

Three Kinds of Education.

BY PROFESSOR S. C. MITCHELL, PH. D.

President Ezekiel G. Robinson used to give a three-fold classification of men—made, self-made, and unmade. But, if we let education include all the forces and influences that promote growth, we need make no distinction between the man "made" by the school and the man "self-made" in the world. All educated men are self-made, whether bred in the college or in business; for education is the result of the inner activity of the living organism, taking advantage, like the seed, of all the conditions of the soil, moisture, air, and sunshine. Education is not addition but multiplication. While so many diverse factors contribute to education, while science, government, society, nature, and religion itself may be regarded as only the scaffolding to make a man, yet all these educational forces may be reduced to three kinds.

EDUCATION BY WORDS.

To many people education and books are synonymous; and no wonder, when you think of the power of words. Words are alive. "Cut them and they bleed," as Emerson says, in characterizing Montaigne's style. Words are more than fossil history, crystallized poetry or faded metaphors; they bear the image and are instinct with the personality of the mind that spoke them into existence. As the "world globes itself in a drop of dew," so an age-long struggle often condenses itself into a word. Roman history is summarized in the word "tribune." From the appointment of two simple protectors of the down-trodden common people, at the time of that first secession, to Mons Sacer, in the early dawn of Rome's political life, this office (if we may call that an office which had no duties, but only the veto power) gathered strength to itself, until, in the person of the Cæsar, the tribune lorded it over the world. And when barbarism had for centuries made Rome its haunt, and when the people had become habituated to slavery, Rienzi found no force so electric in stimulating them to recover their liberties as the talismanic word, "tribune." The resounding history of this word broke in upon my mind as, on the night of the last presidential election, the picture of one of the candidates was flashed on a canvas in the Capitol Square, when Dr. R. H. Pitt exclaimed: "The great tribune of the people." Words, then, have played a big part in education; indeed, until recently language, literature, books, occupied the chief seats. God himself has designed to use words as a means of enlightening men, even from the time when he spake out of the flaming Sinai until the present moment, when he speaks to us in the Holy Book.

EDUCATION BY THINGS.

The laboratory is now built hard by the library. The kindergarten, whose maxim is teaching by doing, is indicative of a spirit that pervades at the present day all education. The thing takes the place of the symbol. The hand, as well as the eye, is made a medium of knowledge. We have to thank science for imparting greater concreteness and cleanness to our methods of teaching. From abstractions it calls us to facts; from the printed page it turns the eye to the objects of nature. Books are found to be only helps, inadequate and needing the supplement of contact with nature, observation, travel, and experience. This kind of education is new to the schools, but it is old to the world. The latter discovered long before Poor Richard that experience, though a hard master, is alone able to discipline the multitude.

God has seen fit to make use of this method, also, in educating man spiritually. Things have been the messengers of his thought. "The invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." The heavens declare his glory. "Consider the lilies of the field," if you wish to learn the divine secret of life—growth. The Stoic epitomized the wisdom of the ancients in the precept, "Follow nature." Such teaching means more to us than to the sage of old, both because of our ampler knowledge of nature, and especially because we accept it as an expression of God's will.

EDUCATION BY PERSONALITY.

Personality is three-fourths of education. It is the true pedagogy, the dynamic element in teaching, which gives power to all other agencies. Personality alone is contagious. Words are dumb as the Sphinx, except to the enquiring mind. Nature reveals her secrets only to him who says: "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." But personality is obtrusive, resistless, and omnipresent in its subtle influences. Like the Divine Energy it makes all things in its own image.

As personality is the means, so, also, it is the end of education. Heretofore the training afforded by our schools has had to do primarily with only one section of the mind—namely, the intellect; and in the intellect it cultivated chiefly the memory. The emotions, which may be refined by music and art, were only incidentally developed, while the will, the regal faculty in man, was permitted by disuse to shrivel up, like the arm of the derelict. The chasm-like difference between men lies, not in the intellect, for we all have in the main the same stock of general information; but the difference lies in

the will. Yonder on the ocean are two ships, one sailing north and the other in almost an opposite direction; yet the same wind is filling the sails of both. Why the difference in their course? The helms determine it. The will is the apex of our being. Better by far to get a child to exert its will in making a decision than to give it an idea, however brilliant.

