

boys designed for the medical profession may leave your hands prepared to begin their special studies.

In a presidential address, and to this audience, a preliminary reminiscent note may be pardoned. As a boy I had the common experience of fifty years ago—teachers whose sole object was to spoon-feed classes, not with the classics, but with syntax and prosody, forcing our empty wits, as Milton says, to compose “Theams Verses and Orations,” wrung from poor striplings like blood from the nose, with the result that we loathed Xenophon and his ten thousand, Homer was an abomination, while Livy and Cicero were names and tasks. Ten years with really able Trinity College, Dublin, and Oxford teachers left me with no more real knowledge of Greek and Latin than of Chinese, and without the free use of the languages as keys to great literatures. Imagine the delight of a boy of an inquisitive nature to meet a man who cared nothing about words, but who knew about things—who knew the stars in their courses, and could tell us their names, whose delight was in the woods in springtime, who told us about the frog-spawn and the caddis worms, and who read to us in the evenings Gilbert White and Kingsley’s “Glaucus,” who showed us with the micro-

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