste, the aptitude, the means and the perseverance, for taking a university course, should have the privilege of doing so. And as this is impossible in present circumstances without opening to them the ordinary classes, they ask for admission to these, at least until it shall be proved that the results are more injurious than they have yet been proved to be where the experiment has been tried. In a word, they simply ask for equal educational rights from a national provision for education ; no very unreasonable request, and one which, we believe, will not be long denied.

YOUNG PEOPLE

A STEAM CHAIR.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

I DON'T like Mr. Travers as much as I did. Of course I know he's a very nice man, and he's going to be my brother when he marries Sue, and he used to bring me candy sometimes, but he isn't what he used to be.

One time—that was last summer—he was always dreadfully anxious to hear from the post-office, and whenever he came to see Sue, and he and she and I would be sitting on the front piazza, he would say, 'Jimmy, I think there must be a letter for me ; I'll give you ten

cents if you'll go down to the post-office' ; and then Sue would say, 'Don't run, Jimmy ; you'll get heart disease if you do' ; and I'd walk 'way down to the post-office, which is pretty near half a mile from our house. But now he doesn't seem to care anything about his letters ; and he and Sue sit in the back parlour, and mother says I musn't go in and disturb them ; and I don't get any more ten cents.

I've learned that it won't do to fix your affections on human beings, for even the best of men won't keep on giving you ten cents forever. And it wasn't fair for Mr. Travers to get angry with me the other night when it was all