

blesse Canadian woodland. Though stately rivers, as to-day, flow seaward, they bear with them on their broad bosoms no laden barges, no stately ships, no smart traders, or compact fishermen.

Countless millions are there, but no people are richer, more comfortable, or happier because of them.

That is a picture of an uneducated land, a land left to the undirected efforts of Nature—a land strong, sturdy, luxuriantly beautiful but exceedingly unprofitable.

Again: the lopped limbs of mighty giants strew the ground in wild disarray; of growing tree no part is left that can be transfused to gold: on plain and bold hillside, all have yielded to the indiscriminate axe—every head is laid low with reckless extravagance. Anon the roar of the fire-king is heard, and, far and near, Nature's grandest efforts in the vegetable world are converted to dust and ashes.

A rut-worn, grass-grown road, without a purpose in life, winds, it knows not how, it knows not where, through brush and brake; the remnants of a weary fence, despondent, hide themselves amid dwarf birch or cherry; unpainted houses and weather-beaten barns, doorless, stand cheerless and desolate by the roadside; here and there a poverty-stricken cow, with blinded face and chin tied to foot, gleams a scant living from the disheartened soil. No tree, save a dead relic of past grandeur, marks the horizon; the wind moans as it passes, and hurries on, shuddering, to seek a more congenial playground. Weeds and brush obtain where noble trees once stood or golden grain smiled as Autumn approached.

These are examples of wrong education; and I leave you to deduce the conclusion that wrong education will, in the end, give more unsatisfactory results than no education: witness the columns of newspapers.

Let us look once again on our first panorama. What a change is here! The branching monarch of the forest no longer usurps the whole land, while in sufficient variety,—

“The courtly elm and sturdy beech
Cast grateful shade o'er sandy reach;
The stately hemlock's russet pride
Gives bolder lines to worn hill side,
As, tossing high fantastic arm,
He wooes the wind with fragrant charm,
Like love-lorn maid, with fickle swain,
Set captive in a rainbow chain.
The lordly pine, aspiring high
To cast a shadow on the sky,
With many a stately forest tree
Unites ————”

As of old,