

It would be difficult to imagine two monuments more symbolical of the quiet advance of education with its beneficent agencies, amidst the storms of politics and war, than Eton, founded by that unhappy but gentle and pious King who, unable to grasp the sceptre of his warlike sire, perished discredited amidst the wars of the Roses, and Magdalen College, Oxford, the loveliest of all the homes of learning, which was founded at the same time by the Chancellor of Henry the Sixth, William of Waysflete. Stand in the quadrangle of Waysflete's College, and as your eye feeds upon its matchless beauty, you will be brought into the fullest communion with the spirit which fed the camp of learning and education amidst the darkness and the tempests of the centuries that are past.

When shall we in Canada have such monuments of ancient grandeur and beneficence, such treasures of noble memory as these? When shall we, in this bleak, though by its children well-beloved, land of promise, be able to point to an Oxford or a Cambridge, a Winchester or an Eton? We are as far, no doubt, from the possession of such shrines of history as our landscape, in which the giant pines rising in their monumental grimness, remind us that but yesterday all was primeval forest, is from the trim and finished beauty with which the culture of centuries has invested the English fields. But if we have not the glories of the past, we have hopes for the future, rich if we are true to our country and to each other. We have not only hopes for the future, but we have immunities at the present hour. If preceding generations have not bequeathed to us storied monuments and ancestral fanes, neither have they bequeathed to us those legacies of evil, those mæsses of debt material and moral, those burdensome traditions, those consecrated obstructions to progress which sit heavy on humanity in the old world. If we have not the finished landscape and the abodes of wealth with their costly gardens and patrician deer parks, neither have we the union workhouse, which in England grimly obtrudes its prison-like form on the fair scene. If we have not the palaces of London neither have we the leagues of want, squalor, and misery which lie close to the palace gate. We have a rough piece of land, not yet perfectly stumped or stoned, but unmortgaged and darkened by the baleful shadow of no upas tree of the past.

I was made sensible of this fact, as soon as I set foot in England, by finding myself in the midst of a controversy, so bitter that it might almost have been called a petty civil war, about a question deeply interesting to our profession, which has now been for many years happily settled in this country, and here troubles us no more. It was the great question raised by the late Public Educational Act. Public education was in fact struggling to emancipate itself from ecclesiastical control, while the High Church ecclesiastics and the party allied with them in politics were striving to prevent its emancipation. It can hardly be said that anything deserving the name of popular education existed in England previous to the great political and social movement which set in, when the French war being over, interest in domestic questions revived, and the most conspicuous result of which was the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832. Education, no doubt, there had been, and education, to a limited extent, of the poor; and this from very early times. To the clergy, in the fruitful age of faith, was due the first commencement of that which afterwards, in the hour of mistrust, when growing doubt threatened their authority and their endowments, they fiercely and fatally opposed—a remark which may be extended to the general relations of the mediæval clergy to the progress of civilization. Christianity was a religion of light, and in the early Anglo-Saxon times, while the conversion of the nation was still going on, we find the mission centres, the centres also of learning and education. The Church, in fact, in those days, was the School. Theodore of Tarsus, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the seventh century, has left a name honourably connected with the improvement of education as well as with the extension of Christianity and the organization of the Church. The great missionary Bishop Wilfred also had constantly under his care a number of boys, the sons of men of rank, till they reached the age of fourteen, when he required them to decide whether they would become soldiers or priests. The Church of Ireland, too, sent not a few labourers into the harvest of English education, as well as of English conversion, in that bright dawn of Irish civilization, which was destined so soon to be overcast and to be followed by so dark a day. King Alfred, the Christian hero, and the preserver of Christian civilization in England, from the sword of Danish paganism, was also the great restorer of education and rebuilder of schools. Fable—alas! it is only fable—connects him with the foundation of the first school at Oxford. The court itself in his time was invested with a splendour brighter than the vulgar pomp of kings, by becoming the great place of education. In the age succeeding the Conquest, education could hardly hold a place at the court of the fierce Norman sovereigns, but we find it, with much besides which needed such shelter in these wild days, beneath the tranquil roof of the Benedictine cloister. Anselm, perhaps the most

