

Ashburton, Devonshire

ELIZABETH IRELAND

Obit 1779

Here I lie at the chancel door,  
Here I lie because I'm poor.  
The further in the more you pay ;  
Here lie I as warm as they.

Dymock, Gloucestershire.

Tho' sweeter babes you nare did see  
That God Amity geed too wee  
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts  
And now they lys has dead as nitts.

Norwich, Old Hospital Church.

In memory of Mrs. PIERRE CREWE, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years. Who during forty years practice as a midwife in this city brought into the world nine thousand seven hundred and thirty children.

G.F.C.

### SOME ASPECTS OF EDUCATION.

(Conclusion.)

Even if we grant, with Herbert Spencer, that accomplishments, the fine arts, *belles-lettres* should occupy the leisure part of education, because they occupy the leisure part of life, the fact remains that the leisure part of life is to most persons more valuable than the hours spent in the world's common-place activities. In these days men are asking for more leisure and proclaiming that civilization is being overwrought. Energy is a common thing, and there may be a great deal too much of it : reasonableness is uncommon, and of it there can be scarcely be enough. The two most precious things man possesses are reason and imagination. Newton, says Wordsworth finely, voyaged "through strange seas of Thought, alone;" so did Dante and Milton and Wordsworth himself, all impelled by the same force towards different goals. The prayer of Wordsworth for imagination, lest the glory of the earth fade from it and its human interest vanish utterly, leaving the round of space cold and bare, should be graven on the heart, as by fire :—

Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Scientific criticism of the narrower type has declared that the desire of the poet verges on the ridiculous, when it seeks relief in silly fictions like Proteus and Triton. The remedy offered to him is the microscope, which can afford comforting glimpses of the finer marvels that lie hidden in the ocean. But the poet is moving along a plane of thought altogether different. He is not asking for facts—they lay before his eyes in multitudes, *above* the ocean—nor is he thinking of any particular universe of human fancy and work. What he wishes should not die is a *faculty*—the faculty which raises man above his environment—Imagination.

The aim of a University and particularly of its

Faculty of Arts is two-fold—to create capability of knowing and capability of feeling—capability of knowing rather than knowledge, for a University is not mainly concerned in producing what Mr. Frederick Harrison would call persons of "information," but persons who are able to know and who have become aware of what ought to be known in order to enter the true life intellectual, when they are disposed to do so. But far more important than capability of knowing is capability of feeling—capability of feeling in and through and beyond things intellectual. It is perfectly possible to win scholarships, to pass brilliant examinations, to have read a whole library and yet to remain dead to higher influences. What distinguishes the true man from Wordsworth's Peter Bell or from the oyster is not that he knows more, but that he feels, or can be made to feel, otherwise than they do. An intellectual automaton may, of course, provoke wonder, but without the thought which springs from his own feeling he can never leave traces which mould and elevate those with whom he is brought into contact. Men act sometimes as if a University existed in order to manufacture degrees. If this view is accepted, good Universities do their work very badly ; they do not manufacture half fast enough. Sometimes the outsider affects to despise degrees, and maintains that a Bachelor of Arts will, in the majority of cases, prove to be a blockhead ; he does not tell us whether a blockhead will, in the majority of cases, prove to be a Bachelor of Arts. However, the demand for academic titles seems to be on the increase, and we will so far agree with the outsider as to say that titles may mean neither knowledge nor capability of knowing nor capability of feeling. No man can be made strong by them—the true quality of his strength lies within himself.

The development of the leading Universities in the United States is profoundly interesting. A great and practical people with about one-fourth only of their vast country thickly settled and brought into the body of a living organism in all its aspects, is now pressing on the intellectual centres of the Old World. America was once spoken of as if its people aimed rather at "information" than education, and the remark has not by any means lost its application yet. Buckle, the historian, touches on the intellectual life of America, and contrasts it with that of Germany. The German intellect, he says, stimulated by the French, has grown rapidly during the present century, too rapidly for its civilization. Germany possesses learning which places it in the highest rank among nations ; its contributions to modern philosophy are influencing the human mind more profoundly, perhaps, than those of any other country. But the interval between the highest and lowest minds there is, so Buckle maintains, immense ; and, further, the highest minds are accustomed to write in a language which the lower classes cannot understand on account of its subtle and inverted mode. "In America, on the other hand, we see a civilization precisely the reverse of this. We see a country, of which it has been truly said, that in no other are there so few men of great learning and so few men of great ignor-