Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

EDUCATING AND TEACHING

It is refreshing in these degenerate days to know that the recent Shakesperian Festival in London has proved an unqualified success, and that the actor-manager, Mrs. Tree, intends to repeat the series each year.

In Paris all through the summer at L'Academie Francaise they have afternoon performances for the benefit of the children of the schools. Only the best players are employed and only the classics enacted, Moliere, Racine, our own Shakespeare and many others being represented. This is an institution which might well be established in many other cities, to the lasting benefit of the young people, the future men and women of the country, who if we are to believe those who claim to know the facts, are growing up in a deplorable state of ignorance as regards the works of the most famous dramatists. Besides, the witnessing of a good play means much in the cause of education, morally and intellectually.

And speaking of education, do most of us realize the difference between education and teaching? We can teach nearly every beast and bird known to man one thing or another, until their actions seem to indicate an intelligence no less than human. Even fleas have been so cleverly taught that they can perform marvellously. But an animal cannot be educated, for to educate means to presuppose the existance of a soul. Many might take exception to this statement, as many people think, Hume, Berkely and a score of philosophers among them, that animals are endowed with thought and reason as well as a man. Whether this latter fact is or is not true, it has no direct bearing on the subject, as we must all agree that it is necessary to possess a soul, or conscience, or whatever we may term the superior order of moral intelligence, to enable anyone to be capable of real education. And just as such a quality is essential in the person to be educated, just so, only in a greater degree, should the same element be a requisite part of the educator.

To be a good teacher one must be a trustworthy student of human character. One cannot supply a system of hard and fast rules to the educating of little children. Each child, if he is worthy of being taught at all, has some sort of individuality, and we claim the privilege of differing with those who tell us that up to the age of six or eight all children are no better morally or intellectually than young animals. As soon as a child begins to understand the meaning of words and gestures, he begins to form impressions that will last him to the end of life itself, either to his betterment or to his hurt. In order properly to teach a child we must be able not only to understand him but to see things with the child's eyes, to get on the same plane with him. Until a teacher can see to a certain extent a child's point of view, he cannot hope successfully to educate that child; until a teacher can impress upon a pupil that he must learn his lesson from a sense of moral obligation, he can only hope that the aptest of his projinies will be little more than a parrot, getting his lessons by rote and reciting them glibly enough, but retaining nothing of their real import and soon forgetting their substance. Is this not one of the reasons perhaps that children, who have been the quickest and brightest in schools, are so seldom those who distinguish themselves in after years by their intellectual brilliancy? We say "one of the reasons" advisedly, for there are many other reasons as well, but we are only concerning ourselves with one phase of this many-sided question.

In the old days of Greece and Rome, teaching was counted as the most honorable of callings, and only those were deemed worthy of instructing the young who had themselves demonstrated their mental and moral superiority. Today to our discredit perhaps we do not consider teaching in quite the same light as did the ancients, and among those who are most unfair to the profession are those directly engaged in it. Good work cannot be expected from anyone who simply makes his labor a means to a purely selfish end, and, when we undertake the duty of caring for the minds of little children, we should not profane the task by any effort other than our best. The attitude of the teacher in the schools has a far greater effect upon the young than all the lessons they may be taught by going to church and Sunday school.

The most unimaginative man or woman can teach children, for in one respect they are quite like the little animals we see trained, they are perfect imitators and can acquire mechanical learning readily enough. But to educate a child, to teach him the practical application of his lessons, to open the windows of his little hungry mind and let it be fed with the sunlight of true knowledge, to awaken the higher intelligence which we call soul, and which recognizes moral responsibility, these are things which can only be inculcated by a teacher who loses all thought of himself in the thought of the welfare of his pupil. A child who has been taught has learned to use half of his brain. An educated child has had his whole mind developed to his everlasting advancement and happiness.

"Educate or govern," they are one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth of Canada the shape of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work; to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise; but above all, by example.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

Poppea of the Post Office

The theme of this story is no new one, in fact the book may be said to be made up of a collection of themes worn almost threadbare. But after all there is nothing new under the sun, and good things will bear retelling. Miss Wright's novel is distinctly readable. The writer does not concern herself with the elucidation of any of the modern problems, but tells a little tale simply and gracefully. The story has an old-fashioned flavor, the taste of which some of us have forgotten, and most of us fail to appreciate nowadays, our literary palates having been accustomed to so much stronger stuff. "Poppea of the Post Office" may be read by the young without any fear of pollution to their minds, which is more than one can say of most latter-day novels. Yet it is not an insipid tale, some of the situations are strong, and all of the characters consistently portrayed.

