

EDUCATIONALIST.

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"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS ONE DOLLAR.

VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, OCTOBER 1, 1860.

NUMBER 2.

Doel's Corner.

MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY JAMES W. WARD.

At the age of five and twenty,
Golden age of trust and promise,
When the hopes of life are brightest
And its cares and trials are hidden,
When the heart is strong and earnest
And the natant love is kindling
That pure flame that burneth ever
While the oil of life endureth—
Then my honored father married
His beloved Evelina,
My true-hearted angel mother.

This was in the blooming spring time,
In the month of flowers and sunshine;
Winter, with its frosts, had left them,
And the grasses in the meadow,
And the flowers upon the hill-side,
Springing up in life and beauty,
Filled the air with health and sweet
ness.

My mother then was just eight een,
And beautiful, they said who knew her,
As any fly; not a blossom,
Sweetly nodding in the valley
Of the rippling Wissibicon,
Turned its lovely face to heaven
With a purer glance or fairer;
And some father saw and wooed her
Then was fixed her lovely image
On his heart, as, fresh and youthful,
Warm with love's divine emotion,
Then she blushing smiled upon him;
And ever after, through all changes,
If he wake, or if he slumber,
Still that gentle face he seeth
As he saw it on that morning
Her sweet voice first called him husband.

Forty years of peaceful union,
Forty years of love and duty,
On their heads since then have ripened,
Hope, and trust, and joy maturing;
Till at last has come upon them
Age, or what in youth is called so;
Age, that unperceived approaches,
Making sudden alterations,
With its somber lines and shadows,
In each slowly changing feature;
And my mother, bless her sweet face,
Kind and loving through all changes,
Is no more the radiant beauty
She was once; a time disposes
Of the youthful charms and graces
That enchain us and delight us.

Came the other day an artist,
With his camera and lenses,
With his chemicals and metals,
Copying faces with the sunlight;
And my mother sat before him,
And the beams that shone upon her,
From her pure face were reflected
To the plate prepared to fix them;
Accurately there imprinting
Every line, and shade, and feature,
Every dimple, every wrinkle;
The solicitude maternal,
That calm look of anxious yearning,
And the lips' matured expression,
And the sunk cheek's care-worn shadow—

All were truly represented,
Nothing changed, and naught omitted;
True as in the placid water
Was the image of Narcissus;
True as the answer of the mirror
To the face that looketh in it.
The artist spoke his approbation:

"Tis very good," he said, "and truthful.
"Tis excellent," exclaimed that stranger;
"Tis mother," all the children echoed,
And I myself declared it perfect.

But my father, looking inward
On the past, in dreamy fondness,
Thoughtful gazed, in silent sadness,
Shook his head in disappointment,
Said at length, with strange assurance,
Tears upon his eyelids glistening—
"Tis not her; not so I see her,
Not thus through years of bliss have
known her;

Not thus appears my Evelina,
Still to me as fair and blooming,
As when first her love she gave me.
She in youth I loved and wedded
Locks not thus to me, has never
Shown these sad and life-worn features:
Or the dreamy past has mocked me,
Or my memory is failing,
Or my sight is dim and treacherous,
Or these tears obscure my vision,
Or the likeness is defective;
But I cannot in the picture
See the face, to me so different,
Of my wife, my life's companion;
Tis not thus to me she looketh."

'Tis a mystery needs solution;
Who will help me to an answer?
Why is it, my aged father,
All his mental strength possessing,
Clear in lead, and keen of vision,
Cannot see his wife grow older—
Sees her still as when he won her
In her maiden beauty blushing?
Shall we say the heart receiveth,
In its youth, ere time has scared it,
Its supreme and deep impressions,
Like the sensitive, quick metal
Of the camera, and retaineth
Them indelibly, forever?

NATURE'S LESSONS.

BY PROF. IRA W. ALLEN, OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

This is a beautiful world in which we live. The account of its creation, as given by inspiration, is one of inimitable beauty, simplicity, and grandeur. This little world of ours, a "wandering star," to say nothing about the other countless planets and stars of the illimitable universe, presents an inexhaustible study to man. God pronounced it good. It came from His hand, beautiful and grand; and whatever of deformity and discord has since appeared, has been the result of ignorance and sin. God can create nothing but what is good and harmonious, for He is the perfection of wisdom and love and beauty. There is no end, indeed, to the magnificent pictures, the inimitable blendings of light and shades, and the sweet voices of nature; for to the eye of him whose heart is in unison with the spirit of the great All-Father, she presents one continued moving panorama of highest charms, and into his ear she breathes the sweetest melodies, while his soul is ravished by a thousand unseen influences sent forth by the beneficent messengers of the Highest Love.

Such faintly is the world in which we

live to Him whose eye can see, whose ear can hear, and whose heart can feel; and I am happy in the belief that the number of such is increasing.

I rejoice, therefore, in all associations whose object is to cultivate and patronize the *fine arts*, and to educate an appreciative taste. Christianity and aesthetic culture are intimately connected; for where the Bible goes, there sooner or later must art flourish.

In no written or printed work are there found such inimitable word-paintings as in the Bible.

It is a vast "Mulum in parvo" of the good and the beautiful, and an inexhaustible treasury for the tongue of the orator! What, therefore, God has joined together let no Vandal hand try to sever. Let Christianity and aesthetic science, sister messengers of the Highest Love, go hand in hand, and visit all nations.

Who can doubt the divinity of the beautiful, and the inspiration of art?—Are they not agencies in God's hand for devoting the race? Is not the highest civilization the most liberal patron of the resthetic arts? He who doubts the divinity of the beautiful, belies his own nature; for there is no healthy soul that does not enjoy the smiles of nature, and the attractions of true art. Some of the highest and noblest faculties of the mind find their true life only in resthetic culture. Let true genius, then, be encouraged, and true art patronized, in every laudable way, by both individuals and associations.

OUR GRAMMAR CLUB.

It is usually found quite difficult to induce scholars to write "compositions." This I have remedied during the last, and thus far the present winter, by organizing a "Club" described as follows:—Last winter we occupied a short time each Friday P. M. as a "committee of the whole," myself acting as Chairman, and one of the pupils as Secretary. One of our number was then chosen, *viva voce*, according to parliamentary rules, to address us upon any proper subject, for each morning of the week. The election was made as formal and dignified as possible, so as to command respect and enlist support, and the result was astonishing. No attendant of the school wished to be excused, but instead, pupils, hardly able to write, were anxious to perform the duties. The address had to be written and corrected by the teacher, and read each morning at commencing of exercises, and if teachers want their pupils on hand at "top of the drum," let them awaken an interest of this kind.

This winter we have organized a little differently—forming, for the same object, what we have named "The Students' Grammar Club." The teacher acts as Chairman, and we have a Clerk who re-