

ARE WE OF THESE?

Ask one hundred people who have not studied the question. What "education" is, and the chances are that ninety-nine of them will not be able to tell you. The popular idea is that it consists in book-learning, and is wholly acquired during the period spent at school. Consequently one continually hears it said, "He was educated at such and such a college," or, "She finished her education at such-and-such a girls' school." Roughly speaking, such a classification may pass. As a matter of fact, we have not a single word in the English language to express the idea for which the word, as thus used, is made to do duty. To say, "He continued his education at such-and-such a college," would, perhaps, come nearer the mark, but is still inadequate, in that it refuses the satisfaction which the human mind demands in regard to the indication of results.

To be really educated, a man must know much more than he can acquire from books or schools. "All this array of professors," said Henry George—and very truly—"all this paraphernalia of learning cannot educate a man. They can but help him to educate himself. Here you may obtain the tools; but they will be useful only to him who can use them."

Education, in fact, since it cannot really be finished in a lifetime, denotes anything but a finished product. From the derivation of the word—"e," and "duco"—it means "a drawing out"; hence, in its strictest sense, signifies an evolving of all one's faculties—mental, moral, physical—the perfecting of the whole man. An educated man, then, must be a continually evolving man, a man of supreme common sense, too great to be "small" anywhere. He may have gone much to school, or comparatively little. His distinguishing characteristic is broad-mindedness—a knowledge sufficient unto and a faculty for looking upon every side of a question and coming to a just and reasonable decision. Such a man will realize that his education must go on every day of his life. He will learn from the people with whom he comes in contact, from books, from nature, from the work he has to do, from every experience that may come to him, and he will apply what he learns to his life. . . . Otherwise, though he may have won the highest university degrees of his country, there is a chance that he may be described, in the further words of Mr. George, as one of "those men—and unfortunately they are plenty—who have passed through the whole educational machinery and come out but learned fools, crammed with knowledge they cannot use, all the more in the way of real progress because they pass with themselves and others as educated men."

Books, schooling, then, mean much, but they do not mean everything. They are but the "tools" with which good work is to be done, with which progress, mentally and economically, is to be made.

No man should be better educated, in this broad sense, than the farmer. He has every facility—companionship in this thickly-settled country; the wealth of nature; the incentive to studying out whys and wherefores afforded in the cultivation of his crops and the care of his stock; the opportunity of public speaking, in Farmers' Institute, municipal and other meetings; the necessity for thought and the understanding of things in the responsibility involved in his voting; and books and magazines are to be had, if, not without money and without price, at least with very little money and very little price, considering the tremendousness of the benefits accruing therefrom. These benefits may not be immediately apparent—not in one week, nor in two, nor, perhaps, in a score of them. The work of culture and the gaining of information is slow, but none the less effectual because of that. So, also, is the growth of the wheat, or of the tree, slow.

It only remains, then, it would seem, for the farmer at large, to realize where he is, and put forth a little more effort, take a little more interest in science and literature and art, and the philosophy and aestheticism of things, in order that he may stand, not only among the most highly-educated, but among the most cultured of men. But he must put forth effort. Nothing, he must remember, can be accomplished without it.

And now to another matter. In a series of letters written last spring to the Toronto Globe by immigrants from England, we Canadians were accused of being amongst the most boorish of peoples, and at the first onset we felt like arising in arms to declare that the accusations were without ground. Now, in cooler blood, we are, perhaps, and more to our credit, prepared to acknowledge that some of the assertions were true. There are people in Canada (as well as, it is to be presumed, in other places)—and we know it—who "hawk and spit" below their noses audibly, do not eat daintily, speak in loud, coarse voices, and do all the other truly "nasty" things of which our detractors have spoken. We have a vivid recollection of one man who used to pour his tea in his

bright thoughts, of pure thoughts, of an appreciative estimation of the weaknesses and of the joys of life. It deserves the widest popular circulation—should, in short, be in all the homes of the people, not alone because it is good, because of its beauties of sentiment, or of the lessons it conveys, but because it appeals to the reader on its own true worth. Of Canada redolent, every man, woman, girl and boy will profit by its reading, besides being wholesomely and absorbingly entertained. It is a book to read in summer, and a book that will bear re-perusal around the fireside in winter. There is nothing preachy about it, nothing goody-goody, nothing flighty, but there is an abundance of—well, attractive narrative, picturesque truth about homely people and delightful glimpses of rural life. The satiated woman of society cannot fail to be pleased in its reading any more than the liver of the purer—the simple life. A word of praise for the publisher is merited, for the William Weld Company have performed their share remarkably artistically and well.—[Toronto World, Canada.]

This book will be sent, postpaid, to any subscriber for \$1.25. Address "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.



Old Abbey Wall, Shaftesbury.

