

teachers let no man dare to stand up and single out the Roman or any other church for special attack." Father Stafford would, it appears, prevent if he could discussion of the educational methods of any church, even if those methods be bad! But just before he gives utterance to this limitarianism he says: "I am a Canadian by birth, and I am proud of it. I am a Roman Catholic by faith, and glory in it. I claim for myself the civil rights of this country common to all its citizens." But freedom of discussion is one of the civil rights of the country, good Father Stafford, and it is useless for you to exclaim "Let no man dare to stand up and single out," &c. You may become indignant if you like; you may by pen and voice show that these Ontario teachers judge upon misrepresentations; you may show that they are prejudiced, and if you make out a good case, the public will believe you; but if you go farther than this, you grievously err.

And now for the other side. The Rev. D. H. MacVicar, LL.D., S.L.P., it is well known, has two hobbies. The first is the Presbyterian College at Montreal, of which he is Principal. The object of this institution is to train men for French evangelization, although a not inconsiderable portion of the students, we understand, are English-speaking Canadians. The other is a fiery steed with which he delights to charge and trample upon the Roman Catholic host in this Province and all other Provinces. Of course, being at the head of a college whose ostensible object is the evangelization of the French Canadians, it is but natural to expect him to show up to the people of Ontario as well as Quebec the vicious character of Roman Catholic education.

On the occasion which drew the Rev. Mr. Stafford's ire upon him, Dr. MacVicar characterized Roman Catholic education here as being "one-sided, unsymmetrical and unnatural in the last degree." This at once raises the question, what system of education can be pointed to as symmetrical and natural? What sort of an education is a one-sided education? The popular belief amongst Protestants is that the Catholics teach prayers and Catechism more than anything else; is this religious teaching the one-sidedness to which Principal MacVicar refers? But his address was a plea for *moral* culture in schools, and we are taught to believe that religion and morals are twin sisters!

Again, what is meant by a symmetrical education? We have different methods in vogue, all more or less one-sided, and yet those who have adopted them do not seem particularly or undesirably one-sided. Are classical, mathematical, theological, scientific, and other kinds of education symmetrical or not? It would be hard to decide. The truth would appear to be that such terms as "unnatural," "unsymmetrical," are extremely vague, and unless accompanied by actual illustration and full explanation mean nothing whatever, and are to be classed with those vague and unsatisfactory generalities with which newspaper controversies teem. Again, if by the one-sided education of our Roman Catholic institutions is meant the prominence given to religious and moral instruction in these institutions, then we are forced to admit that the term is strangely applied in an address on moral culture. Who will say when sufficient morals have been taught? The letter of Principal MacVicar in reply to Rev. Mr. Stafford—*Priest* Stafford it names him, not over-courteously—closes, we presume, the first act. It is to be hoped, however, that in future discussions upon educational topics, criticism, which Father Stafford is wrong in attempting to stifle, will be much more precise and definite in its character, that its illustrations will not be drawn from one source exclusively, and that no statements will be made which cannot be verified by indisputable facts.

We may remind our Protestant educators, in conclusion, that a comparison of the educational exhibits of this year, shows that if symmetry and "many-sidedness" are desired objects in education, there are a few things in which they do well to learn some lessons. We may refer to this subject again. Suffice it for the present to say that the Roman Catholic exhibit of educational results, as well as the Protestant, are of such a nature as to gratify not only those concerned, but all who are interested in the progress of the Dominion.

MOSQUITOES.

The proboscis of a mosquito is like eloquence, incisive. It is also tubular like the fang of a rattlesnake, and injects into the wound it makes a poisonous fluid not greatly different in character from that supplied by that ophidian; only the dose is infinitesimal. The blood thus infected will not coagulate; it sucks out easier. The poison is acid; hence mosquito-bites readily succumb to any alkali, and, indeed, water is often found a sufficient restorative. Camphor, carbolic acid with glycerine, and spirits of ammonia are favourite remedies. Pennyroyal is said to drive mosquitoes away; perhaps so, but I am sceptical. As a scientific study, the great strength of the mosquito is exhibited. It may be called the strong point. The generic name of the mosquito is *Culex*, the Latin for gnat. It is not viciporous, but "comes in by the hatch-way," not unlike a burglar. Nor is it born to the condition of life in which we find it. Its habits are analogous to those of the frog. The maternal mosquito deposits a myriad of ova in still or stagnant water. Swamps afford her this facility, but she will take up with any pool or puddle. Cisterns and troughs holding rain water, standing stagnant for future drinking or washing purposes,

