

taken as a sound definition, one cannot but be taken aback at the prevalent theologico-poetic craving there is for the closest analysis of unattainable knowledge on the one hand, and the worldly-minded content there is on the other, with an educational horizon that would limit the training of the child for citizenship to the phases of school work that have a beast-of-burden quickening about them in some marked degree. It has been said that, wherever the family, the church, and the state are co-ordinating civilizing agencies in a nation, working in line, the children of that nation are born civilized—to be further educated, as developing perpetuating sub-agencies of the civilization in which they have been born. This is only another way of saying that the child is father to the nation. And whatever nation in these times can make the boast, which has just been made in the Outlook in behalf of the Japanese, there is an ideal in the statement that cannot but guide us to see what education means, when we call it a criticism of life. It is no contracted life of which it is a criticism—no life inclusive only of the activities which directly minister to self-preservation, or the acquiring of the necessities, with or without an overplus, which minister to self-preservation. It is no longing for the unattainable or the neglect of the attainable—to the contracting and belittling of the functions of living, with a horizon of an animal intelligence that is barely human in its gratifications of thought and feeling.

#### A Question of Horizon.

This whole question of education has been a question of horizon from the beginning of time. Nation after nation has had to see to the widening of its educational horizon. The Chinese are just awakening to forgive themselves for tolerating so long the dead-and-alive mandarin scholasticism, such as the Renaissance awakened all Europe to appreciate the widening of the educational horizon, with its inheritance to us of the present day, of what some people are beginning to esteem something of an encumbrance in our schools. And it is needless to say that all the misgivings and misunderstandings that have arisen over system and method have arisen from the contracted horizon refusing to share in the culture-contents of a contemporaneous horizon, or of the widest possible horizon, wherein the humanities are not all of the Roman and Grecian civilizations.

And now, in these days wherein dogma or authorization has no credit until it presents its certificate for common-sense, there need be no perpetuation of the strife between the book-men and the science-men as to the criticism of life which education has for its object. Life and philosophy are one and the same in a pedagogic sense. What is of service in the one is of service in the other, to the proper growth of a right citizenship through the child or the adult. Life is a real thing in itself, not a mere preparation for dying, and the philosophy or the criticism of life ought to have one and the same area with it, bounded by an equally extending horizon, in which education may work out its problems, whether they be hatched under the auspices of the science-man, the humanist, or the aestheticist. The horizon lines between the two great schools of educationists, the physicists and the humanists, have been of late so battered and broken down, that about all that is left to us of them as combatants are the weapons they used against each other in their frays, with an humble henchman of theirs, here and there in the public schools, who has grown gray in the teaching of the classics. A child has been set down in the midst of these gladiators, and from a discerning of the possibilities within the organism of that child, the lesson of peace has come home to them, as to what this education is, that is the criticism of life and the handmaid of culture.

#### A Practical Curriculum.

In the ventures at Guelph and St. Anne's, the teaching of the natural sciences, so called, will fill a large space in the curriculum; but there is no lack of a guarantee to our Canadian humanists that all is well with Dr. Robertson's educational ideals, since literary instruction with a classical course is to take its place alongside of scientific instruction, at least as far as the preparation of teachers for the public schools is concerned, and those working for the higher diplomas. In fact in time the Macdonald College may provide a course of study leading up to a degree that will recognize the dignity of labor in some special academic way. No longer, therefore, need the words of Huxley retain their full force, used as they were in referring to the opposition the advocates of scientific instruction had to encounter, when it was first mooted to introduce physical science into the public school:

"On the one hand," he says, "we were pooh-poohed at by the men of business who pride themselves on being the representatives of practicality; while, on the other hand, we were excommunicated by the classical scholars in their capacity of Levites in charge of the ark of culture and monopolists of liberal education."