The Story

It is early March and a stormy night during the latter part of that terrible time when civil war made havoc in the United States. In his office in a little village near New York, Gilbert, the postmaster, has been discussing the news of the latest battle with his friend. Incidentally they speak of one John Angus, who takes no interest in his country's affairs, and who, in the great house on the hill behind the Post Office, shuts himself up and away from his neighbors. He is a widower, having through his harsh treatment driven away his wife, who returning to her home in England had died there. Now he is preparing to bring home a second bride, and the townspeople, whose sympathies are all with the first Mrs. Angus, are very indignant with him. As Gilbert and his friend start to bed they hear a knocking at the door, and opening it find upon the step a large bundle which, upon being unrolled, discloses to view a sleeping "lady-baby."

Gilbert, who has lost his own wife and child, adopts the newcomer, and brings her up as his own daughter, naming her Poppea, and keeping her in ignorance of the incident of the stormy night, until she finds out after she has grown to womanhood that she is not his own child.

Meantime of course there are a lover or two in the case, and Poppea, feeling that she has no right to marry until she can find out her real parentage, suffers much agony of mind, as she is in love with Hugh Oldys, a young man whom she has known since childhood and who would marry her nameless or not.

John Angus, whose second wife has died leaving him a son, has, for some reason or other, taken a violent dislike to Poppea, and does all he can to injure her. Finding he cannot sully her reputation by his scandalous stories, he tries to persuade the authorities to take the position of postmaster away from old Gilbert, who though rather old for the work has an able assistant in his adopted daughter. Angus' son, Phillip, is among those who have given evidence of their love for Poppea, though she does not guess at his feelings. He is a cripple, and lives a lonely life with his uncongenial father.

Poppea develops a wonderful voice, and becomes quite famous in New York, having been introduced to society there by the Misses Felton, two charming old maids who play a large part in the story, and whose life history is comically pathetic.

Of course everything turns out happily in the end. Poppea's true parentage is discovered. She is of honorable birth, the child, in fact, of John Angus and his first wife. Phillip realizes that his love for the girl was that of a brother for a sister, Angus dies and atones for his cruelty before the end, and Poppea is united to Hugh Oldys, who has had troubles of his own throughout the story.

There are some quaint references to the reverential regard of old Gilbert for the hero whom he has never seen, and who seems to have been the inspiration of his life, Abraham Lincoln. Gilbert is by far the best character in the book, and the writer has made of him a very lovable and admirable old man. The following extract is worth repeating:

Boarding a small blue car known as a "bobtail," Gilbert rode across the city, carefully scanning his course. When he emerged from the regions of crooked ways to where the avenues run north and south and the streets east and west, and saw ahead an open square, he stopped the car, and standing at the street curb, shielding his eyes from the pitiless sun, tried to get his bearings.

"Fourteenth Street" said one lamp-post, "University Place" another. Yes, the park opposite was Union Square, but where was the house on whose porch he had stood that April day in 1865, when the procession swung around from Broadway?

A building covered with signs replaced it; yet at the same moment his eyes fell on what he sought. The statue of Lincoln, rugged and majestic, standing above the cobbled plateau, calm and unmoved by all the frantic bustle of the street.

Making his way carefully through the traffic, Gilbert approached the rail about the statue. He paused for a moment, and then undoing his parcel, took from it the wreath, rested it on the railing, while he folded the paper, winding the string about it, placed it in his pocket. Then getting stiffly over the barrier he laid the wreath at Lincoln's feet, raised his old hat, looking up into Lincoln's face as one in perfect, if humble, comradeship, while his lips murmured, "Through you I have finished the course, with you I have kept the faith."

The people of the street, big and little, loafer and gamin, who spring up about an unusual object as swiftly as the circles surround a stone flung in the water, neither jostled nor jeered nor plucked the wreath away, for among the simple-minded, hero-worship will never die out save for lack of heroes.—Mabel Osgood Wright, The Macmillan Co., Toronto, Canada.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

John Ruskin

As John Ruskin's life has been treated at length in these pages only a few extracts from his books will be given.

Every faculty of man's soul, and every instinct of it by which he is meant to live, is exposed to its own special form of corruption; and whether within Man or in the external world, there is a power or condition of temptation which is perpetually endeavoring to reduce every glory of his soul, and every power of his life, to such corruption as is possible to them. And the more beautiful they are, the more fearful is the death which is attached as a penalty to their degradation.

