

to the far horizon where earth and sky melted into one shimmering haze,—"Go," said he, "and find for me the greatest good." Joyful they started on their quest, expecting soon to find that which they sought and receive the reward of their labors. As they journeyed, they came to a spot, a more beautiful than which, never delighted the eye of man. A mighty mountain reared his rounded head above the surrounding country. From base to summit it was clad in vivid green. As they looked in rapture, this changed to a deeper hue, and still again, as the great magician nature waved his wand, scarlet, and crimson, and gold, and russet, and all the prismatic tints snatched from heaven's own treasury, took the place of the duller shade. Anon with rustle, rustle, rustle, the gorgeous garment came floating down, and the mighty monarch was clad in a dazzling garment of diamond-studded ermine. At his feet, with head resting lovingly against his knees, they found a plant of beauty rare, and fragrance marvelously sweet; graceful leaves adorned its stem and luscious fruit pleased eye and taste. "Surely," said they, "this is that which the king desired," and they gathered of its fruit and sent their noblest to bear it to the king. But, alas, they returned sorrowing, with the command to search farther. So they encamped about the tree and ate of its fruit. It, however, was not enough for all, and out from the shelter of the mountain where the north wind blew not, and where the golden sunbeams fell, in pulsatory rays, upon the open windswept plains, shelterless and forlorn, they were forced, in quest of nourishment. O'er stony plain and black morass they travelled with down-cast looks and sorrowful hearts, for where in such a region would they find the greatest good? They sought for food, nor was their search in vain, for

at their feet, with leaves prone on the ground, with blossoms exposed to frost, to hail, to whirlwind, they found a humble plant; hunger driven, they tasted of the humble fruit and found it wholesome. Forced of necessity, they paid some attention to its culture, when, behold, a marvelous thing came to pass, for under the slightest care the lowly plant extended its leaves till they covered barren plain and dank morass with pleasing verdure. Its fruit became larger, and in ever widening circles it extended till it reached the very roots of the glorious mountain sheltered tree they had mistaken for the greatest good, and this, as though it received new life from the lowly plant, took on new beauty; new leaves sprang out as if by magic; its fruit became larger and more abundant. At last, cried the courtiers, we have found that for which we came, and once more they bore the fruit of the royal plant to the king, and once again they returned. What said the king? "Search again, for though ye found it ye knew it not."

Then there arose from the outskirts of the throng one who was a toiler in the flower field, whose experience had not been utilised when the message was sent to the king. He exclaimed, "The message is plain, the fruit of the star plant is not the greatest good, because it is not sufficient or suitable for all, but this lowly plant affords nourishment for all who come, and gives life and beauty to the royal plant itself." And it was even so.

This is true of the educational system of the Province of Quebec. We have been devoting our attention almost exclusively to the lordly university, the stately college, the fine institutions in the centres of population; but the little red school house on the dusty plains sleeps under the dust of neglect. Learned dons and