

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO CORRECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK :

SIR,—In Mr. Wood's article on Three Rivers in THE WEEK of March 13th, it would seem, from the title, that he considers the Anglican parish church at that place the oldest in Canada. From the text of his article, however, it is apparent that he refers merely to the building. The Church as an Anglican Church dates from 1762. But St. Paul's parish church in Halifax was built in 1750 and St. George's, "The Round Church," in 1758. Both have been in continuous use ever since. As the title might possibly mislead some of your readers, I have taken the liberty of bringing these facts to their notice.

Another recent article on local history also requires a word or two in addition. Mr. P. S. Hamilton's interesting paper on the St. Etienne, in THE WEEK of April 17th, contains the statement: "Of these grantees, it is not probable that ever Temple or Crowne even visited the country granted, much less resided there." Mr. Hamilton has evidently not had access to the MS. records in the possession of the Nova Scotia Government, and is therefore not aware that the statement quoted is incorrect. From these records, it is certain that Crowne and Temple came to Nova Scotia in the spring of 1657, divided the country between them, settled, built forts, administered, and traded extensively till the Restoration. In 1662, Temple was forced to go to England to maintain his rights in the Province, and returned in the same year, sole patentee, governor, and baronet, of Nova Scotia. He held the "plantation" most tenaciously till 1670, resisting, by all means in his power, the orders of Charles II. to surrender it to the French but was at last forced to submit to his fate. He died in 1674. His partner, Col. Crowne, he apparently swindled out of his share in the province and the unfortunate man, after vainly seeking redress in New England and at the hands of the Home Government, died in 1667. His son the dramatist, John Crowne, the rival of Dryden and Lee, apparently came out with the joint proprietors in 1657. He was educated at Harvard and made many ineffectual attempts to recover the patrimony of the Crownes, in America. It is chiefly from his papers and Sir Thomas Temple's letters that these facts can be established. A forthcoming article of mine in the *Modern Language Notes* sets the entire matter forth in detail. Temple's governorship from 1657-1670 forms a very interesting chapter in the romantic history of Acadie.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Halifax, N. S., April 22.

## CONSTANCY.

I DID not ask thy love nor tell mine own  
When others sought thee in thy sovereign days,  
For my sad heart, beholding the bright blaze  
Of thy great beauty, seem'd to turn to stone,  
And on my lips, that now have bolder grown,  
No word would form to utter thy high praise;  
So stricken was I in love's conquering ways  
That my poor soul consumed its love alone.

Vindictive Time now veils thy queen-like charms  
To thy old champions and they quickly leave,  
As grim misfortune comes to cross their arms  
And pluck thy colours from each coward sleeve,  
All fly the tilt-yard. Now to Fate's alarms  
I fling my gage at last. Wilt thou believe?

SAREPTA.

## THE MORAL AND SOCIAL ORGANIZATION OF EDUCATION.\*

THE January and February numbers of *Knox College Monthly* contain a valuable contribution by Professor G. D. Ferguson, of Queen's University, Kingston: a translation of the paper by Alfred Fouillee as it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It has since been published separately. We have here an examination of the principles on which education should be conducted, and an enquiry into the objects and purposes of a university education. It is scarcely necessary to remark that Professor Ferguson's work is perfectly done. What is more noteworthy is that the opinions enunciated in this carefully written treatise may be regarded as representing those entertained by the professorate of his university. There will always be two schools advocating opposite theories with regard to the obligations of a university: the one propounding what is called the practical; the second, which I will venture to describe as supporting the philosophic view in the true sense of the original meaning of the word; the love of wisdom. The former argues that the higher education is a means only to an end; the preparation for the struggle of life, from which no one is exempt; and the special calling being determined upon, all education should be considered from the standing point of the requirements of this particular pursuit. Those who take a loftier estimate of what should be exacted reply that this is technical training only, and that previous to enter-

\* Translated for the *Knox College Monthly* from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Prof. G. D. Ferguson, Queen's University, Kingston.

ing upon it we must develop the moral being, endow it with principles of conduct, exalt it to a high standard of duty, elevate it to notions of honour, truth and unselfishness, and establish a chivalrous devotion to right, not to be abandoned in the hour of temptation and trial. The first school reply: such is equally our desire, and we contend that while we are storing the mind with useful knowledge we accompany it by moral precept, in the future to mould that complex organization of sentiment and feeling we call character. We consequently make science the basis of our teaching. You, on the other hand, neglect this legitimate branch, and consider mere grammar and language the safest nutritive for youth.