Seneca complained that the schools taught him how to think rather than how to live. "Thinking is a partial act, but living is a total act." Education is to set free the native energy in man, to give efficiency to the bent of the will, to quicken the creative instinct, to issue in duty, character, and life. "Thought," says Goethe, "builds itself in solitude, but character is the stream of life." But the first prong of that fine saying is only a half-truth; for thought, if it is to be robust, sane, and effective, must feel the healthful breath of action. No more than water does thought remain sweet when it is stagnant. The geyser epochs of the intellect have been coincident with periods of strenuous national activity; e. g., tiny, divided, but free, Greece pitted against exhaustless Persia; the century of Rome's political ferment stretching from Tiberius Gracchus to Julius Cæsar; the days of Spanish Armadas and Raleigh's colonization schemes in Elizabeth's rejuvenant England. This fact is making itself felt more and more in the schools. They are becoming less cloistral and more vital. They begin to see that "this world means something to the capable." Education is to dovetail into life; thought is to flower into character; culture looks toward a better social order; science promotes health, comfort, commerce. In a word, modern education strives to make, not mere scholars, but men.

Discerning, then, that personality is the true end of education, we can appreciate the more fully its importance as a means of discipline. Like produces like; life alone begets life, and man alone can inspire man. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

The history of education is not the history of certain institutions of learning—such as Bologna and Oxford; but the influence of a few magnetic men. "The teacher is the school," was the succinct motto of the Port Royalists. If we wish to understand the course of Greek thought, we must go, not to the Academy nor the Lyceum, but to Socrates, questioning in the market-place every passer-by.

"He holds with his glittering eye—
The wedding guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years child;
The mariner hath his will."

Taking a figure from his mother's profession as midwife, Socrates said it was his aim to help struggling ideas into existence. He likened himself to the torpedo-fish, which imparts an electric shock to everything that it touches. He was the gad-fly to sting the lethargic Athenian horse to greater speed. Schools of philosophy flew off from Socrates' kindling mind like sparks from a burning fire.

The unique impulse, truly creative, in English education during the past century was exerted, not by Cambridge, nor by any of the other hoary seats of conventional culture, but by a single teacher in an academy yonder—Thomas Arnold, at Rugby. By him a revolution in English thought was set in motion. From his enthusiasm and sinewy character sprang Dean Stanley, Chief Justice Coleridge, and Thomas Hughes, who brought something of the intellectual freshness and moral force of their great master into English politics, literature, and life. In Germany, a like work was done by a like personality at Halle, the inspiring Tholuck, to whom thousands of men, afterwards influential in science and state, traced back the initial impulse to a larger life. In America, the same is true. The educational ganglia are marked by the names of Agassiz, Francis Wayland, Gessner Harrison, and Mark Hopkins—men noble, suggestive, and withal inspirational. There is one other man, less known as a teacher, and yet second to none in the strength of his influence on the American mind. I refer to George Wythe, who for ten years taught jurisprudence at William and Mary College. If by their fruits ye shall know them, he deserves to rank foremost among American educators; for (to mention no others) Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and Henry Clay were his pupils. Ought we not to covet more knowledge of a teacher whose personality could awaken powers so imperial?

Now, if we try to analyze the qualities which these great teachers, from Socrates to Mark Hopkins, possessed; if we search for the secret of their strange power with men, we find it not in their erudition, though all were learned; we discover it not in the finality of their thought, for they were chiefly suggestive; we cannot attribute it to any striking originality of mind, such as a Plato or Newton reveals; we cannot locate it in any novel methods or apparatus which they employed; we cannot say that it was the peculiar subject-matter of their teaching, for they worked in diverse spheres. We must ascribe their subtle potency to personality, creative in influences rather than ideas, moulding the character rather than glossing the intellect. If we further probe for the germinal element in personality, however indefinable, we shall find it to be enthusiasm, sympathy, love. Truth does not lie around loose, like electricity in the atmosphere. As sap is found only in the tree, so

truth incarnates itself in a person. Personality is truth working by love. Alas for the teacher who, at the student's touch, does not perceive that virtue has gone forth from him! Himself is, after all, the lesson which the teacher imparts. He is the living epistle, known and read by all men. Personality is the matrix wherein mind grows.

