

deed, in whose minds these suggestive titles are not inseparably associated with sobs and tears and cries on the one side, and the harsh notes of the vulgar, angry, scolding, the bitter raillery, or the mocking sarcasm, so intolerable to the sensitive spirit of childhood, on the other.

Coming more immediately to my subject I wish to-night to direct your thoughts, not exclusively to the presiding geniuses of such institutions as I have attempted to describe, nor yet to their more honoured fellow-labourers who tread in academic halls or discuss profundities in college lecture-rooms. I wish rather to speak of the office of the man, or the woman, whose work it is to school the growing mind, to study and watch over its daily unfoldings, stimulating, correcting, guiding the operations of its various faculties, and aiming to secure to each a vigorous growth and to the whole a symmetrical development.

This work is, I aver, if rightly understood, essentially the same in kind and in dignity, whether carried on in a 12 x 14 log school-house, or beneath the stately dome of an imperial university. In either case it demands, to a considerable extent, on the part of the worker, the same close study of the constitution and workings of the human mind, the same breadth of view, the same unflagging zeal and energy, and the same strength and singleness of purpose.

There can be no doubt that the value and dignity of the teacher's profession, as a profession, have risen very much in the public mind in Canada within the last twenty years. May I crave your indulgence if I recur again for a moment to the memory of my own past experience in order to convey some conception of the views entertained by large classes of the patrons of the common school of twenty years ago. Having had the honour, and there would be

proof positive of some glaring defect in my views, or my work, if I could not truly regard the office as an honour—having had the honour to be village schoolmaster in several country districts, I had the best opportunities for knowing the estimation in which the office was held. Various and amusing, as well as instructive, were the sentiments expressed. This, it will be remembered, was nearly a score of years since, and in a sea-side province. Of course it cannot for a moment be supposed that any such views exist at the present day in Ontario, so deservedly proud of its system of schools and its army of intelligent and honoured teachers.

Strange and incongruous, indeed, were the views which I was constantly called upon to meet. "What easy times you have," exclaims Mr. A., as he pauses to wipe the perspiration from his brow in the hot days of harvesting. "How I wish I had nothing to do but sit in the cool shade of the school-room and hear little boys and girls read." "Such a tedious business," exclaims his neighbour B. "For my part, I would sooner break stones on the Queen's highway at two-and-sixpence per day than be stewed up day after day in that little school-room with a troop of noisy urchins." "And as for me," chimes in C, "I could never have patience to endure them, I should be sure to break half-a-dozen of their heads before night;" and he looks around in expectation of a salvo of applause for this fervent exhibition of manly spunk. But we can very well suffer such remarks from common people when such a person as Sir Walter Scott could pen such sentiments as the following. After describing the joyous burst which attends the moment of school-dismissal, he goes on: "But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dis-