truly Christian among all the equivocal forms of the mediæval saints; Anselm, who by Christian firmness in the maintenance of principle, combined with Christian gentleness, charity, and meekness, conquered Norman tyranny, impersonated in the Red King, and his less savage but hardly less terrible successor; Anselm, before whose holiness the Conqueror himself had bent in reverence, and whose presence William had desired at his bedside when the end of his life of battle and crime drew near; Anselm, the first thinker of his day, and the precursor of the School Philosophy, was also the great educator of his time, and the great reformer of education. As Abbot of the great Norman Abbey of Bec, before his elevation to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, he had been as assiduous in the good work of teaching and training the young in the school which formed a regular part of the monastic community, as in directing souls, regulating the monastic system, or solving high problems of theology. And he may be regarded as the father of that gentler mode of treating the pupil which we now acknowledge to be the better one, and which he strove by precept and example to introduce in place of the brutal severity which had prevailed in Anglo-Saxon times, and it seems was still in the ascendant. His faithful friend and biographer, Eadmer, a mediæval Boswell in his reverent minuteness, has left us an anecdote of this educational reformer of the eleventh century, the fragrance of which has not been lost by lapse of time. An Abbot, a very religious man, was one day deploring to Anselm the difficulty of making any impression on the boys in his monastery. "Do what we will," he said, "they are incorrigible. We beat them, without ceasing, day and night, and they only grow worse." "You beat them without ceasing," said Anselm. "Pray, how do they turn out when they grow up?" "Dull and brutal," was the reply. "You are unfortunate," said Anselm, "if with all this trouble you only turn men into beasts." "What are we to do?" cried the Abbot, "in every possible way we try to force them to improve, and all is of no use." "Force them! Tell me, my Lord Abbot, if you were to plant a tree in your garden and to tie it up so all sides that its branches could not spread, what sort of a tree would it be when in course of time you gave it room to grow? Would it not be good for nothing, a mass of entanglement and crookedness? And whose fault would that be but yours, who had put such restraint upon the sapling? And this is just what you do with your boys. You plant them in the garden of the Church, that they may grow and bear fruit to God. But you so cramp them with fear, and threats, and blows, that freedom of growth they have none. And thus crushed in spirit they gather in their minds evil thoughts tangled as thorns; they cherish those evils thoughts, and doggedly repel all that might correct them. Hence they can see in you no love, kindness, or tenderness towards them; they cannot believe that you mean good by them, but put down all you do to ill-will and ill-nature. Hatred and mistrust grow with their growth, and they go about with down-cast eyes, and cannot look you in the face. For heaven's sake, why are you harsh with them? Are they not human beings of the same nature as you are? Would you like, in their place, to be treated as you treat them? You try by blows alone to mould them to good. Does a craftsman fashion a fair image out of gold or silver by blows alone? Does he not with his tools now gently press and strike it, now with wise art still more gently raise and shape it? So if you would mould your boys to good, you must not only bow them down by stripes, but with fatherly kindness raise them up and help them." "But," the Abbot insisted, "to form strong and serious character is our aim." "And a right aim," said Anselm; "but if you give an infant solid food you may choke it. For every soul its fitting food. The strong soul delights in strong meat, in patience and tribulation; not to wish for what is another's; to offer the other cheek; to pray for enemies; to love those that hate. The weak and tender in God's service need milk; gentleness from others, kindness, mercy, cheerful encouragement, charitable forbearance. If you will then adapt yourselves both to your weak and to your strong ones, by God's grace you shall, as far as lies in you, win them all for God." The heart of my Lord Abbot, according to Eadmer, was turned; he fell at the feet of the great teacher, and mended his educational ways. Anselm's language in the conference is, of course, tintured with asceticism; but on the whole this scene, enacted eight hundred years ago between two figures in the garb of the remote past, is wonderfully near to us at the present day. If you wish to realize it, and at the same time to make a pilgrimage to one of the early seats of learning and education, go, when you chance to be in England, to the old historic city of Gloucester, where you will find a Benedictine cloister, though not that in which Anselm taught, nearly in its pristine state, adjoining the cathedral, which was itself once the Abbey Church. That cloister was the scene of all those parts of the monk's life which were not passed in the church or the chapter house, and among others, of his studies, his literary works, and the instruction of the novices and the