

HOW TO INFLUENCE LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN BALE & SONS, 87 & 89, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET,
ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

1876.

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[In October, 1875, a three months' course of practical work was begun by some of the leading Kindergarten teachers in London, and the students of the class asked me to print this supplementary lecture, because there is so little English Kindergarten literature. Most of the ideas I have so roughly put together, are gleaned from the writings of Frau von Marenholz-Bülow, Frau Schrader, and Frau Lina Morgenstern.]

You may perhaps wonder why I should have offered to speak to you upon such a subject as "How to influence children," considering I have taken no part in the lectures you have been having on occupations for them. But I hope I shall help to shew that these occupations may be just as dull as any others to children, unless the spirit and meaning of them be constantly kept in mind by you. I also want to shew you that these occupations get children ready for what are called their school lessons, and for the various useful things people have to do in life. In these occupations children learn order, exactness, perseverance, and how to amuse themselves; hence you may say that these occupations influence children. Let us see why they influence them. Unless we take the trouble to

see *why* a thing happens, we get so puzzled if at any time it does not happen, and we feel that there is so much chance in it all, that really it does not matter whether we try to do the thing or not. Now there *need* be no chance in our dealing with children.

Some people will say to you "why do you take so much trouble to learn what to do with children? They are none the better for it; what difference can it make?"

Has not each one of us some recollection of "naughty" children, and would we not gladly avoid making our own charges "naughty?" Tell your careless friends that if a child is good and teachable and you can trust it, you save a great deal of time which can be better spent than in coaxing and scolding, or even in taking any notice of the child. Supposing our fires lit themselves and our houses built themselves, we could spend our time in other things; so if your child comes to bed when you give the order, you can spend some five or ten minutes daily on other occupations than in that of coaxing it to come.

Again: suppose it is a cold day and you would like your children to go out for a run, but have no one to send with them. They are to return, when from the bottom of the garden, they see you wave your handkerchief. If you can trust them to obey, they can go out and so get the great benefit of fresh air; if you can't trust them to come when called, they must go without it and so be peevish and give you more trouble.

Again: if children are pleasant, they can please others and often free you for something you ought to do. Pleasant children can make friends of your friends in a way you could never secure friendship for them.

By all means, then, let us get our children to be obedient, eager, and happy. But how? When are you to begin? And what are you to begin by doing? Does your memory tell you of nothing that pleased or pained you when you were little? Pray try to explain your own experience for the benefit of others. What you are and what you have been is important.

And, should you need yet another reason for persevering in your care for little children, remember how much more is expected of children than used to be expected, how much everybody knows and does now-a-days.

You know that a bell-glass is very useful to protect seeds as they are coming up, but could not cover a grown elm tree; you know that a child's pinafore will not fit a grown man; and so we must bestir ourselves in order to make our children ready for the great busy world they are born into, so that they may get good, and do good, instead of getting harm, and doing harm.

As the spring leaves come out, go to some shrub in the garden, prick a tender young leaf, watch that leaf all summer, and until the day when it whirls away in the autumn wind it will be a pricked leaf, with a little brown mark on it.

Can you reckon up the pricks you have given to all the children you know? Think on this long enough and often enough to make you turn eagerly to this new lesson of learning little children.

But can anybody tell us what to do? Has anybody thought about it? Must we find it all out for ourselves? Yes, people have thought about it. We can learn from what others have said, and from what we can see for ourselves. But if each of us had to find it all out, we might expect to bring up the first half-dozen babies very badly, because we should not know what to do. In fact I suppose the reason we do bring them up to squall, and be so very often unhappy and ill, is because we will not be at the trouble of learning what people have said and found out about little children.

The use of reviewing our knowledge is to find out what we know, and give us confidence; the use of entering upon some new field is to show us what we do not know, and teach us humility. And in the science of child-life we do not need to try our own experiments. Every child does that for us. The stars try the astronomer's experiments for him. Hence even what we call "gossip" about children is very instructive, provided we do not mix up what we

have seen and heard, with what we have thought about the things we saw and heard. We all know such well-marked types as the keen and hasty observer; the eyes and no eyes child, who goes to look for your shawl, touches it, and doesn't see it; the child who never sees a thing as it is, who is sure to mistake something; then there is the child who never sees anything, and the child who sees anything but what you want it to see. All these are faults which can be corrected by thought and care.

You will often hear men and women say that a mother's instinct will tell her what to do with her child. I suppose they mean that any woman, however young and silly, is sure to know, directly she is a mother, everything that all wise men and women put together know. Very odd! Do you remember the baby hippopotamus being born in our Zoological Gardens some few years ago? The poor little thing could not find its way to the supply of milk its mother had for it, and her maternal instinct told her to fly at anybody who tried to go in and put the little animal in the right place. The fact too that so many young animals die—and anybody who watches animals in their wild state will tell you about it—shows that though motherhood quickens every feeling—and especially in the direction of the new-born creature, still so much a part of the mother's self—nevertheless motherhood does not confer that mass of useful knowledge which only time and study can give. Had motherhood been thus magical, we women would long ago have won all our battles.

