

these two plays you may easily learn the manner of playing them. It is self-evident that they may be played either by daylight or by lamp-light.

The Window plays are counterparts to the Shadow plays. The aim of the Shadow plays is to suggest how we may avoid wakening the child's lower instincts. The aim of the Window plays is to rouse and quicken his sympathy for what is high and noble.

In the commentaries to the Tick-tack and the Fishes, I urged you, dear mother, to cultivate in your child a love for all that is clean and pure and clear. Let me now entreat you to cherish and foster his delight in all that is shining, transparent, luminous, and illuminating.

Observe the absorption of yonder little children in the beloved phenomena of light. What should more quickly attract and more strongly rivet the child's attention than that which is luminous and illuminating? He inhales the light as he inhales the air. Light is the atmosphere of the soul. Purity of heart is the illuminated summit of character, which wise men discern and wiser men achieve. Mother, exercise your child's strength that he may have power to climb this height. Father, reach him from above your helping hand.

"Mother, why does the little boy who is standing in the window look so serious?"

"He is watching the lovely colours which the sunlight makes in the water."

"Mother, father, come here! Come quickly! See, sister has set a glass of clean water in the window! Look at the beautiful bright-coloured circles and rays! They are just like the rainbow and the dewdrops. Oh, mother, how pretty they are! The colours play with each other when sister moves the glass, just as you play 'catch' with us."

As the child rejoices in this play of colour, the noble man rejoices in that "rainbow flowering" of the soul which is the rich reward of a wise and tender spiritual nurture. Mother, see to it that the youth and maiden enshrine and preserve the pure visions of childhood.

"But why is the little boy crying?"

"Oh, dear! He has carelessly broken the bright glass in the window, and now, if he doesn't want to shut the light out of the room with a board or piece of paper, he must go to the glazier, who lives a long way off, and ask him to put in a new pane. Sometimes we are like this little boy: we do something which keeps light from getting into our hearts. Then, what a sad time we have in the dark, and how much trouble we have to take before we can get the light again! But do you see the little girl in the picture, who has opened the door so that light may get into the dark cellar? Be like her, darling: open all the doors and windows of your heart to the dear light; then everything within will be clear, and everything without will be fair. The world will be all beautiful to you, as it is to the little boy who

stands in his mother's lap, watching for the coming of the sun. The baby the other mother has in her arms loves to look at the sun too. The little boy who is pointing towards the window says to his sister, "Come, let us ask mother if we may go for a while into the garden; it is so lovely out of doors." "Yes, children," answers the mother, "you may go; and be sure to try to be like the shining, kindly light which makes all this loveliness."