Time is money—so say your practised merchants and economists. None of them, I fancy, as they draw toward death find that the reverse is true, and that money is time? Perhaps it might be better for them in the end if they did not turn so much of their time into money, lest perchance they also turn Eternity into it? There are some things, however, which in the same sense are money, or can be changed into it as well as time. Health is money, wit is money, knowledge is money; and all your health and wit and knowledge may be turned into gold; and the happy goal so reached, of a sick, insane and blind auriferous old age; but the gold cannot be changed in its turn back to health and wit.

"Time is money"; the words tingle in my ears so that I can't go on writing. Is it nothing better, then? If we could thoroughly understand that time is ITSELF, would it not be more to their purpose? A thing of which loss or gain was absolute loss and perfect gain. And that it was expedient also to buy health and knowledge with money if so purchasable, but not to buy money with them.

It is all very fine for you to think you can build up charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love for yourself. You well-to-do people will go to "Divine Service" next Sunday, all nice and tidy; and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think complacently and piously how lovely they look going to church in their best. So they do, and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right: that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper, got up also—it in its Sunday dress,—the worst rags it has, that it may beg the better; you will give it a penny and think how good you are, and how good God is to prefer your child to the crossing-sweeper, and bestow on it a divine hat, and feather and boots, and the pleasure of giving pence instead of begging for them. That's charity walking abroad. But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us? Christian Justice has been strangely mute and seemingly blind; and if not blind, decrepid this many a day; she keeps her accounts still, however, quite steadily, doing them at nights carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles.——You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she whispers, for it will certainly be, "Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head, as well as your own child?" Then you may ask Justice, in an amazed manner, "How can she possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads?" Then you may stoop again, and Justice says still in her blind, stupid way, "Then why don't you every other Sunday leave your child to sweep the crossing and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feather?" Mercy on us (you think) what will she say next? And you answer "of course that you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them." Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. Did Providence put them in that position or did you? You knock a man in a ditch and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him. "That's Modern Christianity." You say, "We did not knock him into the ditch." We shall never know what you have done or left undone until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing during the day; nor until we are so far on the way to being Christians as to acknowledge that maxim of the poor half way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

The following extract is from the Church Times, which has a review of the new book of Ruskin's Letters:

Lovers of Ruskin, and those who have come under the charm of his wonderful "Modern Painters," or the quaint fascination of the "Praeterita," will welcome these letters even more for the insight which they give into the life of the man; for, as the introduction tells us, they contain "an autobiography of Ruskin as told in his letters from his earliest childhood to extreme old age." These letters, moreover, or the large majority of them, are either printed here for the first time, or collected into these volumes from privately printed sources not available to the public.

We venture to think that no one can rise from a perusal of these densely crowded pages without a feeling of tenderness and love for the brilliant, rough, tender, vain, humble, quixotic, chivalrous, blind, yet far-seeing man of genius. No man has ever laid himself open so completely to the shallow criticism of a hasty and superficial observer. To the ordinary man he appears dogmatic and conceited. And yet both estimates are very far from the truth. He was dogmatic because he felt everything intensely, and with powers of perception quite out of the reach of ordinary humanity, he was as one who felt that he must speak loudly and emphatically to one who was looking only with half-closed eyes, or a blurred insensibility, at a picture of Turner, the beauty of a leaf, the dignity of labor, the majesty of Nature, or the greatness of Almighty God.

DIVORCE AMONG THE POOR

In the House of Lords, the other day, Lord Gorell proposed that the poorer classes be given facilities for divorce. He says that his experience has proved to him that present conditions are most unjust to the humbler members of the community, and he urged that jurisdiction in matrimonial causes should be conferred on County Councils. The Archbishop of Canterbury took part in the debate, which it is said was very instructive, but the need for further information is obvious. Perhaps if investigations were conducted along different lines there would be less cause for deploring present conditions. To an outsider there is something ludicrous in the idea of statesmen gathering together to discuss gravely the remedying of one evil by the establishing of another. Surely such a state of things is impracticable, to say the least. If the Lords in Council would only go a step in the opposite direction and make it a law that only the physically and mentally fit should marry, we should have fewer applicants for the divorce courts.

