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Poet's Corner.

AMBITION.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

Aspire!
But be not led,
Godless, to tread
On love's cleft heart and Honor's head
By mad Ambition's father dread
Of crimes most dire!

Aspire!
But ah! beware
The slippery stair,
Whose steps are treach'rous—climb not there!
Lo! on the top most stands Despair,
With goad of fire!

Aspire!
Not only power
Or golden dower—
Falls things demolished in an hour;
The level earth to Babel's tower
To God was higher!

Aspire!
Yet do not crave
The wreath or grave
Won by Ambition's butchering slave;
Not those who smite, but those who save,
True fame acquire!

Aspire!
The mount in breast
Throned on whose crest,
Fair Honor crowns her toil worn guest:
There is a realm of perfect rest
A little higher!

Aspire!
Christ goes before;
Excelsior!
From height to height, 'til life is o'er,
March, to the Music angels pour
From every lyre!

Aspire!
Ambition waits
'Mid sins and faults;
But earnest Truth all wrongs assaults,
And over every barrier vaults
To God, its she!

(From the New Era.)

THE TEACHER'S MISSION.

BY MISS M. J. MORTON.

[The following Essay was delivered before the Teachers' Association of this County at its last meeting—Ed. Era.]

In the mechanism of nature we behold a wise economy, far surpassing anything exhibited in the most transcendent accomplishments of art. No man can ascend into the heavens and view the revolutions of the planetary system without being struck with solemn awe; or descend into the earth and learn its complex structure without feeling a nothingness in himself; for, of a truth, he exclaims, "a great mind hath conceived—a mighty hand hath performed these things."—Wherever we turn our eyes we behold unprecedented workmanship, perfect har-

mony; and while we admire the achievements of the great masterbuilder this much forgotten truth presents itself to our minds. Everything has its work to do—its mission to perform; and, though the earth has been engaged in the fulfilment of her duties nearly 6000 years, yet she is no more remiss to-day than when she emanated from the hand of the Creator. The same with every thing God has created. Well might we exclaim, "When I behold the heavens—the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man?" Though the nations in the sight of Omnipotence are "as the small dust of the balance, yet, individually, man hath his mission to fulfil." The queen upon the throne, the pauper in the street, are alike responsible for the accomplishment of their task. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon had their work to do; it is done, and you and I have our part to play in the great drama of human affairs. We, as individuals, who are set apart as teachers of the rising generation, should make serious inquiries concerning our duties.

The Teacher's Mission. This is a broad extensive field; we would not dare presume to explore it. It sufficeth for us to sail around the coast, gather here and there a gem, and leave the interior with its rich diamonds and costly jewels for brighter talents—a greater mind.

We speak in eloquent terms of the minister's calling, what is it? to direct in a right channel that teaching already committed to the hands of the pedagogue. We admire the high and holy office of a parent, but too frequently children are hurried to the school-room, there to be educated physically, mentally, morally and religiously, if this portion of their education they receive at all.

It is a part of the teacher's task to develop the child's physical frame and teach its nature's laws. We must also improve its mental faculties, the training of that mind destined to live forever in happiness, or go down to the cold grasp of death, is comitted to him. Who can tell the height, the depth of the teacher's calling? We look over the broad Atlantic—its dashing waves—its foaming billows, and form an idea of its extent and power; we turn our eyes to the snow-crowned hills of Switzerland, whose summits appear to hold communion with heaven itself, and measure their height and calculate their magnitude; but who can tell the extent—the power—or the grandeur of the Teacher's Mission? We take an historic view of the past and learn the work of ages. We look at Garibaldi's movements and venture to conceive in our own minds the results of his labors; we go farther and lift the impenetrable veil which obscures the future, to take a glance of coming events; but, who can conceive the result of the teacher's labors or lift the

mighty curtain and expose to view in the resplendent light of an intellectual sun, the importance of the Teacher's Mission?—Dr. Cummins, in a recent lecture, speaking of the religious world, remarks that fashion is become the Sinai of some—the Gerizim of others. Let us erect a standard fashion to-day to become the Sinai of every teacher—to study to know the extent of our accountability.

The teacher's calling is a trying one. Are there not those here who through many long years have climbed up a hill as it were a glare of ice? You remember when you stood in the valley and viewed the top. It was an arduous undertaking; but you have gained the summit. How did you accomplish your task? You learned the steps you were to take; you walked in them; you triumphed, or in other words, you learned your duty and performed it; you looked back to the hour when you first left your father's house a teacher, you remember the scalding tear—the crimson cheek, compelled to bear the ridicule of an ignorant populace. Ah! those darts of pain are not yet forgotten which pierced your heart when those who should have been your auxiliaries turned away with a cold "let him alone." You had much to bear which we have not.—Teaching is not what it was twenty years ago, though it is still attended with many difficulties; but the time is fast hastening when the teacher will receive proper respect. What does this association announce? It speaks in terms of certainty; it lights up the prospects of the teacher as a flash of lightning the darkened heavens; its mighty accents proclaim, teaching shall rank high as a profession.

A teacher's calling demands co-operation. There must exist reciprocal feelings; sympathy must prevail. Not long ago I read an Essay on "human sympathy." Me thought that young lady could look back to a time when she needed the assistance of a brother or a sister teacher; but her cry fell unheeded and she was left to triumph or recede alone.—Teachers, if you would prosper you must work together. Be ever ready to lend a helping hand. While you are so tenacious of that good old proverb, "knowledge is power," forget not one equally as good—"Union is strength." We also require the united efforts of parents. No teacher can expect to gain readily the hearts of his pupils if the parents have previously poisoned their minds.

The teacher's high and exalted profession require men and women too, of great purity of mind as well as good natural abilities. No immoral man can be a successful teacher. He may appear to be successful for the present, but he will most assuredly taint the mind of his pupil and leave his mark upon him. He may impart a knowledge of geography, grammar, mathematics, and the various other branches usually taught: he may