

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS AND EDUCATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

There never was a time in the history of our country when the public mind was so generally aroused to the great considerations of education, as at this time. It seems everywhere in this country to be a conceded fact, that the permanency of our institutions depends upon the general diffusion of knowledge among the people. Wherever, in any land, there are privileged classes, and the soil is owned by a few—and a few monopolize the seminaries of learning—and a few lord it over the heritage of the church—and a few enjoy the honors and the offices; these fortunate few will not, in general, be favorable to the education of the masses. But where every one is educated, and emulous of knowing as much, and living as well, as his neighbor, monopolies are broken up.

In rural districts, where every two miles square has its common school, and every ten or fifteen, its academy, the peasantry are leveled up, so that they appear upon the same platform before the people, enjoying nearly the same advantages. With these, professional eminence and distinguished position are not the accidents of birth, or of wealth, but evidence of superior industry and character, and of the possession of those cardinal virtues which characterize eminently good men.

Let teachers meet, compare notes, and encourage one another, and they will do their duty in *making* public sentiment. It is not long since that the industrious and faithful teacher thought that by teaching in his school-room six or seven hours a day, that he had fully discharged his duty, and exhausted his influence upon the fortunate ones whom he taught. The few spirited teachers, who, five years ago, gave an impetus to the onward movement of the age, in bringing teachers periodically together, that they may bid each other a God speed, and show the results of their own experience, have done more towards shaping the destiny of our country than ten times their number of mere politicians have ever done in noisy conventions.

Teachers' Associations and Institutes are becoming numerous; we will not here attempt their enumeration. Among those which stand out prominently, we may mention the following, in the three great States of New-York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Others might be mentioned in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, &c. —*N. Y. Teachers' Advocate for July.*

VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE—STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

During the "Reign of Terror," CHAPTAL, the celebrated Chemist, who was then, we believe, residing at Paris, was so unfortunate as to fall under the suspicion of those in power. Aware of the unprincipled and blood-thirsty character of the ruling faction, he anticipated nothing but death, and was in momentary expectation of being summoned before that terrible tribunal, from the vindictive mockeries of which so many had already passed to the guillotine. But, fortunately for CHAPTAL, his proscription happened at a period when the whole of Europe was dependent on the East Indies for a supply of *nitre*, and when the armies and arsenals of France, with the forces of the enemy advancing, were wholly unsupplied with powder. England commanded the resources of the East Indies, and of course its provision from that quarter was not to be thought of. In this fearful and perplexing dilemma, CHAPTAL, whose fame as a Chemist was widely diffused, was applied to by the Government, and a proposition made to him, that in case he could supply the public with the desired material, his life should be saved. This condition was of course most welcome. The work was immediately commenced. From the cemeteries of the city, he drew forth the sepulchral remains of unnumbered generations—old buildings were razed, and the soil carefully excavated from beneath them, was formed into heaps—the caves and cellars of the city were scraped, and the soil of more than two millions of human bodies were conveyed to the Barrier d'Enfer, where, by chemical art, CHAPTAL extracted the material by which France was saved from her foes!

From that day—a most momentous era in his life, as well as in the history of France—CHAPTAL was honoured according to his high deserts.

He was justly hailed as the benefactor of his country which his knowledge and skill had saved.

"Knowledge is power." That one man accomplished by means of his scientific wisdom more than could have been effected by a nation in arms. Of what inestimable value to mankind have been the discoveries of FRANKLIN, of WATT, of FULTON, of LIEBIG, and how conclusively, indeed, do their beneficent influences upon society demonstrate the fact, that—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

WORK FOR CHILDREN—ITS IMPORTANCE.

There is no greater defect in educating children than by neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Our children suffer from it. The parent considers whether the child's work is necessary to him, and does not consider whether the work is necessary or not to the child. Nothing is more certain than that their future independence and comforts much depend on being accustomed to provide for the thousand constantly recurring wants that nature entails on us. If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits; it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the school-room, and it tends more than anything else to give them just views of life. It is too often the case that children, provided they spend half-a-dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please. They thus grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and its cares. They view it through a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favours you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are constantly exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach. The daughter probably becomes that pitiable, helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmount the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for life are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labour. Whatever accomplishments they possess—whatever their mental training, a deduction must be made for their ignorance of that important chapter in the world's great book—active industry.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND PRINTERS.—GOLDSMITH says,—"Of all professions I do not know a more useful or honourable one than that of a Schoolmaster; at the same time I do not see any more generally despised or any whose talents are less rewarded." Our Doctor forgot to mention Printers as being in the same category. The reason why these two classes are so much neglected are obvious. Education and refinement are not necessary to mere animal life, and to live the sensuous reign of a day is the highest ambition of too many. We wot of a Printer who worked hard and manfully to get his bread by toil, but failed. He went to brewing beer and made a fortune. He used to say every body had stomachs, whereas very few were blessed with heads.—*American Paper.*

THE HONEST BOY A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated, some years since, under the following circumstances:—A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed the good resolution—the pocket-book was advertised and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind if not to the pocket.

Never be idle. Our years are but few, and every minute of indolence shortens our span. Life is but a day. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.