It is, then, worth while to learn from books and by theory, as it is called, besides looking and observing for ourselves at every opportunity.

Supposing a man had a long journey to go, and there was a good road part of the way, but that he would have only just strength for the rough parts where there were no roads, would you not think him foolish if he would not use the road, but insisted on trudging through the bog and darkness and danger the whole way, instead of only on the part where he must do so? We are like that foolish

man if we neglect method in education. There will be plenty of hard work and difficulty even if we use other people's plans and experience wherever we can. Part of the work lies in adapting it for our own case; for not only do children vary in any one nation, but each nation has something different from the other. This is why each nation must take so much pains to learn for itself the ideas it chooses to take from others about education. For instance, I have often been told that English children want to come to "the reason *why*" much quicker than German children do; and that a German child will be put off with a fairy reason; an English child wants the *real reason*.

A German lady, this year in Berlin, said, "your English children learn so much more quickly than we do to care for the whole. Your country is small, and your people have always run many risks, and into much danger. Your children care for action more than ours do." Granting my two examples to be true, these children need managing in quite different ways; neither needs scolding. But one thing is true of all children, everywhere. They love to *do* things. Activity is the soul of their little lives. What are all those occupations you have been learning here? Ways of letting the child be active without doing anybody any harm. Why does Bobby cut holes in his knickerbockers? "Mischief," you say; yet he was pleased to wear them, is fond of you, knows you will be vexed, and will be sorry that he has done it. What is mischief? It is a kind of activity, certainly; to be a mischievous child you must *do* something, and unless you do it to spite somebody, you do it merely for the sake of doing something. But if I always scold you, it is as though I say to you "please to be idle instead of mischievous," and yet, if you are idle, I scold you too. Poor little child! You may not be active in your own mischievous way, and if you are idle that is wrong too—at least it is wrong when you are schoolboy or man. *Then* I expect you to work at your lessons, get over difficulties, stick to hard things, and be "industrious;" yet, when you were a tiny child, and were industrious in your own

way, I punished you. I slapped your hands if you used my pen and ink to scribble in the books on the drawing room table; I would not let you build houses with coal out of the scuttle, or dress up in the anti-macassars, and play wild horses where the old china stood. It was hard. But better days are coming; we are setting to work to *learn* little children, and if we will not take the trouble, we deserve for them to be too good for this world, or so naughty we do not know what to do with them. Our first lesson is, then—a child is an active creature. A child has to learn what to do in the world just as all the men and women who were first born into it had to learn. *They* didn't find towns built and clothes at a Lilliputian warehouse, and I daresay they found life a great deal more interesting than our poor little children do, for whom we do everything, and whom we take such care of that they never feel the consequences of their own actions.

Yes; here is the second great secret. The first was—*baby is active*; the second is—*baby is logical*. What ever happens once, will, he thinks, happen again. Let it be your business and see that it generally does. Give him things to play with where he may learn that if he does the same thing, the same result will happen. Only in this way will you get him to observe, and if he never observes, he will be heedless and silly and unable to take care of himself as he grows older.

You see how often we come back to our own comfort in taking pains with children, and to the practical use of making them good (and sensible).

Let us begin with the youngest child, what can he *do*? kick, cry—these are his activity. Presently he smiles; a smile is his first social act. No baby-animals smile, only our little human pink babies smile, just when they leave off being pink and become sociable. Give him your finger, he loves squeezing it. Why? Because it resists him. The pleasure of conquering resistance is his first and truest.

But this kicking—What about it? If you watch those fat pink

legs you will see that baby likes moving them, and that he cannot move them quite regularly—cannot control them in fact. You know that he will quite enjoy it if you will move them for him, gently and regularly, a few times backwards and forwards; singing to him meanwhile—let your song keep time with the legs. Why will he like it? For several reasons. One is; your hands give his legs an extra strength—he feels more powerful, and we all enjoy to feel powerful; to feel able to do a thing makes us feel good and in good spirits; to feel unable to do a thing makes us sad and cross. You may sometimes reform a person's character by stirring a sense of power in him. So with baby. He also likes you to help him because he is capable of enjoying rhythm and regular movement. When he is older he loves a clock ticking, and to watch its pendulum. But before he is old enough for that, he can enjoy a regular kick, and your song to mark its regularity.

