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Doel's Corner.

Trodden Flowers.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,

Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not rejoice;

Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes
and ears;

That wound fond faith with anger worse
than steel,

And out of pity's spring draw idle tears
O, Nature shall it ever be thy will
In things with good to mingle good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shuns not from distress.
Gentleness does her tyrants so remove—
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will
bead,
And they that dry the tears in others'
eyes

Feel their own anguish rising without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke
of sighs?

Sure, love to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always; weepeth for the
Past,

For woes that are, for woes that may
betide;

Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?

Fate whispers sorrow ever is your lot,
They should be rebels—love rebelleth not.

EMULATION AS A MOTIVE TO STUDY.

The intellectual form of selfishness is emulative ambition; a radical disorder in our schools and our scholarship. Let me tell you what I have seen in our Christian New England: two brilliant, light-hearted youths, the rival leaders of their class, all the rest left behind, stretching across the four years' course neck and neck, stimulated by the spur of an eager emulation, sacrificing health and peace, only to drop one into a grave, and the other into mental perversion, at the end of the heat; this instead of that nobler spectacle,—both striving generously together for wisdom's own immortal and unbounded good, each rejoicing in the other's gains, and then, both standing, nay kneeling, rather, gratefully together, on the summit both have reached. We put our pupils too much on this race, not that they may attain a common good, but that they may outstrip each other. Let the wise, to be strong, to be master of life,

wielders of bright weapons against all ignorance and wrong,—this is not made the aim.—but the complacency of looking back on the rest. A hateful fire is set running through the fresh growths of these unsordid breasts, which scorches, blights, and blackens wherever its hot tongue can find a generous feeling to singe. Paint me, said the boy Chatterton, to an artist who asked him for a design; paint me an angel with trumpet and wings, to publish my name over the world! Plagiarism, madness, suicide, were the horrible chapters of his biography. Why talk of following knowledge for its own sake, if our practice teaches children to prize it only as a ladder to renown, or as a price paid for applause?—But, my friends, the moment you carry your objection to the conductors of education, they tell you the emulative plan is the only one that the previous management of their scholars allows them to use, with the least hope of getting out of them any tolerable amount of work. That is to say, the trail of the serpent runs all the way, from alphabet to diploma,—and who knows how far beyond? Prior once proposed a system of education, by having sweet cakes cut out in the shape of the letters,—the child to eat a letter as soon as he had learned it,—and so on, till he had devoured and digested this baked alphabet. One is reminded of this philosophy of compound nourishment, when he sees little children made to think that the only purpose of learning is to be fattened, whether on cake, money, or compliments. Suppose rather that, from the beginning of his studies, the boy were made to feel the grand object of them is usefulness to society and the service of God. Suppose the question put foremost by the voice of father, and teachers, and tutor, were how to contribute the largest life to the welfare of man, and so to help others to live; how to lighten the load of the wronged and oppressed; how to raise burdens, and cheer outcasts, and render science the minister of overtaken strength, and turn discovery to the relief of sorrow;

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life as life advances,
Valor and charity, more and more."

The mind can never open its largest compass and power under any but the broadest and highest motives. Nor can it ever be too soon to expand it by that Christian measure.—*Prof. Luntington.*

ON COMPRESSION IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{is} ~~possess~~ ^{possess} of making one idea cover a quire of paper is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to no-

body. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when in their presence.—On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity.

They remind us of a blunderbuss discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is shattered to atoms.—Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to be married," and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, do it." Such are the men for action; they do more than they say.

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in any country where the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language.

A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Catiline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Aeschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed, genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech.

No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space,—this "inordinate appetite for printed paper," which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything,—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide of it; the orator who must court popularity is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.—*Selected.*

The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian in 538 rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.