

other. The results of an evil parentage and a bad home come out in the schoolroom, and while the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children, the iniquities of both fathers and children are visited upon the teacher. On the most favourable supposition the teacher's life is one of hard work for body and mind, and second to none in that other element which, according to Dr. Arnold, kills sooner than work—the element of *worry*. And yet despite all these things, and more that might be said, let us be proud of our profession. The ruder the materials on which we work, and the more repulsive the surroundings, the greater our praise. In our hands alone is the wand of the enchanter by which savages are transformed into men. Mechanics, and farmers, and lawyers, and doctors, and clergymen, and editors, and legislators, all are very useful members of society, but only when they have passed under the quickening touch of the schoolmaster. In a new country especially, the great necessity is that of culture. The husbandman stands on the borders of a wilderness; before him are trees, stumps, rotten logs, rocks briars, bogs, wild beast and vermin. He brings to bear his labour and skill, and in a short time the whole landscape is changed: the air is filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, the harvests wave in the wind, the orchards are laden with fruit, the flocks and herds graze in the meadows, and the ships traverse the ocean bearing the produce of that husbandman's toil to feed the starving millions of other lands. Not less abundant and of a still higher order is the return from that other tillage so aptly termed by Bacon “the Georgics of the mind.” And though in this agricultural land the wealth and prosperity of the people must mainly depend upon the soil, yet we remember also that,

“The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain.”

A good work is worth a thousandfold more when it bears the stamp of *imperishability*. It is not easy to build above the storms. The great empires of olden time have passed away; the beautiful temples have crumbled; the marble statues remain only in fragments. Modern empires and modern temples will perhaps perish in their time. But when the teacher gathers before him the children of his school and their bright eyes look up into his, he knows that though living in a world of shadows and of wrecks, there is in his presence and under his control the one substance in all the universe out of which he may rear an imperishable fabric, on which he may carve lines of beauty that shall defy the peltings of the rain, and under whose dome shall resound the music of an eternal song. The immortal mind with its apprehensions of truth; the immortal mind with its energy of will; the immortal mind with its gorgeous dreams that do but prophesy yet more gorgeous realities; the immortal mind with its pure affections and sympathies clinging like the tendrils of a vine to the Infinite Unknown; the immortal mind with its ever enlarging capacities for progress and enjoyment; this is the enduring monument of the teacher's toil and this his ample reward.

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