

able. They have a keener fascination for the ardent child than for the cool critic of mature years. Let Socrates, the martyr-scholar, and Leonidas the martyr-soldier, be the heroes of the nursery, and the child of ten years may be an appreciative student of the world's history; while the truth that is stranger than all fiction, will breathe in the annals of the early explorers, discoverers, settlers, in the life of good King Alfred, and the valorous deeds of the Crusaders. As the little one steps from the nursery, the Kindergarten is, of course, his keynote to a liberal education; and here we revel in choice literature. The nature stories, the songs of trade and occupation, keep the child near to the heart interests of humanity, and people his world with honest men and women, who labor in the humble walks of life, and on whom he is dependent. The child acquires a sturdy manliness. He gains respect and sympathy for drudging toil. In his simple way he has been blacksmith. He has walked a little with the Saviour of man, while trying to be a carpenter. If he absorb the sweet spirit of the kindergarten, he can never be iron-hearted capitalist or social snob. He is the germ of the future humanitarian. To his workmen he will be the courteous gentleman, and he will respect the flower and love the dumb beast, as parts of God's plan of creation. Nor have we older ones outgrown this healthful literature. We laugh or cry with the children as the "Bird's Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," or "The story of Patsy" touches our hearts. And Mrs. Wiggin speaks to us in serious strain through the Distaff papers of the Kindergarten, where the ablest women have voiced their theories of juvenile education. Through Kindergarten training, when the *whole* child was sent to school, and every faculty was quickened, reading has become a speedy accomplishment. Then let him follow the career of Black Beauty and Beautiful Joe, or read the lesson of devotion in the story of "Rab and his Friends." We need not declare "Handsome is that handsome does," for the child finds the hero in that ugly little cur with neither ear nor tail. Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth" will promote love of the feathered nestlings, and prompt the child towards an Audobon Club, which shall wage an anti-plumage war in defence of the gay songsters.

A world of fairy literature is stored in the story of "The Culprit Fay," where amid gossamer threads and filmy webs, the elves prove the law of penalty for sin; that the best in life is won by work, and "Heaven is not reached by a single bound." If we would guide the child further into fairyland, its riches are revealed through Shakespeare's fantastic conception of "Midsummer Night's Dream." We know how books of travel enlarge the child's vision with the history or geography of other times and lands; and the classic story of "The Silver Skates" presents a realistic sketch of old Dutch life, though the author had only seen Holland through the eyes of an invalid friend. Would you teach a child of Norway's wondrous glaciers and its famous fiords? Let him read the pastoral poem Lars, and journey from the land of Midnight Sun to the green vale of Pennsylvania farms. He will feel the throb of hot viking blood, and the serenity of quaker life. He will study Norwegian dress and manners, note the merry wedding and the bloody duel. He will find the northern turbulency a contrast to the quaker quiet, nor will he miss the character study, as he learns how the redeeming love of Christ subdues the wildest nature to Himself. In "Sorab and Rustum" Matthew Arnold thrills the reader with the matchless beauty of tone-color, the regal splendor of oriental setting, and that fatal disaster which charms us even as we recognize the irony of destiny.

Would you acquaint the child with the green fields of merry England, and the rocky coast of Scotland? Follow William Winter from the quiet church which treasures Shakespeare's dust beside the winding Avon,