What is your part in this matter? Do you kick for him and say, "now baby, see how nicely I can kick?" Do you think that would amuse him? Of course you don't. Do you rush to him *whenever* you see his dear fat legs pushing and pounding the air? Of course not. You leave him a great deal to himself, but every now and then you go and help him towards what he wants—regularity. He also enjoys your companionship. He likes to be taken notice of. Baby likes playing with his own limbs, and he thus learns himself—his bodily self. No limb gives him greater pleasure than his hands give. Now that machines do so much of our rough work for us, we ought to take fresh pains to teach our hands to do beautiful, graceful things. The use of the hand is what has made man master of the world. By the hand, man selects; without his hand he could not build, and that is one of the first things a man has to do. We shall soon see that baby loves building. The story of Robinson Crusoe is so popular because he builds. But first a child kicks for play. Now play is his first spiritual development, and it needs guidance. Through it, you, a grown person, may form his character for good or evil.

His activity in kicking needs only himself. When we are grown up we want something to be active about—some material. Baby soon comes to this. What material is suitable to him? scissors, patterns, gum? Absurd! But if you hang a soft wool ball in front of his cradle, he will push it and crow to see it turn on its string. He likes watching activity in something else—something that is not himself, and yet—oh! delicious thought—he made the ball move. Why a *ball*? Because it is one shape all over, and therefore the best shape for him to learn. A cornered thing like a cube would perhaps hurt him. In a few weeks baby's eyes follow eagerly a light, a person, a bird in a cage, fishes in the globe—they are active; chickens coming to be fed—they move; the weather cock on the steeple.

Would you like to give baby pleasure? Take his wee hand and move it as the vane moves—he can *do* something, he can imitate; and thus impress on his memory what he sees. Here, you see, he needs no material except his own little person. You will find he will make progress alternately on himself and on simple material. He does not first go through personal gymnastics, from kicking to dancing on a tight rope, and then begin to play with a ball. First he kicks convulsively, then he begins to be able to push the ball hung on his cradle; next he can move his limbs, imitating what he sees; then he can move after the ball or catch it if it be rolled towards him.

In all teaching you will find the child grows a step, and so is able to use his old material in a new way before he needs new material. The moral side of this fact lies, in not thinking you must be always having something new to learn from, and the moral side of these simple pleasures is, that pleasure can be got out of a familiar action.

Let me take an example of activity which belongs to baby-hood—I mean playing bo-peep in mother's gown. What can there be to say about it? There is a very grave moral lesson involved in it. Baby buries his head in your arm, and looks up to see if you

see him; or he hides in the folds of the skirt, and pretends to be lost. What does he expect? That your eye will lovingly meet his eye; that you will enter into his pretence. He pretended to have been hidden—to be absent; he expects you to pretend joy on finding and seeing him again. The short parting is thus, as much a renewing of love as the parting of a few hours is to us older people. Meet his eyes with yours and his love is strengthened; he hides again and again, expecting you to smile at him. We agreed that he is logical—he expects the same results every time; But if you are not looking out for him—if he hides and looks up and finds himself unnoticed, what lesson do you think he learns? *Deceit.* You will never be able to know how soon he is capable of thinking, “mother never noticed me, she didn’t know.” The idea of mother not knowing, is a new idea—the idea of being able to pretend and mother not finding it out, is also new. Neither idea is a good one for him to have at his age. When you are tired of playing, say so; baby must give in. But he will know you are not pretending to play, and will think you are alive to what he is doing. I think this bo peep game reminds us in a most solemn way, of the responsibility that lies in quite simple things.

One more I will give. Baby is not to be dirty in his way of eating, nor greedy. Then, from his earliest meal, give him clean and dignified surroundings, and as soon as he is old enough to notice actions, let him feed an animal when he is fed, so as to make his meal-time an occasion for doing something besides eating. Grown up people carry on conversation at dinner, so that they seem to have some object besides mere eating. Give baby this other object in any way you can think of. Of course I do not mean you to distract his attention so that he will not eat at all. Let him give crumbs to the bird, or milk to pussy, for instance.

The earliest way in which baby tells one thing from another is by taste, and if you get him to learn different tastes, you will have taught him something which will prevent his being merely greedy

Friedrich Fröbel wrote a little song, somewhat as follows. He intended it as a specimen of others to be written, and sung on giving a child the things therein mentioned. (I shall speak of his other songs later on).

TASTE SONG.

Which is salt? and which is sugar?

Baby cannot tell.

You must lick them, for you cannot

Know them by the smell.

Both are white

To your sight;

Salt you try,

Face awry.

Now taste sugar, oh! how sweet!

Gladly move your hands and feet.

Here's a bit of almond, dear,

Bitter, and not nice, I fear.

Here's a golden-yellow fruit,

Will the lemon baby suit?

Sour! sour! now you cry,

Put the sour lemon by!

I hope, my baby, that you'll learn by taste

That everything must not in mouth be placed.

I think that the more you observe, the truer you will find what has been already said as to each little child having to pass through what the early men who lived in the world had to pass through.

First came, and still comes, the search for food, for bare subsistence. No one will deny that food is the earliest thing baby actively seeks for. Sleep comes to him.

