GLADYS' CONCERT
CHILD LIFE

A KINDERGARTEN JOURNAL

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* * Literary Communications should be addressed to the Editor, 4 Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C., and should be written on one side of the paper only.

Introductory.

We open the pages of this Journal to teachers and parents, and to all who may realise that Education, in order to attain its highest aims, must strike its roots in childhood, developing in harmony with the physical and spiritual development of the child's life. This life, in its threefold aspect—its relations to Nature, to Man, and to God—will be the object of our study, and we shall welcome all the light that can be thrown upon it.

Kindergarten teachers, to whom (if they are true to their profession) this study peculiarly belongs, will, it is hoped, both give us help and also find in these pages much to facilitate their work.

The two chief investigators of the science of Education as applied to child life, Pestalozzi and Froebel, are but little known in England. It is hoped that through the medium of this Journal the practical results of their investigations may be brought before the public, and may thus influence for good the future of our nation and our country.

Pestalozzi has been called "the father of Elementary Education," and Froebel's methods are being adopted to an ever increasing extent in the Infants' Departments of schools under Government. We hope, there-fore, to make these pages specially interesting to teachers in Elementary schools, and shall gladly welcome their aid and co-operation in our study of Child Life.

But as child life is but a stage of human life, so the scientific principles of Education are the same, whether applied to infancy or to a more advanced age. We, therefore, in no wise limit ourselves to what may be called the Kindergarten age, but follow the child in its gradual growth, passing upward from the Kindergarten to the School, keeping in view the aim of all true Education—the complete development and equipment of the individual for his position and work in life.

PESTALOZZI ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

TRANSLATED BY J. M. CLARKE.

Another year begins to-day. Let us give it greeting! Let us greet one another! Yesterday we looked back over the old year, to-day we are concerned not with the past, but with the present and the future; we are concerned with the present day and with the year which has just begun. What is to-day? What is New Year's Day? What shall it be to us? It is the beginning of all that the whole year can be to us, and forecasts the feelings, the purposes, the actions, the whole business in short, of the coming year.

Is this beginning a matter of importance? It shall be so to us. Does the day on which a man begins some great work seem to him important or not? And if the work he has undertaken be difficult, if success promise him some rich reward, is it not a day for rejoicing, a day to be of good courage? And if failure would expose him to danger or even misfortune, does he not feel that the hour which sees the beginning of his work is a solemn hour? Is not his whole mind absorbed in considering whether he may be led by the course of action necessary for the accomplishment of his task? . . . .

And how great is the work of a year! How important is the day of its commencement! Should you not take count to-day of its weeks and months, and of your own powers, and ask yourselves: What shall this day be to us, with regard to the weeks, the months, the end of the year? It is for us to anticipate to-day both the blessing and the perils of the year, and so to direct our hearts and minds that we

* Passages from Pestalozzi's address to his household, New Year's Day 1876.
may secure its blessing in full measure and ward off, as far as may be, its perils. And does not the beginning of a year's work call for the awakening of all our energies? Shall we sleep or amuse ourselves as though the New Year were nothing to us to-day? Surely not! This is a day of new life, the beginning of a great new work.

And this day of new life, this earnest of the year's work, what shall it be to us? Let it be one of inspiration, of encouragement, a day of energy, and high hopes; let us gather together all the forces of our nature to begin our work with a steadfast faith in its success, in its progress, and in its perfection—may the first day of the new year be such indeed to each one of us! Let us to-day show the new strength, the new life, the new courage, the new ardour which must animate us throughout the whole year, if we are to overcome its perils, reap its blessings, and rejoice with blameless conscience at its close. So shall it be to us, a new day and find us new creatures. . . . To all of you, both young and old, I say, put off the old man and put on the new in the power of holiness! Strengthen yourselves to-day for battle against all that is evil, for furtherance of all that is good; and so be of one heart and of one mind! May this be the day of a new covenant among us! May our work be renewed, may our aim be renewed, may our energy be renewed, may our will be renewed! . . . But what of our covenant, what of the end we have in view, if we interfere with one another and act like the fools of this world who trouble themselves about what others are and what others do, and take no heed of what they themselves are and of what they themselves do? Brothers! Sisters! Lift up your hearts in thankfulness to God, who has established our house and done great things for us! May it be our care to-day, the care of all of us, that not one among us shall be a stumbling block, not one shall undermine the building which God Himself has appointed us to raise. May the day exalt us all to steadfast union with one another; may it encourage us in every virtue, in every effort, and in every sacrifice without which the appearance of union for a great purpose is a mere dream, which lasts for a little time and then vanishes away. Founders of the house, teachers of the house, may it be your care to-day, may it be your pride to-morrow, that our union is no such dream. Be perfect, even as the goal towards which you strive, as the idea which urges you onward is perfect! You have done much, achieved much: it is for you to grow more and more worthy of the work which your Father in Heaven has blessed. . . . Who counts any sacrifice too great for this end? Let him depart from us; our purposes are not his; his purposes are not ours. But no, none rises from among us! We all stand, side by side, to renew the covenant of faith and love which binds us all together.

May this New Year's Day be the beginning of new concord among the members of this house, of new harmony in its purposes! The years perish, but our covenant shall live for ever. Days and hours come and go; the sun rises and sets; but truth and love neither rise nor set; they are eternal, like the heart of God in man. Ours is no union of time or of days. The passing of the years does not affect it. As long as the soul of man aspires after truth, as long as the love of God dwells in his heart, so long will the covenant endure by which we are bound together. Sixty-five times have I seen the New Year come and go. Those New Year's days have passed away—and all the years with them. One after another they have vanished, leaving us no trace of anything permanent, except the power of truth and love which, in their course, has been developed within us. . . . My friends, let us hold fast this which the passing years have left to us. . . . Shall to-day be a day of rejoicing over the prospect of another spring, another summer, another autumn, another winter? Ah, no! It shall be a holy day—a festival neither of the past nor of the coming year—but a day of rejoicing over that power of truth and love which has been left you by the vanished years, and over the truth and love and blessedness which shall be yours in the years to come. Let the present day pass in truth and love; then, though the days go by and the years flee away, we possess that which will never perish, that which will remain with us for ever!

REMINISCENCES OF FRAU LOUISE FROEBEL.

Translated by MARY LYSCHINSKA.

At the end of a long life I should like to leave my reminiscences of Frederick Froebel to his friends, so as to contribute as far as possible towards a better understanding of that noble man; believing that intimate daily intercourse is an unerring test of character, the best testimony to the whole tendency of a life. Would that I could contribute my mite towards a true appreciation of Frederick Froebel, convinced that his highly endowed nature can only gradually become known, and that his devotion to the cause of human progress must win an ever-increasing number of followers.

My connection with Frederick Froebel was indirectly begun in my early childhood, because a close intimacy existed between my family and that of his brother, Christian Froebel, at Osterode. I need scarcely here remind my readers what a remarkable man Christian Froebel was; what a deep appreciation he showed of his brother's educational effort when he withdrew his capital from his own prosperous business, to stake it all in the new school at Keilhan; how faithfully he served them there through good report and evil report, even after blindness came upon him, until death closed an old man's career.

