

me. Are we not all great men? Yes, and great women too. And if I do not usurp your sanctuary, brother "Captious," or monopolize your boudoir, sister "Quiz," 'tis because the will is wanting and not the ability.

One morning upon entering the breakfast room, I found Mr. Good-fellow discussing concurrently, and apparently with equal relish, his matutinal meal and the previous evening's paper. His usual salutation, "Good morning, Mr. Pedagogue," was supplanted on this occasion by the interrogatory, "Have you read yesterday's paper; I see there's a long article upon the Teachers' Association at ———?" I replied that I had seen, but had not read the article in question, though doubtless the perusal would be interesting. "Oh, yes; but I don't think I'd like to be a teacher," was the dubious response. "One must require an awful stock of patience, and then there's no money in it." Whereupon I strove to convince this erring but well-disposed seeker after mammon, that the acquisition of filthy lucre is not, according to Scriptural teaching, the chief end of existence, but that patience and perseverance and a spotless reputation are all temporal means to a spiritual end of well-being. Patience, indeed, with the majority of our calling—amateur Jobs and Jobesses—is usually considered one of the cardinal virtues. Even when exercised in conjunction with \$35 a month, the possession of certain expensive and consequently naughty tastes, engendered by a liberal education, and not impossibly the accompaniments of a delicate wife and half a dozen olive branches, whose tutelary deity would doubtless preside somewhere about the region of the waistband, and so necessitate plethoric bakers' bills and lax purse strings.

So we drifted into the tide of discussion. And, as each individual

pedagogue, as all the world knows, holds within his own immaculate mental grasp the key to the solution of the gravest difficulties that have ever beset, that do beset, or that shall beset, the by no means rosy path of the educationalist of the nineteenth century, and every other century to boot, I, as worthy representative of the race, and inheritor of a full share of the professional *amour propre*, laid my finger in the palm of my hand and proceeded to discourse in this wise:

"Pedagogy, it must be admitted, is a poor calling, but so was the Saviour of mankind's a poor calling. According to testimony which is unimpeachable, not only was the vocation a singularly impecunious one, but to make matters worse, an alien and inimical influence was necessitated, in the person of one Judas, to bear about the receptacle which received the burden of impecuniosity. Now, we pedagogues have at least the privilege of carrying our own bags, whether full or otherwise. And though we suffer divers and manifold persecutions, and are not infrequently betrayed by a kiss—of some designing damsel—into the labyrinthine bonds of matrimony, yet I never heard of a modern dominie yielding up his life for the faith. Nay, he is ever more ready to yield up his calling for the profession of one of the three black graces, notably that which is dear to the shade of Æsculapuis. And so, not seldom, instead of falling a victim to another's tyranny, becomes, in his own person, the indirect medium whereby, through the too generous and promiscuous administration of pill and potion, many another fellow-creature is sent to his last account. Well, if not lucrative, our calling has at least the merit of being respectable. That is to say, the common school teacher if not looked upon as a very useful or highly ornamental member of society, is at least tolerated as a sort of non-