

be his especial subject, and whatever the age of his pupils; and when he sees that elementary education is only another expression for the forming of the character and mind of the child, he must acknowledge that this object comes properly within the sphere of his labours, and deserves, on every ground, his thoughtful attention.

In spite, then, of Pestalozzi's patent disqualifications in many respects for the task he undertook; in spite of his ignorance of even common subjects (for he spoke, read, wrote, and cyphered badly, and knew next to nothing of classics or science); in spite of his want of worldly wisdom, of any comprehensive and exact knowledge of men and of things; in spite of his being merely an elementary teacher,—through the force of his all-conquering love, the nobility of his heart, the resistless energy of his enthusiasm, his firm grasp of a few first principles, his eloquent exposition of them in words, his resolute manifestation of them in deeds,—he stands forth among educational reformers as the man whose influence on education is wider, deeper, more penetrating, than that of all the rest—the prophet and the sovereign of the domain in which he lived and laboured.

The fact that, with such a position, supersedes any argument for our giving earnest heed to what he was and to the consideration of them this Lecture is to be devoted.

It was late in life—he was fifty-two years of age—before Pestalozzi became a practical schoolmaster. He had even begun to despair of ever finding the career in which his loving heart and teeming brain had been brooding from his earliest youth. He feared that he should die, without reducing the ideal of his thought to the real of action (1).

Besides the advanced age at which Pestalozzi began his work, there was another disability in his case to which I have not referred. This was, that not only had he had no experience of school work, but he knew no eminent teacher whose example might have stimulated him to imitation; and he was entirely ignorant (with one notable exception) of all writings on the theory and practice of education. The exception I refer to is the "Emile" of Rousseau, a remarkably suggestive book, which made, as was to be expected, a strong impression on his mind. We know from his own account, that he had already endeavoured, with indifferent success, to make his own son another Emile. The diary in which he has recorded day by day the particulars of his experiment is extremely interesting and instructive.

At fifty two years of age, then, we find Pestalozzi utterly unacquainted with the science and the art of education, and very scantily furnished even with elementary knowledge, undertaking at Stanz, in the canton of Unterwalden, the charge of eighty children, whom the events of war had rendered homeless and destitute. Here he was at last in the position which, during years of sorrow and disappointment, he had eagerly desired to fill. He was now brought into immediate contact with ignorance, vice, and brutality, and had the opportunity for testing the power of his long-cherished theories. The man whose absorbing idea had been that the ennobling of the people, even of the lowest class, through education,

(1) As I cannot enter on the particulars of Pestalozzi's strangely chequered life, I refer those who desire to know them to Mr. Quick's valuable "Essays on Educational Reformers;" to "Pestalozzi," published by the Home and Colonial Society, containing Dr. Mayo's and Miss Mayo's Essays on the subject, capitally annotated by Mr. Dunning; to Von Raumer's History of Education; and to the recently published work of Roger de Guimp (Histoire de Pestalozzi, de sa Pensée, et de son Œuvre, Lausanne, 1874), in which is given a list of 150 Lives, Essays, and Disquisitions relating to the subject.

was no mere dream, was now, in the midst of extraordinary difficulties, to struggle with the solution of the problem. And surely if any man, consciously possessing strength to fight, and only desiring to be brought face to face with his adversary, ever had his utmost wishes granted, it was Pestalozzi at Stanz. Let us try for a moment to realize the circumstances—the forces of the one side, the single arm on the other, and the field of the combat. The house in which the eighty children were assembled, to be boarded, lodged, and taught, was an old tumble-down Ursuline convent, scarcely habitable, and destitute of all the conveniences of life. The only apartment suitable for a schoolroom was about twenty-four feet square, furnished with a few desks and forms; and into this were crowded the wretched children, noisy, dirty, diseased, and ignorant, with the manners and habits of barbarians. Pestalozzi's only helper in the management of the institution was an old woman, who cooked the food and swept the rooms, so that he was, as he tells us himself, not only the teacher but the paymaster, manservant, and almost the housemaid of the children.

Here, then, we see Pestalozzi surrounded by a "sea of troubles" against which he had not only "to take arms," but to forge the arms himself. And what was the single weapon on which he relied for conquest? It was his own loving heart. Hear his words:—"My wishes were now accomplished. I felt convinced that my heart would change the condition of my children as speedily as the springtide sun reanimates the earth frozen by the winter." "Nor," he adds, "was I mistaken. Before the springtide sun melted away the snow from our mountains, you could no longer recognize the same children."

But how was this wonderful transformation effected? What do Pestalozzi's words really mean? Let us pause for a moment to consider them. Here is a man who, in presence of ignorance, obstinacy, dirt, brutality, and vice—enemies that will destroy him unless he can destroy them—opposes to them the unresistible might of weakness, or what appears such, and fights them with his heart!

Let all teachers ponder over the fact, and remember that this weapon, too frequently forgotten, and therefore unforaged, in our training colleges, is an indispensable requisite to their equipment. Wanting this, all the paraphernalia of literary certificates, even the diplomas of the College of Preceptors, will be unavailing. With it, the teacher, poorly furnished in other respects, (think of Pestalozzi's literary qualifications!) may work wonders, compared with which the so-called magician's are mere child's play. The first lesson, then, that we learn from Pestalozzi is that the teacher must have a heart—an apparently simple but really profound discovery, to which we cannot attach too much importance.

But Pestalozzi's own heart was not merely a statical heart—a heart furnished with capabilities for action, but not acting; it was a dynamical heart—a heart which was constantly at work, and vitalized the system. Let us see how it worked.

"I was obliged," he says, "unceasingly to be everything to my children. I was alone with them from morning to night. It was from my hand they received whatever could be of service both to their bodies and minds. All succour, all consolation, all instruction came to them immediately from myself. Their hands were in my hand; my eyes were fixed on theirs, my tears mingled with theirs, my smiles encountered theirs, my soup was their soup, my drink was their drink. I had around me neither family, friends, nor servants; I had only them. I was with them when they were in health, by their side when they were ill. I slept in their midst. I was the last to go to bed, the first to rise in the morning. When we were in bed, I used to pray with them and talk to