Man needed, bye-and-bye, a dwelling; a cave was enough for him, then a dwelling built where he pleased, then a beautiful dwelling. Birds build nests, hens scratch, children love to watch all this. You will wonder why, unless you remember that baby has to live through it all, and since he never will have to seek a cave to dwell in, and berries to eat, pray let him love to watch a life he cares about, but will never have to live.

Presently he talks, and asks "why" this, or "why" that. This

is the beginning of science. Presently he feels sure of his own safety, and is able to begin caring about making other people happy. This is the beginning of religion. A sign of it is when a child likes to go in a crowd, or a grown-up party; even though it will be dull, all restraint, sitting still and no fun. This accounts for the love of going to Church shown by very little children. They begin thus to love their neighbour. Hence, too, the way in which children delight in stories of heroes, and people who do great deeds. The child feels the goodness of a person whose love passes the boundary of self, and feels that all people are somewhat alike whose love is so great as this.

There are many more opportunities than these I have named of influencing baby in his earliest days, but you will find that giving him something to do is the great foundation of his pleasure and of your success. Have you ever noticed who are the patient people of the world, the people who do not judge hastily, who are not pig-headed, who trust what you say and who care to go on trying difficult things. These patient people are those who *remember*, and the sooner we get baby to remember the more patient he will be. Do not mistake this word "remember," it does not mean remember dates, or hymns, or geography. You would never get a baby to be patient by making him a little prodigy, able to talk at ten months old and so on. No, "remember" means that he should remember the little things about his own little life. A Greek philosopher used to tell the young men who came to him to learn wisdom—"Know thyself."

You will often hear people round you saying, "It is so bad for you to think so much about yourself," and this is also true. Do not be afraid that by getting baby to remember the things that happen to him you will make him think too much about himself; for, the things it will do him good to remember are not only things that happen to him, but things in the beautiful, wonderful world around him—the world he has to begin learning, even as we, however old we are, must always be learning it. Now, the sooner you help

baby to learn this beautiful world the happier you make him, and the happier he is, the more easily you will manage him. We will say, for example, that you have interested him in imitating with his wee hands, the way the gold fish swim in the glass globe. Once set him off on that track, and the idea of imitating things will be an immense field of amusement to him. "But what is the good of it?" says some tiresome visitor who does not see what there is to be proud of.

I do not think, for my own part, there is any use in answering such tiresome people; but it is right to be patient with them, so you may reply—"there are *six* uses in baby's love of imitation, *one* is, that it makes him notice things; *another*, that it exercises his little limbs; a *third*, it teaches him to control these limbs; a *fourth*, it trains his memory, (and that will, you confess, come in useful); a *fifth*, it teaches him to find amusement in himself, and in things that are not on purpose for him; a *sixth*, it is a step towards *creating* things, and the power of creating; of finding new things in old ones, is the highest power we have."

I daresay your visitor will not be much the wiser for your saying this. She will very likely feel the mottled flesh and praise its firmness, squeeze the pink feet, tickle the round shoulders, pinch the fat arms, and give a violent drag to the skirts of the white frock. Should baby not yell, she will say, "kitch-y, kitch-y," and, if he crows, she will pronounce him to be a very fine child, a sweet baby, and a charming angel.

Do not be disheartened by such people. You have taken up the sweet task of living with baby's inner life, and trying to understand it. Baby knows; baby loves you. Friedrich Fröbel wrote some little songs to be sung by you to baby at this age.

In these, "Mother and Baby songs," he intends you to sing about things baby is sure to do, and when baby gets old enough to understand what you say he finds that the words explain what he feels about the thing. The tune which has already pleased him

still strikes pleasantly on his ear. Thus, in his little mind, he feels that you have been all along his companion in what he was thinking.

I daresay that among the lessons on songs, you have had the finger exercise called "the nest." My translation of the German song is thus:—

"In the hedge, on a bough,
Birdie builds a nest, ah, how?
Tiny eggs there she lays,
Now my eggs are hatched, she says.
Mother dear, pip, pip, pip,
From her beak they feed and sip."

This song reveals to baby his own position in the family and the love his parents must have for him. Do you think a child whose earliest thought of a nest had been thus made sacred, would as a boy, rob it?

Another song is the "Light bird." Take a mirror and make it reflect on the wall; baby will try to catch this bright bird. He will learn that to hold a thing in your hand is not always the greatest pleasure it can give you, for its beautiful appearance is the way in which it can give you pleasure. He learns that the same pleasure cannot be felt by every sense. The "Light-bird" pleases his eye, but not his touch, there is nothing to touch. He cannot find out the cause of his enjoyment, but he can enjoy it without knowing its cause. Do you not think that when he has learnt that beauty is meant to please the eye, he will less eagerly clutch at everything he sees?

THE LIGHT-BIRD.

