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Poetry.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A FLEET CARRIAGE HORSE.

BY A. H. BULLOOK.

Light passes at the velocity of ninety-five millions of miles,—our distance from the sun,—in about eight minutes, nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second.—COMSTOCK.

In this "fast age," he will outstrip
Our swiftest racers quite,
Who shall contrive safe way to ride
Upon a ray of light;

And who—if single ray may fall
Of size and strength for team—
Can harness to his lumber train,
Of rays a splendid beam.

Millions of dancing rays there are,
O'er streamlets and in shade,
If caught, and trained to curb and bit,
Grand courses would be made.

Though people now are oft amazed
To see how fast we go,
The rail road cars, I promise you,
Would then be labeled "slow."

No one would then be heard to boast
Of steam's unrivalled power,
Displayed in fierce and fearful speed
Of forty miles an hour.

In just one second, eight times round
This dirty globe—the world—
Can then, by ray, or beam of light,
A traveler be whirled.

And when report from distant land
We may in haste desire,
We need not wait the tardy move
Of telegraphic wire.

Now, Rural dear, your friends remote,
To see your lovely face,
Be doomed to watch, as hours drag slow,
And curse the mail's dull pace

"BRING ME A SHOWER OF ROSES."

Bring roses, fresh and rare, all glistening with dewy tears,—bring "budding sprays from wood and wild."—O, bring me a shower of roses, for I have need of their beauty and fragrance. There, toss those half-opened buds to the smiling infant. See, he grasps them in his chubby fingers, and roughly separating their delicate parts, scatters them on the floor at his feet. Sweet child, those buds resemble thee, thou too art a bud of promise, slowly expanding into mental and moral beauty. God grant that thy parents' hopes be not so rudely severed. Let us

weave a garland for the blooming maiden, brighter than glittering diamonds, richer than costly pearls; and when faded and withered, may it be a silent monitor of the frail and fleeting things of earth. We will twine a snow-white wreath for you blushing bride. It will well compare with the purity and truthfulness of that trusting heart.

Bring roses. We will scatter them in the path of the weary and care-worn, and place them amid the gray hairs of the aged. We will bind a chaplet upon the brow of the faithful teacher, which shall dispel the anxious cares there hovering. We will place them before the weary, dejected student,—they will give him new strength and inspire him with fresh courage. Throw a cluster to the sad prisoner in his lone dungeon,—he trembles, he weeps, as he gathers them one by one, and presses them to his bosom. They speak to him of sister flowers, of fresh air, pure sunshine and evening dew. Cast them at the feet of the haughty conquerer, and link them with the galling chains of the conquered.

Bring, O, bring a shower of roses. We would scatter them profusely over this fair earth,—we would decorate each hall, and hang festoons around every hearth-stone. We would spread them in the Valley of Pleasure, and fling them upon the Highway of Vice and Sin. Bring fragrant roses. Arrange them by the bed-side of the sick,—lay them gently upon the pillow of the dying,—place them in the cold hands of the lifeless,—line the coffin with their beautiful blossoms,—and when the last sad offices of love are fulfilled, when the sod has been placed above the sleeping dust, plant there the cherished rose tree, that it may bud, blossom, and shed its fragrance on the new-made grave.—Then, bring roses. Search through the fertile fields of the south, wander over the sunny plains of the far east, and cull their choice exotics. Bring unfading roses,—bring "Roses of Sharon," whose beauties never dim,—lay them upon the altar of every heart, and let them bloom on ever and ever, filling the soul with a perpetual fragrance. Bring roses, O, "bring me a shower of roses."

PROTECT YOUR EYE-SIGHT.

Milton's blindness was the result of over work and dyspepsia. One of the eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye sight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—

Hall's Journal of Health,

Men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.