

and demands increasingly new power to show it. The pictorial mind first pictures to itself all its own ideas, and thinks in shape; and, secondly, is ever extracting ideas, new and old, out of the things it sees, picturing to itself all the words it uses, translating and re-translating thought into shape, and shape into thought, till all things live and move for it in a universe that is living thought incarnate. The lesson book is always before it. In city or desert, church or hovel, street or field, with flower, or trees, or cloud, or sun, or animal, or bird, or insect, from end to end of all things, there is the everlasting voice crying, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear; he that hath eyes to see, let him see; for life infinite, language universal, lies at your feet for pleasure and use always." The pictorial mind is the only power man has that is capable of infinite progress. It is the only power that belongs to all men. It is the only power that is within reach of the poor. It can be taught. It can almost be created.

As the world goes on, and knowledge increases, it will be more and more impossible to know it all, a thing which was once quite within reach. Every man, however learned, will be narrowed by degrees down to a single subject. But subjects are many. There are a thousand languages, for instance; to know how to speak even half a dozen really well, is an achievement, and so on, through the whole range of knowledge. How can any one man cope with this accumulation of facts? Boasts of knowledge, therefore, belong to the nursery level, betokening stupendous ignorance of man's capacity for knowing, and of what there is to know. Let us get out of the nursery, and betake ourselves to true progress and men as they are.

Knowledge with its broken victuals, and its half-starved paupers snatching at the scraps, has lorded it long enough at the gate of its monastery. It is high time to turn to better things, to liberty, to the free use of active powers. Pictorial teaching is the great agent to advance this. If it once gets fairly out of prison, and touches the world, all will be changed. And there are signs of better things. There are upheavings of discontent; the sea of living fire within is in motion. There are everywhere groanings of bondage felt, of loathing, and scorn, for the dead hand, the really dead hand, the dead, dry, hard hand of power from without set on the heart of teaching, and stopping its free pulsations. There is a rattling beginning to be heard amongst the skeletons, and bones, and specimens, and the stuffed figures, and ticketed vocabularies and verbs with pins through them ready to be struck down, and all the Noah's Ark assortment of the examination, inspection, scisserdom

repository of the manufactured world of scisserdom. There is, too, an English-speaking world besides England to which we appeal not entirely in vain. Moreover, true ideas, like music, know no country, are exempt from the curse of Babel, and pass from heart to heart. Yes, there is a shaking in the valley of dry bones. It may yet be, as in the vision of Ezekiel, "There is a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And, when I beheld, lo! the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above. And he said unto me: Prophecy unto the wind, and say to the wind, come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. And I prophesied, as He commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." There is a noise and a shaking, and a hope, with us too. May not we, too, prophecy to the four quarters of heaven, where the English-speaking race over all the world is found, and call upon the breath of life to come and breathe life into the dry bones of our manufactured world, and put an end to the dead hand. There is life stirring. No true life ever dies. Kill it here, it reappears there, and in spite of all killing, lives. There is life in thinking in shape, and in the pictorial mind. And life is universal. All men have life. All men can have life trained, and raised, and taught. The true definition of a teacher is, "One who sows seeds of life, and fosters them." Let us bury the bones that cannot live.

But thinking in shape, and the pictorial mind, are life powers. They can bring light to the dustiest, darkest corner of memories which are strewn with the dust, and broken chips of knowledge. There will be a veritable resurrection when thinking in shape is taught.

We stand on the threshold of an almost untravelled world in beginning this work. We are bound on a voyage of discovery; a band of pioneers—yet certain of our promised land. Let the be-all and end-all of teaching be for us the thinking in shape, and the pictorial mind. Let our watchword be "Liberty to teach."

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around.

TRUE greatness shows itself in ignoring or quickly forgetting, personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man one is, the more he makes of an injury or insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.