us capitally, and the winding walks round “The Station,” which were prettily lighted with Chinese lanterns, made charming promenades. Colds were not thought of, it was such a charming summer’s night, though shawls and anxious mothers’ injunctions were not wanting. We never have those really warm summer nights now; I wonder why. The return to Bowness I thought the most delightful time of all. Quite a little fleet of boats left the mainland, and, as dresses and flowers might now take their chance, we were well protected from the air, which always becomes chilly before dawn. Yes, it was chilly certainly, but O, how sweet! My companions had much to talk about, fighting their battles o’er again; but I rolled myself in a warm cloak and lay down in the bow of our big boat, watching the stars as they gradually faded away, giving place to morn, “smiling morn,” that began to “tip the hills with gold” as we neared the shore.

The grating of the boat on the gravel and the shipping of the oars put an end to my musing, but I am sure you will agree with me in thinking that this was an infinitely pleasant way of returning from a ball than being shut up in a close, stuffy carriage, jolting away over street pavements or bad roads perhaps. Contrast it in your own mind with the gliding motion of a boat and the sweetness and beauty that surrounded us on our return from “The Station” ball.

And is it not strange that, though more than half a century has elapsed since that night, all is as vividly impressed on my memory as if it had happened last week? It is a merciful dispensation of Providence that the pleasures and happiest hours of our youth never fade away as long as memory lasts; but the trials and sorrows of our later years seem mixed up and softened off, as it were, by the mist of time.

So may it be with you, my dear E., if you live to my advanced age.

Believe me,

Yours affectionate

Grannie.

P.S.—The sketch I send you of Lady Holme is more faded than my memory. If you ever find yourself on Windermere, be sure and land on our island, and see if there are any remains of our sylvan resting-place.

(To be continued.)

Kindergarten Nurses.

By Félicité Anne Debonnaire.

Why, asks a great educational writer, do we pay less attention to the nature of a child than we do to the seed of some rare exotic, from which we hope to raise a plant as yet unknown to us, but on the glories of which some chance explorer has expatiated? Is there not in every child an embryo, whose full development is hidden from our eyes, but which may—nay, if nature be allowed free play, must be capable of symmetrical development, like the rose—

That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content in blossoming to fulfil its life?

If we foster the young plant, averting whatever may hinder or disturb the gradual development we call growth, why do we pay less attention to the child; why do we neglect to guard it from the influences which will blight its future as surely as a cutting wind or blazing sun might mar the bloom we look for?

Too often we are content to let the influences of after life check the evils which our neglect has caused. The school is in many instances regarded as a house of correction for the delinquent of the nursery; and what is called “the discipline of life” is expected to modify the faults engendered by the injudicious or defective discipline of the school.

Infancy passes so quickly into childhood, and childhood into boyhood, and boyhood into manhood, that all the energy of the child in each successive age is required for the full and perfect development of the faculties of that age. Nay, more; each age is not in itself a section, cut off from the rest of the child’s life; but is the gradual outcome of what has passed and the preparation for that which is to follow. After-treatment cannot remove
the effects of carelessness or neglect at an earlier age; and when parents talk of bad habits to be cured, they forget that they are requiring of children and teachers an effort beyond and outside of natural development and education, properly so called. The bad habits must, of course, be cured; but how did they originate? "Oh, they are so easily caught up in the nursery, aren't they?" Yes, alas! in the nursery too often are sown those little beginnings of evils which mar a man's life.

It indeed says a great deal for the effect of association that servants do become valuable and trustworthy by living in the houses of cultivated and refined families. But it does not say much for the wisdom of parents that they permit girls whose only experience of discipline is the rough and ready shake or call; the angry and rude word learnt in their cottage homes, to have the care of their children in early childhood, when every word falls on impressionable ears, and every action calls forth a responsive imitation from the child.

One cannot wonder that a mother in a cottage home, whose temper is roughened by worry, and who of necessity lives in the present, adopts the readiest methods of securing peace and quiet in the cottage. Nor does one blame the nursery maid for following her mother's example. She will probably tone down as her experience grows, and be a quiet, respectable nurse according to her lights. But her experience is learnt at the expense of the families through which she passes, and the light which she gains is often a very poor substitute for that enlightenment which ought to be the qualification of every children's nurse.

