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Poet's Corner.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

The wind came over the hills one day,
Singing a charming tune,
As light and low as the sleepy lay
Of a humming-bird in June.
I should not have heeded his idle song,
But his breath was on my face,
And his arms around my neck were flung
In a fairy-like embrace.
Then, "Whither away, O! Wind," said I,
"And why is thy song so gay?
And why do thy waving pinions fly
So busily all the day?"

"Like a child asleep," the zephyr said,
"I have lain the whole long night,
With the moonbeams spread above my bed
For a covering pure and white.
But just as the sun from out of the sea
Had lifted his princely head,
The more, like a mother, lifted me
From out of my snowy bed.
Then up like a singing bird I flew
O'er meadow and grassy hills;
I sprinkled the clover heads with dew,
And bathed in a thousand rills.
I gath'ored the liltle green willow limbs
That bent so lovingly down,
And hung them over the laughing stream
In a beautiful glossy crown.
I swept the boughs of the beach aside
To look at the nestling birds;
The broken flower, at the fountain's side,
Smiled sweet at my loving words.
I fluttered round with the busy hour
O'er forest and creeping vine—
Egdelessly kissed the beiding flowers
Till their lips were as red as mine.
And thus while I fly, each bud I pass
Will gather a host of charms,
Till the old nurse, Night, comes down at last,
And cradles me in her arms."

Then, "Whither away," said the wind to me,
"And where hast thou been to-day?
And why is thy face so sad to see
When everything else is gay?"

"Alas, sweet wind," I sighed to say,
While the tears in my eyelids grew,
"I have not borne to a soul to-day
One drop of affection's dew.
I have not searched for the broken flowers
That wither along my way,
Nor noted the flight of the priceless hours,
Nor bent my knee to pray.
Nor ever a grateful thought have given
For the peace my life hath known,
And of all dear hearts beneath the heaven,
I have thought of self alone.
But, Oh! however my soul hath sinned,
Thy lesson of love I'll keep,
Then pass thou on, sweet, wandering wind,
And leave me alone to weep."
Black Rock, N. Y., 1858.

MY SCHOOL TEACHER:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"MELLISSCENT! MELLISSCENT!"

It was my mother's voice calling at the foot of the back stairway; and I knew

very well what she wanted of me, for ten minutes before I had seen Walter Howard enter the gate; and now I was standing before my little mirror, arranging and re-arranging my stubborn hair, that would not lie smooth, and pinning and unpinning my pink neck-ribbon, that would look stiff and precise, try as I might to give it a graceful air. I heard the murmur of voices below, and was well aware that the rest of the family had been introduced to the new school-master, and now my turn had come, and I must no longer delay making my appearance.—How I wished my mother had not spoken that odious name,—"MELLISSCENT!"—for I was now sixteen, old enough, I thought, to be called "Miss Grant," and Mr. Howard would not at once have found out the soubriquet which I so much disliked, but which I had received, together with a feather-bed and silver spoon, from my grandmother. My brothers had always tormented me about my unpoetical name, and I really considered it, next to my red hair and pug nose, as part of the daily cross which I must bear,—a heavy one, too, it seemed to me.

But mother had called, and I must go down; so sighing involuntarily, and smoothing my black silk apron, I slowly descended, and stumbled into the sitting-room, where the household group were assembled.

I was an awkward girl. I remember how I blushed and stammered when my mother, looking up from her knitting, said, "This is my daughter, Melliscent, Mr. Howard," and that gentleman arose, and taking my hand kindly, said smilingly:

"You have my sister's name, and I must call you, as I do her, Mellic."

I felt at once more easy, and less self-conscious; and setting myself in the corner, where I fancied the shadows would conceal the brilliant hue of my hair, I managed to answer Mr. Howard's inquiries, with a degree of composure quite surprising to myself. And by the time my mother called me to assist her in preparing supper, I had decided that Mr. Howard was just the handsomest man that had ever been seen in the little village of Mayfield; and that before the winter was out, half the girls would be in love with him. I was a romantic maiden, the only daughter, and very fond of reading poetry and fiction; although in the latter my tastes were not allowed free range, as I was brought up in a manner befitting a deacon's daughter.

It was not strange that I at once exalted my new acquaintance into a hero, and for want of another, imagined myself the heroine of an unwritten romance. Kate seemed to favour this idea, so far as opportunity for intercourse was concerned; for my father was "committee-man," and Mr. Howard was to make his home in our family, beside the four weeks

which he was to board there for the tuition of my three brothers and myself.

Monday morning came at length,—the long-talked-of "first day" of school.—There was the usual hurry and bustle about "getting a seat, and choosing a seat-mate,"—the whispered consultations in corners, and around the stove, of which remarks the "new master" was the principal theme. How well I remember him as he stood, that morning, by the old-fashioned desk. It did not need the low platform to raise him above the tall boys who always attended the "winter school," for he was of more than ordinary stature, and yet so well-proportioned, and graceful in his movements, that he did not seem so much over the average height.—His hair was black and curling,—his eyes large and dark, with a merry twinkle in them, and there was always a smile on his handsome mouth.

In arranging the classes, when he called me "Miss Mellic," the scholars looked wonderingly at him, and then at me, for they had always heard me called "Melliscent," or "Melissy,"—and at recess several of the girls congratulated me on my new name, which they pronounced to be almost as pretty as Nellie. And, truly, the new name, spoken in that deep-toned, musical voice, had a magic spell for me. Never had I been more studious,—never more successful as a scholar. Mr. Howard paid marked attention to composition, and as I had always excelled in this branch, I found it easy to gain his commendation. That was an eventful winter to me, and one never to be forgotten, for therein I learned more lessons than could have been found in my text-books, and, unawares, became proficient in that love which brings with it joy or sorrow. To me it brought sorrow.

The term closed in the early spring-time, and we had a great "Examination," at which admiring relatives and friends were present, and bestowed high encomiums upon Mr. Howard and his pupils.—The "School Committee" trusted that they would be able to secure the services of so successful a teacher another winter,—which hope was echoed by many hearts. But of this Mr. Howard gave no encouragement, and we knew there was but little prospect of our ever seeing him again.

The valedictory had been assigned me, and I wrote it in rhyme, for which I always had great fondness, and which my partial friends would fain make me believe was a proof of my genius.

The afternoon's exercises were concluded; the scholars had gone, one by one, each bidding their loved teacher a good-bye; and many tears fell from maiden eyes. I made no display of the deep emotion I felt,—that was reserved for the sanctuary of my own chamber.

We were alone in the school-room,—I