

# An Hour with the Editor

## KNOWLEDGE AND EDUCATION

Have you not frequently noticed, that is, if you have lived long enough to be able to observe such things, how frequently it happens that the brilliant boy at school does not become the brilliant man of business, or of affairs? We will possibly reach an explanation of this, and at the same time be of assistance to some persons, who feel themselves handicapped by a poor memory, if we examine a little into the cause of this brilliance in youth and common-placeness, if we may coin a term, in later life. The boy who is the show pupil at school in nine cases out of ten owes his eminence to the fact that he is quick mentally and has a retentive memory. He acquires knowledge readily and has a happy faculty of telling what he knows. His parents and his teachers think he is receiving a good education, whereas in point of fact he is only acquiring a store of knowledge that may or may not be of use to him in the battle of life.

A store of knowledge is a precious possession. It broadens one's point of view; it affords a variety of avenues to happiness; it has a tendency to produce contentment. The man, whose whole mind is bound up in business affairs and has no general fund of information, is apt to become too self-centred. He has no relief from business strain; he has no compensation for the lack of success. We all must have known very likeable people, whose minds are a perfect storehouse of knowledge and yet are never able to rise above very subordinate positions in life. A case of a man not unknown in the scientific world may be cited. He was very brilliant at school; his friends saw in him the elements of one of his country's great men; as a lad he knew more about geology than most men; he seemed to learn a thing as soon as it was told him. He pursued original investigations to some extent and was able to identify certain rocks with certain other rocks, and thus gain some reputation among geologists. But the highest stage he was ever able to reach was that of a book-keeper. His life was a very happy one. His mind was a perfect magazine of knowledge; but left absolutely to his own resources he would not have known how to go to work to earn a hundred dollars. The case of another man may be mentioned. He had all the philosophers at his fingers' ends; he was a delightful companion and of the sunniest disposition. But the best he could do in a practical way was to get a little shop and sell small articles in the drygoods line, and he probably never at any one time had a hundred dollars that he could call his own. Like the other person mentioned, he was liked by every one, but was a completely negligible factor in a community where his intellectual power might have been turned to good advantage.

Men of the type spoken of, and we have taken extreme cases for illustration, had much knowledge but little education, and what was perhaps even of greater importance, they were able, owing to the retentiveness of their memory, to acquire that knowledge with a minimum of mental effort. They took things in so readily that there was no incentive to bring themselves out. And education is the process of bringing out, not that of storing in. The word comes from two Latin words, "e" meaning out, and "ducere" meaning to lead. Education is the bringing out of the mental powers. We often hear it said of a boy that it takes him a long time to learn a thing, but when he has once learned it, it is his forever. Such a boy becomes educated. Physiologists tell us that lack of use reduces parts of our physical anatomy to a rudimentary condition. By long disuse even our perfectly developed members become weakened; on the other hand they are strengthened by reasonable use. This is very common-place, of course, but it is well to be reminded occasionally of common-place things. Often one hears persons lament their lack of memory. Memory can be cultivated; but that is not what we have in mind. This lack of memory is given as a reason for failure to acquire knowledge. It may be an obstacle to the acquisition of mere information, but it is not to the acquisition of education. If you feel that your memory is weak and that you are handicapped thereby, set about to master something. Devote your intellectual powers to the conquest of some subject, and you will find your mental faculties stimulated by the effort just as your digestion is stimulated by judicious exercise.