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The deck is now pretty well cleared of these two sets of objectors to any widening of the educational horizon. The business man is now in the van of those who see the necessity for technical schools, in which, it is to be hoped, the so-called literary subjects will never be refused a place, and an important place too. The man that is to be feared is the man who thinks we are over-educating. The criticism of life which troubles him is the economic. He would have all school education reduced to a pin-point of industrial necessity, and the inspiration that ought to be made to come from the three R's. There is more than a handful of these pin-point advocates in the rural districts of all the provinces, though nowhere are they more numerous in proportion to the population, than in the constituency which the Macdonald College is intended to provide for specially. And, what is the worst feature about such is that, like some of Milton's angels, the wounds you inflict upon them by a keen cutting precise logic may be as deep as the quick and as wide as a mill door without their feeling any inconvenience from them. The humble henchman of the classical gladiators still likes to run his finger with pride along the edge of his masters' arguments in favor of a classical training as an all-education, even while yet his students grow dizzy over his pronunciation reforms, his formal syntax, and sesquipedalian nomenclature. But he is no longer aggressive. He knows that the battle has been to the strong. He is now as much of a specialist, professionally speaking, as is the mathematical master, the teacher of physics or chemistry, the nature-study doctrinaire, or the manual training director. And he is fast becoming content to be an humble co-worker with others in the school routine that makes for culture, or to subordinate his favorite subjects of Latin and Greek as helpmeets, and not any longer monopolists, in the school course that makes for education as a competent criticism of life. As for the personage who thinks we are over-educating, there is nothing we can do for him, except to point out the inheritances to which every child born into our twentieth century civilization has a claim, and then to let him answer for himself which of those he is entitled to rob him of, should parent, estate, or benefactor decide to help him to enter upon such inheritances.

#### A Nearer View of the Institute.

There was given me an opportunity of visiting St. Anne's for the first time during the month of May last. I had frequently had glimpses, from a passing train, of the projected buildings of the Macdonald College and its extending glebe, and could not but see, with others, the sagacity in the choice of such a site for the exploiting of the most interesting educational experiment—possibly the most important—the Province of Quebec has ever witnessed as a movement in its own behalf. Shored in by the broad St. Lawrence, and within sound of the impulsive Ottawa as it makes its last romantic spurt at the end of its run of four hundred miles from Lake Temiscamingue, the main landscape as seen from the college windows is a veritable meeting-place of the waters—a blend of sheen and woodland, with a unique circuit of level rurality on both sides of its through lines of railway track, and with the village of St. Anne's nestling around the eastern cleft of the confluence, as a suburban clustering of shop-keeping, river activity, and market-gardening. The love of nature is in the air, with a whisper of Thomas Moore and his kind about it, since here it was that the sweet singer of Ireland made pause in his Canadian sojourning sufficiently long, to weave a lyric chaplet as a folk-lore adornment to the rustic beauty of the locality. The charm of the site of the new institution is not in its title deeds, no more than is the merit of Moore's song taken note of on the valuation roll of the municipality. The pin-point advocate, who claims that there is an over-educating going on somewhere—a surfeit of culture in school—would be slow, no doubt, to affix any value either to the natural beauty of the site or to Moore's poem, seeing neither of them is taxable or bears bank-interest. Yet, for all that, the site is a very valuable one, and is having written on it a second poem of St. Anne's—a poem in brick and cement and red roof-tile—which by-and-by, amid the setting of its educational utilities, is going to rival Moore's song and be a perennial blessing to the graduates of the Macdonald College, and an inspiration even to the casual visitor in the years near or remote.

At the date of my visit all was as yet in the rough of it. Things, however, were not so inchoate as to prevent one from grasping the plan and purposes of the several buildings, the apportionings of the grounds and farm areas, and other functional details of the environment. Nor was it possible to overlook the faith, and sagacity and prudence—one may almost say the patriotic bravery—that had planned out all these details which have to be the line of common-sense in school-work. It is not without its seriousness to sit down at one's study-desk to theorize on what our schools ought to be, or write a critical article such as this for a quarterly magazine, or even compile an exhaustive volume on the science and art of education, but what is this compared to the responsibility of the enthusiasm that is in at the spending of millions to give an object lesson to the world how the child may actually be brought into its several inheritances—scientific, literary, æsthetic, institutional, and religious.

All education must start from the child and lead into human civilization. "The great educational temple of modern times," says Murray Butler, "into which every civilization is pouring out its strength and its treasure, rests upon the two corner-stones of the physical and the psychical nature of the child and the traditional and hereditary civilization of the race." And if the enterprise at St. Anne's is in the way of showing us, as I think it is, through its output of industrially and intellectually trained graduates, how the child may be fitted out to serve in the school-room, on the farm, in the workshop, or in any other bread-and-butter calling, without vidding his in-