

of misfortune, rumors of various kinds began to be circulated against the poor enthusiast farmer. He was not over-diligent. He was too much of a dreamer, full of theories, with nothing of the practical about him. He wasn't a good-for-nothing, but he was almost as bad. In fact he ought never to have taken to farming. And so, with such rumors like these, and even worse than these, buzzing around its ears, the Zurich firm at last called for better results. But Pestalozzi, with a year to think over the matter, had nothing to give but further promises; and, at last, the firm ordered an examination into the affairs of the farm. The report was adverse. If there was nothing found wrong, there was a suspicion abroad that something was wrong. The advances stopped, and the want of money began to be felt around Neuhoj; and yet Pestalozzi did not see the end of his project in the chagrin of his financial supporters. He confesses that the failure was his own. His profound incapacity for the practical, he declares, was the origin of the small returns that made the Zurich firm turn its back upon the enterprise; and yet, so strongly was he convinced of the correctness of his judgment, that he continued on the farm until the whole of his wife's property was irretrievably lost.

No man can read Pestalozzi's autobiographical notes without remarking the influence which Rousseau's writings began to have at this time upon his life and character. Many of his confessions are given in the spirit of Jean Jacques himself; and perhaps it is well for us that he has spoken so freely of his own affairs, since we now all the better understand his character. And if any of Rousseau's books left a more lasting impression on the unlucky farmer of Neuhoj than another, it was his *Emile*, a work which even yet has an impression

upon our educationists and the bent of their experiments. After reading this work, he thought of starting, in connection with his farm, a school for the poor, proposing thereby to provide labor for his farm, and an education for the outcasts of his neighborhood. The suffering of the poor had never been from his mind. He was a philanthropist from the moment he could think for himself; and he saw an outlet for his philanthropy, as he thought, in becoming a teacher.

And yet other men, less enthusiastic than this poor builder of air-castles, would have paused in their efforts to help others, by contemplating their own limited resources. Even before the school for the poor was started, the deepest gloom had struck Neuhoj and its enterprises, and for more than twenty years it never thinned out sufficiently to show much of the peep of day beyond. The weight of the cross here fell upon the enthusiast,—the soul-struggle amid the misunderstandings of a critical environment,—the wrestling with the angel for the blessing. What his poverty was at this time may be learned from the fact, which he himself states, that more than a thousand times he was obliged to go without his dinner, and at noon, when even the poorest were seated round the table, he had to devour a morsel of bread on the highway. And when the man who could endure all this and yet minister to the wants of the poor, in order to give root to the philanthropy within him—for in spite of all his difficulties he continued to give shelter to the outcasts in his neighborhood, looking after their mental and moral improvement,—when such a man, encompassed about with every evil of poverty, breaks down at times, our pity for him, as our admiration for his work, surely can easily find for him an excuse. As he says himself: "Deep dissat-