

isfaction was gnawing my heart. Eternal truth and eternal rectitude were converted by my passion to airy castles. My head was grey, yet I was still a child. With a heart in which all the foundations of life were shaken, I still pursued in these stormy times my favorite object, but my way was one of prejudice, of passion and of error."

And for twenty years, even for more than twenty years, did this gnawing process go on. A quarter of a century is a short time when it is passed; yet, what a space it is taken out of the span of a man's life! What an eternity it must have been to the man who had taken up but could not follow! What a weary period to him who was anxious to receive the spirit-sanctification of the troubled waters; to be of those who find themselves blessed while laboring for the national good of their fellow men! "Have I a mission?" is the cry of the soul as it awakens within the atmosphere of credulity and conventionality that ever tends to belittle humanity; and what must have been the agony of the man who knew he had a mission, but who for twenty-five years was unable to fulfil it.

And yet, what is now our regret for such agony of spirit endured? The pains of history-making in the man are as readily forgotten as are the throes of war by a nation exulting in victory, as readily as is physical pain by the child whose smile of joy is even yet wet with tears. Even Pestalozzi himself has no regret for the agonies of Neuhof in his after triumphs of success. For from the gloom of this, his early experience, there broke forth the light of a new experience, which he knew would make more for the world in time than it would in his days,—the light and influence of the primary school, and an improved system of imparting instruction. The pains of Neuhof were but the accom-

paniment of the birth, or rather the re-birth, of the new education,—the birth of a movement which has at last spread all over the world, which produced for us a Stowe in Scotland and a Horace Mann in America, or, coming nearer home, a Forrester in Nova Scotia, and a Ryerson in Ontario. And as we see this beneficent light waxing stronger and stronger under the prudent guidance of our present educational forces, as we see its rays darting amid the clouds of school-neglect, and indifference to child culture which has been for long a reproach to us, it is surely meet for us to celebrate the praises of the man, the poor Swiss farmer, who suffered that humanity might gain, who humbled himself that humanity might be exalted.

And what a school was this, the first of Pestalozzi's ventures as a teacher! Fifty outcasts to be housed and clothed and boarded by him who had not wherewithal to clothe himself and his own family. As has been said of it: "In this new enterprise Pestalozzi was even more unsuccessful than he had in growing madder. He was very badly treated both by parents and children; and his industrial experiments were so carried on, that they were a source of expense rather than profit. Indeed, he was soon involved in debt, and his wife's property scattered to the winds."

From his experiments, however, with these outcasts, Pestalozzi began to see the light of which he was afterwards to be a witness. His school for the poor was a failure; and at last from the education of children the reformer turned to the education of ideas. He began to write.

The British press sustains Lord Salisbury in the position he has taken that Thessaly shall be evacuated by the Turkish troops whether the \$25,000,000 indemnity is paid or unpaid.