My father (Levin) was a Tanner at Osterode, in the Harz Mountains; Christian Froebel was a spinner and dyer of linen thread in the same town. His family and mine were opposite neighbours in a suburb called "Marienborn." Christian Froebel was a busy man, yet he found time for mental culture, as well for an earnest and loving discharge of his duties as husband and father. He himself had suffered from the want of a thorough education, and his great desire
was to procure more for his children in that respect than he himself had enjoyed.

Frederick Froebel always had great influence in this brother’s family; his nephews and nieces, as well as my older brothers and sisters, all looked forward to ‘“Oheim’s” visits as a treat; he was much occupied with them, and his presence was stimulating to them all.

In 1816, when Frederick Froebel began his boys’ school at Griesheim, Christian at once confided his two sons, Ferdinand and William, to their uncle’s care; and in 1820 he removed with his whole family to Keilhau, believing he would there find for all his children a better education than Osterode could offer.

I was five years old when our dear faithful friends removed from our neighbourhood. Well do I remember my brothers’ and sisters’ sorrow at parting; my grief was more speedily assuaged by a legacy of all the toys left in the forgotten nursery over the way.

Mutual promises to carry on a correspondence were kept, and thus a substitute was found to fill the blank which the loss of daily intercourse had left in our family life. Keilhau became a name in our household which conjured up delightful associations in our childish imaginations. To Elise Froebel (two years my senior) I wrote letters, but to indite these first love messages my elder sister held my baby hand. We exchanged seeds for our gardens, and we had much to tell each other about simple country pleasures.

A few years passed, and then we had the pleasure of a visit from our friends. The fine natural manliness of the Keilhau boys distinguished them from among other boys; they were first in every athletic sport, and showed to our admiring gaze what could be accomplished at Keilhau. In imitation of them my brothers made a walking tour to Thuringia some time afterwards, and on their return they were never tired of talking about Keilhau, the El Dorado of boys, about the kindness of “Oheim” in allowing them to share the life of the school. They were bearers of home-made presents for each of us, models of toys in cut and pasted cardboard. All this quickened in me the desire to make my pilgrimage to that loved spot; to me it seemed from that time forward the land of promise; perhaps it was a kind of instinct for what I was one day to find there, for my future mission in life. However, I am anticipating, and as yet many a year lay between me and the goal of my existence.

I was early initiated into the sorrows of life. My father died of consumption when I was thirteen years old; other deaths followed in quick succession in my family, darkening my young existence. My two brothers, one a bookseller at Elbing, the other a lawyer at Osterode, both had the misfortune to be left widowers with families, after a few years of married happiness. My eldest sister also lost her husband in the prime of life, I thus had many opportunities of stepping into the breaches made by death in our immediate neighbourhood, and for many years it seemed to be my destiny to have others thrown upon my care.

My education was neither better nor worse than that of most girls at that time; the chief female accomplishment of that day was skill in various domestic arts. I was painfully aware of the superficiality of my knowledge. I had, however, a real pleasure in the society of children, and this drove me to seek more instruction in order that I might be able to teach them.

Although the circumstances of my early life had taught me the precariousness of all earthly happiness, I was not incapable of enjoying such pleasures as came my way. I was capable of warm friendships; I enjoyed society, I revelled in the beauties of nature as I knew them around my home.

Thus I grew to be thirty years of age. Family circumstances changed, and I was no longer indispensable in my own immediate circle. But my great desire was to be indispensable to some one, to fill a breach, and to have an object in life. Again my thoughts turned to Keilhau; Frau Middendorf’s hearty words of invitation during a recent visit to us at Osterode rung in my ear; I determined to offer my services to the Keilhau community. I received an immediate answer, begging me to lose no time, but to come at once, and enter as a working member of the household.

The family circle had greatly increased in size meanwhile. Christian Froebel’s two eldest daughters had married Froebel’s assistants, Middendorf and Langethal, and had children of their own; Elise, the third daughter, had just lost her intended by death. I was called to help in the housekeeping, in association with these three sisters and another lady, not a member of the family. Keilhau then stood at the height of prosperity; thanks to Barop’s business capacity the dark days of difficulty had been lived through.

It was in July 1845 I arrived at Keilhau, after having passed the night in the mail coach during a violent thunderstorm. I made the last stage of my long journey on foot; the valley of Schau lay before me, the summits of the hills on either side wrapped in heavy thunderclouds. Keilhau lies at the end of the valley; with a heightened pulse I neared the end of my wanderings. I received a hearty welcome as I presented myself at the door of “das Unterhaus,” as Christian Froebel called his dwelling, and there I remained until the coffee hour in the afternoon, when I was taken by Elise Froebel to the institution, to be introduced to Barop and all the other masters and their families. Frederick Froebel appeared later, when he came up to me seemingly in a great hurry, saying, “What an age it is since we last met!” This greeting was the occasion of a burst of laughter, and of much continued merriment, for Froebel had evidently mistaken me for an elder sister; it was however argued on Froebel’s side that he had really once before seen me when I was two years old!

In friendly association with the three sisters, Frau Middendorf, Frau Barop, and Elise Froebel (later Frau Schaffer), I soon felt quite at home in my duties. Froebel himself called on me a few days after my arrival, and I remember he gave me much friendly counsel as to the position I should take up towards the different masters and pupils; his advice proved most useful to me during my sojourn there.

(To be continued.)
New Action Cantatas, Songs, and Games.

NO. 1.—THE FRUIT GATHERING.

By JOHN TAYLOR, Organist to H.M. The Queen at Kensington Palace.

IN FOUR SCENES.

ACTION.

In each scene some of the children should be naturally grouped about to suggest or represent trees and shrubs, the remainder forming a second ring.

The several scenes begin and end with the Refrain of the Revolving and Fruit-yielding Earth sung by all the children (Earth Refrain) while following each other round in one large ring and scattering, soccer-like, from their laps. The "Earth Refrain" being ended, the several groups are formed and arranged (as indicated below for each scene) and after the singing of another Refrain by the Fruits (Fruit Refrain) the fruit gathering proceeds from group to group during an alternation of the Fruit Refrain and the Children's Song, and in the order and with the action suggested by the successive lines of each verse. Further minute details than those given as to the action most appropriate to the several lines are best left to the discretion and taste of each individual Teacher.

If possible real (or imitation) fruit of the several kinds, small coloured tablet or medallion drawings thereof or (failing these) beads, balls, etc., of different colours, should be actually used and placed by each child as gathered—the hard in its lap, the soft in its basket.

The movements must be quite natural and in strict reproduction of the several modes of real fruit gathering.

EARTH REFRAIN.

(To be sung before and after each Scene.)

1st and 2nd Voices.

With very brisk and continuous movement.

ACCOMP.

As deez mo-ther Earth Speeds round on her way, Fresh

lap-fils of fruit-gifts She brings us each day. How charm-ing their col-our! How

grace-ful their form! Smell, taste, all de-light us, Our hearts cheer and warm.

The Earth Refrain being ended the following Groups should be formed.

GROUPS.

1 The Garden: Gooseberry bushes—Three children facing outwardly with slightly extended palms.

2 Strawberry Bows—Very little children sitting on the floor.

3 The Orchard: Cherry trees—Three of the tallest children or teachers standing erect with uplifted arms but drooping fingers.

