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Poetry.

SORROW.

Tendery, tendery,
Fold the pale hands,—
Hands that held stendery
Life's weary bands,—
That, ere death's agony
Wrenched them apart,
Rested so prayerfully
Over his heart.

Young in the battle-field,
Well you may say;
Too young to lightly yield
Life's breaking day.
Loved,—oh, so tenderly,—
Truly and well;
How well, remember ye,
Tongue cannot tell.

But with all weakness
Over at last,
All the night's dreaminess
Evermore past,
Let them not lovingly;
Pity his pain,—
Say ye, reprovingly,
"Death is his gain."

Well that for loving hearts
Slow tears should fall,
Meet that the tie that parts
Sadden ye all.
Love's strongest pulses beat
Over the grave;
There all our yearnings meet
Helpless to save.

Yet to the faithless soul
Reaching in vain,
Out where the waters roll
Over Death's plain,
Say with love's comforting,
Tender and blest,
"Faith cannot mourn for him,—
He is at rest."

THE OLIVE AND THE VINE.

The following is a portion of an address delivered before an Agricultural Society in Michigan, by the Hon. Lewis Cass, late U. S. Secretary of State:

The Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, derives its name from these trees, existing there from the earliest ages, and at its foot, divided from it by the brook Kedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, for ever memorable as the scene of the passion of our Saviour. Eight olive trees, bearing every mark of extreme age, are yet growing there, and tradition has invested them with a sacred character, as contemporaries of the life and death of Jesus Christ. No believer in Christianity can gaze upon them, as I have done, without feeling the most powerful emotions—without feeling that force of association which connects us with names and

deeds, long since passed away, when we stand upon the place they have made immortal. The world contains no such spot as this, where the mission of the Redeemer was fulfilled, and where he pronounced its termination in the declaration, "IT IS FINISHED."

THE CEDAR.—But the most interesting relic of the ancient vegetable creation is to be found upon one of the ridges of Lebanon, not far from the renowned temple of Baalbec. It consists of twelve gigantic cedars, the remains of the primitive forests which once covered that great mountain chain of Syria, and which yet rear their heads, prodigies of vegetation, and each surmounted with a dome of foliage overshadowing the spectator, as in the time of biblical story. One of them is forty five feet in circumference, and all, both in size and height, tell the long ages that have swept over them, leaving them the most striking natural monuments that the eye can rest upon. What interesting associations cluster around them! They have been consecrated by history, religion and poetry. Their beauty has been recorded in Ezekiel, and their excellence and perfume by Solomon, who placed them at the head of vegetable creation, when he discoursed of trees "from the cedars which are upon Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."

Could these mute memorials of by-gone times tell the scenes that have passed in the shadow of their foliage, what lessons of power and instability might they not teach in the long interval that has elapsed, since these hills resounded with the noise of the workman, preparing the timber for the Temple of Jerusalem, to the solitude which establishes its dwelling places where the Moslem plants his standard!

I have worshipped in many of the high places of the Old World—in the Cathedrals of Christendom, the Basilic of St. Peter, when the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, ministered at the altar; and though educated, as I have been, in the simplicity of the Presbyterian faith, yet I could not look upon the imposing solemnities without feeling a reverential awe pass over me, as though I were in the presence of Him whose

visible glory descended upon the temple of Mount Moriah, and yet a naked Greek mass—for it happened to be an annual *fete* when I was there, celebrated under the patriarch cedar, before a rude altar of unwrought stone, by a poor priest, surrounded by a little band of worshippers, with the cliffs of Lebanon around them—this primitive devotion in a temple not made with hands, has left traces upon my mind and memory more powerful than the most gorgeous ceremonies, and which no subsequent event can eradicate.

THE HOT WINDS AND DUST OF INDIA.

Campaigning can only be done at an enormous cost. The hottest day that comes, let some one who is sincerely desirous of understanding what the dry winds of India are like, repair to an iron foundry in full activity, and let him stand in front of the fire when the furnace-door is opened; but unless he can add to it the odors procurable by standing over the furnace of a Strand cookshop, in the dog-days, he will have but a poor idea of the nastiness of the blast, which, sweeping over burning sandy plains, covered with putrefying remains, whisks clouds of pulverized animal matter along with it, and rushes in dense, fetid voluques, all over the city and plains around it.

To the increasing heat there is added length of days, greater power to the wind, and if possible, more dust. Of the latter it is quite beyond the powers of writing to give a description. It is so fine and subtle that long after the causes which raised it have ceased to exert their influence, you may see it like a veil of gauze between your eyes and every object. The sun, while yet six or seven degrees above the horizon, is hid from sight by it as though the luminary was enveloped in a thick fog, and at early morn and evening this vapor of dust suspended high in the air, seems like a rain-cloud clinging to a hill-side. When the dust is set in motion by a hot wind, and when the grosser sand, composed of minute fragments of tal, scales of mica and earth, is impelled in quick, successive waves thro' the heated atmosphere, the effect is quite sufficient to make one detest India forever. Every article in your tent, your hair, eyes and nose, are filled and covered with dust, which deposits a coating half an inch thick all over the tent.—W. H. Russell, in London Times.