

## CANADIAN ESSAYS.

## EDUCATION.—(Continued.)

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IN our last essay we spoke of History, as taught by documents, records, books—and we proposed to speak in our present essay of the same branch of education, illustrated by monuments.

Every nation has its relics, its antiquities, its monumental piles, which stand forth as evidences of its past power, success and glory. It is upon those stones, those slabs, those tombs or those towers that we find written the true history of the nation. They have withstood the crash and the tempest of ages, and appear to-day, before the children of our generation, as they were when carved or built by the sons of ages long lost in the misty past.

Whether those characters, cut into the cold stone, be in the form of Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in the more easily deciphered letters of the Arabic, still they are there,—telling us, in a language which we must admire, the story of those who have gone before us. Those monuments, whether in the form of Eastern pyramids or in that of the Gubere towers of the West, loom forth in their grandeur, encircled with a halo of glorious memories, clothed in a mantle that, mist-like, begirdles them. They have lived despite the workings of Time, and, as landmarks along the desert of antiquity, they guide the traveller along from age to age, from generation to generation. These are the

“Monuments and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.”

In Canada, few are the monuments of this species. But in this country there exists another kind of monument, not so ancient, not so imposing, not so powerful (so to speak), but which, when compared to the age of the nation, is equally as interesting and instructive;—many of the better kind exist in and around the old war-walls of Stadacona. Let us, however, speak of the history of the past, as told by the monuments of antiquity, and let our glance be as rapid as possible.

The story of the city of the hundred gates is found in her mighty ruins—formerly the home of the powerful and warlike, now the resort of the wild beast and the serpent. Troy is no more; scarce a stone is left to tell that such a city once existed. But not so for Athens, for Corinth, for Sparta. In Greece, where the arts were brought to the greatest degree of ancient perfection, in Greece, where a hundred thousand memories clung to the soil, and to every wall and tower, in Greece of the heroes and of the sages, we find the story of the nation told in a language more powerful than that of Demosthenes or Sophocles—in the great *monumental* language of the land. What more illustrative and positive than those indexes of the past!

And the history of Egypt would be little known were it not that by the banks of the Nile there stand those everlasting pyramids. Records are too few, and history too young, to tell of their origin and of their founders. “Proudly they rise over the ages,” like the last mountain of the deluge, majestic not less in their proportions than in their solitude—immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin. When the hero of Austrelitz stood beneath their shadows and addressed his legions, he found—in the depths of his fertile and master mind—no grander expression for his feelings, no more powerful appeal to his men, than in pointing to the grey pillars of the past, and exclaiming: “Men, from the summit of yonder pyramid forty centuries look down upon you!”

The monuments of Rome! A life time could be spent in Rome, grand old Rome, studying its monuments, admiring its works of art, plunging into its catacombs, and standing in wonderment 'neath the domes of its temples. There the history of the Eternal City, from the days of the wolf-guarded twins on down through ages of sorrow, of cruelty and vice, succeeded by eras of advancing civilization, is brought home to the mind by the eloquent ruins of its former glory, and the now majestic proportions of its religious fanes, chiseled by Michael Angelo and adorned by Raphael. The Pantheon of the city of the seven hills, although now a Catholic