With all thoughtful minds the problem must ever command attention, how the human intellect can be best expanded, freed from narrowness of thought and healthily educated not to shrink from change when really and truly exacted, but unaffected by the wild recklessness which desperately seeks a remedy in the destruction of a grievance without hope of reconstructing the social elements it attempts to disintegrate.

Professor Ferguson thus places the case: "The truth is, our system of education does not yet seem to have found its centre of gravity, and we are still seeking above all to know what is the fundamental principle of education. Some believe it to be in scientific subjects, others in literature; and the latter may be subdivided into the partisans of the ancient languages and those of the modern languages. But we would ask, is not the true connection between the sciences and literature to be sought in the study of man himself, of society, and of the grand laws of the universe; that is to say, in studies moral, social, æsthetic; in one word, philosophic?"

The study of the sciences as an elementary branch of education is by many considered as giving a material, special bias to the mind; on the other hand, classical training has been regarded as having simply in view the correct knowledge of Latin and Greek. As Sydney Smith remarked, it was the custom "to bring up the first young men of the country as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honour and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried for half his life with longs and shorts." The fact really has been that we have passed from one extreme to the other. We produced under the system of half a century back pedants, who thought that the man who best understood Aristophanes was a fit person to be a bishop. Now a days we run the risk of believing that science is the only ground work on which we can perfect poor humanity.

If we reflect on this difficult problem without prejudice, and with the desire to attain the truth, we must perceive that it divides itself into two branches: the moral formation of character, the building up the individual man; and, on the other hand, the attainment of the technical experience based on knowledge and enquiry by which bread is to be earned. Does not that system of education err which fails to recognize this distinction? If we can but once bring the mind to admit it, do we not lessen the difficulties we have to consider? We must awaken to the sense of physical and moral realities, and the essential difference between them. What is chemistry, mathematics, geology, physics, science in short generally, but a series of petty facts? In each case great care, effort, memory, readiness, and the sagacity which can master complications must be developed. But what aim is set before the student? What moral attribute is given to his nature? All the tendency of this teaching is utilitarian. It is to lead to profit and advancement. Heaven knows that we are all pretty intent upon self, and in many cases mean natured enough. We place before us the advancement of the unit of our own being, and we are naturally only too prone to silence the call of duty and honour when our profit is threatened. Is not that system of education the most desirable which leads us unshrinkingly to fulfil our obligation, or what we conscientiously conceive to be our obligation, at all cost? We have all of us the best of reasons for not acting generously and disinterestedly. Ought not our training of youth to furnish a guard against this tendency?

The argument has many ramifications. It is not to be disposed of in a sentence, and, in view of the well-being of a community, its importance cannot be underrated. It is not merely passing four years at a university, and attending lectures which will form character nevertheless, the man who reads the least and creeps through a pass degree, brings away a certain benefit. He certainly gains the first step in "philosophy." He knows that which he does not know. He sees as it were spread before him the wide ocean of knowledge, and in its illimitable expanse he feels the contrast to his petty attainments. He is prepared to listen to contradiction, and he abandons the conviction that his opinions only are true and correct: the latter one of the most dangerous conditions into which we can stumble. Professor Ferguson's opinion on the course of training is thus expressed, speaking of scientific lectures:—

"They will not . . . have called into exercise any other faculty than memory, which, while their fingers have written mechanically on the paper, will have written, not less mechanically, in the circumlocutions of their brains, a certain number of facts and of words. And yet certain scientific men smile at the pupil who makes Latin verse or writes a Latin composition. We, on the other hand, maintain, without paradox, that the scientific