Child.—Pretty bird upon the wall
Will you not stand still at all?
Now you're here, and now you fly;
I can't catch you though I try.
Let me have you for my own,
Once, before away you've flown.

Mother.—The bird is only fair to see,
 Held in your hand he cannot be,
 You cannot grasp him with your eye,
 The pleasure in your heart must lie.
 And such in life are many things,
 They give delight as birdie's wings ;
 But if we seize them for our own,
 Their loveliness away is flown.

These ideas about admiring beautiful things without wanting them for our very own, are shewn in the "moon song." Mother takes baby to the window to see the moon.

Mother.—"Come my child and see the moon,
 Come here, sweet moon, to baby soon.
 I cannot leave my blue house bright,
 But joyfully I send my light,
 And thus I greet you both to-night.
 Good-bye my moon, so dear and fair,
 My love I send you through the air."

There are many songs about animals, to be sung while baby watches and feeds them. He thus learns to care for life he has out grown, and is less intolerant of people whose ways are not just like his own ways.

The "archway" of your hands gives you an occasion for making all sorts of animals march under it. To end the game, "shut the door and not one can get out."

Such play, which is true so far as this, that baby has seen the animals, and untrue, because they are not really there, feeds his mind just as do the stories you have learnt the art of telling. Baby has a fancy and you had better feed it. You can keep it healthy or you can ruin it. But you will always be on the safe side if you keep baby in contact with nature. Let him feel wind, rain, soft white snow, scent of spring, and summer glow, hear thunder, and listen for the large drops that lighten the air ; and leave him to himself with real playthings. Such a child will feed healthily on stories and songs.

I think our care should be directed to "singleness of impression," I mean: let one idea strike him at a time. Just as he needs elements of colour, form and size to play with, so he needs not to have his ideas confused. Let us say that in his creeping round or toddling he falls, that is among his first lessons in space. Do not pick him up at once, do not make a noise round him, do not pity him. He has just learnt a new thing.

Baby, then, is an active, logical, imitative creature, sociable, and he likes regularity. Your duty is to let him be all this in his own way, and rest assured that if you will but have the sense to give him this way he will never get in your way.

What is baby *not*?

He is *not* pleased at having everything done for him, or at having anything taken away from him, or at having everything given him, or at a fuss round him. At this age he does not reason about right and wrong. His disposition begins to grow before his interest in intellectual questions does. How are you to control him? By your smile. That is his highest law until he is three or four years old. Do not mistake his change of countenance, when you say "good," "naughty," for an understanding of what you mean. He understands your smile and your frown, he does not understand the word you say, any more than your dog does when you make him learn not to snap for food in your hand while you say "on trust," and to snap directly you say "paid for."

I should not have ventured to think people could be so silly as to misunderstand dog or baby, had I not found them do so. If you want a child to believe in God, show the child that you believe. How can you do this? Not while baby is pink and sleeping, not even when he is just short-coated, but when he is beginning to observe, he will be sure to notice your face wrapt in love for a Higher Third, above him and above you, if in his presence you pray, or he sees you speechless as you look at trees and flowers. All the earliest poetry is about trees and flowers, and the wind and

the sun. Call to mind all the beautiful verses in the Bible and see this.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth."—Psalm lxxii. 6.

And a child is as the early men were who wrote this poetry. The voice of nature can speak to a child as you never can. Oh! let the little soul hear her voice, and from this sound of beauty and peace learn to face the evil to come.

A child needs some one point of thought, and mother is the point round which all his earliest feelings centre. She is his first link with humanity. Mother and baby are *one*, until he walks alone. Let her see that he and she are one in love before this first separation comes. The next point for love's getting wider is father. a finger game, naming father, grandfather, grannie, and so on, may be made to give pleasure.

"See our loving mother dear,
Father kind and brave is here,
Here is brother stout and tall,
Sister's here with doll and ball,
Here is tiny baby too,
Let us all be good and true."

A variation on this is to add—

"Now our dear ones go to sleep,
Watch around them let us keep,
So that no one wakes them.

For some minutes a child will not only sit still, but be vexed if others move when he has "sent them all to sleep."

Or you can make up a story about baby taking some flowers to father, or about two grandpapas visiting two other grandpapas, and thus start the idea of a circle wider than the family, an idea which, as I said, is a religious idea.

You can no more be sure of knowing the birth of a thought than the source of the wind around you; but the wind blows, and baby's thoughts are born. At this point I will leave the question

of religious teaching to be thought out by each one of you, merely saying that if you talk to a little child about God, you must expect the child to picture God as a man, and to say, what you call irreverent things of God. The child's God will be partly like his papa and mamma, and his uncle George, and the old coachman, and, in fact, everybody who is kind to him, and who has entered into his little life. The reason for this is too long to enter on, but we find in history that men are always apt to think their God is just like themselves, and baby is, you know, beginning to live and learn, just as the men and women did who first lived and learnt. There is no use in your hurrying him or being cross with him, but you can help him. And now let us see what that help you give baby has to do with the occupations you have been learning here.

