

ing down to figures, we have at least 185,502 out of a school population of 495,756 who virtually receive no education at all, and why? Is it because we as a people do not value education? Not at all. What then? It must be because we believe that it is not necessary, in order to be educated, that our children attend school regularly. How many parents bring the teacher to task for not advancing their children, not at all thinking that the teacher only sees them once or twice a week? Yet these parents believe it is the teacher's fault, because such slight progress has been made, or because their Mary or James is still in the Third Reader.

We will not further enlarge on this subject. And why should we? Has not the world always been governed by fallacies and is it not delightful to allow society to nurture delusions? But delusions that impede the progress of mankind, that prevent the attainment of that goal towards which the

great and good have long bent their energies, we would like to protest against and if possible explode. We must advance. To stand still would be wrong. To retrograde would be unpardonable. Teachers! it is your work to sound the tocsin of true progress. Yours should be the excelsior cry of enlightenment. We look to you with bright hopes for the future. If you fail our best hopes fail, and for the trust betrayed, what shall be the penalty? History only can tell. But rest assured the country expects much at your hands. To you she has committed those on whom her future depends. What you make *them*, you make *her*. Are they intelligent, self-reliant and progressive? Then is she the same. No higher can she rise than the height to which you elevate her future citizens. The work is a grand one. Prove yourselves noble educators of a noble country, for no higher reward you can have, and no greater need you ask.

THE GLOOM AND THE GLORY.

A SKETCH FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF FAITHFUL TEACHERS, BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOILING ONE.

"With a longing look in her weary eye
And a half-unconscious sigh,
She gazes out on the fresh green grass,
And the glorious azure sky."

It was a warm June evening. The scorching sun of a Canadian summer was just disappearing behind the horizon. The rosy milkmaid was out armed with her pails; the various animals who had panting sought a covert during the day had resumed their accustomed sprightliness; the gentle hum of the mingled rural sounds came floating agreeably on the soft evening breeze; and the nodding forest, clad in richest vestments,

seemed to be wafting the adoration of all nature to the great Creator.

And in her quiet little room, at this soothing hour, sat Jennie Faithful the teacher of the section. Neat and tidy in appearance, of good figure and intelligent face, the most casual observer could not but detect a shade of care on her handsome countenance. She had now been nearly six months teaching the Mud Valley school, one of the largest in the District. The average attendance had been over seventy, and the pupils were of all grades, from the A-B-C class to the highest form of our Public Schools. The school house was scarcely large enough to accommodate fifty pupils com-