(The groups now sing the following refrain of the Fruits.)
FRUIT REFRAIN.
(To be sung before each of verses 1 to 12.)

1st and 2nd Voices.
Con grazia e ben tenuto.

Accompt.

Come and gather, Come and gather! We are pretty, fragrant, sweet.

We are ripe and must be gather'd, Young and old will share the treat.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.
(To be sung alternately with the Fruit Refrain, by the Ring-Children to verses 1 to 12.)

1st and 2nd Voices.

Accompt.

Gooseberries first we'll pick... so mellow, One... by one this late spring morn, Rough and smooth, and green and yellow, Shunning well each guarding thorn.

2. Bright red strawberries next we'll gather
From their lowly straw-laid bed, Now we'll climb where hang in bunches Cherries black and white and red.
(A bird's note is heard—imitated upon the piano. All start and look up. Some children point.)

3. Hark, what pretty notes are trilling, 'Tis amongst the fruit and leaves; Pretty sounds and pretty colours—All is joy! not one heart grieves.

4. See! From out the boughs and berries Flies a pretty little bird; He has pecked amid the cherries; It was his sweet voice we hear.

5. We can tell him by his feathers And the note he sweetly sings— 'Tis the red breast. Handsome fellow Seeing us, he spreads his wings.

6. For his mate sweet food he's seeking; To this tree in love he's led— To his dear one he will hear it; Birds, like children, must be fed.
THE KINDERGARTEN AS THE HOME OF JUSTICE.

By A. E. MANNING.

Child-life has, as we all know, an ethical as well as a mental and a physical side, and I hope that this Magazine will justify its name by giving a full share of notice to the development of moral principle in the early stages of growth. I would suggest that mothers, teachers, and others who have experience in helping children to be good, should record here their difficulties and their successes, and that discussions should be carried on in regard to such topics as the training of character, personal influence, ideals, methods, &c. To make a beginning, I will address a few remarks, especially to students, upon the subject of Justice in the Kindergarten, with the hope that my views will receive plenty of criticism.

Let us first look at Justice as it is in itself, and then consider its place in the Kindergarten.

I. We are apt in these days to associate the calm figure of Justice—recognised by the bandaged eyes and absolutely equal scales—chiefly with courts of law, crime, offences, prisons, and all that is stern and harsh. But this is a restricted notion of the grand emblem. In ancient times Justice was classed as the first of the cardinal virtues, and rightly was this place of honour accorded. For it supplies the firm foundation of rock which makes the building-up of social life a possibility, and its practice is the primary duty of every human being, whether three years old or eighty. In whatever language we say, "This is just and fair," we meet with a response of the moral understanding, even if our particular assertion is contested. For every one is conscious that to others, as well as to ourselves, there belong—there are attached—certain forms of having, doing, and being, which, for simplicity's sake, we call Rights. To secure and allow people's rights is to be just; to interfere with these rights is to be unjust. A little more explanation will show how far-reaching and how inclusive is this virtue of justice in the field of human life.

I have said that certain forms of Having or possession, are among our rights. This is a law of civilised societies, though in some countries the right of the individual may be more or less merged in that of the corporate community. To deprive another of what he possesses is, then, injustice. Honesty is a part or division of justice. But in its ordinary sense honesty applies mainly to tangible things, such as money, sheep, or apples. We have other and more valuable possessions than these, of which by injustice we may also be robbed. For instance: a long course of good conduct carries with it what we call a character, or a reputation. This is a man's very own. His actions have woven it for him as a cloak. And yet it may be taken from him; it may be lost to him at least for a time, through the injustice, the easy injustice of misrepresentation. Again, there is credit of various kinds, which can be more readily appropriated than a purse, because no keen eyes of policeman or bystander can detect the theft. Yet this credit is the inalienable possession of the person who earned it, and to steal it is unjust. Take another instance. If a promise has been made to you, justice requires that it should be fulfilled, for a promise is inseparably connected with what is to follow it. On the giving of the promise, the thing or act promised passes morally at once to the ownership of the person to whom it is promised. In order, therefore, to be just, we have to note the invisible, intangible possessions of others, as well as those which can be guarded from attack by safes and keys.

But our rights also concern forms of Doing and Being, as well as of Having. By contracts, tacit or expressed, by law, by custom, by permanent or temporary arrangement, we are all permitted to undertake certain responsibilities, to determine certain courses of events, to hold a certain position in relation to others. For instance, parents have rights; elderly persons have rights; those in authority have rights; the accused have rights. Why is it that in playing at chess each has a right to his turn? Because there was an understanding beforehand that the players would abide by the rules, so that if either does not do so, he is unjust, or, what is the same thing, unfair. He grasps an advantage which is not his. It would be endless to try to count up the number of our rights, for they form the texture of our daily and hourly life. On occasions these rights may be waived, but only when they are abandoned voluntarily by those towards whom they are due.

I have thus tried to indicate very briefly, how intimately Justice is bound up with all conduct, and how imperative, from a moral point of view, it is, that we should respect and guard the rights of others. Many find it easier to be kind than to be just; but it is on Justice, I repeat, that society primarily rests. The rights, even of such as would like to harm us, must be accorded. It is not enough to be fair only towards those whose characters and disposition attract us. We need hardly add that every one should try to preserve the privileges of others rather than to defend his own. There is, however, no real kindness in shutting our eyes to infringements of an acknowledged right. What an excellent world this would be if all forms of injustice—as slander, oppression, imposture, ignored debts, false promises, usurped honour—were by a magic wand rendered as lifeless as autumn leaves!

II. We now have to consider the Kindergarten as the home of Justice—only not of stern, but of gentle justice—and all that I shall say of the Kindergarten refers even more strongly to the children's life in the family.

Some may say, "Why bring such a large matter into so tiny a community? These children are small in stature, small in mind, small in experience; tell them to be kind to each other; place them in the corner if they quarrel, and that is enough!" But, no! I think every one who has watched the conduct of children, must realise how right Froebel was in his estimate of the importance of giving careful moral direction to those that are just beginning to walk through life. Their steps may be very little steps, but the road which they take is all-important on account of the future. In every department of work is not the first start the crucial point? The first rails for the line, the first pattern on the piece of needle-
work, the first layer of bricks for a wall, decide the drift of the complete scheme, and so it is with the apparently insignificant beginnings of a child's life. Thus justice, which is so essential an element of human society, ought to be acknowledged early as a standard, by those that are to become members of that society.

But how is this to be done? I am inclined to say, as it is done. For all good teachers try to hold the scales evenly, and to open the little pupils' eyes to the claims and rights of their companions. I am writing, however, especially for students, whose career of teaching is only commencing, and to them a few suggestions may prove helpful.

