

appreciate the teacher's work and difficulties, and they are, as a rule, the sensible people of the district. Their children are by no means perfect. They listen to no tales out of school. The teacher always gets from them a hearty greeting. They second most cheerfully his efforts. If he fails now and again they have sense enough to excuse him. They find it hard enough to manage three or four, and like thoughtful men and women, as they are, they put themselves in his place, trying to keep in order and train thirty or forty. They are the first to advocate making an addition to his salary, for even *this* is done sometimes. They know it is right to be economical, but that there is such a thing as beginning economy at the wrong end, and they refuse to injure the teacher, and cripple for life the intellect of the children, for the sake of a few dollars, which had far better be saved on the roads and sidewalks. Better to have a rut unfilled in the road for a year than have a rut in a human mind for perhaps a long lifetime unfilled. No section is without these persons, and you may put the opinion of one such against that of at least a score of the others. The latter see through coloured glasses and don't know it, and of course the objects around, in the home, in society, the teacher and his work, too, present a strange appearance. The parents who train their children *best* are the friends of the conscientious teacher, as a rule, and most teachers know what encouragement and help the countenance and kindly words of these afford. Don't be discouraged. The best men and women around you and throughout the world honour your calling, recognize its power, and give *you* your place amongst the world's benefactors. The others, who take a different view, good enough men and women, it may be, have got a twist,

hereditary, or as the result of circumstances. They may be in the majority, but your friends have the ability to judge impartially, to say nothing of a great amount of good common sense and sympathy in their natures, which is more important. I remember well one poor fellow who had the hardest "row to hoe" I ever knew anything about, who was scowled at by the men who hired him because he dared work with his brain and not with his hands, in whom the life, the spirit, at least, was kept by an old Scotchwoman, not forgetful of what the parish school and schoolmaster had done for her lang syne. Many a good dinner, many a hearty handshake, many a kind word did she give the "maister" as he went his rounds, a week in this house, a week in that. Don't think because some speak harshly that you are wholly unappreciated. Is your work done, I shall not say thoroughly, but conscientiously? You have, then, more friends and greater encouragements than perhaps you are, or ever will be, aware of. The men who observe, but don't talk much, are with you. The world is God's, and conscientious work is appreciated by Him and the men and women who are like Him.

Again, and to conclude. You, teachers, may well feel encouraged as you contemplate the present and prospective result of your labours. As you work from day to day, you are laying the foundations, firm and sure, of what shall yet be a great nation. Education is the handmaid of all true religion. Without it there can be no real freedom, no real progress. And shall this thing and that make you despondent when you can contemplate the great influence you wield, and shall, even when your personal work is done, wield in this our country. Centuries hence, the generations to come shall be blessed by the work