

tion is the birthright of every citizen, that national life depends on it, we will progress by leaps and bounds.

Governments are no better and no worse than the people they represent; education is no better than those who administer it.

It has seemed good to me, therefore, to speak of what I shall, for lack of a more descriptive title, call Public Education. I do not expect to tell you anything new; I do not expect to say anything old in a new way; yet no more important truth will ever ring in your ears than that which I intend to repeat, and again to repeat, that the education of their children is the primary duty of every people.

We are all believers in the concrete method of teaching: bear with me if, for a while, I adopt that plan to-night.

A glance backward through the mists of two or three centuries would show a wondrous change in the country extending along those beauteous rivers, whose pean of joy and praise we hear even now as I address you. O'er hill and dale; by moor, fen and river brink; by cataract, brook and mountain; by spreading lake and lonely tarn—far as eye can reach or thought extend—stretch the illimitable forests. On every side tall birch and beech, maple, ash, and elm, mingle with pine, spruce, hemlock and fragrant balsam, and raise their proud heads heavenward. The same rivers sing their endless songs, as they swirl and rush, with varied note, past the same rocks as to-day. Wealth in untold millions lies rotting in the deep green shade, unconscious of their song. Beneath the soil uncounted treasures await the hoe, the spade, the plough of the husbandman, or the miner's persistent drill, as the proud monarchs of the deep green wood await the axe and saw of the lumberman and settler. Truly a wonderful land—a land of luxuriant and extravagant beauty! From the pebbles that gleam with ever-changing tints along St. Francis' hasty tide to the highest point on Orford's rugged crest, no spot is found that does not teem with vegetation. The soft green of Spring, the deeper hue of August, the crimson and gold of October, are there; there, too, are the unbridled passions of uneducated Nature. Wolves howl in heart-stilling unison on November nights; the fox slinks by with cringing step, or with dismal scream disturbs the dreariness of the darkness; the stealthy panther, hunger-driven, crouches to destroy; and the no less stealthy human panther steals, blood-thirsty, on unconscious prey.

Though the forests teem with countless treasures, no good has sprung therefrom; no one, on winter night in treeless land,