If baby begins to talk, you first hear him pick out the names of things. He says "dog," long before he can say "white dog;" he says "house" long before he can say "large house." But when he does begin to describe things what sort of words does he use? Generally, I think, words about colour; a "*red* handkerchief," a "*green* ball," "*my blue* shoes." The world to him is a *coloured* world. Grown-up people judge of things rather by size, form, or number. *Large, round, five, ten, long, square*, are later ideas to baby.

All the "occupations" turn upon colour, number, form, size. Did it ever occur to you *why*? Is it not because everything you can see is coloured and shaped, and is larger or smaller than some other thing, and is either one thing or several things? You say, "oh! come, we grown-up people never learnt these occupations, and we know colour and size and shape and number."

Do we all know *form*? The other day at a London public school some boys of sixteen were being examined. One question was, "what is a right angle?" A boy whispered to his neighbour, "I say, do tell me, I don't know." The neighbour replied, mischievously, "that which is opposite to a left angle," and the boy wrote down what his mischievous companion said. The master

read out this ludicrous answer as a public example. But surely the poor boy might have mastered, before he was five, so useful a fact as what a right angle is.

You know how children exaggerate. You have heard how a little nephew caused his aged aunt to rush towards her window by saying, "Oh! aunt, there's fifty black cats in our back¹garden," and how, seeing her coming to look at the cats, he felt sorry, and said, "No, aunt, there's only our Tom and another." You know, too, how untruthful very little children are. You will find that if you can interest them in the "occupations," they will learn the colour, number, form, and size of objects round them. They will not tell you "papa has given Bobby two blue books," when the gift really is one red book. They will not be untruthful from ignorance, nor from not seeing the importance of being exact. You see the facts they learn through their occupations are useful facts, and the moral side of the occupations helps to form their ideas of right and wrong. About the time when children get old enough to relish these occupations, they get old enough to do the sort of things for which their elders punish them. In every baby's life must come the moment of his first fault. It will happen probably before he can walk, and therefore during that exquisite time when he and his mother are one. His fault then will be a sorrow to both of them, a common sorrow, not a matter for revenge or punishment, nor does there seem any reason why this perfect love need ever be broken.

It will keep love unstrained if you will make a point of giving him instantly all the things he has a right to cry for, such as cleanliness, food, if it be time, relief from pain. Thus you will never let his cry become one of complaint. Begin by exacting his obedience to pleasant things, not disagreeable ones. But since most of the babies alive at this moment are already spoilt, we will speak of punishment, for you will find yourselves face to face with the question of punishment; you will set aside the old degrading threats of a black man coming down the chimney, and of a little

black dog coming to sit on the shoulder of naughty children; you dislike slapping and whipping, you dislike depriving a child of pudding or jam, or leaving it at home when the rest go out for a walk. You are right in disliking these things. You will also rightly dislike the idea of coaxing a child to be good. I think there is no harm but great good in getting a child to do things to please you, assigning no higher reason, and I think it is false to pretend to a child, "oh! well, of course it can't matter to me whether you are good or naughty, whether you come to bed or not." By all means get the child to obey as a matter of favour to you if you like; but do not ask this favour in a degrading tone from a child, any more than you would from a friend. Do not beg and grovel and pray the young tyrant. You would not love an equal who thus humiliated you. Do not bribe unless you wish to accustom the child to act only in hope of definite and promised reward. It is still a debateable point whether, if a child be a mere little animal, you may not do well to give it a slap, not angrily, but just as a reminder not to do the forbidden thing again. It will remember through its hurt body just as a cat through her burnt paws. But whatever you do, do not keep up for days together the sense of sin. Pray at any time keep up the thrill of goodness, energy, pleasure, but never dwell on wrong, pass on as soon as the question is settled to new opportunities for doing right.

By this I mean, do not keep taunting the child, "ah! there's a naughty little girl, tore her frock and never told. Yes! indeed, I shall tell your mamma, and your aunt, and your papa, too, next time he comes in the nursery, what a naughty little girl he's got."

After giving reproof, or forbidding anything, never stand still to be argued with, you only tempt a child; always begin to talk about something else, so as to give the child an idea that he and his little sins are not the whole business of your life. The best way to stimulate goodness is to let a child live much with other children. Goodness always means goodness towards others. A Kindergarten

gives these opportunities for action, for being good, without which all talk about goodness is of no use.

Let us look to our occupations and see what punishment they inflict.

If baby throws his ball away in a rage, well, the ball is gone, and he must go without it. If a child folds his paper wrong, the paper gets dirty, but this is no crime, it is only a pity, or the form does not come out nicely; but if in cutting paper he cuts wrongly, there is no altering it. In all these cases the child is punished by the natural consequences of his actions, and this is the great rule for punishment.