First then, the teacher must, by her own personality, convey the idea of justice. Even very young children are alive to what is fair or unfair, and it is to their teacher that they look, in the Kindergarten, for settling their minute quarrels, and for deciding points of relative right and wrong. If Freddy has tried to take credit which is not his due, and is found out, he reddens with shame, and the moral sense of the little class is on the side of the teacher's corrective influence. Or when she approves a just deed on the part of any one of them, they inwardly agree with her words of praise. She has to remember that as she acts, so will the children think of justice, and in the free communication and the home-like conditions of the Kindergarten, continual opportunities will arise for instilling the principles of this comprehensive virtue. But it needs careful consideration to judge fairly, and the habit of doing so has to be acquired by patient practice. A young teacher is inclined to think that if she can instruct with success, that is sufficient. But she may give very capable lessons, and yet neglect the moral side of the little pupil's nature. If the artful Winnie runs to her, when she is alone, with a voluble story of wrongs inflicted by Mabel, the teacher perhaps promises in a hasty moment, that Mabel shall be reprimanded. But after having given the reprimand, she discovers that Winnie was the aggressor, and that facts had been misrepresented to Winnie's advantage. Well! the next time, the teacher will carry out the wise maxim of hearing the other side before acting. Again, it is very difficult to avoid partiality. Some children are so attractive that it is most tempting to let them always be to the front, and to give them privileges. But the tacit contract has to be remembered which demands that all should have equal attention and development. Every day and every hour the teacher must hold her scales even.

Secondly, the children have to be taught by degrees it is what is to be just and fair towards each other. And here I must urge that we ought not to expect too much from them. It is often ignorance more than selfishness that makes a child interfere with another's rights. How can one who has so lately ceased to cry for the moon understand what belongs to whom? The child of two years old naturally imagines that it is born into a world where it may appropriate anything that it likes. And it really would have more freedom in this respect if we did not live under such crowded conditions. One reason why the sea-side is so delightful to children is, that the broad sands belong to no one in particular. We must bear in mind how new to these children is their life. It is only by the gentlest methods that they should be led to understand the rights of others. But this is the great lesson that they have to learn, and it is a lesson that they all can learn. One very effective means by which the teacher can impart moral ideas, is through the simple stories which are so intensely enjoyed by young children. To a class under five, the behaviour of imaginary little boys and girls is as real as that of their own brothers and sisters, so that they can easily be impressed by the right or wrong of these beings of fancy. By the time they leave the Kindergarten, children should be able to comprehend that they must not steal another's credit, or honour, any more than they may force a biscuit out of his hand; and the rights accruing from the simplest relationships should have become clear to them. In order to ensure this, the chief point is that the moral atmosphere which they breathe should be fresh and health-giving, but they should also learn by slow and sure degrees to test their own conduct by the standard of justice.

I will now conclude this short paper with one remark. The usual way of training children to be good appears to me too exclusively to inculcate kindness. "Don't do so, it is unkind." Sympathy can hardly be too much called out, but I think it is sometimes forgotten that justice comes first. If a child has acted unfairly, we must not appeal to its pity for the one it has injured, nor to its magnanimity, nor to its superiority in any form. It must be told plainly that it has done wrong. After and behind justice comes the large sphere of kindness. We hear much, in excuse of some children's behaviour, about special dispositions and special methods of managing them. Is not there something illusory in all this? Implant in children clear ideas as to immaterial as well as material rights; teach them to love Justice and to practise it, and they will have started on the path which will lead them to a useful and honourable future. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN NATURAL KNOWLEDGE.

By Mrs. Fisher (Ababella Buckley).

In these notes one subject will be taken each time, and questions put leading to the investigation of points not to be overlooked by teachers, so as to suggest additional matter for a lesson.

In the February number the names will be given of those who have answered satisfactorily, and the best answer to each question will be printed in full. When such answers are still incomplete further information will be added.

RULES.

1. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. To bear the word "Search" clearly written on the Envelope.
3. To be posted to Mrs. Fisher, Upcott Avenal, Highampton, N. Devon, by or before the evening mail of January 10.

WATER.

1. Find the explanation of the formation of dew, and illustrate it by what happens when a child breathes on a slate.
2. Quote a simple experiment to illustrate how water rises sometimes invisibly in the air and sometimes in mists and clouds.

3. A tumbler of muddy water and one of clear spring water are placed side by side. A sediment forms at the bottom of the first, and none in the second. Find the explanation of this, and suggest what solid matter may be in the glass of clear spring water.

4. Find the cause of the dazzling whiteness of snow, and why it is not transparent like ice.

5. Find the conditions necessary for the formation of hanging icicles on the edge of a roof during a frost.

6. When the ice of icebergs is melted it produces fresh water with a very slight tinge of salt, although the icebergs are formed from salt water. Why is this?

WHY BLACKBOARD DRAWING IS ESSENTIAL TO TEACHERS.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF DRAWING.

By Mrs. Rowland Hill.

However slight a lesson may be, or however well it may be given, the teacher often has a difficulty in conveying definitely his ideas to his pupils, or of making them fully grasp his meaning.

With children in particular this is the case, as their way of expressing themselves is different from that of their elders, and their way of regarding objects is more by means of their eyes than by their reasoning faculties.

Their little worlds are somewhat different from ours, they are more coloured, and their instincts are quicker. All a child learns, except sound, is associated with form. His first thoughts shape themselves as pictures. His ideas are pictures in the mind. All that he learns is learnt more easily through the medium of form. There is no lesson he can receive in which drawing is not most essential and valuable to him, and in a two-fold way. It is valuable firstly, as expressing what the child sees and thinks, and secondly, as a means of giving clear ideas. Therefore every teacher should be able to draw, so that his capacity of instruction, and especially of expression, may then be doubled.

Teachers often say they will never be able to draw, and, at the same time, they admit that they often find the lessons going rather tamely for want of something more than their words alone can express.

The oral part of the lesson may be thus helped by illustrative drawings, both the teacher and the pupil finding them stimulating and suggestive.

What forms do we take for our drawing? The circle, ellipse, and oval.

Where are they to be seen?

Look at the poplar leaf, the form an ovate. How can we use this form? A little boy in a Kindergarten, on looking at the form of this leaf, exclaimed, "Why is it a crab with its tail turned under it?" Is not the buttercup petal also of this form?

Take a leaf of the willow-tree. What do we see in this form? A narrower ovate. This we find many times repeated on the Egyptian and Roman vases, and it is used as a decoration and in representing fish; also worms, caterpillars, lizards, crocodiles, the bodies of birds and butterflies (and their wings), and of slim animals take this form. The petals of flowers, twigs of trees, stems, roots of plants, young shoots of corn, the whole corn, beetles, flies, birds with long necks and short necks, broad bills and pointed bills; the plastic form of all these is the same as that of the poplar and willow leaf—namely, the whole, the variations, and parts of the ellipse and oval.

Look at the human form. It is the most beautiful of all, and has the most lovely curves, but the same curves are seen in petals of flowers and leaves of plants as well as in trees and animals.

Many people do not use these curves, they do not even perceive them, and they are content with conventional lines.

It is quite possible for every man, woman, and child to draw freely and truthfully from the study of form as seen in nature. The development of the observing powers, however, may be weaker and later in some persons.

Is anything worth having, or is it much appreciated without striving hard to obtain it?

Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., says: "To train the eye and sense of form, one ought first to look at the most acknowledged beautiful forms, such as the sculpture of the Parthenon. Form is a difficult thing for modern men to study."

"Egypt, Babylon, Japan, and China have produced beautiful forms, but the art of those countries will never stand comparison with the Greek art, because its starting point was not the human form, as it was with the Greeks."

"The complicated curves and opposition of lines and forms are to be found in the human form; hence the greatest beauty in art production is always based upon the study of the nude."