The London Times has the following comment upon the proceedings:

"Now that this question has been raised it will be well no doubt that it, together with other difficult problems connected with the laws of marriage which have emerged during recent years, should be examined by a carefully chosen Royal Commission, so that evidence and statistics may be sifted and scrutinized in the light of experience and expert knowledge. But while the public will rightly desire that any necessary reforms shall be adopted so as to remove all ground for the complaint that poverty is a bar to justice, it can scarcely be doubted that the mere multiplication of facilities for divorce would be a change inimical to the best intersts of the nation. The stability of the marriage tie is essential alike to the happiness and purity of family life. The tenfold increase of divorces, apparently contemplated by Lord Gorell with equanimity, means a decay of public morality which would indeed give ground for misgiving; and it is difficult to believe that public opinion in England is prepared for changes which could produce so great a catastrophe. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the real trend of thought is not in a precisely opposite direction. The moral and social conditions made possible by the facile divorce law of the United States has, it cannot be denied, profoundly impressed the more thoughtful sections of the community on both sides of the Atlantic, independent of social distinctions; and, indeed, there is reason to believe that a growing body of opinion favors greater rather than less rigidity in the matter of divorce. True wisdom and patriotism, it may be said, support that view, and the wholesome extension of divorce jurisdiction is to be deprecated not only on moral grounds. The interests of society as a whole and not simply the wishes of individuals have to be weighed. Hard cases make bad laws. And before any hasty or ill-considered legislation is brought forward it is desirable that the whole subject should be threshed out by means of a Royal Commission which it is understood will shortly be appointed by the Government."

BERNARD SHAW'S NEW PLAY.

That versatile and eccentric genius, Mr. Bernard Shaw, has written a new play which is thus described in the Standard of Empire:

The principal event of last week in dramatic circles was the production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's last banned play, "Press Cuttings." It was presented by one of the many societies that exist primarily to ride rough-shod over the Censor's rulings. At least, it is always considered lucky by such associations to get hold of a censored play. For it means a full house and increased subscription list, for, of course, no charge can be made for tickets. That is, not directly! The newly formed Civic and Dramatic Guild is therefore to be congratulated on securing such an attractive bait for its initial performance as an unlicensed Shaw play. There are a hundred and one arguments for the continuance of the office of the play Censor. The prohibition of "Press Cuttings" is, however, one of the few strong ones against. True, nearly every political question of the day is held up to philosophic ridicule, and prominent people are "hidden but to reveal." But there is no more malice or bad taste in the satire than one would find in the pages of "Punch" or the cartoons of the "Westminster Gazette." In short, none at all. Some parts are certainly weak and silly, but these moments are for the scorn of the dramatic critic, not the Censor. If general publicity is denied "Press Cuttings" on the score of its political allusions, why are some of the "topical" verses of pantomime songs allowed? Mr. Shaw distorts his names more or less under such titles as "Mr. Balsquith" and "General Mitchener"—whereas the musical comedian ridicules a Cabinet Minister without disguise of name or party. Needless to say, "Press Cuttings" is not a drama, but merely an entertaining conversation between representatives of the different subjects Mr. Shaw wants to "get at." Thus we have "Big and Little Englanders," strong and weak Navyites, Suffragists and "Antis." In the piece London is under martial law owing to the "Suffragists." "Votes for Women" is being shouted in the street. To General Mitchener, Minister of War, is dragged a "woman" who has chained herself to the bootscraper. In his presence the "Suffraget"—as Mr. Shaw spells it—takes off "her" skirt and discloses Mr. Balsquith, the Prime Minister. He obtained his disguise "from a little exhibition we are having in Downing-street." But it is not a French dress, after all, but is labelled "Made in Camberwell." The only logical conclusion one can arrive at after hearing the piece is that taking it as a whole, more fun is made of the Government than of the Opposition, and the Censor, like many others, has his post to keep.