How can she draw forth the child's love of movement, the activity of its senses, if her one idea of discipline centres, as it too often does, in the effort to keep the children quiet? How can she satisfy the eager demand for knowledge if her own scanty information prompts her to say, "Don't ask questions!"? Her pride in the early attainments of the child often inclines a nurse to make him walk, or repeat little verses by rote, long before the limbs or the mind are by nature capable of sustained action. Her very love for the child leads her in her ignorance to endanger its health and prosperity; and parents think little of such dangers, and probably fancy that it matters very little, if only in after life the child's limbs "come straight," or the overwrought brain "rights itself," that they had not a better guardian for the infant's early years. But the strength of the energy, which ought to have been absorbed in the gradual development of the child's body and mind, has been taxed to the mischief which never would have occurred had the nurse been as enlightened as she was proud and affectionate.

How to educate nurses, so that they shall add to the excellent qualities of devotion and industry the knowledge requisite for the proper management of children, is a difficult question; and, unless we can solve it, we must go on sowing the wind. As the race for life gets more and more severe, and as the prize is more than ever for the swift, all parents must be anxious that their children should be properly equipped for that race, and not burdened by the impediments of bad habits, or enfeebled through ignorance and neglect.

More than one great educator, anxious to reform the evils of his age, has gone back to the earliest stages of a child's life, and found there the springs of the evil and the possibilities of redress. Bacon, in his famous saying that education is after all but early custom, Plato, in the regulations for his "Republic," Rousseau, in his writings—all turn to this, the starting point of life, for the index, the very horoscope of the future career of the individual.

We, in these days of struggle and competition, have arrived at the same conclusion, and realise that if the children of the present generation are to make or hold their position in life, they must be trained to it from the very cradle.

Early in this century two wise men arrived at this important truth—Pestalozzi, the philanthropist, and Froebel, the great pedagogue. Pestalozzi first, through his enlightened philanthropy, wrought out the truth and became the Father of Elementary Education; Froebel, the great educational reformer, became, through his reforms, the great philanthropist of his age. Both united in this one thought, that in the gradual and systematic development of the child from very infancy lay the secret of all true education. Each wrote a book for mothers, and while Pestalozzi broke the ground and strove (in spite of poverty, hunger, and disappointment) after the fulfilment of his ideal, Froebel wrought the philosophy of the elder reformer into his own deep, if somewhat mystical, teachings, and organised the use of future generations the first system of infant education, under the name of the Kindergarten.
One of the objects he kept in view was, that all who have the
charge of young children should be trained for the fulfilment of
their duties. Could such training be adopted, parents would
soon become aware of the advantage of having a properly
trained kindergarten nurse or mother’s help rather than an
untrained and comparatively unskilled servant.

The popular idea of the kindergarten system generally
means the knowledge of a few games, a few methods of keeping
children amused and busy. Yet, even so, how good for a child
who will let it play pretty games,
to have a bright, cheerful friend who will show its limbs and to move every muscle of its little
body—leading it to join in the song, in the motion and the spirit
of the game, instead of checking its love of action with a hasty
“Sit down and be quiet.” If the child loves to build, to make
something with his busy little fingers, well, he can have bricks or even sand to play with—and out of doors, instead of a dull
toddle by the nurse’s side, he will run to find something for the
teacher, who has a story for every stone, a song for every flower;
who, for the older children, will open treasure houses of delight
in every hedgerow, and will find many interests even in the
duller walks of a London park or street. Jack Frost with his
starry flowers that bloom on every thistle, vanish at a breath, and
glitter and shine on the broad reaches of grass, is a fairy the
children soon learn to look for, and they would far rather run
out with their teacher and pay him a visit than cower over the
nursery fire.

They find out, too, from their friend at home that pussy is
not just a lump of fur to be pulled about and teased till she
bites and scratches. She is a constant subject of conversation,
and the children learn about the larger creatures marked like
her who live in the forest among bright insects and flowers and
wild creatures they have never seen. No cruel stories are told
to frighten them, and make night horrible with dreams of lions
and tigers that are coming to eat them up. No, the teacher
teaches them the wonders of Nature, but not as horrors to
excite the worst passions of their nature—fierceness, cruel
ness, and that the cat in the nursery is the tiger of the forest,
and that the wolf in the forest and the dog in the yard have
more in common than the mere name of “Wolf.”

Even if the kindergarten teacher knew no more than the
merest A B C of her methods, she would have some advantages
over an ordinary nurse; how much more, if she were fully
trained (as Froebel designed), would she prove an invaluable
help in the nursery, whether among a family of busy children,
or where disease or delicacy clouds the life of some sickly child.