Among our early educational reformers, Comenius (1597-1671) says drawing is to be practised by all. Rousseau says: "Children are great imitators; all try to draw. I should wish my child to cultivate art, not exactly for the art itself, but to make his eye correct and his hand supple." The drawing is to be from the objects themselves, and not to "imitate imitators."

Pestalozzi says: "Drawing should be practised by all. A person who is in the habit of drawing, especially from nature, will easily perceive many circumstances which are commonly overlooked, and will form a much more correct impression, even of such objects as he does not stop to examine minutely, than one who has never been taught to look upon what he sees with an intention of reproducing a likeness of it. The attention to the exact shape of the whole and the proportions of its parts which is requisite in taking an adequate sketch trains the habit of observation, and ensures accuracy with knowledge, and is converted into a habit and becomes productive both of instruction and amusement."

Froebele also required from every educated person "a certain degree of skill in drawing for the purpose of ensuring accurate perception of objects, and likewise to make use of plastic art as a means of cultivation, as well as to give the capacity of art enjoyment to those who possess no power themselves."

Should we not, then, train our children to observe form, dimension, and number? How can we best do this? By going to Nature, by looking at Nature in all her moods. What better teacher can we have?

By studying Nature we understand and appreciate more fully the beauties and wonders of God’s handwork which surrounds us on every side. Look at the leaves of trees, at flowers and their various parts—pedicle, calyx, corolla, &c.—how interesting it is to note the frequent repetition of form from flower to leaf.

Look at animals, including fishes, insects, &c.—see how beautiful they are in shape, and how wonderful they are in construction and adjustment. Is it not necessary that the subjects we study for ourselves and that what we teach our pupils should be as near to thoroughness as possible?

Are not the subjects given (even the simplest) often too wide, requiring much thought and knowledge? They have to be presented attractively, with precision, tact, order; and we should endeavour to obtain the pupils’ full attention and interest, and also to stimulate and develop in them the wish to search for themselves? And do not all children, and even grown men and women, like to illustrate their thoughts and unconsciously strengthen their powers of observation? Are words alone enough?

Very little is known of an object if it is only looked at once. It must be touched, handled, and handled with confidence. By drawing and following Nature we must become more beautiful in thought and more accomplished in speech: we cannot study the plastic and its details without being deeply moved, and wishing to use the noblest and most refined parts of ourselves in teaching others.

A designer and teacher cannot have too many such reserves of materials. Those who have not fairly searched may, however, be under the impression that little practical good could come of any short seeking, as for want of experience they unknowingly underrate the wealth that, at the expense of a short journey in the country or a stroll through the park, might be theirs for the gathering.

The result of a country stroll, let us say in June, would be to find in addition to many plants in seed, others which from their foliage are worthy of introduction into art work. No less than seventy-four were found in flower during one such stroll, and several of these, as the dog-rose, blackberry, mallow, hawthorn, the bladder-campion, silver weed, etc., are excellent for carving in wood or for decorative design, as well as for the lesson given on the plant itself.

We cannot doubt that the interest thus involved in a direct study of Nature would become a growing one. Not only would the actual result in art work be the better for it, but also the enjoyment derived from the study would be such as to render the pursuit one of far more interest. Those who have not experienced it can hardly realise this.

Wordsworth says—

* Happy is he who lives to understand
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, to the end that he may find
The law that governs each, and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree among all visible beings

The constitution, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit—cannot step beyond—
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love;
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love; yet suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

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A FEW WORDS FROM FROEBEL
ON CHILD LIFE.*

Translated by MARY STEAR.

The food of a new-born infant, that which it requires to sustain, nourish, and develop its physical frame, must be, and in fact is, adapted to the gradual development of its digestive system.

In like manner must the infant mind be fed and nourished in strict agreement with the natural development of its body, its limbs, and, above all, of its organs of sense.

Repose is the first expression, as it is the first requirement, of its bodily life. A child’s first resting-place should be warm, clean, and soft; the air around it mild and temperate.

Movement, on the contrary, is the earliest intimation of dawning intelligence. The infant’s eye, with the first quickening of the visual sense, is on the watch for some definite, simple, and gentle movement, especially if such movement be connected with brightness, and it will gaze on it with fixed intensity.

This first awakening of the inner sense may be noted in an infant of only a few weeks old.

As the mouth of an infant is specially adapted for imbibing the nourishment required for its body, so the child’s eyes† seem peculiarly fitted for absorbing the intellectual aliment which the child thus obtains from the apprehension of movement and of objects. As the mouth can at first only take food in a liquid form, and yet through the liquid obtains the solid, so the eye at first takes in motion, especially of light, and yet in and through this very perception grasps the object.

So you may notice a mother, while nursing her tiny infant, attract its attention by word and look to the light, or to something bright, a dancing sunbeam, or to some moving object.

She will say, “Look, baby! see the light”; or, to give the idea of motion, will say, “See the wee birdie”.

We all know how early a child takes in through such simple words the knowledge of its mother’s love, though it only perceives sunshine, light, movement, or space.

Thus, too, will very young children be lost in delight for an hour together watching the moon or

* Das Spiel und das Spielen der Kinder.
† See Sagen und Sage, Education of Man (Haldeman), p. 23, nota.
gazing at the starry sky. Not only so, but if they have once had such a treat they will greet the moon with renewed delight month by month as it returns.

It is important to draw attention to this delight, which children, and especially very young children, show in watching the stars, the moon, or the sun, for it is the first genuine beginning of that study of Nature and of the Universe to which child and man alike are called by virtue of their very existence.

OLD WORLD TALES RETOLD FOR CHILDREN.

By F. A. D.

I.—THE GOLDEN BIRD.

Once upon a time in the Golden East, the land of the rising sun, where reigned in ancient times the most wise and powerful of all the fairies, lived a man, of the name of Bhram and his three daughters, Rani, Golabi, and Lili; I daresay you English children would have liked to live as these three little girls did, close to a beautiful river, with high and waving palm trees to shade you, and troops and troops of monkeys playing round about all day long. They were generally very happy these children, though sometimes they must have felt sad, for they had no kind mother to look after them, and as their father had often little time to be with them, or to attend to them, they were left a great deal alone with an old woman, their father's uncle's cousin, three times removed, whom they called Bhaini. But they felt still more sad when one day they lost their father, for he went out to look after the monkeys which were his special care, and did not come back again to them. All the three children were then unhappy indeed, and though Lili was quite a little child, hardly four years old, she missed her father very much, and thought of him every hour of the day, and always tried to do what she thought would please him, if he were with her.

