

fruits of their labour on earth, the reward of my dear mother has gone to her ere this, in the success which has come to her children in life. For they have all done well, even in the ordinary sense of the term: and, in speaking for the others as for myself, I may say that not one of us has ever been so far ungrateful as to forget the part she played in making our early misfortunes but stepping-stones to higher things. The seed of good in our hearts was sown by her teaching, as our mental activities were first set in motion by her marvellous tact in forcing us to think for ourselves. Indeed, it was really from her example that I first discovered what good teaching ought to be. I have seen much of the so-called training systems in my time, and I have often striven to stand *in loco parentis* towards my pupils while drilling them in the ordinary routine of the school-room; but all the model reforms or school experiments I have ever attempted always seemed to fall short in their effects of what my mother could accomplish in the training school around our own fireside in the forest cabin of my early days. Let us talk as we like about this system and that system for making men and women useful members of society, let us build palaces for school-houses and fill them with all the many modern appliances for making the process of learning a pleasant and interesting pathway, the men and women we turn out of our school will be but unknown quantities, an uncertainty, unless our efforts continue to be seconded by the patient oversight of the thousand-and-one mothers whose walk and conversation adorn the home training, and make it what it ought to be, a guidance towards the higher experience of true citizenship. Yes, I know very well that there are many public advantages for the proper training of youth nowadays which did not exist in my earlier years, and which, to a large extent, seek to relieve the mothers of the land of their responsibilities as parents. There are kindergartens, and infant farms, and boarding houses for the youngest of young ladies and gentlemen whose parents are kept busy with their dinner parties and social gatherings. But, after all, what are these but semblances of Plato's grand state menagerie of children in training, which, as a theory, has been laughed at for a couple of centuries or more, simply because in it there was to be no place for motherly kindness and the sweetness of the home relationship. And in