Let us return to the case of our schoolboys, for this article is meant especially for schoolboys. The quick boy of retentive memory goes out into life to find that there are no teachers ready to play up to his special abilities. It is a genuine pleasure to a teacher in school to instruct such a boy. The results are quickly visible and bring with them a sense of something accomplished. But in active life there is only one teacher and that is experience. Every one is too busy to be able to find time to help the "bright young man." Business men will give him employment. He is quick to learn and he can fill a subordinate position with a minimum of instruction. His duller companion has learned at school that he can only achieve anything worth while by intense application. He goes out into life, but does not find his services in special demand. Therefore, he has to make his place. Not being the sort of young fellow that others prefer to have to work for them, he has to work for himself, and the re-

sult is that while his brilliant friend occupies a subordinate position all his life, he goes to the front. Sometimes we hear this not common state of things described as the triumph of dullness and cited as a proof that there is no place in active life for the man of brilliant parts. The real explanation is that education is infinitely more valuable than mere knowledge. Our teachers are only our assistants. They help us by giving our minds the right direction, or in showing us where we can get knowledge. Sometimes they can educate us, that is, they can draw us out; they bring us to see that it is not what we take into our minds that is an education, but what we bring out of our minds. Millions upon millions of apples had fallen to the ground before one of them falling suggested to Newton the study of the law of gravitation. The trained mind sees things in relation to each other, and it is the ability to appreciate the relation of things that ensures success. If we are content with our own happiness only, knowledge may be sufficient; if we wish to promote as much as we can the happiness of others we must strive for education.

## THE ARYAN RACE

It was once very generally held that mankind could be divided into five races, which were called the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the Indian, and the Malay. This classification was suggested by Blumenbach, who wrote during the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century and the first quarter of the Nineteenth. He divided mankind according to color, and for want of a better classification, his was accepted and came so generally into use that many persons regarded it as authoritative and final. In some statutes passed by the Legislature of British Columbia the Caucasians and Mongolians have been spoken of as if there were really such races of people. A more recent classification is also into five groups, corresponding to those of Blumenbach, and they are called European, Asiatic, African, American and Oceanic. These groups are each subdivided, the first and third into two sub-divisions, and the others into three. A further subdivision is made into thirty-five so-called stocks, and these stocks are again subdivided into numerous families, which are again subdivided into nationalities. Ethnologists have endeavored to systematize these classifications, but as yet with only a moderate measure of success. One of the "stocks," that is one of the third subdivision, is known as the Aryac, and the people are called the Aryans, which means lords of the earth. These Aryans constitute what are called the Indo-Germanic peoples. They embrace the inhabitants of Europe, exclusive of the Turks, the Finns, the Basques and the Magyars; and in Asia, the Armenians, Persians, Afghans, and the people of Northern India. The Sikhs are of this stock as well as we ourselves. The reason for holding that all these nationalities are from a common origin is the similarity in their languages. There is no record of a time when the Sikhs, the Germans and the English constituted one people! That they did so is purely a matter of inference, which may or may not be tenable in the light of future investigation.

As far as present knowledge goes, we seem justified in assuming that a very long time ago a race of men dwelt somewhere in the Eastern Hemisphere and sent out colonies, some of which found their way into southern Asia and the others traversing Central Europe. In the most ancient Sanskrit books the branch of this race that went into southern Asia is called Aryas, and this name was adopted for the whole stock, when the similarity between the languages was established. The date of this migration is uncertain, but there seems to be evidence that the Aryas invaded India three thousand years before the founding of Rome, and possibly two thousand years before the date usually assigned to the life of Abraham. This period corresponds in a general way with the date of a supposed catastrophe which overwhelmed an ancient civilization around the shores of the Mediterranean, and also in an approximate way to the date assigned to the Deluge in Hebrew and Greek legends. Some investigators give the title "Japhetic" to the Aryans, for the purpose of keeping in line with the Biblical story of the peopling of the earth after the flood. Out of a very great mass of fact, theory and imagination there seems to arise a vague sort of a picture of some overwhelming catastrophe having overthrown the civilization of the world, as known to the writers of Greece and Rome, some six or seven thousand years ago, after which there came a migration of a race from the North, which occupied southern Europe and parts of southern Asia. This was the beginning of the migration of the Aryans, which has continued until this day. Tens of thousands of people who cross the Atlantic every year to seek homes in Canada form only a long-delayed contingent of the movement of the "lords of the earth," of which the ancient Sanskrit writers tell.

