

ance, and the funds and space available. Lastly, Palestine ought to be fully placed before the eyes. The maps ought to have a room to themselves, and great care be taken to make them as attractive as possible, by their beauty as maps, by their skilful arrangement and respectful use. In this way no boy could even walk through the class-rooms of a large school without being forced to notice how full the world must be of things worth seeing, and how worthy are the books that tell of them. Even without a teacher, how much the walls can be made to print on the dullest mind! and with a teacher, what thinking in shape there can be! what a breathing of life into countries, and cities, river, forest, and glen! what a suggestion of unexplored regions of delight! what a whispering of liberty to roam, and adventurous holidays! what a certainty of activity of thought! Verily, the walls are very living, if in this way made to live. Many a poor hammerer-in of lessons might profitably wish himself a wall.

After what has been stated, very little need be said about the books, all important as they are, for the same principles and treatment, in the main, apply to them. I would repeat, that really good landscapes, views of cities, very seldom single buildings by themselves, and portraits, are wanted, with first rate, attractive looking plans. I lay great stress on beauty and attractiveness. Without beauty, an illustration is degrading to the thing it professes to illustrate. I have brought up a little book of plans—schoolwork from America, done as class-work by pupils between the age of 16 and 18, in Minnesota, which has been sent me from their Normal School. I think it illustrates what we want to get, and what a school can do in a practical way. They appear to me a thorough example, as far as they go, of thought put into shape in an attractive way.

These are a few of the principal ideas which appear to belong to thinking in shape, and the pictorial mind, as a matter of practical teaching to be daily, hourly, always, put in practice. Few, I believe, are aware of the progress that has been made in pictorial mind since the parables were spoken.

Thinking in shape, and pictorial teaching, at once turn all created things into new language for thought. Every created thing becomes on the spot, a possible new bit of thought, a possible new word born into the world of speech. I throw out, as a suggestion for any master of language, as distinct from a doctorer of words, to examine into the curious fact that, in the last eighty years, the English language has in this way doubled itself, by flashing new light into old worlds, by new combinations of words, by freer use of allusions and metaphors, and by pictorial handling

of its material; and that it is practically a new language in its wonderful increase in power of expression, and the breathing of new life into its shape. For expression goes on forever, as higher life produces high manifestation of life, feelings, and thought, in human face and form, and again becomes able by being higher, more sensitive, more sympathising, not only to see and interpret the new shapes, but to find endless riches of unknown stores of precious discoveries in the old. This is the only true path of progress. And this we owe to the parables. The parables came into a heathen intellect world, which called the earth "insensate," or "the giver of food," and saw nothing but discomfort, or the comfortable, in what it did see.

The parables came into this dead world as an entirely new revelation that all created things were thoughts clothed in shape, created for the express purpose of exciting and communicating thought; that they were language—the language of God to man; an open book for man to use; pictorial teaching. The earth and all creation become in this way known to be full of secret life. The outside remains the same in its main features, but, like an expressive face, it can all be lighted up from within as soon as the living life moves; and then the linear outlines, which are all in all to the semi-heathen eye and mind, practically disappear, transfigured and glorified by new powers of life from the inner life movement. Thus, expression and pictorial mind have no end, but go on for ever; whilst outline and linear grace is finite and bounded. This is the only real progress that is possible in art, whether by art we mean literary art, or pictures, or any other of the languages that appeal to eye or ear. Art can be more expressive. Expression, by laws of nature, more and more renews itself in more excellent beauty, in which the actual outward shape is ever more and more merged. The inner nobility passing into a visible glory in which the bare shape is lost; even as the apostle saw his Lord, with a countenance as of the sun shining in its strength, so radiant that no fixed outline was seen, and with feet that burned like fine brass in the furnace; a wonderful appearance, that is, of form without outline.

This is the goal expression, brought out by inward life, to an extent that makes outline vanish in an effluence of mind and feeling which absorbs all other sight. This it is the special province of pictorial mind to see, and read, and interpret. Time forbids my dwelling on this, however little; but this vista of infinite, eternal progress is opened up by thinking in shape, and pictorial teaching, and creating the pictorial mind, as new expressiveness comes into sight