I will tell you what had happened to their father Bhram. The fairies kept it very secret and it was only found out many, many years afterwards. They had carried him off to their own country in the Himalayan Mountains, and had turned him into a beautiful bird. Why did they do that? We cannot be quite sure, because now-a-days we know no fairies who could answer that question, but I think Bhram, when he came back again, found out pretty well what lessons he and the little girls had had to learn from the fairies. But while they were about it, the fairies did their work well, and turned him into a glorious creature, so magnificent and bright that I think it would almost have made your eyes tired to have looked at him. All his feathers were made of pure gold, but so light, that they were like filagree work, and he could move his wings quite easily, but then you see he was a fairy bird; any one else, I think, would have found golden wings very heavy to move, however daintily they might be made, for gold is one of the heaviest of metals. But Bhram had also eyes that were twin emeralds, so clear and sparkling that you could not find as brilliant ones in any country, and the ruby in his nose was finer than those found in Burnah now-a-days. But Bhram, of course, could not do anything with all these beautiful things, at least so he thought; but one thing did make him very happy, and that was that the fairies had left him the power of thinking and remembering what he had done, when he lived on the river bank with his children. He would have been still better pleased if they had left him the power of speaking, but when he tried to speak he could only make a hoarse croaking noise, so that he very soon got tired of the sound of his own voice, though in his old life every one said he had been very fond of hearing himself talk. Perhaps that was one thing he had to learn about in his new life. It was on the whole rather a pleasant kind of life. The fairies looked after him, and had plenty of food always at hand for their beautiful bird, and he had forests miles and miles long, where he could wander from tree to tree, and watch the beautiful butterflies that flitted through the gloom of the forest. Some of them were black with shining green gloss on their white-tipped wings. Some others had also black wings flecked with red and white spots, and they had points to their wings, something like the swallowtail butterflies you now and then catch in England. And there were great wide-winged, purple-coloured ones with white plumes, which he thought very lovely, and there were others not quite so handsome, but really very curious, for they closed their wings whenever they rested on the trees, and looked just like the backs of the leaves, so that any bird who might have caught them when their bright colours attracted it, never noticed the dull, olive-brown-looking creatures among the leaves, so like them in shape and colour. But Bhram, I think, liked best of all, watching the little black bears who dwelt in the hills and valleys around the great tall mountain on which he lived. What funny creatures those bears were. They would roll in the mussel fields, and play just like children. They used to go down to the fields about midday and gobble away at the great tall heads of Indian corn, so that the poor men who kept the fields had to drive them away, or there would have been nothing left for their families. Very pretty fields they were, those long stretches of bright yellow corn, and they looked all the brighter for the patches of Princes' Feather or Millet that the villager planted for grain, and from which they made very nice cakes to eat with whatever honey from the wild bees those troublesome bears left them. Now-a-days there are plenty of potato fields among the green rice or near the yellow and red fields of corn and millet, but the Golden Bird lived before the days of potatoes.

After a while Bhram got tired of watching all this world new and full, though it was to him of interest, and sometimes when he saw the snow-white mountains, beyond the high range on which he lived, glitter and shine in the bright sunshine, he would long to have his three children with him, to see how grand and wonderful were these peaks piercing the bright blue sky. When he thought he might never see those children again, he used to get very sad, and would fly slowly away to the south side of the hill, away from
those northern snows and look over the far-reaching plains. He saw there in the distance winding away, like a silver scimitar cutting the purple distance, a shining river, and though he knew it was not the same stream as that one beside which he had lived with his children, still it reminded him of the old home and the happy life he had lived there. He had not always thought it happy, because he had sometimes found it very dull work feeding those queer monkeys, and people had not always been very civil to him, and had said unkind things and called him idle, and stupid to be content with such a quiet life. Now and then, too, he had found the old woman Bhaini very rude and cross. But he thought he would not mind what disagreeable things people said, or how cross Bhaini might be, if he could only see his dear children again. That set him thinking how he could manage to get back to them, and having talked it all over with the fairies, they gave him some very good advice, and told him to go but to mind and come back to them as soon as ever he could, which he faithfully promised to do.

So off he set on his journey, a very long way indeed he had to go, before he could reach his own country. I think it must have been some fifteen hundred miles, and that, even for a bird belonging to the fairies, was a long journey. And for a bird all made of gold you can fancy travelling was not very easy. The fairies had specially told him to fly by night, for said they, "Men love gold, and might shoot at you with poisoned arrows, which would hit you between your feathers and kill you." It was also very hot work travelling when the sun shone, but as a part of his journey lay through flat and treeless countries, where he could not hide away from sight, he had sometimes to fly in the daytime. Then he did as the fairies had also instructed him to do. He flew as high as he could right up in the sky, and as close as he could to the sun. So that no one who might chance to catch a glimpse of the beautiful bird rising upwards on golden wings, could follow its flight in the dazzling radiance of the Eastern sun. I could tell you of many curious and wonderful things he saw, but it would make my story too long. One day he came in sight of a broad flowing river, which he hailed with delight, for, fairy taught bird that he was, he knew it must be his own river, though at first it was miles and miles from his home. So he followed its broad waters as it rolled along grand and majestic, as though it were a monarch among rivers, and, at last, one day in the cool of the evening he arrived at his own home, and sat there in the palm tree which he had planted, when he first came to live in that part of the country. It was too dark for him then to see where his children were, and he thought it might, perhaps, frighten his little Lili to see a great shining bird come into the house at that time of night. So he sat still in the trees till the moon rose, a beautiful lamp it seemed, hanging round and full in the sky. Then he thought he would go quietly round and look for his house, and at all events he could sit there quietly on the roof and be close to his dear children, though he would not wake them. But, alas! when he came to look for the nice comfortable home which had sheltered him for so many years, he found nothing left of it but some very tumble down ruins. The garden was deserted, and all the beautiful fruit trees he had taken such trouble to train had become worthless, and bore no fruit. Bhram could have wept, but birds with emerald eyes have no tears left, and for the first time his golden feathers seemed too heavy to bear, his heart inside them was so heavy with sorrow. Where were his children? Ah! how could he find them? Were they all dead or become poor? He could hardly wait for the daylight, and began at once to wander towards the town to look for them. Just as the day dawned, he came to the poorest and most miserable part of the town, but still not to the river, when he saw a little girl enter a courtyard of quite the poorest house in the street, and just as he had known the river when he saw it, so now, Bhram knew that this girl was his own dear child Lili. Then he followed her very carefully and quietly, so as not to frighten her, and waited in the courtyard whilst she went into the house to fetch grain for the fowls, which watched for her round the door. She came out again presently, and he saw her face that it was like the face of her mother, who had died so many years ago. No sooner did she come out into the yard than she saw the golden bird, that stood like a king among all the fowls around her. Of course she had never seen such a glorious creature in her life, and she thought at once that it must have strayed out of the great king's palace, for everything that was rare or wondertful in the country belonged to the king, and even wise men in those days were sure of a welcome and an honoured seat, and all that wealth could buy them if they brought their wisdom to the Court.

(To be continued.)

REALISTIC GEOGRAPHY.

SOME REMARKS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE 
TEACHING OF ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY.

PART I.

By J. FRANCON WILLIAMS, F.R.G.S.

No subject is worth teaching at all unless we get from it "a value proportionate to the time spent on its study," and it cannot be said that geography is, even yet, so taught as to yield the mental training and discipline—the real object of all real education—which it is so well calculated to afford. The days when perfunctory questioning from a text-book was regarded as the whole duty of the teacher, as far as geography was concerned, and parrot-like repetition of set phrases and lists of names represented the total geographical obligation of the pupil, are happily past. Geography no longer labour under the stigma of being a subject which any one can teach, and that without any system or method. Thanks mainly to a wider knowledge and keener appreciation of Kindergarten principles and methods of instruction, a marked advance has been made in the teaching of geography, and especially of elementary geography. Still, few but will admit that in much of the geographical teaching in all classes of schools, no little time and labour are simply wasted, if judged by actual results from a strictly educational standpoint. If we look closely into the matter, we see that the introduction to, and course of, geographical study are, in most cases, defective in vital points. Space forbids us to attempt to discuss these defects as fully as the importance of the subject demands. We must, therefore, confine the following remarks and suggestions chiefly to the lines on which young children should be introduced to the study of geography. Unless, however, the teacher has a full and clear apprehension of the aim and end of all geographical study and instruction, any
CHILD LIFE

attempt at teaching the subject will lack the essential element of success.