Whence came this Aryac race? Investigators have found themselves seriously hampered by modern tradition in pursuing their investigations. They started out with the assumption that all mankind originated somewhere on the tablelands of Central Asia. There really is no special ground for believing that to be the case. When every one thought that the time since mankind first lived on the earth was to be measured by a few thousand years, it was felt to be necessary to suppose the race to have originated near the locality where his-

tory first began to be written. Central Asia seemed to be the most convenient place of origin, and so that was generally accepted as their home originally. But as research has proceeded it has shown that difficulties are in the way of the acceptance of such a theory, and that the great Asian tableland was the home of the Turanians from which the Turks and Tartars came, rather than of the people who have been in the forefront of human progress. The latest writer on the subject thinks he has found reason to hold that the conditions necessary to support the identity of the Indo-Germanic peoples are to be found around the shores of the Baltic more fully than elsewhere. The suggestion is not that the Aryans originated there, but rather that they came to that locality. Whence they came to the Baltic shores he does not profess to say.

A plausible, and possibly a sound theory is that the Aryans sprang from a race that originally had its home in circum-polar regions. There is nothing at all improbable in this. There is abundant evidence that at one period in the earth's history climatic conditions far within the Polar Circle were ideal for the support of life. Our daily observations show us that where conditions favor the existence of life, there life will be found; and seeing that we know that at one time the whole area at the North, now covered by ice, was thickly clad with luxuriant vegetation, we are not only justified in assuming, but we are almost bound to assume, that mankind lived there. If sixty centuries ago we find that people came from the North into India, we do no violence to reason if we suppose that at some more remote period the ancestors of these people may have lived in the extreme North, when we know that conditions there were such as fitted that region to be their home. If we are justified in this conclusion, we are also justified in the further conclusion that the races of mankind, which lived south of the circum-polar region, where climatic conditions would have been less favorable than at the North because of greater heat, were not of as high a type as their Northern neighbors, just as we know that the natives of equatorial lands today are not the equals of the native races of the Temperate Zone. The Aryans race may therefore have been the descendants of a people who reached a high civilization in the days when the Polar regions presented the most favorable conditions of any part of the earth for human habitation. In a future article we shall endeavor by the aid of imagination to tell the story of the Aryan migration from its original home.

## THE ROMAN EMPERORS

As with Marcus Aurelius Paganism reached its acme of excellence, so also with him as emperor Rome may be said to have attained its maximum greatness. In addition to Italy the Empire embraced the territory now known as Spain and Portugal, the whole of France together with Switzerland, that part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, Belgium, England, the lowlands of Scotland, all of Europe south of the Danube, and an extensive area to the north of it now included in Austria and Hungary. In Asia the Empire embraced the whole region lying west of the Euphrates, but not including Arabia, which seemed able to defy every invader. All the northern coast of Africa, extending along the Mediterranean some fifteen hundred miles, was divided into Roman provinces. How far the authority of the Emperors extended southward is uncertain, and it doubtless varied from time to time. All the Mediterranean islands were under the sway of Rome. From the northern limits of the Empire to the southernmost region over which the legions had carried the eagles of Rome the distance was about two thousand miles, and from the ocean off the coast of what is now Portugal to the Euphrates is about three thousand miles. The estimated land area of the Empire was upwards of one million six hundred thousand square miles.

Such was the realm which Marcus Aurelius left to his son Commodus. Historians have found it exceedingly difficult to reconcile two things with the high character of the younger Antonine, his persecution of the Christians, already referred to, and his choice of Commodus as his successor. In justice to him it may be said that he surrounded Commodus with men of the highest type, who labored to check his tendency to luxury and dissipation, which he showed even when quite a child. But the nature of his mother was stronger in the lad than that of his father. Reference has already been made to this woman, Faustina by name, whose licentious conduct was known apparently to all the world except her husband. He honored her to the last, even though she was instrumental in fomenting a rebellion against him. By a strange exhibition of parental weakness Marcus Aurelius admitted his son to a full share of imperial power, when the youth was only fourteen years old, and as he himself lived only four years after taking this step, years spent almost wholly away from Rome, the boy was able to give full vent to his profligacy. The senate and people, who had learned to be content under the rule of the two Antonines, seemed to have had no fear of the future. Indeed for three years there seemed to be no reason for fear. Commodus kept around him the wise counsellors, who had learned the art of government from his father, while he himself participated as little as possible in the management of affairs, giving himself up wholly to luxury and vice. Unfortunately for Rome, one evening as the Emperor was crossing the amphitheatre a man

