

truth, and joyfully gathered the treasures she imparts to him. And simplicity is equally the secret of effective teaching. That which comes most unaffectedly from the heart goes most directly to the heart.

There are those in whom this simplicity is a heaven-born gift. And we all feel the personal charm which attends its presence. Others of us find it hard to acquire the grace. But we may all cultivate it. Let no worldly interests or pleasures be allowed to seal up the springs of your nature. Give your genuine human impulses and affections free play. Keep your eyes open to the wonder and glory of God's world, to the beauty and joy of life, and to the ineffable grace of childhood. Above all, keep alive and fresh your sense of the wonder of God's goodness. Maintain the sincerity and purity of your love to Jesus Christ. He was the perfect example of this simplicity which belongs to the children of the kingdom. He needed not, as we do, to be "converted", to become as a little child. He had the childlike spirit in its full majesty. Thus it was that those fine judges of character, the little children, drew round Him, and opened their hearts to Him. They felt He was one of themselves. The teacher who has most of His Spirit will be the most successful in leading the little ones to His feet.

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### The Eye of the Soul

By Rev. A. G. Sinclair, Ph.D.

The artist is one whose soul's eye has been opened to the great world of beauty about us. He *sees*, where we are almost blind. What is commonplace to us, is to him lit up with eternal beauty. He feasts his eye on the softly-blended shades of this plowed field, or that deeply-tracked roadway. He tries to make us feel the charm of the sunlight falling on that old haystack; and even in the slums of a city, he can live and breathe in a world of beauty. And as he puts his vision on the canvas, we are prone to say: "That is not true; the old haystack does not look so to us". "Perhaps not", he replies, "but that is how it *ought* to look to you." And so he tries to lend us his eyes.

"For, don't you mark? We're made so that we love

First when we see them painted, things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see. And so they are better painted—better to us, Which is the same thing. *Art was given for that.*

God uses us to help each other so, *Leading our minds out.*"

Rembrandt, for instance, has left us an immortal portrait. The subject is but a poor old Jew from the slums of his native city. You and I had passed him without a thought. But the eye of the great artist saw the man within, and there he stands on the canvas, that we too may see. Does not this remind us of those poor souls for whom no man cared, the poor outcasts of the street, shunned by the good people of their day, because they were blind, and could not see? But the Master came, and saw in every one a pearl of great price. His was the unclouded vision of a pure heart.

What, too, is the great writer, but just a man of splendid vision? He *sees*. To him, again, the commonplace becomes a world of eternal interest. We had seen nothing in the rude seamen and stokers and Tommies; but Kipling came and saw and understood. The great writer sees, and then just tries to lend us his eyes. The most stolid, common-looking foreigner we pass on the street without a second look, could reveal to us a tragedy greater than Shakespeare ever wrote, could we but see.

"The poem hangs on the berry bush,  
Till comes the poet's eye;

And the whole street is masquerade  
When Shakespeare passes by."

And if the spiritual eye within us were fully opened, how splendid would be our vision of God! We would find Him everywhere. To us, as to the Psalmist, the clouds would be His chariot, the light His robe, the winds His messengers, the thunder His voice. A flower, a dewdrop, the prattle of a little child, the love light in a mother's face, would speak to us deep things of Him. Then, in very truth, would we see, "earth crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God". But if this