Our eyes are our best and surest teachers, and we can best teach that which we do not know, but have actually seen. If you read Nature only through "the spectacles of which we see indeed as "in a glass darkly;" if we would have clearer vision, we must see her "face to face." But of the thousands of earnest teachers who put forth their utmost efforts to make the study of geography interesting and instructive, actually pupil, and few, comparatively, can become actually acquainted with the various features and phenomena which they endeavour to describe and explain. Few are privileged to climb snow-capped heights or hear the thundering falls of glacial streams, or see the waters of breeding, or to see the spectacle of the rook's bark. But although many teachers may not see these and other grand displays in the wonderful panorama of Nature, actual sight, though a useful aid, is not absolutely necessary to thorough knowledge and the power to impart that knowledge in a vividly realistic manner, for this can be gained by an attentive examination and diligent study of all that lies within the immediate sphere of observation. Humboldt, in his "Kosmos," truly says that "every hill and wood and shaded corner is but a reflection of the whole of Nature." Ritter, the father of Comparative Geography, amplifies the thought, and boldly asserts that *wherever our home is there lie all the materials we need for the study of the entire globe.* The roaming mountain-brook is the type of the geological phenomena. The cleft of a single little island suggest the broken coast-line of some distant continent; the study of the boulders which are so thickly scattered, in token of a great primeval deluge from the north, reveals the structure of whole mountain-chains. A small range of hills is the type of the loftiest cordiller. From these and other considerations Ritter concludes—and every teacher of geography accepts the statement as an axiomatic truth—that a thorough study of the district where we live is the true key to the understanding of foreign lands; for we may be easily trained to see the greater in the less. Thus

"REALISM" IN GEOGRAPHY

is possible, but only when its study is based on an accurate and intelligent knowledge of "home geography" (Heimats- kunde). To introduce young children to the study of geography by mere repetitions of (to them) absolutely meaningless statements, such as "the earth is a spherical body," and the like, is simply to ignore the fundamental principles of the science and art of education. Geographical teaching, to be of any educative value at all, must be realistic. And this requires that every geographical lesson for young children be accompanied by careful and thorough study of the geographical phenomena within their district in which they live, and by teaching them to reproduce, no matter in how rude or elementary a form at first, the forms of the various natural and other features which they have actually studied and experienced. In fact, everything that can possibly be referred to or associated with some place or other near the school or the homes of the scholars, should be thus "fixed." Each lesson should begin at the simplest possible starting-point, and proceed by the easiest possible steps—the invariable rule being, "One thing and only one, at a time.""—from "the known, the familiar, the small, the near, to the unknown, the strange, the large, the distant;" and in every case, the thing must be made quite familiar before the word is given. Words fail without adequate illustration, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that "the average child learns more of the science of geography in his rambles out of doors, before beginning the study in his school course, than he learns from the text-book after his school work in that study begins. The reason is that, in the one case, the child is in Nature; in the other, from the printed page. Now matter how well and faithfully the teaching may be done, the disadvantages arising from the use of words and sentences instead of things in Nature," are too evident and fatal to any real progress to be disregarded. The teacher must, therefore, by every means in his power, by constant illustration and comparison, by appeals to the eye as well as to the imagination, enable the child to realise, or form as perfect a mental concept as possible of, the thing of which the word is the symbol. And here the teacher can do wonders, if he is able to thoroughly awaken the child's curiosity. Curiosity, as a recent writer remarks, is

THE STRONGEST INTELLECTUAL TENDENCY, and kept fully alive in the right directions means intellectual growth. The child is very curious. In regard to the beyond, and if his mind is in a normal condition, he is always interro- gating Nature. Let the teacher then bring the pupil into direct contact with Nature, and allow the fullest scope to the child's innate love of success, and encourage him to find out the why and the wherefore of all of that which he may be reasonably expected to understand. Rightly direct the child's attention, and let him become, if he will, a perfect note of interrogation. Question and answer are yet, as of old, the royal road to knowledge, and in the art of questioning and the art of answering are embodied the whole art of teaching. A judicious answer to even the simplest question of a child may "start a quarry" worth hunting down, and when a whole class, roused to full mental activity, joins in the chase, how delightful and inspiring it becomes! And this every lesson in geography, and especially the "first steps," may be, if the teacher is in perfect sympathy with his pupils, appreciate their difficulties, and is keenly alive to encourage every advance in the right direction. Before indicating briefly the means by which the teacher may most easily and effectually develop the realistic element in geography, it is absolutely necessary to point out what seems to be the chief reason for the general want of success in teaching the subject, or rather than higher measure of success which every teacher may secure if he will. What is the reason why geography has so long been, and so far still is, the "Cinderella" in the curriculum of so many schools? Is it not the want of

A DEFINITE AIM AND OBJECT?

It will, we think, be freely admitted that a clear and well-defined conception of the end to be aimed at in any particular study or course of teaching, has a wonderful effect on both teacher and pupil. The teacher, however, as a teacher, may well ask, "What is the aim of the lesson? For the goal before him; he turns neither to the right nor to the left, and carries the pupil with him; and even if, for some reason or other, the pupil does not go the whole way, whatever progress he has made has been made in a definite direction, and, so far as it goes, is a measurable advance. In music, for instance, the teacher—and generally the pupil also—has a clearly defined object in view—the attainment on the part of the pupil of the ability to sing or play at sight more or less difficult music. Take the study of languages. A foreign language is studied for the sake of reaching a perfecting facility in reading or fluency in speaking it. Every lesson, therefore, in music or language is a definite step towards the attainment of a definite object. But in too much colloquial teaching of geography there is no such definite aim or object, consequently no real motive, no sense of time and labour is virtually lost, and results in nothing beyond giving the pupils a lasting dislike for the subject and a decided disinclination to continue the study in after-life. Progress has certainly been made in the methods of geographical instruction; but still, in spite of Codes and Examinations, teachers of geography do not seem to have an adequate and clear conception of the end and purpose of all geographical teaching. Until this is realised, real progress on definite lines is all but impossible. Clear and well-defined ideas as to the ultimate object inevitably result in more or less ineffectual "lessons," which but too frequently degenerate into mere lists of names and numbers memorised for examination purposes only, and, therefore, soon forgotten. The teacher then, and Teaching methods, are of the utmost importance, in order to succeed, have

(1) A clear idea of what he is to train at in his tuition.

(2) A clear idea of the difficulties that must be overcome to reach the end in view.

(3) A clear idea of the way in which those difficulties can be overcome, step by step.

(4) The mental and moral strength to adhere to that way under all circumstances.

*Journal of Education* (December, 1890).
BELSTEAD LETTER.