Within this wall, a Nunnery was founded, A. D. 880, by Alfred. The Abbey was richly endowed by Edmund Ironsides and Athelstan, and at the tomb of Edward the Martyr within it many miracles were said to have been wrought.

saucer, were it ever so cool, then draw it in by successive "soop" er ups," suggestive only of a pig at a trough. Anyone of refined sensibilities, unless saved to some small degree by a sense of humor, found it almost unbearable to be near him, and yet he was all-unconscious of the fact that he was doing anything out of the way. There really seems no excuse whatever for so little sense of even ordinary refinement in such things.

If, however, we are any of us of the number of the great unwashed as regards "manners," it will be to our credit to see that we improve, and that speedily. Culture—even in the smallest particulars—is a part of education, and education in its best sense, in its fullest sense, ought to be the portion of the farming population of Canada.

COURTIER-DU-BOIS.

"CARMICHAEL."

What some of the leading papers are saying about it:

TORONTO WORLD.

"Carmichael," by Anison North, London, Ont.—the William Weld Co.—is described on the outside cover as "A realistic picture of Canadian rural life: the story of a family feud and its outcome." This gives a very inadequate idea of its reality. It is at once an unusually charming, well-written and captivating novel—breazy of the soul and beautifully human. From beginning to end, it is full of

IN MEMORY OF DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

(Composed by Dr. S. Wear Mitchell, and recited by him recently to the Alumni of the University of Toronto.)

Peace to this poet-soul. Full well he knew
To sing for those who knew not how
to praise
The woodman's life, the farmer's patient
toil,
The peaceful drama of laborious days.

He made his own the thoughts of simple
men,
And with the touch that makes the
world akin,
A welcome guest of lonely cabin homes,
Found, too, no heart he could not enter in.

The toil-worn doctor, women, children,
men,
The humble heroes, of the lumber drives,
Love, laugh or weep along his peopled
verse,
Rithe with the pathos of their meagre
lives,

While thus the poet love interpreted
He left us pictures no one may forget,
Courtard, Batisse, Canute, Men, Frore,
and Lass.

The good brave cure, he of Calumette,

Some mystery of genius hant's a page,
Some wonder secret of the poet's spell
Died with this master of the peasant's
Daughters.

Peace to your northland poet and lay
well!

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

SOME OLD CORNERS OF THE OLD LAND.

It was a bright day in early spring which found me in the train, or, rather, trains, for Shaftesbury, a city so old that its records are a veritable tangle of dates, facts and fiction; of undisputed history, and of very much disputed tradition. But first of all let me tell you why I used the noun plural in reference to my somewhat erratic mode of progression. In this dear little island there is, for one's convenience, a network of railways, which, by means of very frequent junctions, always, in the end, convey you to wherever you may wish to go, but which, to the uninitiated, are a sore puzzle and a weariness of the flesh. Like the "Endless Chain" letters, one has to be passed on; no sooner is your carriage and your hand baggage safely stowed in the shelf provided for it above your head, than a porter announces, either, "All change here," or "You change here for so and so." It seems, sometimes, as if a very imp of mischief was at the bottom of it all, and that you were put into one carriage at one place for the sheer fun of turning you out of it and marching you upstairs and across bridges or under tunnels to one on another line of railway, which may or may not be waiting your convenience not a hundred yards away, if only you were allowed to take a short-cut across the rails. Of course, to those who understand Bradshaw and railway guide-books generally, all this is plain sailing, but to the Canadian wanderer, who thinks nothing of travelling across a continent when in calm possession of the one compartment in which she started, it is very confusing indeed.

But on this especial spring day grubbing was surely out of season, for the hedges were gay with primroses, and the pretty gardens around the rustic cottages, as village after village was passed, were gems of variegated beauty, wallflowers scenting the air, and jonquils and daffodils, and their kindred blossoms, nodding a greeting so friendly as to drive away the frowns from the faces of even the most impatient of travellers. And then, again, a hearty welcome at the end of the dear old friend and schoolfellow of bygone days, under whose guidance I was to see some of the antiquities of this most interesting old corner of England.

The story of Shaftesbury reads like a fairy tale. Tradition, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, dates it as far back as 950 B. C., and records a prophecy, put by some in the mouth of an eagle, by others in the voice of a man, and by still others as from the lips of an angel, that "The sovereignty of Britain, after passing to Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman, should return to the British race." As the mingled blood of these races is said to flow in the veins of our present gracious King, we may consider the prophecy, if ever uttered, to have had its fulfilment.

The real history of Shaftesbury actually dates from its restoration and from the restoration of its Abbey, in A. D. 880, by Alfred the Great, in the eighth year of his reign, and this is probably the date of the old Abbey wall in my illustration.

There is much grim history centered around the story of Shaftesbury. A good deal of it had to be gleaned from deduction. Facts had to be dug out from the very soil itself—old bones, some of warriors attacking or defending its solid old walls, some the bones of kings and courtiers, many of them being disinterred and reburied with due honors, and recorded dates where dates could be ascertained, as, for instance, in the case of King Canute, whose remains were conveyed to Winchester. Excavations have already revealed many most interesting architectural remains, and more are in process of being shrines of martyrs, high altars, treasures hidden at the time of the suppression of the monasteries.