We found baby was logical. He expects the same thing to happen, pray encourage him to expect this, for it is what will be expected of him when he is grown up, and has to obey the laws of the land. The law expects everybody to know the law. If this were not so there could be no law, because everybody would say, "I didn't know that was the law."

Does it not seem time lost, if we put off teaching a child what will be the great rule of his life the older he grows? Now I do not say that our English law always punishes us rightly, but I do say that we know there is a law will punish us, and that we know that in countries where the law is not certain to punish, people's lives and property are always unsafe. And so with baby, if he is not sure what will happen to him he is sure to be naughty. See that you put him in contact with things where he can continually teach himself this law of natural consequences. I do not say let him cut his hand with the carving knife in order to prove it will bring on lock-jaw; in such a case the law of love, your smile, must suffice. But he will submit the more readily if he has found for himself that actions have consequences. How was anyone to know—how could you know—what occupations would teach a child all these lessons of life? Here comes in the use of reading and learning what other people have done.

Friedrich Fröbel saw far into the hearts of little children, and he

picked out what he thought the best of the occupations he saw the little children around him amusing themselves with. He knew that colour, number, form, and size were what are called "properties of matter;" that is to say, that everything you can touch is coloured, sized, shaped, and is one or more than one. He knew that children must first learn things they can see and touch before they can learn other things—History, geography and such subjects. He knew that every feeling was the stuff out of which thought would be made, and that unless our feelings are clear our thoughts will not be. Fröbel also saw how much sense and beauty lies in some of the old nursery games, such as playing bo-peep, and he was at the trouble of writing down what he thought, both as to good and harm on the things he saw done in nurseries. He also wanted to get children to teach themselves, both because it was good for them, and because only rich children can have a nurse at hand to amuse them. But do not think that Friedrich Fröbel invented all these occupations, or even made all the patterns, or that he would have cared for you to make them. What he cared for was, a child making them if the child did so of its own free will, that is to say, inventing the patterns and taking keen pleasure in the effects of each little change. It vexed Fröbel that people should fancy a child would be wiser, or better, or happier, for copying through these patterns one after another. He wanted the child to create; he wanted the child to have a field, an opportunity for creating.

If you want to see how Fröbel arrived at his conclusions, read his life. I recollect his mentioning that, when a little boy, he tried to make a cathedral with some wood he got hold of. He could not carve, he could make nothing of it. He was very sad. But he never forgot that longing to build something. This effort of his, and many another led him to consider that creative power is the thing to redeem a child from selfishness, not only because he can make things to give to other people, but because in creating or making, a child learns self-respect, and self-abasement, learns what

his own little powers are. Until a child has created something he will never respect from his heart what other people have made; nor does Friedrich Fröbel neglect to point out that a child only learns through making little things to understand the great Maker of the world—the greatest Creator.

A child who makes something learns to feel his own power; next he feels the duty of preserving what others have made—learns to feel their power. Here, as with his bodily growth, he will learn both lessons at once; and perhaps through his pleasure in making some little mat which, when he is a boy, he will feel rather ashamed of, he will, when he is a man, reverently have care taken of some beautiful statue or building he could never have made. But through that little mat he learnt the pleasure of making; and in the name of that never forgotten pleasure he respects something made by a greater maker than himself. The immediate use in his little life of respecting made things will be, that he will not destroy valuable things. And, as we were saying, he generally destroys things merely for the sake of something to do. Nothing excites a child to destroy, like giving him a perfect toy—one that is quite finished. The only opportunity for doing anything to it, lies in pulling it to pieces. And after all, if you come to think of it, there is a right way of doing most things, and there is a wrong way. Some things are good to eat and some not. Our food is not a matter of indifference to us, and why should our toys be? You would not feed a baby on curry and pickled gherkins, and why should you give him your photograph album or your china vase, or any object not suited to him for a plaything? Confusion of thought arises from confusion of playthings. You are dazzled when you leave the dark landing and enter a bright drawing-room. So is baby for months after he is born. You begin slowly to recognise familiar chairs and tables and screens. If they are new to you, you have seen others like them. All is new to baby, he has never seen the like before. His senses cannot take in complicated things; such as splendid dress, or picture, or a band of music. He can

take in a red ball, or a single figure in a gay picture, or a little song. He can take in the elements of colour, form and sound; but nothing more. You must make his world to fit him like his clothes. You would never dress him up in his papa's dressing-gown and his mamma's bonnet; why not remember that his mind needs fitting as well as his body? Fröbel says you should have a reed-pipe to play tunes on and imitate birds and animals.