are her delight. The wiggler is the real scavenger-teacher. It is very greedy, and devours waste, foul and unwholesome substances that it finds in its childhood's home. Bad as is miasma from stagnant water, unfit as such water is for human use, it may be rendered wholesome by these juvenile mosquitoes. For insects, perhaps, are more useful than mankind. It is really hard to imagine how we could do without them. In a few days the wiggler is agitated by the instincts and ambitions of adult life. Like the tadpole it becomes conscious of a higher nature. Climbing from the water often by the aid of a spear of grass, a floating stick, or a membrane of scum, it dries itself in a moment; wings appear: it soars into a new element and a new life—a mosquito!

Imagine the pride that must dilate its little bosom as it perceives its newly-developed powers to soar into an unlimited universe. This is evolution. It cannot pursue the story of its adventures, its loves, and disappointments. Its life in the new mode of existence is, indeed, but as a hand's breadth. It makes up for this as all "lower animals" and lower tribes do, by great activity and fecundity. They need never fear an extermination. The suggestions of Malthus are not heeded; they all marry and have large families. After a brief period the mosquito forsakes the region of its nativity, and tries "green fields and pastures new." It retains, however, its tastes for arboreal lurking places. We may be sure, in late summer and autumn, to find it wherever there is dense foliage, whether trees, shrubs, or herbage. It shuns the bright sunshine, but is attracted by "the midnight lamp" and "a dim, religious light." The masculine mosquito is of a quiet, retiring character. No doubt he is a kind of drone. He seems to disturb no one; but makes luscious food for swallows, bats, and even toads. But my recollections are not so kind in regard to the "gentle sex." The female mosquito does all the biting. It is noticeable that this analogy extends further. The female emmet is fearfully belligerent; the female bee is the only one that stings. Almost all insect pests that annoy us seem to belong to that "other half" of creation. I have sometimes ventured a guess as to whether the belligerent disposition, or, perhaps, I should say, the aggressive, followed a similar law in *higher* races. But that is "a great moral question," and must not divert attention from the more important matter under consideration. The transcendent usefulness of the mosquito must be acknowledged. The insect is a scavenger, purifying our pools and swamps; and when its work is done then it goes elsewhere to die and decompose. Generally a few days constitute its term of winged existence; yet it will stiffen with the frost, lie apparently dead for days, weeks, and months; then thaw out in warm days and go about as though nothing had happened.—*Phrenological Journal*.

THE EVOLUTIONISTS.

They are fond of talking about protoplasm as the origin of life, but they seem to forget that that very protoplasm is in part the child of heat and that heat comes from the fires of the sun, so that the life they are dreaming and scheming about with so pervading an absence of proof for their assertions, (Dr. Elam declares no distinct species has ever been transformed into another), is dependent upon a central fire in a symmetrical system. They can never show that those fires originated that life—but the life could not get on without the fires, or without the order and the forces of the cosmos. Now the origin of the material order in its heat and electrical and mechanical and chemical forces is just as hard to account for as the origin of life. The centripetal force is the attraction of gravity, and when we have said that, we know as much about its essence as we did before; but what about the centrifugal force, without which, in combination with the other, we could have no planetary system? Professor Airy says he cannot account for that. No agency he could conceive of outside Deity could set the planets rolling by a perfect balance of the two forces,—just as in the life scheme no structural ingenuity could develop an eye, that would deal properly with the light-ray instead of being a mere useless and theoretical model. Man, the highest development of mind according to them is plainly not the highest essence that exists and controls—for while he has conceptions of beauty, for example, and laboriously realizes them, and more easily fails to realize them, those realizations of his fall utterly short of the beauty of a sunset—of the gradations in a landscape—of an oak-tree or a maple—of a gladiolus or a paper-nautilus shell. Man's "work of art" is chiefly valued for its imitative or its specially human power of conception. This mind of man, their crown of nature, has been preceded by an original and infinitely greater more powerful more orderly and more perfect mind, as evidenced to us in its works. Why will they not admit that that is the mind of God. *Laus Deo*.

CHEVREAU says the best anagram he ever met with was one shown him by the Duchess de la Tremouille. She was the sister of Marshal Turenne, and her name was Marie de la Tour,—in Spanish, Marie de la Torre, which a Spanish anagrammatist found to be exactly *Amor de la Tierra*. An anagram fully equal to the above, if not superior, is the well-known one on Horatio Nelson—*Honor est a Nilo*.