

is impossible that so numerous a body, scattered throughout the school sections of this province, can fail to discover many things connected with the daily round of duties in the class room, as well as with the general working of the school system, which admit of improvement. Every good teacher, moreover, is a no less diligent student, always learning, advancing, improving upon the past; ever keenly alive to his own deficiencies, and setting before himself a goal of perfection which, if it be unattainable, is at least a generous stimulus towards the achievement of many attainable excellencies. No error is greater than that which assumes that a mere rudimentary knowledge is sufficient for him who has only to teach the rudiments of knowledge. The amplest stores of a richly cultivated mind are never in excess; while the modesty which is the inevitable accompaniment of liberal culture carries with it a lesson invaluable to the pupil; like that which Newton still addresses to every student of science in the memorable words uttered by him towards the close of his life: "I know not what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me."

A further stimulus to the constant increase of our stores of knowledge lies in the implicit faith with which the ingenuous youthful enquirer receives all that we can communicate; and in this respect the country school master not unfrequently finds that such reliance on his opinions is by no means limited to the rising generation. Here, as well as in older countries, his lot is often cast amid a simple rustic community to whom his opinion is law on all questions lying beyond the range of their knowledge and experience. We can still recognise, I imagine, not a few touches from a life familiar to ourselves, in the gentle irony blended by Goldsmith, with his picturings of his own youthful memories, where

"In his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school."

Such skilled scholastic rulers are not altogether of the past; nor has our new born school system so prevailed and leavened the community that it may not hereafter be told of some Canadian preceptor by the future scholar, or the poet he is now training:—

"Yet was he kind, or if severe in sight,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amassed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!"