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Poetry.

TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag, no flaunting flag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze or murderous guns,
To struggle for the fight
Our spears and swords are printed words;
The mind our battle plan;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause,
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's hearts,
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world
before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "Fraternity!"
We keep the march of Time.
Aid yet we grasp no jilts or spear,
Our victories to obtain,
We've won without the aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front of wrong;
We have a citadel of truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching
faith,
Have never striven in vain;
They've won our battle many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groan shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

How many pleasant memories, how many endearing recollections, come thronging to my brain as I look back to boyhood's sunny hours, when, with my books under my arm, I went whistling with gay, light-hearted companions towards the old school-house, by the big pine tree.—How joyous and full of gladness were those days, when, after reciting our lessons, (which we sometime thought outrageously long,) we were let out on the grassy lawn to make things "hum" for awhile with our noisy glee. How we tumbled, wrestled, and played the thousand games and sports known only to the school-boy, and then, when we heard the

tinkling of the good old master's bell, with what a happy shout would we disperse, each trying to outstrip the others in the race for the school-room door. How we loved that old master, and how patiently would we sit, and with the strictest attention, listen to him, while he recounted anecdotes without number, of terrible deeds performed in battle,—of men who crossed the sea to find new worlds,—all of which we, with big eyes, and wide open mouths, would swallow with heart-felt admiration. Ah! those were happy days—but they have passed never to return.

Where now are the boys that thronged that grassy lawn?—where now is the old master?—where the old school house? The boys are gone; some of them to take an active part in business life; some to hold the reins of government; some are great and famous; others are lowly and obscure; while some, alas, "Life's fitful fever over, sleep well."

The kind old master, who labored so hard to make us useful and prominent members of society, was long since gathered to the graves of his fathers. The old, time-worn school-house has given way to a more costly edifice, which looks too cold and formal to me, as I think of the little brown building of years ago. But the old tree stands there, more beautiful and majestic than ever,—other boys play beneath its broad-spreading branches, making the welkin ring with their thoughtless gaiety, while it looks down smilingly upon them as it did upon us, in the years long since gone.

THE ASTRONOMER AND HIS CHILD.

A very learned astronomer had passed the whole night in his observatory, watching the course of the stars. The next morning he entered the room to greet his wife, with a scroll under his arm, and his eyes sparkled with joy and self-satisfaction.

'Look here,' said he, as he opened the scroll, which was covered with figures and signs. 'See here the fruit of a happy and glorious night! What a science is that which can predict the courses of the intumescible host of heaven, from which

they cannot swerve either to the right hand or to the left, and can measure the height of the mountains of the moon. And how delightful a feeling to have mastered such a science!'

Whilst he was talking in this manner, to the intense admiration of his wife, his little boy took him by the hand, and interrupted him by calling out, 'Father! father!' But he checked the child, and said, 'Be quiet, my boy.'

The little fellow, however, did not leave off, but pulled his father, and cried, 'Do look, father!' Then his father turned round, and the boy pointed to the clock on the wall, and said, 'I know all the numbers on the face, and now the hand is at seven.' And the boy nodded very seriously with his head, and looked at his father.

The mother smiled; and the father did the same, and did up the scroll, saying, 'Naturally, the boy is my teacher.'

KIND WORDS DO NOT COST MUCH.

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:

1. They help one's own nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, but hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used,