

felt throughout the neighbourhood in which he resides, every seed planted by him will grow and ripen, and will itself give seed to disseminate and to perpetuate the good work.

The creator formed man with a mind capable of vast improvement; that mind was formed to reflect the glory and honour of Him who made it; the teacher's motive should be to draw out and to train each mind with which he comes in contact that it shall reflect that glory in the highest possible degree; he must be actuated by a pure desire to elevate the character, to extend the influence, to raise the standard of morality of his fellow mortals, assured that in so doing he is increasing their happiness as individuals and their prosperity as a nation; he must throw aside all thoughts of aggrandizement of worldly honour and pecuniary reward, content to work unknown and unrewarded, trusting and looking to himself for all earthly reward, which will be the proud consciousness of having performed an arduous and laborious duty to the full extent of that ability with which he is endowed; if he can enter upon his work in such a spirit and from such a motive, success is all but certain, for every earnest sincere effort which is put forth in any cause is a certain step towards success.

L. E., Esquing.

IV. Papers on Practical Education.

1. THE POWER OF PICTURING.

BY THE REV. JOHN CURWEN.

The power of picturing, as Fenelon would call it, is even more valuable to the teacher than to the preacher. We all like pictures. See how eagerly boys and girls and sober grandpapas peer into the pages of *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News*. But if we could make the pictured things move and speak, and think and feel before our eyes, how much more impressive the picture would be! Well, the Sunday school teacher can draw this more impressive picture. He has only to make the imagination of childhood, with its wondering eyes, the canvas on which he paints, and to use for brush and colour his own intense sympathy with every detail and with the whole spirit of the event which he describes. He must throw himself into it. He must forget himself in the picture he is drawing. He must vividly see everything he speaks of. There is no drawing a picture worth a child's looking at in an off-hand, gentlemanly sort of way, as if you were ashamed of what you are doing.

There are three ways of telling a thing,—*declaratively, pictorially, and dramatically*. If you want your pupils simply to know a dry fact, without caring much to fix it on the memory, or to make it touch the heart, tell it *declaratively*. If you wish to do more, then hang up a picture of it in the child's mind,—give it *pictorially*. If, for some special reason, you wish to produce an indelible impression on mind and heart, then, as far as may be, *act the thing*,—give it *dramatically*. Jacob Abbott, in those two wonderful chapters on children in his "Way to do Good," admirably illustrates these three plans. He gives the following narrative in the *declarative* manner:—

"A man had a fine dog, and he was very fond of him. He used to take a great deal of care of him, and to give him all he wanted; and, in fact, he did all he could to make him comfortable, so that he should enjoy a happy life. Thus he loved his dog very much, and took great pleasure in seeing him comfortable and happy."

Next he puts it *pictorially*:—

"There was once a man who had a large black-and-white dog, beautifully spotted. He made a little house for him out in a sunny corner of the yard, and used to give him as much meat as he wanted. He would go sometimes, and pat his head, while he was lying upon his straw in his little house. He loved his dog."

I learnt a valuable lesson in my Sunday school labours by hearing an infant school teacher at Great Torrington, in Devonshire. She wished to make her children remember the story of the Deluge. For this purpose she began "picturing", with the tone and manner of deepest sympathy with the sufferers, but of horror for their sins. "The people fled to the tops of the highest hills, but still the waters gained upon them. They saw their brothers and sisters, who had taken refuge on some rock not so high, swept away by the waters. They heard the shriek of despair from those whom they could not help. They fled to a lofty tree, but still the whelming waves rose higher. At first they washed over their feet—then came up to their ankles—and then to their knees—still rising higher and higher. Now the water has reached their breast; now—*now*—they gasp for breath"—the children uttered an involuntary shudder, as if themselves struggling with the water—"Ah! aha!"—"they, too, were swept away!" continued the teacher. * * * "Dear children, we, like them, are sinners; we, like them, must be swept away, if we do not seek the love of Jesus. Jesus can forgive! Jesus can save! Jesus is our Ark!" Not the youngest child in all that school will ever forget the story of the Deluge, and its lesson.

