

Mother, retrieve this error in the education of your dear child. Then, by the influence which from song radiates upon his whole life, you will perceive with what a jewel you have enriched him. Moreover, in cultivating your child's power of song you will yourself learn to sing, or at the very least to enjoy and appreciate singing.

Higher and more important than the cultivation of man's outer ear is the culture of that inner sense of harmony whereby the soul learns to perceive sweet accord in soundless things, and to discern within itself harmonies and discords. The importance of wakening the inner ear to this music of the soul can scarcely be exaggerated. Learning to hear it within, the child will strive to give it outer form and expression; and even if in such effort he is only partially successful, he will gain thereby the power to appreciate the more successful effort of others. Thus enriching his own life by the life of others, he solves the problem of development. How else were it possible within the quickly fleeting hours of mortal life to develop our being in all directions, to fathom its depths, scale its heights, measure its boundaries? What we are, what we would be, we must learn to recognise in the mirror of all other lives. By the effort of each and the recognition of all the divine man is revealed in humanity.

And now may I say just a word about the charming picture which illustrates this play? Mother, try to make your child feel its music. The whole picture is melody. Everything in it is singing, or listening to song. The swaying

wheat sings. The lark in its midst listens. The fragrance of the convolvulus is sweet music to the bees, and they accompany it with their whirring wings. The many-coloured bird perched in the bushy tree above the head of the musician has flown near the head of the sound-stream in order that not one of its waves may escape him. The canary in the cage flutters and twitters, as if trying to say, "Recognise in least and smallest things the great Creator's might." How sweetly yonder little brother and sister are playing! And how absorbed they are in the music they are making! This is what I call harmony of life. The artist could not have pictured it more beautifully. The little birds above the boy's head have flown as near as possible so that they may hear well. The lark, that master of song, cannot refrain from joining in the music and making its rhythm visible in the movement of his wings. Even the dull-eared beetle forsakes the leaf he has been nibbling in order to get nearer to the music. The colours say, "We, too, must take part in the symphony," and their glowing and accordant hues make music for the eye. The heads of wheat paint themselves with gold. The lark takes on the colour of the earth, in order that earth's sheltering furrows may protect her from capture. The faithful cornflower reflects the azure sky. The home-loving bee dons a suit of workaday brown. Pink are the cheeks of the children, golden brown the boy's curling locks, while the flaxen hair of the little girl makes a fair setting for her bright blue eyes. Round

them all the atmosphere throws its veil of misty blue. Through it streams the golden sunlight, that the green of hope may clothe the children of earth. The beetle stays his droning flight, and lo! upon his broad back the colours meet as upon a painter's palette.