sprang out upon him with a drawn sword, and attacked him, exclaiming, "The Senate sends you this." Commodus escaped, but from that moment his whole attitude towards the people changed. As a matter of fact, his assassination was not planned by the Senate, but by his own sister, a woman who was, if possible, more abandoned than her mother, and who aimed at acquiring the supreme power for herself.

Fear now took possession of Commodus, and he at once began a course of action by which he determined to drive out of Rome every man whose life might make his own appear dark by contrast. No estimate can be formed of the number of the most noble men of Rome who fell victims to his cowardly rage. It was not thought necessary to charge with offenses and put them on trial. Any excuse, no matter how trivial, was looked upon as sufficient to send them to exile or to death. He entrusted the entire government of the Empire to Perennis, while he sated his fiendish appetite for blood. Perennis was a man of much ability but of no conscientious scruples. He was ambitious and aimed at the throne for himself. By extortion and feigned legal proceedings he acquired enormous wealth, and seemed on a fair way to the accomplishment of his ambition, when he was executed by the order of Commodus. Meanwhile civil war, famine and pestilence combined with the rapacious cruelty of the Emperor to fill the cup of Rome's misery to the brim.

Commodus, although he abandoned himself almost wholly to sensual vices, was a man of extraordinary physical powers. He was one of the greatest athletes of his day, and he even fought in the amphitheatre with gladiators, an act which degraded him more in the eyes of the Romans than all the horrible crimes of which he had been guilty. It is said that he participated in no less than seven hundred and thirty-five such contests. He was a marvelous archer. At one time a hundred lions were released into the amphitheatre, and Commodus slew them all as they came out. He could kill an elephant or a rhinoceros by a single shot from his bow. To what degree of cruelty his conduct might not have attained, no one can tell. His bloodthirstiness inspired the fear of the members of his own household, and one night as he lay drunk in his palace, having been drugged for the purpose by his favorite concubine, a wrestler entered and strangled him. Thus perished Commodus in the thirty-second year of his age and the twelfth of his reign.

## Stories of the Classics

### THE NIBELUNGENLIED

#### IV. Synopsis

Siegfried, King of the Nibelungers, comes to the Burgundian court to woo the beautiful Princess Kriemhild. He aids her brother, King Gunther, to win Brunhild, and the latter, in gratitude, gives Siegfried the hand of Kriemhild. There is a double wedding, and joy is everywhere. Some months afterwards the two queens quarrel over a question of precedence, and Kriemhild in an angry moment tells Brunhild that before the latter had married Gunther, she had submitted to Siegfried, who had come to her disguised in his cloud-cloak. In proof of which story Kriemhild shows her the symbolic ring and girdle. The wrath of Brunhild is dreadful to behold, and Siegfried is doomed to death. Hagan, the tool of King Gunther kills him, when the royal party are out hunting.

It was at the funeral of Siegfried that once sweet and joyous prince that Hagan was named to Kriemhild his sorrowing wife, as the murderer, for the grievous wounds of the dead hero reopening cried aloud and told the frightened mourners that King Gunther was the base plotter of the dastardly crime, and Sir Hagan the hand that dealt the death-blow.

From that time forth the whole character of Kriemhild became changed. She was no more the tender, confiding maiden, she became at once the passionate avenging woman, whose one idea henceforward was to punish the two responsible for the death of him whom she had so dearly loved. She made time itself a tool to her hand for she waited more than 20 years to bring the murderers to account, knowing that during the long waiting their own memories would grow dim, and their suspicions dulled, though with her, time served only to increase her desire for vengeance.