A young minister once proposed to his friends that they should establish a Sunday school for infants, in which a collective lesson should be given by the Superintendent, which should afterwards be given over again by the young teachers to their separate classes, while some text was taught which bore upon the lesson given. A public appeal was made for some one to superintend and teach this school. After waiting some days without a volunteer, to the minister's great dismay a gentleman offered himself for the work, whose class of young people had recently dwindled away under his hands. The minister felt constrained to set before him the great difficulties he would find in such an undertaking—the difficulties, for instance, of getting the attention of a room-full of little children, the increasing difficulties of keeping that attention when once it was won, and the higher difficulty still of so engaging that attention, as to stamp upon it some earnest moral lesson. He said, "I know, sir, I am not fit for it, and I would not offer myself if there were any one else to do the work. But if you think I can, by any labour, *make myself* fit for it, then the work shall not be left undone." This was brave. It gave the minister a ray of hope. He thought of the old motto "What man has done, man can do." He said, "can you give two hours a day, for three weeks, for preparation?" The gentleman had a very extensive and engrossing business. He could not get two hours a day without rising at four o'clock in the morning. He promised to do so, and he perfectly fulfilled his promise. The minister asked him to take Mrs. Hooker's "Sketches from the Bible" (an exquisite model of speaking to young children); to read aloud the first sentence, to do so twice or three times, and to do it thoughtfully; then to close his book, and write the sentence from memory, not allowing himself on any account to open his book again until he had written down his best remembrance (however imperfect) of the sentence in hand. When the sentence was written he was at liberty to open his book and correct it. After this he was to take the next sentence in the same way; and as soon as his memory could bear it, he was to take two sentences at a time. The minister's persevering and devoted friend did this, and his mind and memory became thoroughly imbued with Mrs. Hooker's style of language, and with her mode of putting things before the mind of childhood. After a week's work the gentleman said, "No doubt, sir, this is doing me good; but what am I to do for Sunday's lesson?" The minister's advice was—"Don't think of being original! you must first imitate well. Stand up and say to the children just what Mrs. Hooker says in the first few pages. But expect to break down three times, for the intent eyes of little children are very confusing, till you feel free, and can join your heart with theirs. Some people, too, are put out in their first attempts to speak, by the sound of their own voice. I should advise you to practise giving the lesson *aloud*, in your own little room, while you try to imagine the sparkling eyes of the children before you." Next Sunday our friend came to his minister, and said, "I did what you told me, sir; did it all. But I didn't break down!" "Ah! but you will very likely break down next time, and you must not be discouraged if you do." However, our friend fulfilled all the young minister's prophecies, except this of "breaking down!" In a little time he took his models from the "Peep of Day," and "Line upon Line," and Stow's "Bible Training," and Jacob Abbott's works; and before long he brought to the minister his first sketch of an original lesson. Very soon the infants' classes became a delight in the neighbourhood, and the young assistant teachers were passing through a course of training for higher usefulness. For twenty-two years this gentleman has continued these fruitful labours; and the minister still lives to thank God that he was permitted to give the simple counsels which laid the foundation on which these labours have stood.

When, like this gentleman, you have won this power of picturing, let me warn you never to use it for mere amusement. Never in Sunday school draw a picture only for a picture's sake. Always have some truth on which to throw light, some moral lesson to impress. But covet earnestly this good gift. If you wish to win the attention of children at any moment of flagging interest, then learn the art of picturing. If you wish to fill their thoughts with the loveliest and holiest things, then make their imagination a picture gallery for the life of Christ.—*Eng. S. S. Teachers' Mag.*

2. REAL PROGRESS IS ALWAYS SLOW.

The enthusiastic teacher is often discouraged because he sees no striking results of his labour. After toiling earnestly through the week, he finds that only now and then a scholar can answer half the questions on review, and he feels ready to say, with the "desperate woman" who sings the "Song—not of the Shirt,"

"After all my toil and woe,
What are the wages? just question them nights
And see how little they know."