ocricy sometimes easily and spontaneously effects—sympathy, admiration, a desire to know the favoured one better, a distinct affection for, even upon short acquaintance. The *habitués* of the stage do certainly possess this charm of manner more than any other class of people, and care to exert it more fully since it is an unfailing sesame to success. A *shy* actor—think of the anomaly—I never met one myself. Nor is the peculiar self-assumption which characterizes the descendant of Thespis exactly conceit—it is rather the quintessence of self-respect. The actor has, strictly speaking, no share in the immortality of the future, no place in the hearts of posterity. When he dies, his light dies with him. He cannot afford to be retiring and silent and modest, like the *littérateur* (pace some of the moderns) for he would perhaps lose friends and business chances and so, when you send up your card at the hotel, or offer it behind the scenes, the true artist is neither nonplussed nor extravagantly delighted. He receives you with the eloquent hand-pressure or the cordial glance. More than a taint—delightful to lovers of the stage—of the theatrical habit is apparent. The elocution is usually very good. The actor does not forget to be at his best, and the result is that you probably come away charmed by your reception. Grumpy people are to be found, of course, behind the scenes as well as in the auditorium, but they are very rare. Medical men, I firmly believe, owe nearly all their success to manner. What is the difference between the leading specialist and your cousin the struggling medico, whom you know to be "so clever," and yet who finds it difficult to make his way? It is not so much superior knowledge of his subject, but rather the trick, knack, gift—call it what you will—of manner, which insidiously affects his patients so that they return to him again and again.

I must not omit a reference in this column to the delightful illustrated lecture provided for us last week by Messrs. Newcombe and Company, introducing to us in Toronto the well-known American critic, Louis Elson, from Boston. Mr. Elson's signature is famous all over the States, but perhaps here in Canada he is not so widely known as he deserves to be. However, let him return next autumn, and I prophesy a still larger audience than that which greeted him in Association Hall on the 21st ult. The "Rambler" finds it necessary to explain here that this is not a musical column, nor a dramatic column, nor a reviewing column. Many kind friends send me invitations and pamphlets and tickets, and I wish I could do justice to them all, but it is impossible. What I rather aim at, is when anything very good—or anything very bad—occurs, to say a word about it, directing attention to its commendable points—or the reverse. So I mention this lecture upon the origins of German music because it was so very, so unusually good. Much of the matter can be easily read up in ten minutes out of Grove's Dictionary of Music and similar compilations, but the manner was of the lecturer's own, and a very delightful heritage too. With the utmost ease, cordiality and *bonhomie*, Mr. Elson dwelt on the varied aspects of his theme, singing for us in a rich and sympathetic baritone many quaint and curious songs, mediæval and modern, in both German and English. Toronto is rightly considered a musical town, and certainly, as performances go, it will compare favourably with others, but in the æsthetic side of music it is still slightly crude. The audience who assembled to hear Mr. Louis Elson kept on dropping in by instalments till a quarter past nine, and the people who arrived thus late did not look as if they were late diners. What is the reason of such disregard of punctuality here? It must be, and is, simply exasperating—not to a man of the world like Elson, who can probably talk and sing through anything—but to those who take care to be on time themselves and are disturbed every few moments by people having to be shown to their seats all around them. I suppose an Invitation Show, as you will find these people expressing it, is scarcely worth the trouble of attending in the usual way. However, the lecturer talked to us just as happily as if the most profound silence were brooding, and we have rarely enjoyed anything more. Among his vocal numbers were Wagner's "Evening Star" from *Tannhauser*; a fine song by Weber, "Du Schwert an Meiner Linken"; some modern mountaineer songs, and the original love song from which was taken "O Haupt von Blut und Wunden," or the Passion Chorale of Sebastian Bach. Altogether Mr. Elson is a delightful personality, and I strongly recommend him to the Canadian Society of Musicians should they desire a representative American lecturer for the coming session.

The Woman's Art Club Circular is at least a charming little publication. I hope to see the work in a day or two and talk about it next week.

PROBABLY the most perilous of all the queer professions of the gay city of Paris is that of the "gold hunters" and of the "collectors of grease." Both of these are carried on either at the mouth of the sewers or inside of them. The grease collectors affect the sewers in the neighbourhood of the slaughter houses and hospitals, where they gather up all the animal and human wreckage, if one may be permitted to use the expression, and turn them over to the grease refiners and merchants. The "gold seekers" pursue their calling among the same unsavoury surroundings and hunt for the gold and silver jewellery and coins which have found their way into the sewers.—*Spare Moments*.