

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The summer school opened on Monday, August 1, at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo. Dr. Maeser opened the session by prayer. Professor Cluff introduced Professor Parker of Boston, who has recently closed a week's session at Chatauque. He has been a teacher for thirty-six years.

There were about 350 teachers present, who received him with applause. After some remarks from him as to the purpose in visiting Utah, a recess of ten minutes was had for social conversation.

On re-opening Professor Parker gave an outline of subjects for study and investigation, and the manner of handling them. There are to be instructions in drawing, clay modeling, Memory; civil government and practical methods of teaching.

In the afternoon Professor Parker lectured on geography as a basis of all the natural sciences.

Mrs. Parker lectured on the Delsarte system of physical culture.

Miss Heffron illustrated and explained free hand drawing by use of the blackboard.

In the evening Professor Parker lectured on "Artist or Artisan."

On Tuesday Mrs. Parker gave another lecture on the Delsarte system.

Professor Parker followed on geography.

Miss Heffron continued her lessons and illustrations on the blackboard.

In the afternoon Professor Parker descanted on number work.

Mrs. Parker followed with a short lecture on articulation.

On Wednesday the forenoon was occupied by the following programme:

Mrs. Parker on Delsarte and his system; Colonel Parker in teaching reading; Miss Heffron on modeling in clay and sand, and the German professors in music.

The little historical sketch Mrs. Parker gave of Delsarte intensified the general interest in the discoveries he had made; and the deductions from those discoveries.

Colonel Parker opened up new thought for the guidance of the teacher in this branch of education. Quite a discussion was maintained on the question of wholes vs. elementary parts, decided in favor of entretelles. In conclusion he said he was the best misunderstood man in America, and that there was something in this mountain air that shortened time.

The clay modeling was so applied as to illustrate the relative values of weights and measures, and as an aid to comprehensive illustration of many other studies is used both to stimulate observation and impress retention.

The music lesson progressed from that of yesterday, and instead of being an obscure and difficult science, out of the reach of common mortals, music seemed to be easy of access.

It was announced that the citizens of Provo would tender a reception at the Tabernacle to Professor and Mrs. Parker for the entire class—teachers teaching, and teachers studying.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The library was crowded to suffocation again this evening to hear Colonel Parker's lecture on "The Child."

The Colonel is a very easy and finished speaker, reminding one, but for

the difference in theme, of Charles Ellis.

The subject of having the stenographic reports of Mr. Parker's lectures published in pamphlet form was laid before the students, and decided affirmatively.

The following is an extensive synopsis of the lecture:

Fellow Teachers:—The unrealized possibilities of development in the child is a theme for our earnest consideration, and that development we owe to the next generation. The whole question lies in the education of the little child, and there is no work too good, no thought too great, no desire too deep, no endeavors too noble to be concentrated in this one grand effort. It means better homes, higher morals, nobler aspirations, the love of God and the perpetuation of our Republic.

The little child lies cradled in its mother's arms; its life a dream of bliss, earth its servant, the sun its toy, its surroundings a sign and symbol of the universe. My life has been spent among little children, and I think I have learned to read them a little. I say that the child is a 'born savage.' Do not be startled by the assertion, for when we have become better acquainted with our ancestors we will respect them more. Much of our mental strength and vigor, the spiritual fervor, as well as physical superiority, we inherited from a savage ancestry.

Have you ever known a little boy who did not wish to dig a cave and live in it? Who did not take unbounded satisfaction in making himself proficient with the bow and arrow, and dearly hold in his heart an ideal of savage seclusion and independence? I remember one boy who dug a cave in an island and there defended himself against all intruders—though there were none. He fortified his island and built a fort at the most exposed point, determined no vessel should pass up or down without hearing from him and his tin gun. The fact was no boat could pass because the water was too shallow. But there he fought imaginary battles, reveling in the expression of his savage instincts. How children delight in "Robinson Crusoe" because of its savagery.

The properly constituted child lives a mythical life. Just as soon as it begins to get a little light it begins to create and people a world of its own, a world in which it is the central figure, living, moving and having an exalted being. Can you not remember when with a few broken bits of plate and two shingles under a tree you kept house, received and entertained visitors, delighted with your shadowy guests? Then there are the mother's stories, told to the happy child as it closes its eyes in slumber; and some have forbidden this, and tell you if a child could not break the bonds of reality he would be a brute. But he breaks these bonds, looks beyond, and he sees a future life and a world outside of his present surroundings.

There are those who forbid fairy tales to children, saying, tell a child only the truth. Of all such I would ask the question, "What is truth?" I can fancy the halo of glory around the head of the Lover of mankind when Pilate asked Him, What is truth? Our good old Puritan fathers

insisted on truth, but failed to see and understand the truth in rich imagination, with its inspiring, humanizing, beautifying effects in crude humanity. The old geographer Peter Parley, refusing beautiful truth through imaginative symbols, gave us a map—I studied it—with a country called Ethiopia in the centre of Africa; I learned to "bound it." There is no such country. He gave the children absolute falsehood clothed in the classic drapery of knowledge with the forged seal of truth burned into her brow.

Have you ever contemplated the sweet truths hidden in the parables which He gave to those not strong enough to hear naked truth? In the holy sympathies, the expectant, living inquiry awakened for the smallest of God's creatures by the fairy tale told the little child? They help us to learn of the exquisite purpose in the most minute of God's creations, to hate nothing, to love all things.

The earth confronted savage man and said: "What am I?" And man replied: "Thou art God!" But the stars confronted him with the same question: "What are we?" And he said, "Surely thou art God," and worshipped. But the sun with power and glory asked the question once again, and He said: "Thou art God," but through his consciousness there stole the thought of a power beyond all this, and his soul reached out through boundless space, to commune with the infinite.

Little children worship everything. The stars are nail holes in the floor of heaven. The grandeur of nature stirs the divinity within the child which his tongue cannot express. The mythical is to him the beginning of religion. Why have we become a race bound to the sordid and soul-slaying realities of life? It does not matter what our lips utter, our faces speak the spiritual death, killed when the mythical was destroyed in the child life.

This same condemned faculty is the beginning of science; it gives us the treasures of the ages. The crystal fragments of wisdom left in islands of the sea and upon continents come to us this way. Germany has its folk lore that every child knows. The child is a born naturalist. He loves flowers. In Boston once, up a dark and dirty street, I saw a neglected child, on an equally neglected doorstep, but upon that begrimed face was a divine smile. Curious to know what had stirred the divinity within its little soul, I approached, and found that it held in its hand a clover blossom. That smile is sometimes seen on the faces of old men who have led unselfish, childlike lives.

Every child has a love for nature unless some teacher kills it out. I knew a very ordinary boy, on a little rocky farm, who pursued the study of geography with burning zeal, and never knew that he was learning anything. Every swamp, hill, slope, stone, brook, he explored and knew. He studied botany. No tree, nor plant nor flower but he knew its time of opening, its habits of leaf and bud, the situations it loved best; and when that boy became a man, he taught school for twenty years before he knew that the New Hampshire farm had been a tutor in these sciences, so far as the theory of books wandered from nature.

He studied bugs, and knew those that