A FORTHCOMING BOOK

Lieutenant Shackelton promises to publish a book on his adventures next November, and no doubt it will provide more exciting and enthralling reading than has been given us for some time back. We should not allow ourselves to forget, however, what an astonishing amount of good writing of this kind there is in our tongue. The English language is probably richer than any other in the literature of adventure and discovery, and the excellence of what it possesses is almost entirely independent of the presence or absence of literary training in the men who wrote it. Captain Scott in his book on the Discovery's voyage protests his lack of skill in writing, but the book is a great book. Classics like Cook's and Dampeir's voyages were put on paper by men who were little accustomed to the pen, however apt their writing may appear. The shorter narratives which go to form the great collections—Hakluyt, Purchas, Churchill, and the like—were written in most cases either by the explorers themselves or by the most learned — but not necessarily very learned—of the ship's company. Yet, these books have, ever since they were published, been reckoned among the best examples of a strong and beautiful English style. Passages in them, like that which tells of the death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, or that by Raleigh on the last fight of the Revenge, have found their way into the hands of people who never saw them in their original setting, and attained that kind of immortality which only the passage from anthology to anthology can give. The reason of the literary excellence of these tales of travel, of "Traffics and Discoveries," as Hakluyt named his collection, is twofold. In the first place the original authors profited by the pruning of their editors (as others have done since!) and had their irrelevances deleted and their extravagances confined within bounds. To see how far the voyagers profited by this kindly correction the curious have only to look at the original narratives as printed in the nineteenth century by the Hakluyt Society and the abridged versions in Hakluyt's collection. The Elizabethan explorer commonly began his story with a reference to the opinions of Plato or to the fundamental truths of religion, and generally decorated the course of it in the same manner. His editor ruthlessly removed all these additions, and if his attitude seems unsympathetic it certainly vastly improved the book. But it has also to be remembered that the great style of these writings is due to their subject more than anything else. If a man has to tell of great deeds and high enterprises he writes better than he knows, and quite unconsciously sheds colloquialisms and sham ornament just as common people in the supreme and elemental crises of life shed their vulgarities and their petty smartnesses, and talk simply, plainly, and with a dignity which is strange to their daily life. A great subject will always more than half write itself.

This world is no blot for us,
Nor blank: it means intensely, and means good,
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
—Browning.

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HARDY BORDERS

There are three different ways of having a lot of flowers. One is to grow annual flowers. This plan costs the least at the start, because a packet of seed costs only five cents, but you have all the trouble of raising your plants again every year; none of them blooms before July, and annuals do not have the permanence and dignity of perennial flowers.

The second way is to use tender bedding plants, such as geraniums and cannas. These will undoubtedly bloom longer than other flowers, and they are also the showiest, but they are expensive, and you must either keep them over the winter in the cellar and then take cuttings from them or buy plants from a florist every year. This style of gardening is often gaudy, monotonous and inartistic.

The third and best plan is to have a hardy border of perennial flowers. It costs as much as bedding plants at the start, and you do not get the best effect the first year are permanent and multiply so that you have plenty to giv change. You have flowers bedding plants can be set ou after the frost has killed the ge over, a border is more interestin bed, because there are new flo all the time, while a bed of monotonous. Finally, it is che than either of the other plans. pler and more artistic.

It is all well enough to ha border if you have a straight to be lined with flowers, but t border for the greatest number irregular outlines. You want deep bays in your border to m seem larger than it really is give a series of dainty little of one long, monotonous swee

No day laborer can ever border for you. He can never viewpoint of anybody who different from straight lines, crescents and lozenges. But taste can lay out a border as scape gardener. Just march stakes and a long line and mar it ought to be. You will c somewhat after viewing the c sidewalk, front porch and dinin

The next thing is to plan y this is where almost every be fundamental mistake by think riety instead of bold, single e order one each of fifty diff plants, expecting to work up best things, you will get no first year and a lot of plants you cannot learn how to gro plants in one year. Besides, to put three columbines here a feet further on three more col on. That is called "dotting" and it invariably produces a distracting effect.

The right way is to glorify May by having a gorgeous iris. In June you want a big ies to dominate the border. month to look forward to i dozen larkspurs ready to lift t toward the sky. In August y to be a blaze of beauty, becaus plants of phlox. In Septemb one ought to queen it over th October chrysanthemums ou town.

In other words, you want f masses of them, or you can strong, splendid effects. Y more than two big masses in the first half and one for th want about twelve masses alt each of the six best months. diagram of your border and of these twelve masses its pl less than a dozen plants of e that you can fill in with a f kinds as you like in order to ing the odd months, like M November, and in order to the time.

For instance, for your M select two from this list: Colu heart, German iris, lily of the

For your June masses, sele Poeny, foxglove, coreopsis,

For your two July heroes Japan iris, hollyhocks and la

In August, phlox is suprem want a foil for it you can ge longifolia, var. subsessilis, in flower) or the marshmallow.

The best flowers of Sept Japanese anemone, sneezeweed orgyalis, unless you count th themums, but I prefer the late