A thoroughly trained kindergarten nurse has this in her
favour, that even should she not be a lady born, the training,
discipline, and experience necessary for her vocation must
exercise a refining influence. It is impossible, for example, to
adopt either Froebel’s principles or his methods in a sincere
and intelligent manner, without exercising great self-control
and self-discipline. The temper of the student must be trained
and controlled—the thoughts, the words, the actions brought
into harmony with the highest principles of morality and
religion.

If it happen to be a lady by birth who takes the position
of a nurse, she will have to fit herself for her work by a good
deal of what some people might call mental work, but which
will be for her what the sweeping of a floor was to George
Herbert’s chastened thought. The spirit will make the action
fine. The teacher will realize that every loving service which
she renders to a child has in it a practical value apart from
the moral fact that no service is in itself menial. The firm
but gentle hand, the consciousness on the part of the nurse
that the physical and mental treatment of a child should be
regulated by the laws of nature according to which the child
must develop as a whole—this outward skill and this higher
knowledge will give the child the advantages of a refined and
consistent education even in his infant days. A kindergarten
nurse will have studied hygiene—not merely the Latin names
of infant diseases and the proper remedies, but the signs of
approaching disorder, the best way to avoid it, or the readiest
method of relieving it; all true kindergarten training is
practical.

To fit herself thoroughly for her work the kindergarten
nurse should add to the direct teaching she receives in the
kindergarten, a good useful knowledge of needlework and some
handiness in cooking. She should know how to prepare
children’s food and such articles of invalid’s diet as are likely
to be required.

With all this skilled, practical knowledge she will have
received instruction which, if you call it psychology or knowledge of child-nature, is still part and parcel of her training. She studies the child as a whole, she sees the working of the mind on the body, of the body on the mind. She sees the moral and physical and mental peculiarities in faculties underlying the physical deformity, so even in the infant will she guard against any pronounced tendency likely to injure the symmetrical development of its powers. But, if she be a true kindergarten teacher, she will not deal with any threatened evil by outward force. She will not if she can avoid it in infancy impose an external or forcible restraint upon the child. Instead of ruling by means of a raised hand and angry voice, she will work upon the child's own powers of self-restraint and thus lead him while yet an infant to the secret of all true development, by the discipline which is self-discipline, the control which is self-control, giving the child a consciousness of power, not defiance but self-reliance—not of self-assumption but of obedience to the inner conscience.

The desire to do right is often very feeble in a child, because it is acting on the defensive, its combative faculties having been developed by the outward and vigorous attacks on its little frame. No amount of shaking ever made a naughty child good, but it has made many a good child naughty by raising the spirit of self-defence. A trained kindergarten nurse will avoid bringing into prominence those words, "good" and "naughty." They are comparative terms, and are more generally the indications of a teacher's temper than of an infant's moral qualities. The child must be trained in obedience, in truthfulness, in neatness, in gentleness, in all virtue. This is positive training, and is not a matter of never-ending "Don'ts." Virtue is many sided, but it is indivisible, and in the act of training a child's moral and physical nature, you train it in each of the separate qualities which are supposed to make up a good child.

The Evening Sky—May 15 to June 15.

By Mrs. L. C. D'A. Lipscomb.

THE MOON.

New, May 18th; first quarter, May 26th; full, June 2nd; last quarter, June 9th.

THE PLANETS.

Venus is an evening star, and rises higher every evening. On May 15th it is not far from Aldibaran in Taurus, and pursues its way eastward among the stars until by June 15th it has crossed Gemini and is just below Pollux. But it can be distinguished long before these constellations are visible in the western sky soon after sunset.

Mars. In 1733 Herschel said, "The analogy between Mars and the Earth is perhaps by far the greatest in the whole solar system," and the saying holds true to-day, so that this planet has a special interest for us. Dusky markings were first seen in 1656, and in that year and subsequent ones Cassini saw them distinctly enough to determine the planet's rotation by them as twenty-four days forty-eight minutes. This was confirmed in 1719, when Maraldi distinguished two spots always in the same position, although variable in size. These were peculiar bright patches round the poles. Herschel found out that they varied according to the season; when it was winter in one hemisphere the corresponding patch was invariably larger, so that to attribute it to snow and frost was inevitable. Herschel also declared the dark markings were permanent, and that their apparent alteration or disappearance arose from their being hidden sometimes by clouds similar to ours. It has now been established without doubt from various observations that we know two facts about the surface of Mars. First, we