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PESTALOZZI SAYINGS.

Recent browsing (during a holiday) in Zurich brought to light a little, old book of collected sayings of Heinrich Pestalozzi. Many of the curious, homely sentences, dropped by the self-sacrificing Swiss teacher during his toilsome pioneering effort to bring educato the masses, seem worthy of translation for present-day thought.

To be happy man must not only be well provided for but he must believe that he is.

Strong people love what draws upon their strength, but not all weaklings like to have such men in their midst.

Deeds teach man and deeds sustain him. Away with words. Earth is heaven if one seeks peace, does right, and wishes little.

I praise the smooth stone but I fear smooth words

It is a great human strength to endure without impatience until a matter ripens.

He who allows wood to be split upon himself often receives the axe in his back.

An instrument out of tune offends the ear, but a heart out of tune offends the soul.

A babbling brook is pleasing, but not a babbling person.

The sloth rests for the sake of rest; man rests that he may work again.

Switzerland has recently honoured her teacher Pestalozzi. His gentle, lined face looks down from schoolrooms all over the country. The story of his life is held before our Swiss youth as an example of distinguished service in citizenship.

Zurich, where Pestalozzi was born, January 12th, 1746, honours her illustrious son with a compelling bronze statue prominently placed in a Square facing

the principal street. Man-high above the crowd he stands, the kindly, worn, stooped Father Pestalozzi, wholly sunk in the questioning look of the tattered boy he holds by the hand. Zurich also houses the Pestalozzianum, finest school shrine of Switzerland, a mansion converted into a museum for Pestalozzi relics and Swiss school exhibits of outstanding merit. In Yverdon, scene of his demonstration school for teachers, may be seen another much loved statue of Pestalozzi talking to two children.

Stanz, where at Government behest, Pestalozzi herded refugee children into a bare, drafty, unfinished convent after the devastation by the French in 1798, and welded them into a makeshift, love-pervaded family school while acting single-handed as nurse, housekeeper and provider to seventy-odd forlorn bits of human drift, as yet rears no monument to his memory. Even the school slate that he invented in Stanz has now passed into diseard.

Neuhof, village scene of the youthful Pestalozzi's zealous attempt, unaided by public or private funds, to found a self-supporting orphan settlement that should be the means of demonstrating to the Government the practicability of his educational views, still shows the Pestalozzi farm buildings and reminds the stranger that here the big-hearted house-father bared his everyday experience in the throbbing peasant classis, "Leonard and Gertrude." To save paper he wrote the story between the lines of an old account book.

Near Neuhof, in the little village of Birr, a school-house fittingly marks the great teacher's resting place. The gable end of the building forms his headstone. "All for others; for himself nothing." So reads his epitaph. He chose a toilsome way of life, want dogged his steps, misunderstanding impugned his motives; yet never did he lose faith in his idea of education of the hand, head and heart of the child as the means of uplift of the people.

Miss C.C.M.



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