

op of parts. Above all neglect not the moral and religious basis, in striving to accomplish the secular part. Without this foundation the secular education may only prove a curse; and not a blessing.

Attend to these and we may look forward with confidence to the time when the pages of Canadian history will contain the names of some of the most illustrious poets, the profoundest philosophers, the most eminent statesmen, and most God-fearing men which the world has ever produced—whom the history of our land will be second to none other but the land which gave birth to our forefathers and ourselves.

Easton's Corners, May, 1861.

### THE PRINTER'S ESTATE.

The printer's dollars—where are they? A dollar here, and a dollar there, scattered over numerous small towns, all over the country, miles and miles apart—how shall they be gathered together? The paper maker, the building owner, the journeyman compositor, the grocer, the tailor, and all assistants to him in carrying on his business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar. But the rates from here and there must be diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or the wherewith to discharge the large liabilities will never become sufficiently bulky. We imagine the printer will have to get up an address to his widely-scattered dollars something like the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes; and all manner of fractions into which ye are divided, collect yourselves, and come home! Ye are wanted! Combinations of all sorts of men that help the printer to become a proprietor, gather such force, and demand, with such good reasons, your appearance at his counter, that nothing short of a sight of you will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single you will never pay the cost of gathering: Come in here, in single file, that the printer may form you into a battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him, and vindicate his feeble credit!"

Reader, are you sure you haven't a couple of the printer's dollars staking about your clothes?"

To cite the examples of history, in order to animate us to virtue or to arm us with fortitude, is to call up the illustrious dead to inspire and to improve the living.

For the Educationalist.

### TO A GRASSHOPPER.

Ah! thou merry little songster ever dancing—  
Ever singing your little life away!  
Through the long bright summer day,  
From every hill and road-side  
Resounds thy happy lay.  
What seekest thou on my casement,  
Looking so wise you foolish thing?  
Didst thou think thyself a bee,  
To try the honey of my flowers?  
Or was it to listen gravely to my greeting?  
Away now to thy mates, and sing the song  
I heard in childhood's sunny hours:  
Thou mindst me of the hot dusty road,  
O'er which I daily trudged to school,  
And chased the yellow butterflies—  
And of the fireside, where I sat  
And listened to the cricket's mournful lay.  
Thou mindst me of a far off little grave,  
Where a precious darling sleeps;  
For I know that even now thou singest  
A summer requiem there  
Men call thee a destroyer,  
Of all things fresh and green,  
But thy music waketh ever,  
The joys of youth, I woen.

F. A. D.

Buffalo, June, 1861.

### THE CERTAINTY OF SCIENCE.

It is well known that much anxiety was felt in England, in regard to the safety of the Prince of Wales, in consequence of his not arriving in England for some time after the fleet was due. It is said that in this emergency, the Admiralty applied to Lieut. Maury, who had left this country on a mail steamer, on a short leave of absence to visit Europe, and had left New York on the 26th of October—seven days after the Prince of Wales left Portland.

Lieut. Maury immediately made the desired report, in which he distinctly described what weather the Hero had encountered; in what part of the Atlantic the winds had operated adversely on the voyage; what course the Hero must have been compelled to take, namely, southerly; and about what time the Prince might be expected, after the delay caused by this detour. In a word, his report reassured the public mind—for Lieut. Maury is acknowledged as authority wherever the white-winged Commerce extends her rule.

Immediately after, and precisely at the time indicated by Maury—namely, on the 15th of November—the Prince of Wales did arrive, much to the satisfaction of his family and the public.

Moreover, the exact course which Maury said the Hero must have taken, turned out to have been an actuality,—indeed a necessity induced by the particular winds occurring about the place and time mentioned in Maury's report. The exactitude of science—that is of Maury's science—was exemplified there, and Maury stands before the world as prophet:—before and not after the fact, as is the case in most modern instances.

A SWEET VOICE.—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman; I do not think I can describe it. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is often the gift of the gentle and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural—caliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching readiness which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feelings and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes.—Willis.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.—Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food,—we refer to their intense dislike of certain things,—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult. We consider it a great piece of cruelty to it, because somebody once wrote a wise law to the effect, "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at sight of a bit of fat meat; or a little scum of cream on boiled milk; toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child; and he who would act otherwise, is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize.

There are some persons who burst upon us like a hurricane, and carry us along with them per force, much as the wind sweeps everything before it. Others come like a breeze, pleasantly waking us up, and moving our hearts, and quickening our life and energies into a vigorous and healthful action. Others again meet us like soft sunshine—dropping into our hearts, melting all the ice of our natures away, and warming the sterile soil, till the buds and flowers of love spring up in the heart, shedding new light and beauty round our path.

H. A. D.

TOO TRUE.—"What's geography, Bill?"  
"It's tellin' of forrin lands we know nothin' about, by cute chaps that's never seen 'em."