

activity which he must go away from home to practise, is not good.

It is a mistake for the School to plan to amuse and entertain its pupils all the time. Its business is rather to train the children to entertain themselves. Children are quite

capable of doing this. What the church must do is see to it that as the club, or group, or organization, becomes welded into a unit, right ideals and right types of amusement become standardized.

Montreal

## THE DEPARTMENTS

### More About the Play Spirit

By Rae Furlands

If play is necessary for the child's development in each part of his nature, how is the Sunday School teacher going to make it practicable during the School session where there are many children to deal with and the rights of other classes to be respected?

Well, the play spirit, or atmosphere, does not necessarily cause noise.

Perhaps one or two illustrations would be the best way of explaining it on paper; but if any teacher who feels that she does not quite understand what is meant, would plan to visit a really successful Beginners class, she would be repaid for her effort, for she would surely see it in operation.

See it, did I say? Spirit and atmosphere are *felt* rather than seen or explained. It is a something caught by contagion.

A day school teacher was trying to teach her class (fresh from the kindergarten where the play spirit predominates) to form the letter "O" on their writing pads. It was a hot day and the children were listless and uninterested. Suddenly she had an inspiration and said brightly: "What do you think happened one day? I had a bag full of walnuts and I set it on the table too hard and the bag burst and the walnuts went rolling all over like this." Here she began to make "O's" on the blackboard. "I wonder if you could make my walnuts?" Every child was on the alert. It was fun making walnuts. This was some-

thing they understood. They got just as much hand development, only better, because the heart was in it.

A Sunday School teacher was having her class of Beginners repeat, line by line:

"How strong  
and sweet my  
Father's care,  
That round  
about me like  
the air,  
Is with me al-  
ways, every-  
where,  
He cares for  
me."

The children did obediently as they were told, but it meant nothing to them, and if any of them partly knew it when

they were through, they were not helped much by the memorizing of a few (to them) meaningless words.

Another teacher, endeavoring to teach the same hymn, said: "I want you to do something funny. Close your lips tight, like this (doing it). Now with your thumb and finger hold your nostrils together tightly, like this." After a few seconds, when she saw the fingers loosening, she said, "Now stop," and took her own off. "Was it pleasant?" "What was the matter?" A few moments' conversation elicited the fact that they could not get any air, or, as some of the children called it, wind.

The teacher looked round. "I can't see any air," she remarked. A little more conversation and it was found that it could not be seen, but felt, sometimes; and certainly missed if we stopped up the places where it got into the body. It is in our room—out of doors—at home—high up—low down—in the den with Daniel—with Elijah in the wilderness (two recent lessons), and indeed, every-