

Having noticed in a very inadequate way the general principle which must underlie the conditions of the dwelling, we will next turn our attention to its inmates. What can be said of the little one? Is its life different from that of the natural child's? In one respect there is a marked divergence, and that is in its play. We would not see the little fellow treating a straight stick, as though it possessed many forms of animal life, vigorous and untiring, from the patient donkey to the untamed horse of the prairie. If you placed a doll in its hands, he would not invest it with life and play with it as a companion. He could have no such experience as Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in his child songs, the Land of Counterpane, describes, when speaking of the various transformations of the bed scene by a sick child:—

“And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills
Among the bed clothes through the hills.

“And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.”

From what has been said, we can easily understand, that the play instinct, which depends upon fancy for its spring and source, would be taken away from the little one, and whatever amusement it wrung from life, would come from imitation of the actions of its parent.

The next question which comes to us is, how do they teach their children? Time will not allow us to tarry in our investigations at the family circle; but if we can gain an understanding of the method used in their educational institutions, it will suggest to us the manner of training in the home. Therefore let us go at once to one of these imaginary schools.

Naturally our attention is first directed toward the teacher. This person would instruct the children under his charge, as were the “Little Gradgrind” in Dickens’ “Hard Times.” No little Gradgrind had ever associated a cow in a field, with that famous cow with the crumpled horn, who tossed the dog, who worried the cat, who killed the rat, who ate the malt, or with that yet more famous cow, who swallowed Tom Thumb, it had never heard of these celebrities, and had only been introduced to a cow as a graminivorous ruminating quadruped with several stomachs.” Like these little folk,