There is a great deal to be learnt in the occupations, but that "great deal" is not only how to do the thing, but why there is any meaning in it and why it is so useless and so irritating to children if it is wrongly used. However, seeing that Fröbel was a man who had an idea in his head when he planned these occupations, let us see if they themselves tell us his idea. In playing with the ball and cylinder the child does not alter their shapes, he merely finds out what they can do; that is to say, the ball can roll, or swing, or be thrown up and come down; the cylinder can stand, roll, not be thrown up and come down just like the ball. In the cube, the child cannot much alter the material but can re-arrange it. No arrangement can make a cube into any other shape, or get it to form a circle or a curve.

All kinds of bricks are fixed as to shape, though their variety enables new forms to be made. When you come to paper folding, you cannot make the paper anything but flat and thin, and there is no fun in throwing it about as in the case of the ball, nor can you build with it, as with the cubes and bricks, but you can fold it as you please; if you follow certain laws of folding, certain shapes will always result; if you will insist on folding wantonly and stupidly, you will get no shape worth looking at. Still, there is nobody to prevent your making a mess of your paper; only you will get no satisfaction out of it. Although messed you can smooth it out and make something tidy after all.

In paper-cutting there is no remedy for a mistake. In modelling you come to the power of imitating the whole of an object exactly—so far as form goes, but not colour. In stick laying

But how children love to get older people to help in play ; how they love to follow a leader. Do not refuse them this high pleasure and then say they are disobedient, disagreeable little creatures. No ! I am sure you have seen how delightful games and stories may be made to children. How a game makes each child take a part and yet no one child could play the game.

Some people think still that children will be pleased by being set to do in a silly way what grown up people do sensibly. Perhaps a fair example is : give a child a doll's house fitted with everything, but containing not one thing that can be really used. You must not light the fires ; you cannot sweep the carpets with the brushes, the front door will not open, and the knocker is only a button. It is all so dull.

Fröbel chose occupations which would present all the essential features of work to a child ; and one essential feature is its reality, and the fact that it really matters whether you finish it or not. Play is really work to a child ; you may know by his prayer, to "just stop and finish this game." It is a good plan to say "We'll play once more and then go back to work," instead of abruptly closing the game without volunteering any notice of your intention.

The use of play is this : you see what a child does if left to himself, and it is for you to watch, to encourage, and provide opportunity and material, but not to interfere. Mother or nurse is to a child's game like a ray of sunlight on some particular point. Then the children are left to themselves until mother or nurse is at liberty to look on again. Do not be disheartened because the utmost you can do for a child seems so little — seems like sowing stray seeds. You can do only this until regular school life begins ; but you can get the "material" to teach the child so much more than your words could ever teach. And you will see that these occupations do prepare for what are called the child's regular lessons. Children who having been through Kindergarten, go afterwards to an elementary school, often surprise the teachers by passing easily in one year through the work of two years. Do not

feel despairing because the school teachers into whose hands the child must pass, will not regard the lessons you have tried to teach him. He has learnt how to teach himself and he will never forget this—what no schoolmaster would ever have taught him. School-life should find a child ready to see with his eyes and hear with his ears, able to obey an order and persevere in a task.

The object of the occupations being as we have said to interest the child in learning the world around him, do not forget that it will be but natural if a clever child quickly leaves his mat weaving or paper folding to hunt about after worms and birds. This interest is the result of your teaching, guide it also; acquaint yourself with these living creatures and help him to learn them. On many a wet day he will return to the occupations of his own accord, and if he should not do so, you need not exert yourself to find him some novelty. These occupations become mechanical unless his mind and yours are always growing. It rests with your general growth to put meaning—perpetually fresh meaning—into them.

I will now touch upon some ways of getting children to feel the right or wrong of things. If a child is dirty in habits, seizes bones to suck, or eats untidily, people say "That is like a dog: do not be dirty." Of course it is like a dog, because the child is at an animal stage of life, and being so is not to be blamed for it. I think to say to a child "Don't do that because it is like an animal," is as though you meant to blame the animal, which would be very silly of you. But you may, I think, point out the inconvenience to other people of behaving badly, and if the child is old enough, point out that a dog by being dirty does not hurt the dog community in the same way that a child injures his nursery or vexes those who love him. Point out that we give doggie his bones in the garden lest he grease the floor by dragging them about. This is a lesson to the child in that duty to our neighbours which he should learn as soon as occasion offers. Do not make the first or a frequent lesson in public duty consist in sitting still or being quiet; let it be in active service for the good of everybody—sweep-

Who's this coming? Who's this man?

If he builds a bridge you can.

Now we both can go across,

Gather flowers, leaves and moss,

Carpenter, you're kind and good,

Here's a flower from the wood.

Nor can I better conclude this long lecture and exercise of your patience than by this reference to the law of Truth, Beauty, and Peace, which underlies all that Fröbel planned. The games and songs might be considered the highest expression of his teaching, because children must unite to sing and play. And union in order to be good will bring about

“Peace on earth, Good-will towards men.”

