

sister in his too great devotion to whiskey, profanity and tobacco. The
 other was conducted by Tom Kelly—a large-hearted little cripple from
 “across the way,” who was a cobbler by trade and a teacher by profession,
 and who carried on both occupations simultaneously in the schoolroom.
 He would half-sole a pair of boots while hearing a class read, and would
 put a neat patch on a shoe while giving out a column of spelling. Poor
 Kelly was afflicted with some “trouble in his vitals,” for which he had
 to occasionally take “doctor’s stuff,” which he procured from a little brown jug
 locked up in his desk. Every now and then, when his vitals were un-
 usually bad, he had to unlock the desk so frequently and take so much of
 the “doctor’s stuff” that the little brown jug would give out, and then
 our teacher would become “spachless and all sthruck of a hape,” and in
 that state we would have to carry him home and put him to bed. Such
 were not unfrequently the school experiences of fifty years ago. Teachers
 and schools of higher repute were to be found, but they were exceptions
 to the rule. Indeed, no words of mine can convey a more vivid portraiture
 of the literary and social status of the Public School teachers of that day
 than is incidentally and very unintentionally afforded by a single para-
 graph of the formal protest then made by the Gore District Council
 against the Chief Superintendent’s project for establishing a Normal
 School for the training and better education of teachers. That important
 public body protested against the expenditure of public moneys for the
 support of a Normal School, on the ground that the scheme would prove
 inoperative, since (giving the words as nearly as I can recollect them),
 “For its supply of Common School teachers Upper Canada will have to
 depend in the future, as it has done in the past, upon discharged soldiers,
 and those who from physical or other disability are unable to gain a
 livelihood by any other means.”

Beginnings of Revolution.

It belongs not to me to dwell upon the revolution in educational
 affairs which followed the opening of the Normal School, or
 upon the admirable work done by its early as well as by its later graduates.
 Myself, an ex-Normalite of that period, and otherwise intimately related
 to our graduates as a body, I can scarcely hope to be accepted as an impar-
 tial witness in their behalf. That they did grand mission work is, how-
 ever, conceded by all. They were the zealous and faithful apostles of the
 newer educational regime. Wherever they secured a foothold in the
 land they became the exemplars of higher educational aims and of better