

if the would-be educationist, who has never thought of enunciating for his guidance what the legitimate function of the common school is, still carries about with him his amendments to our course of study and for the moment bemoans his position as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," there are other signs of the times that bid us be of good cheer. In our superior schools, and in some of our elementary schools too, there is a growing catalogue of class-room appliances which some of our would-be educationists are afraid may grow too large. We have laid the nucleus of a school library in the most of our superior schools which only awaits development at the hands of the authorities. Our school-houses are being improved, and their grounds laid out, and when we want "to put on style," as the saying is, in presence of visitors such as you we never fail to point out with pride to the progress of our universities with their *clientele* of colleges and kindred institutions. Have you been through McGill? Have you been through Laval? Have you been to Quebec or Lennoxville? Have you been to any of our towns to see their local colleges? When we look for ourselves at these massive combinations of stone and lime and learning, we are apt to forget for the moment the condition of the little red school-house by the wayside, as my predecessor in office lately declared with an emphasis of eloquence not to be forgotten. But as you have not seen our little red school-house by the wayside, and perhaps are pretty well satisfied with your own, we are bold enough to put our best foot forward in your presence, and with an excusable wave of the hand point to the evidences of educational progress around you in this building, and in this great and growing metropolis of ours, and taking you up to our moun-

tain—not an exceedingly high one—we may show you with some further excuse for our pride, the growing McGill, the spreading Sulpician, and the massive Laval, as well as the hundred and one minor institutions of learning that beautify our streets; and then when your backs are turned after coming to think well of us, we will continue to pray for the little red school-house by the wayside, knowing well that to bow down and worship these grand results of our enterprise—however far they may be taken as monuments of the benevolence of our Macdonalds, and Redpaths, and Lord Mount Royals, and Molsons—will avail us nothing as a people, should we neglect to do what is right by the least and yet the most important of our educational forges for the raising of the masses.

With these scattered hints about ourselves, and with the hope of learning a great deal more about you before you leave, I again give you hearty welcome to our province. And having opened our Pandora box just a little way, I may be excused for one last word in the general. A short time ago I was invited to one of your gatherings to make an address, but was unable to go. I sent the society holding the gathering the following message, and perhaps you may not take it amiss if I hand it over to you as a morsel of homespun advice to you in your deliberations:—"Your invitation in itself is a guarantee of the universality of the brotherhood of teachers, as instituted by the educational principles that have happily now taken hold of the world. Pestalozzi and Froebel drew aside the screen that hid away for so long the eternities of the true school work. Their names are as a watchword to all of us. But let us discriminate in our hero worship. The ordinary teacher never catches much more than a mere glimpse of these same