

IF.

If we had known, my darling, what our lives were going to be!
 If we'd only known that *parting* was all for you and me.
 If I'd only known in parting that thy face I n'er would see;
 That these eyes so full of love-light would never more rest on thee.

That the hand I then held closely would be cold in mine some day;
 That the lips that were mine at that moment might then be turned away,
 That the voice that was love's own music might bring to my heart dismay.
 That light from my life would be taken, of sunshine left, not one ray!

Not even a smile from my darling, but only the dream of one.
 Only sad memories ever, and forever till life be done!
 If I had known, my sweetheart, I would never had let you go,
 I would have treasured and kept you safely, through weal and through woe.

I cannot say yet, that 'twas better that all this came about,
 We are so blind—we mortals—so troubled by cares and by doubts!
 And though I have prayed for patience, 'tis a lesson hard to learn,
 And I wait and long for our meeting and for my love's return.

But I know that as years roll onwards, no voice, dear love, but thine,
 Can wake in my heart sweet echoes, can cause these sad eyes to shine.
 And I know that from now till death, dear, there never once can be,
 A love more tender, more faithful, than my love was for thee.

M. D. S.

EDUCATION:

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

To tens of thousands that are killed add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be, and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their lifelong injury or benefit, and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right, and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses or in stunted growth, or in deficient energy, or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power, and their efficiency as men and women will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too

ill-clothed to bear exposure) are they kept indoors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes, or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited, but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children, and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance, and the consequent injury, when we turn from physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words and names and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood, and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and party-going, no thoughts having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity, and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal, and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts, and so

diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause, considering little what the inward motive may be so long as the outward conduct conforms, and thus cultivating hypocrisy and fear and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often in the highest degree; and would, indeed, be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race usually subordinates all minor influences.

And then the culture of the intellect—is not this, too, mismanaged in a similar manner? Grant that the phenomena of intelligence conform to laws; grant that the evolution of intelligence in a child also conforms to laws, and it follows inevitably that education can be rightly guided only by a knowledge of these laws. To suppose that you can properly regulate this process of forming and accumulating ideas without understanding the nature of the process is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is differ from teaching as it should be; when hardly any parents, and but few teachers know anything about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way and in the wrong order. With that common, limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you cannot see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Not perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation instead of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible, they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a