

not so much the teachers whom I hated, but their methods. No one of them ever aroused in me the interest and love of acquiring knowledge which I long afterwards developed in myself. The same fatal failing still exists among teachers. It is but rarely that a teacher can be found who has the teaching faculty born in him and the power to present knowledge to the young in an attractive form. In fact, it appears to be the aim of most educational institutions to make learning as unattractive as possible, and in this they succeed gloriously, especially in denominational schools.

I was a delicate and dreamy boy, and was having great trouble with my ears, consequently my education was frequently interrupted by sickness, and even when comparatively well it was necessary to keep me continually interested or I would fall asleep. I was tired for nearly fifteen years, and until I was of age never enjoyed six consecutive months of even fair health. Meanwhile a small brother had arrived on the scene, who brought new life into the house. He was destined, as you shall hear, very few years.

As everything appertaining to my father had to be a credit to him, strenuous efforts were made to bring me up to the standard; but from the start I was a failure both physically and mentally. I was educated one way and another; system could not be applied to me. Schools made but little impression on me, with the exception of one particular boarding school, kept by a Church of England parson in a small village not far from Montreal. This parson, Canon Barr, was a crude, rough, wicked, ignorant, self-opinionated, hypocritical old man, more farmer than parson. His only aim seemed to be to make as much out of his boys as possible with the least trouble. He thrashed me