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Doct's Corner.

"IN MEMORIAM."

I

These blossoms, gathered for thy living eye,
I little thought would close upon thy grave:
And yet I know my love, nor thought, could save

The life so cherished here—nor Death defy;

But now I see a higher life for thee
Opening—as those pure stars do open at morn—
But not to close, because of spirit born,
Which rises upward, through Eternity.

There be thy garden-bloom! while here we bend
No more to cull an earthly growth for thee,
Forever past, this sweet idolatry;
For dust with dust forevermore must blend.

Earnest I strove that these should meet thine eye,
For 'twas thy last, fond, sad, and dear request
Unto mine eager heart a strong behest:
Dost thou not see that flower and root are nigh?

E'en while I watched, thy rose's urns unclose
To fling their fragrance o'er those waiting stars
An angel come and gently loosed the bars,
To change thy weariness to calm repose.

Meek Star of Bethlehem! how this must pale
When risen the Maker's star of highest might!
Still may it point us to the spirit-light
Which ne'er can waver—never fade, nor fail.

II

This burial morn a silvery group I see—
A constellation on that precious mound,
By love long tended and made holy ground,
Henceforth I consecrate this star to thee.

I add its spray to live upon thy tomb
One bitter hour, and fondly wither there,
Oh, may it breathe no accent of despair,
Or of less tranquil souls in days to come.

For soon, ay, soon, the messenger that waits
The shock to ripen and the ears to fill—
Who bids us mourners yield there to his will—
Will give us entrance through the pearly gates.

So saith the Comforter! May He who sent
Strengthen our hearts that we may find it true
But yet 'tis hard—how hard! to say, adieu!
And linger on, in this our banishment.

The mossy buds of each unfolding rose,
From these, thy white, to richest tropic glow—
Nurtured Narcissus—ah, what bloom below
That thou so loved, can e'er again unclose.

But will it ask, in vain? thy spirit-glance?
Nay, not in vain! but thou, so near, yet far,
Shall with its gaze: for, oh, it cannot mar
Thy higher growth to join in this sweet trance.

Then live and rise, dear friend! and pray that
This little while shall patient wait and watch,
Till God's own angel lift for us the latch,
And we rejoin thee—for Eternity.

1860. C.

MILNEY, June, 1859.

BOOKS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

The moderns, even with the aid of the printing press, are not so far in advance of the ancients in the power of multiplying copies of books, as it generally supposed. The disinterment of buried cities, reveals a singular perfection in all that pertained to their domestic comfort, and in the ornaments and articles of taste, which marked a high civilization, but later investigations have brought to light facts more surprising in regard to their literary labors, and the extensive diffusion of books among the people.

In the time from Cicero up to Marcus Aurelius, scarcely less was written and read than in our day. This was effected by slave labor. Slaves were the amanuenses of Roman publishers. What the printing press now does for the spread of intelligence—bringing the poet and the orator, the historian and the essayist, in communication with the minds of the masses—bond-men then performed, and the cheapness of their labor superceded the necessity of machinery.

In the large publishing establishments, a work to be produced was dictated to several hundreds of slaves at once, who were capable of an almost incredible precision and celerity. Martialis tells us that the second book of his epigrams, which numbers some hundred and fifty verses, did not cost more than one hour to the copyist. If three hundred were engaged at the same moment upon it, fifteen hundred could have been produced in a single day. The price of this work was quite as cheap as one of similar dimensions printed at the present day.

The passion for literature, if we can from a correct judgment from the broken records that have come down to us, was equal to that manifested in the present age. From Publius Victorinus we learn that, during the second and third centuries after Christ, there were in Rome alone twenty-nine public libraries, many of which, as to the number of books, equalled the celebrated Alexander Library which is supposed to have contained 700,000 volumes.—*Selected.*

HOW TO SPEAK.

The faculty of effective expression, which, like all others, depends upon training, is not made a distinctive object of culture in our schools and colleges; on the contrary, how often is it found that to be a scholar is to become a creature who expresses himself in public more awkwardly and with less effect than many a sturdy ploughman's son, who never darkened the walls of either school or college? The consequence of this in the church and in the lecturing-halls of our universities is often most lamentable.—Where earnestness, vigor, and impressiveness are most necessary, a sort of tame

propriety and a cold dignity have become the rule; and nature, the great charmer, is as much afraid of showing herself in our Christian pulpits as amid the conventional decencies and cold proprieties of a fashionable drawing-room. The prevalence of this artificial feeling is one of the chief reasons why uncultivated Methodists and wild untutored apostles of all kinds have so much more influence with the masses than the regularly trained English clergyman. It is not that the scholarly vicar is too high for his audience, but that you have stamped on him a type of scholarship divorced from life and ashamed of nature. He who would speak to his fellow-beings with effect, must, above all things, have three qualities—freedom, fire and force; and these are precisely the three qualities which our scholastic and academical habits and our narrow bookish notions tend systematically to repress rather than to evolve.—*Prof. Blackie.*

BAD GRAMMAR.

If there is anything in the world that is painful and disgusting, it is to hear a lady (!) in boniton and diamonds, transgressing the rules of Murray and Brown, with every third sentence she utters.

There is no excuse either for such women—it is the duty of every lady, in this nineteenth century, to be able to *spell, spell* and *write* correctly, and if our social edicts were more stringent on these points, and less so in the matters of dress, we should have many more refined, cultivated women than society is at present blessed with. Not that we want our women metamorphosed into "blues," or that it is necessary they should be versed in the dead languages, and discourse very learnedly on geology, or trigonometry, and woman looks quite as attractive kneading biscuit at her kitchen table as she does in a chemical laboratory. Tact and good common sense are quite as valuable in the practical needs of life as a "finished education," and a true loving heart will make a better wife and mother than a highly stimulated brain.

But an ignorant, vulgar woman is a disgrace to herself, particularly when she affects to be a lady, and passes for what she is not, which is usually attained most effectually through dress-makers and milliners.

We must be pardoned for offering a word of sincere advice to those pretty, graceful women one meets everywhere, and admire—until they open their mouth to speak. Devote a little less time to your boucances and French flowers, and do buy a grammar, and study it.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

If the way to Heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—*Beverage,*