

seems hardly fair to debar them from access to it. We have neither time nor space to discuss this question more fully, but would like to press this one point, and it seems most fitting that any such suggestion should come from the Teachers of Toronto, rather than from any other source. Were the Directors willing to allow us to make selections for the Young People's Department, we would undertake to choose so wisely as to attract not only the young but many older and wiser folks.

But close what avenues we may, there are always plenty of others open, and in these days of cheap publications, it is impossible to keep pernicious literature out of the hands of our pupils. After all, the best and surest safeguard must lie within. We must implant in them a desire for substantial thought, pretty fancies and choice language, that will give them unconsciously a distaste for poorer work. Even then there is danger, but beyond this point we can only guard them by teaching them the art of self-government and self-control, and that is a life long study in which we can only hope to give the first few lessons.

On glancing over the suggestions contained in this paper, they seem so simple, as to be hardly worthy of a place in your memories, but if they serve to arouse an interest in a subject which forms so important a factor in child-life, I shall be satisfied. I know there are teachers before me now, earnest in work, thorough in discipline, skilful in method, anxious to do all in their power to send their pupils ill forth fully equipped for the battle of life. I beg of you, do not leave this one weak spot in their armour. Give them mathematical precision, if you will, help them to acquire all the business education possible, but believe me, the thoughts and fancies of leisure

hours also need directing and guarding. A boy will never make a less successful business man, if when business hours are over, he can turn with zest to a wisely written book, and follow the author into the wide realm of facts and fancies, lights and shadows, that rise and fall over all the strange problems of human existence.

There are so many important subjects to be handled in our profession, that we sometimes feel like the fabled old woman of nursery rhyme; we have so many children and so much to impress upon them that we really "don't know what to do." Sometimes they get the bread without the broth, and sometimes the broth without the bread, and once in a while we are happy in our method, and give a judicious mixture of both. I suppose, after all, wise and successful teaching is simply learning to mix broth and bread in proper proportions.

One word in conclusion, do not think this subject a trivial one, even if the remarks you have heard deserve that appellation. Look back each of you upon your own early days, and see how you have been biassed by the line of reading you have adopted. There are books you have read in the past, you would gladly blot from your memories, but the mischief has been done, the evil thought, the bitter sneer, the troubled doubt has been instilled, and you cannot ever bury it so deep, that it will not rise again.

If any pupil of ours should in future years lay down some spicy sensational novel, or leave the sheets of some violently illustrated periodical uncut, because of some dim remembrance of a warning note, sounded in old school days, the knowledge should make us more satisfied with our work than had he obtained all the honours that Universities could bestow.