

you, not "to rise and mutiny," but rather to discover and exert that influence which shall bring able men and women in larger numbers into the service of our secondary schools.

Sweet Cæsar's wounds ! Poor, poor, dumb mouths,
Yes, let them speak for me.

What are the imperfections in our educational system which deter men and women of a desirable stamp from entering it ? Such are, for the most part, from our colleges. As the time of graduation draws near, a man must cast the horoscope of his future, measure the forces within him, confront the question : "What is to be my life work ? What shall I do in this great world ?" If family relations, or other pressing considerations, do not attract him to law, medicine, or theology, to business, or to some scientific or mechanical pursuit, he turns to the profession of teaching, as a temporary employment or a last resort, because he sees a stepping-stone to ready money. Profession ? I must correct that word. There are commonly reckoned but three : law, medicine, and theology. Entrance to these must be through the door of the law, medical, or theological school, and three additional years of study are needed to meet the exacting requirements for admission to the learned professions. This would seem to deter many on the threshold, and the majority would naturally throng to the open door of teaching, for, within that door, the call is loud for workers, and there is no delay in the pecuniary returns. But many a bright young man looks a little farther. He sees men occupying positions of honour, responsibility and authority, with titles of honour prefixed and affixed to their names. These have not been called from the ranks of the teachers, but from the lawyers, the clergy, the intelligent business men.

He may hear that, in rare instances, a college president is sent to Congress or on a foreign embassy. He may hear that a teacher of even a secondary school, but an orator by inheritance and cultivation, is sent to Congress, by a district which could not find his equal within its own borders—sent, because of his consummate ability, in spite of his views on the McKinley, the Lodge, or the Pension Bill. Turning his attention from the throng of distinguished men, who have won for themselves place and honour, he sees the teachers who have glided so smoothly into their life work, grinding away in their several mills, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," for whom each morning sees some task begun, but by no means does each evening see its close. He sees them subjected to a machine of supervision, organization, classification. Grading, percentages, uniformity, promotions, tests, examinations, "Vox omnibus una."

But individually, ideas, independence, originality, study, investigation, seem to be relegated to that long catalogue of the things of the past which Wendell Phillips used to describe in his lecture on the Lost Arts. The sight does not inspire him, and feeling the value of his own individual being, he turns to the door of the professional school and enters resolved to win honour and fame. Another young man, who has struggled for years with poverty to acquire a college education, eager to make for himself a name, is confronted by the same necessity of choice. If he will teach, he may at once be free from the pecuniary embarrassment which has so long ground him. If he goes on with study, poverty still accompanies him. The fiend of poverty is at his elbow and bids him run. "Via, says the fiend. Away, says the fiend." But his conscience and inclination say, "Budge not." "Budge, says the fiend." "Go on with your studies,"