

they would not, if they had not had it taught to them as a school lesson. This, of course, opens up a most serious question in pedagogy, one which involves too deep discussion to be more than touched on here. Do we, or don't we, cast our bread upon the waters in education, seeing but few results in the children at the moment, but knowing that they shall return unto us after many days? Or do we insist that the child shall understand everything as he learns it, "apperceive" it to use that word of power and mystery so dearly beloved by pedagogues? We may wonder whether Timothy had really understood all the Scriptures that he learned in his youth, which made him wise unto salvation. We may fear not, as undoubtedly Timothy's education was most deplorably unscientific.

The real fact is that the whole subject of education is in an unsatisfactory state. We are bringing up our children to know nothing thoroughly. Subjects and courses are flashed in the child's brain much as the incidents in a movie picture come and go, leaving little behind them. Is it too much to hope that in the future, when we reconstruct our national life, we may be able to recast our educational ideals? The war has brought the world face to face with the great elemental things of life; it is a war waged for honour against dishonour, truth against falsehood, gentleness and pity against ruthlessness and cruelty, of freedom against slavery. These are all very simple concepts; so simple and so elemental that many thousands of men are willing to die for them. And in the same way we must simplify our outlook on life and train our children in singleness of vision and simplicity of thought. What we want to teach our children is, if we may use a very old-fashioned word and one not often heard nowadays, simple piety. We laugh to-day at the old school-books of our grand-parents, with their stilted language and formal wood-cuts. The moral lessons taught in them were severe and uncompromising, too severe for our modern ideas of "charity." But at least they taught that the wages of sin is death, and that wrongdoing was a very dreadful thing and surely brought its own punishment with it. We smile at such intensely primitive stories as were fashionable in those poor old days; of little boys who went fishing on Sunday and were promptly gored by bulls, or fell into the water or were otherwise vigorously dealt with by an offended and annoyed Deity, who was very sharp on naughty little boys,—all very crude, and worthy of our derision, and we thank our stars that we have advanced beyond such poor boggy-tales.

We were all getting along so comfortably, with such smug satisfaction before the war. We were all such superior persons, and