"Do we need Schools? Why do we need Schools and Instruction? What shall they be, and how shall they be constituted? As spiritual and material beings, we are to become thinking, conscious, intelligent (self-consciously feeling and perceiving) efficient human beings. We should first seek to cultivate our powers: our spirit, as received from God; to represent the divine in our lives, knowing that thereby all that is earthly will, too, have its claims satisfied.

We are to grow in wisdom and understanding from God, and men, in human and divine things. We should know, that we are and ought to be to and to live in that which is our Father’s. We should know that we are in our earthly being, and all earthly things are a temple of the living God. We should know that we are to be perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect; and in accordance with this knowledge we shall act and live. To this knowledge the school is to lead us; for this the school and instruction are needed: in accordance with this aim, they should be constituted." —Froebel’s “Education of Man.” (Hallman.)

DEAR EDITOR,—The signature at the foot of this letter will recall to many of your readers a quaint Elizabethan farm house in the Orwell valley, where, during fifty years, some six or seven hundred English women were trained by the same hand and for the same object, not for this or that career, but, in the fullest sense, for “complete living.” They would also realise how truly the above extract from Froebel’s “Education of Man,” expresses the spirit and purpose of the training—a training which old-fashioned school of happy memory. Were they to study the words of the educational writer quoted, they would find still greater resemblances to the principles which were then put in practice—principles which are now accepted as lying at the basis of all true education. It would do much for the fulfilment of the high ideals alike of the old school and of Froebel’s teaching, if those who can appreciate the philosophy of the “new education” by the light of that early training would band together in a common league for the study of the principles which underlie the methods of the Kindergarten.

Yours &c.,
BELSTEAD.

INVALID CHILDREN’S AID ASSOCIATION,
18 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND.

The above Association has been at work for nearly three years among the sick and crippled children of the London poor—endeavouring to realise, by patient and untiring effort, the high aim with which it first started,—namely, to find “a friend” for every sick child referred to it. Over a thousand cases have passed through its hands, and in every instance something has been done for the sufferers. Surgical appliances, medical comforts, food, warm clothing, the loan of spinal carriages and perambulators, admission into hospitals or chronic homes, sea-air, and pleasant weeks—may, months—in the country: all these substantial forms of help enter into its methods of working, and last, though by no means least, is the arranging for each child to be visited in his own home by some one to whom it can look for help and comfort.

The Association has its own indefatigable nurse, and is fortunate in possessing at least six ladies on its working committee, who have had years of hospital training, and who visit in the first instance new cases recommended either by district visitors, hospital authorities, the clergy, or private individuals.

We feel sure that this labour of love for little children has but to be more widely known to be more adequately appreciated, and we know that any lady coming forward with offers of help, either as a “visitor” or a “benefactor,” will be glad to be welcomed by the Honorary Secretaries.

Office open every week-day from 10 to 4 o’clock (Saturdays excepted).

MARY F. E. HOPE,
Hon. Sec. I.C.A.A.

FROEBEL SOCIETY.

12 BUCKINGHAM STREET, ADELPHI, W.C.

By a resolution of the Council of December 15, 1890, CHILD LIFE, a Kindergarten Journal, was adopted as the medium of communication among the subscribers of the Froebel Society, but the Journal is in no other sense the organ of the Society, nor is the Society in any way responsible for the opinions expressed therein.

SATURDAY LECTURES.

N.B.—These Lectures are intended to help students to prepare for the Elementary Certificate Examination, but do not dispense with the necessity of regular training and instruction in these subjects.

The Froebel Society’s Course of Saturday Lectures at St. Martin’s Schools, Charing Cross, will be delivered by Mrs. ROWLAND HILL on “Blackboard Drawing,” and will begin on Saturday, January 24, at 12 o’clock.

Each Student to be provided with a yard of American Cloth, stretched on mill or stiff cardboard, to serve in place of Blackboard; White and Coloured Chalks and Duster; Water Colours and Brushes, one quite large, two medium; Book with half or inch Chequers.

The Annual Meeting of the Froebel Society will be held during the first week of March. It has usually been held just before the close of the Christmas holidays. It is hoped that the change of date may enable many who take an interest in the Society but who are not in London during January to attend the meeting.

The Council of the Froebel Society are arranging for a “Teachers’ Day.” The date, Saturday, January 17, has been decided upon as it will give Teachers who are passing through London on their return to the country, and London teachers who are about to resume work, the opportunity of attending the meeting. The morning will be devoted to the discussion of “The use of Kindergarten Games in the Education of Young Children,” and in the afternoon this subject will be illustrated by a succession of games conducted by competent teachers. Admission will be sixpence. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Froebel Society, 12 Buckingham Street, Strand.

The date of the Higher and Lower Preliminary Examination of the National Froebel Union will be Tuesday, January 20. Entrances for the Higher Preliminary will not be received after December 23, those for the Lower must be sent in before January 10.
NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Miss Marwedel is still using her fertile and inventive genius for the further development of Kindergarten occupations. Children's Poetry and Studies in the Life, Form, and Colours of Nature (George Philip & Son), contains most suggestive and also direct teaching on the various forms (including the oval as derived from the sphere), which are the basis of Froebel's "Occupations." The various coloured blocks, ringolelettes, and the course of the Kindergarten sewing, with which she illustrates her teaching, are all calculated to quicken in children the love of beauty both in form and colour, which it is the aim of every true Kindergarten teacher to cultivate.

Miss Marwedel's Colour Charts (George Philip & Son) are particularly useful to Kindergarten teachers, as the combinations and the blending of the colours are simple and harmonious.


Natural History Readers, Rev. J. C. Wood (Messrs. Ishbister), are also full of all the common-sense details which are seldom to be found in works for children. The simplicity of the facts often leads teachers to neglect them, but here they are made attractive, simple though they are.

Education from the Cradle, Princess Mary Orousovov, translated by Mrs. Fielding (George Bell & Son), touches on many topics of interest in connection with child life. The writer, speaking apparently from experience as to the exceeding value of trained lady nurses for young children, says, "The better educated the woman is, the more suitable she is for this position."

Kindergarten teachers who are not acquainted with Froebel's Mother's Songs and Games, translated by Miss Frances and Miss Emily Lord (William Rice), should certainly add this volume to their library, as it gives Froebel's teaching and practice combined, in faithful and yet attractive rendering of the German into English.

Teachers always welcome simple teaching, which enables them to answer the questions so often put by children upon everyday phenomena, such as the changes of the season and the movements of the heavenly bodies. They should, therefore, study such a simple guide as Astronomical Lessons (Roper and Drowley), by John Ellard Gore. They will find in it clear and plain teaching, which may incite them to further interest and study of a subject often little regarded by Kindergarten teachers, though, if they followed the indications of the child's mind, they ought certainly to be ready to tell of the stars, at which children love to gaze and watch.

The following books have been received—
"The Kensington Series of Lesson Books." Book I. Thomas Laurie.
"The Victoria Reading Book." Thomas Laurie.
"Instruction and Designs in Filigree Work," by Mrs. Harcus. George Philip & Son.

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NEW ACTION CARDS, SONGS AND GAMES. No. 1. THE FIRST-GATHERING. By J. TAYLOR.
THE KINDERGARTEN AS THE HOME OF JUSTICE. By A. E. MANNING.
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