Hence the teacher of teachers is the mother, whose instinctive love seeks only to draw the child out, coaxing it now to talk, now to take a first step, and then to assert its will in favor of a moral principle. All is vital, spontaneous, and energized by love. "So much love, so much mind"; for we breathe truth through the affections rather than through the intellect. Love is the light of the inner eye, the very sunshine of the mind.

As God saw fit to use words and things, law and nature, in schooling man, so, in the fulness of time, he revealed the divine life through personality. Not by miracle and not by truth, but by the person of Jesus, men are led Godward. Our Lord, knowing this, seemed to exhaust nature and language in trying to express adequately this mediatorial function toward man. "I am the door." "I am the good shepherd." "I am the vine." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Such were some of the speaking figures by which the Master sought to disclose something of the regenerating power that lies in personality.

Richmond College.

"R. S. V. P."

CLAUDIUS CLEAR IN THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

"Answer if you please." Is not this one of the greatest, most exacting, and in a sense most holy demands that life makes upon us? A whole world of meaning is wrapped up in the familiar letters. We may start from their original sense and carry it up by plain and easy steps to the highest call the Divine can address to the human.

I will not say much about the demand which every letter almost makes for a reply. The tyranny of correspondence in these days becomes a formidable thing, even in the case of insignificant people. To answer even a dozen letters carefully will take up the best part of a morning, and many of us have not the time to spare. Our energy is consumed in attending to other work. Still, I think the busiest of public men do a great deal, from sheer generosity of heart, to satisfy even those correspondents who are impertinent and intrusive. Everyone knows Mr. Gladstone's diligence in this way, and I doubt whether there was any more amiable trait in his character. He knew what a postcard from him meant, and he did his utmost. The case of Lord Roberts will occur to everyone, but there are others less known but even more significant. Matthew Arnold had the reputation of being supercilious, and he did something to deserve it. I understand that there is to be no authorized biography of him, and that we must be content with the volumes of letters issued by Mr. Russell. But I have had occasion to see at one time or another many letters written by Arnold to very humble authors, long letters too, answering with delicate courtesy the questions put to him, and criticising carefully. For this one cannot help loving Arnold. A still more remarkable instance was that of Charles Dickens, who, in the very height of his strenuous life, found time to write long letters of encouragement to contributors who showed any sign of promise. James Payn has told us how men used to come to him, and at a certain stage of the conversation move their hands towards the breast-pocket of their shabby coats and extract a letter from the Chief. Persons who write letters asking favors from those to whom they are strangers, should construct silence charitably. It probably means that the receiver of the letter is not able to do anything, and that he is himself oppressed with work. Letters, I have no doubt, are doing much to kill public men. Bishop Creighton is an instance not to be soon forgotten.

R. S. V. P. to need, to poverty and sorrow, whether they speak or not. To eyes that are at once kind and keen the signs are generally manifest enough. You can usually read a deep trouble in a man's face or a woman's, or, for that matter, in a child's. As for worries that spring from disappointed vanity or ambition, they are perhaps best left alone; but we ought to have in us the eager impulse to hold up a falling and falling thing, and we all have seen, or might have seen, fellow-creatures who were just about to succumb. There are those who deliberately shield themselves from the appeals of distressed humanity. Alcestis in William Morris's poem, when she is contemplating the surrender of her life for her husband wishes that she had not borne a living soul to love.

"Hadst thou not rather lifted hands to Jove
To turn thine heart to stone, thy front to brass,
That through this wondrous world might pass
Well pleased and careless as Diana goes
Through the thick woods, all pitiless to those
Her shafts smite down?"

There are those who see and have a heart, but somehow have no power of expression. There is a thin conventional crust, behind which a true flame of love is burning, and it usually makes itself manifest at last, by deeds certainly, and in the end by slow, difficult, but most meaningful words. But the commonest type is that of those who are too selfish, who are too much taken up with their own cares, who keep thinking of