

like a highly-strung instrument or brittle marble. The child is at the stage when it begins to feel the wild joys of living. Now it is this living factor in the scholar that gives interest to our task. We are told that the cat cannot eat the mouse except she catch it alive. The pursuit is the exercise needful for stimulating the appetite. So it is the active nature of the pupil—this unexpected and uncertain element—that gives charm to the task of teaching. The demand for a skilled pursuit adds zest to the work.

Some teachers, however, lose much of this pleasure because they take a mechanical view of their calling. They find Sabbath School work a tedium and a drudgery; all because they will not look upon the artistic side of their work. If they would project more of their brain into the task and exercise their gift of inventiveness and pay out more of the coin of intelligence, they would lose this sense of weariness. They would cease to be artisans and become artists.

Part of the art of teaching is to become familiar with the child-world and to get an acquaintance with the habits, aims, pleasures, temptations, hopes, fears, of children; and since most of us have forgotten what we used to like and dislike, we require to make up for this forgetfulness by means of observing anew. We need to study our subject in life-models, associating with children till we know their ways of thinking and living, and so get the *entree* into their world. As a result of this, we shall be astonished to find how interesting and intelligent children are. Their world is a logical one and full of freshness. A child's world has no room for the commonplace. It is only when we get old that we turn to platitudes. Therefore, in teaching the young we shall have to avoid the commonplace. Pray do not ask Frank every Sabbath what practical lesson he can draw from the passage. He probably never did take to "drawing lessons." Instead of this formalism, the teacher should cultivate originality, finding out striking divisions and illustrations, and so realizing the lesson of the day that it will live for the child and be an intellectual biography.

Acquaintance with children will also show us how religious their world is.

"Trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.
But he beholds the light and whence it
flows,

He sees it in his joy.

At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day."

How true these lines of Wordsworth are will become abundantly clear to us as we study the longings in the child's mind after God. We shall discover the seeds of immortal love and truth and righteousness planted in these virgin hearts. To bring out this best side in their nature, to make what is possible actual, to develop the image of God in each child, is the teacher's duty, and for the task one essential is the use of intelligence. We require to pause and think and lay our plans so as to produce the desired effect. We need art.

The second essential is *heart*; and this is more important still. The first supplies us with a method, but this furnishes us with our motive. If it is a fault in the scholar to learn "by heart," it is most certainly a virtue in the teacher to teach "by heart." One cause of the dearth of results in our schools is the deficiency of enthusiasm and zeal; for to be half-hearted is to be half-dead. Paracelsus was the greatest scholar of his time, being in possession of most of the knowledge open to men of that age, and in his lectures he achieved great success by drawing students from all the countries of Europe. They admired his skill, and drank in his instruction, for a time. But Paracelsus cared more for his art than for his pupils. He rejoiced in the brilliancy of his efforts, and gazed on power till he grew blind. By degrees his class-room emptied, and this learned man ended his days amid a cloud of failure. At his death, he confessed that the mistake of his life had been that he relied on art alone without love.