

MORAL EDUCATION.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin? or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good, who have been accustomed to do evil"
 "Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it."

We have already had occasion to notice and lament the want of moral education in our primary schools; a deficiency which some have attempted to justify, from the great variety of religious faith and modes of worship existing in the community, and the danger of converting the schools into an engine of religious proselytism. But surely this is a reason which will not stand the test of examination. Because one branch of moral duty, (that which relates to religious doctrine,) is properly rejected, on account of this peculiarity in the state of society, does it follow that every species of moral training must be excluded? Does not this circumstance rather enhance the necessity of a peculiar attention to that part of moral instruction to which no such objection can apply? Is there not an extensive field, which may be regarded as common ground, in respect to which every portion of society, whatever be their religious belief, are perfectly agreed? Is there any parent, who does not desire his child to be trained to the practice of virtue, and to the avoidance of every vicious habit? that he should be inspired with veneration, gratitude, and love, to God? that he should be honest, faithful, humane, and gentle; obedient to his parents, true to his word? that he should possess moral courage and self-control? industry, perseverance, economy, and temperance; patience, fortitude, magnanimity, and cheerfulness? Surely not. On these, and such like points, we shall meet with perfect unanimity.

The force of these considerations is much increased by the reflection, that moral training, to be effectual, must be commenced in *early youth*. And here we have once more to lament the same fundamental error, so repeatedly noticed in our review of intellectual education, the adoption of a wrong course in the *first steps*. Thus, while some would frighten children into goodness, or place morality on an equally false foundation, others would leave you almost without instruction, in the delusive hope that *experience* will teach wisdom, that they will *know better* as they advance in life. But, alas! what then availeth knowledge? In a state of innocence, knowledge is all in all. But when the mind has become accustomed to guilt, which makes its approaches perhaps in the guise of pardonable frailties, rising by slow degrees, into the blacker and blacker shades of vice; at first attacking only occasionally, and finally becoming settled, by habit, into a part of *man's very nature*; when the passions, hitherto dormant, are gradually awakened, and, from the total want of resistance, are enabled to fix their roots deep in the soul; then mere knowledge is powerless. In this state of mind hardly anything short of miraculous power will restore man to the state of child-like innocence from which he had departed.

If, then, we would renovate society, we must not wait for the maturity of reason, and then expect to root out evil habits that have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It is from the *beginnings* of vice that we must be saved, if we would be saved from vice itself. The conscience must be developed on the first dawning of reason; it must be cultivated and strengthened by constant appeals to its jurisdiction; and a *habitu* must be acquired of listening to, and following its monitions.

From Wright's Casket.

Thoughts on the Management of Classes.

WHAT is the first object to be secured, as the upturned faces of a class flash with expectation on beholding their teacher in the act of presenting them with a dish of mental food? The answer comes up involuntarily without labored research. It is attention. How then can we secure an adequate amount of attention? Why, evidently, from the manner in which the faithful teacher has dressed up the subject about to be presented to the impressive minds before him. If he has handled his subject, with a master hand he shows it in all of its beneficial enticements before the intellectual gaze of the wondering scholar. Let the food offered in this instance be Geography. How shall these

infant minds partake of the mental nourishment? Shall they receive it by whole *Continents* and submerge it with *Oceans*, thereby satiating and destroying their mental stomachs? or shall they partake of it particle by particle, expanding and strengthening the net-works of the mind, giving unto it power and efficiency, as it stretches over more and more of Geographical space? From this suggestion, according to my view, I furnish the following manner of serving up this department of science to a class of young learners. Familiarise them, first, with the idea of *Geography*. Bring the subject home to their fleeting thoughts; the home geography of the play ground of their childhood. As they grow in mental strength they will be able to take in their range, district after district, town after town, and soon the mental grasp will fasten in imagination upon counties and states; and be able to describe them with ease, clearness, and correctness. Thus disciplined, the pupil is prepared to traverse a Continent with all of its diversity of Geographical arrangements. The vista of space is open, the pupil passes from Continent to Continent, rolling up before his mental mirror *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, together with the *Islands of the Sea*. And from this mode of treatment, we are convinced that, geographically, the scholar stands up a man; no superficial prodigy; but a real mental giant, compelling a world to pass in review before his light-toned and powerfully expanded intellect.

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THE SPRING.

THE following poetry should be treasured as an unparalleled literary curiosity; it was written by a little blind girl, (Miss Abby Water, 47 Missouri street, Boston,) only ten years of age. She was born without hands and wrote with her mouth, having acquired an extraordinary facility in that mode of recording thought. The mental no less than the mechanical origin of this poem is remarkable enough, and as an exhibition of poetical precocity it surpasses, I think, the first born offerings of Pope and Cowley. — *Boston Post*.

Now the wintry signs are going
 Fast, from stream, and sod, and tree;
 Warmer airs are mildly blowing,
 Spring is here with face of glee.
 Snows are low and suns are high
 Where her rosy footsteps fly,
 Wide abroad her mantle flinging,
 As an angel maid advances—
 Flowers are blooming, birds are singing
 In the sunshine of her glances.
 Soul of verdure, youth and beauty,
 Genius of the road of roses,
 Who delays to pay the duty,
 Who but in thy lap reposes.
 Earliest born! thy blush supernal,
 Gave their tints to Edon's flowers,
 Clap the globe with glories vernal,
 Fitted scenes for heavenly hours.
 Changeless, though that globe is changing,
 Youthful, though our forms grow old;
 As of yore, thy feet come ranging,
 Bringing beauty in the mould.
 Balm to breezes, light to skies,
 Life and freedom to the fountains,
 To the woodlands emerald dyes;
 Moss and garlands to the mountains,
 Order to uncultured land,
 Music to retiring birds,
 Labor to the farmer's hand;
 Hope to hearts, and cheer to words.
 Glorious, gentle, genial Spring,
 Could we ever to thee cling,
 Never more a sigh for summer
 Should a human bosom heave;
 He should be a noteless comer,
 Nor a look of ice receive.
 For thy ways are ways of grace,
 Freshness, peace and purity;
 Paradise adorns thy face,
 And though summer's robes imposing,
 Ampler ecom and bolder dyed,
 Thine are evermore disclosing
 More of peace and less of pride.
 Only in thy walks I'd wander,
 Other seasons sacrifice,
 Leave thee only for the skies.