That golden hoard of treasures which had caused so much sorrow was brought to Worms and buried in the Rhine, only Hagan and Gunther knew its hiding place, and for thirteen years Kriemhild mourned Siegfried. At the end of that time Rudiger came from the Hungarian court to woo Kriemhild for his King Attila. The Burgundian princess returned as the bride of the monarch of Hungary, and for 13 years more she lived in honor at his side.

But in all that time the memory of her first love, happy-hearted, brave and kindly Siegfried remained with her. And at last the time arrived when her long laid plans began to work out.

Attila, at Kriemhild's instigation, gave a great festival to which her brothers on the Rhine were invited. Hagan, whose suspicion of the beautiful queen had never grown less, warned Gunther and the rest of the Burgundians, who in the last part of the Nibelungenlied take the name of Nibelungers, that evil was about to befall them, but they did not heed him. On the journey to Hungary other ominous signs and warnings came to them, but the royal party and their gay retinue continued on their way. The mermaids came up out of the sea, and entreated Hagan to return to Burgundy, but the old servant, whose one idea in life was to remain faithful to Gunther, refused to desert his King.

The entire Nibelungian army was ferried across the Rhine, and there was merry music, happy laughter and song. King Attila, Queen Kriemhild, met them with many protestations of welcome, but not one of all that gay throng was destined to return in safety across the river. All perished there in Hungary.

Hagan knows his fate, and defies it, sitting in Kriemhild's presence with Siegfried's sword across his knees. Death follows death, and in the general slaughter the bodies are thrown out of the windows, the hall is set on fire, and the Nibelungers are destroyed to the last man. Kriemhild herself cuts off Hagan's head with Siegfried's sword Balmung, and with him is lost forever, the secret of the fatal hoard. Incensed at this cruel act, the famous Hildebrand, Dietrich's man, slays Kriemhild, and so perish utterly the Burgundians of the Rhine.

How Kriemhild slew Hagan and was herself slain—

To the call of Hagan, eagerly she went;  
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what  
Iell intent!  
"Wilt thou but return me what thou from me  
hast ta'en,  
Back thou mayst go living to Burgundy  
again."

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, "You throw  
away your prayer,  
High-descended lady; I took an oath whelore,  
That while my lords were living, or of them  
only one,  
I'd ne'er point out the treasure, thus 'twill be  
given to none."

Well knew the subtle Hagain she ne'er would  
let him 'scape.  
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so full  
a shape?  
He feared that soon as ever the queen his life  
had ta'en,  
She then would send her brother to Rhine  
and back again.

"I'll make an end, and quickly," Kriemhild  
fiercely spake,  
Her brother's life straight bade she in his  
dungeon take.  
Off his head was smitten; she bore it by the  
hair  
To the Lord of Trony; such sight he well  
could spare.

Awile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his mas-  
ter's head;  
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the war-  
rior said:  
"E'en to thy wish this business thou to an  
end hast brought,—  
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever  
thought."

"Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is  
dead;  
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with  
him are sped.  
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows  
save God and me,  
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend!  
to thee."  
Said she, "I'll hast thou quitted a debt so  
deadly scored,  
At least in my possession I'll keep my  
Siegfried's sword;  
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw  
him go.  
For grim woe wrung my bosom, that passed  
all other woe."

Forth from the sheath she drew it—that could  
not he prevent;  
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's  
stern intent.  
High with both hands she heaved it, and off  
his head did smite,  
That was seen of King Etzel; he shuddered  
at the sight.

Then said the aged Hildebrand, "Let not her  
boast of gain  
In that by her contrivance this noble chief  
was slain.  
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin  
on me light.  
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's  
murdered knight."

Hildebrand, the aged, fierce on Kriemhild  
sprung;  
To the death he smote her as his sword he  
swung,  
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did  
wreak:  
What could then avail her fearful thrilling  
shriek?