

ments are honoured in the performance of the duties of the teacher. His calling is a noble one—none nobler in the wide world—and that is enough of itself to spur every true teacher on, despite all the difficulties which he meets. But there is much else to encourage. I shall try to shew that in the daily routine, *in* the work as well as in contemplation of its greatness, there is much to cheer the conscientious teacher. I do not promise to give anything new. The wise man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun;" and to *Ontario* teachers, one can hardly hope to say anything startlingly original on educational matters. If I can put the old in a somewhat clear and forcible way, so as that it may be impressed on the mind, and if thus I can stir up some *one* even to a higher pitch of enthusiasm, to more energetic endeavour, and to a fuller sense of the greatness of his work, I shall consider myself as, at least, partially successful in doing what I have set out to do. I shall, first of all, call attention to what may be thought a selfish view of the teacher's work:—this, that in the teaching profession, as in every other, it is true that one never does anything, the least, to benefit others, without somehow benefiting himself. It is perfectly clear that the machinist who for years has done his employer's work faithfully and well, is, at the end of the years, a better workman than at the beginning—better, it may be marked, in two respects, more firmly faithful, and as well, more competent in his line of work. Nor is it different as regards the teacher. He must be a very poor specimen indeed who has taught, if for one year only, and is not better for it. Consider the preparation for the meeting with the class—a necessary matter, not only that one may know definitely *what* to teach, but also *how* to teach it. Some, I know, can, with the subject to be taught

clearly outlined in their minds, put questions in a plain and simple way without special preparation. But these are, I believe, in a very small minority. The great mass of those who fail as teachers do so, it seems to me, not because they are deficient in knowledge or in disciplinary ability, but because they do not *study* to put questions and make explanations such as the scholar may easily and at once understand. I can well remember a teacher for whose scholarship I had, when a boy, the most profound respect. To-day, remembering what he was, I realize that my respect for his attainments was born of my failure to answer questions put in language so involved, stilted and mysterious, as completely to frustrate the end they were intended to serve. And, by the way, many rather elderly lads make the same mistake, supposing that, because a teacher in the school room, in the pulpit, or in the press, is incomprehensible, he is therefore a very learned and wonderful man. The preparation of lessons by the teacher is a splendid mental exercise, because he must first understand thoroughly his subject in all its details. This, at least, is the aim of every true teacher. Then there arises the question, "How am I to present this so as best to gain the attention of my pupils, and impress it on their minds?" He must remember that the vocabulary of the young is a very limited one, and that the words in it are of the terse Anglo-Saxon kind. He must, therefore, in this respect, adapt his language to their capabilities. Thus it is not wonderful that in the profession we meet with so many whose conversation is a constant delight. All feel at their ease when in their company. Their simple and vigorous Saxon suits and attracts both educated and uneducated. The style of some, it is true, is Johnsonian, but amongst old teachers these are excep-