

strengthening in the minds of the children the principles of morality and piety, which may be inculcated by our teachers, and which lie at the foundation of all social progress, and which alone can give permanency to all popular governments. The affections, the heart, must be educated as well as the intellect.

With the intellectual must be secured the moral training of the young. This is obvious to all who have studied the nature of our civil and social institutions, and considered the conditions of their perpetuity. In the language of one whose opinion is entitled to more than ordinary weight in this connection, the people "have come to see that a government cannot long perpetuate itself by means of mere secular education; that the increase of intellectual power, without moral principles to give it a right direction, may be used to forge weapons for the more speedy overthrow of our institutions; that what is most needed in our country at the present time is a race of men of thoroughgoing and unbending integrity, such as can be found only where the law of God has been instituted into the mind as the rule of right, and that a reverence for divine things and for the supreme being, breathed by the conscientious teacher into the hearts of the young, especially of those who receive no such lessons at home, is indispensable for the preservation of social order among men."

PROSE AND POETRY.

Much prose has been given to the world that is impregnated with the very pith of poetry; and more poetry that is essentially prosy. The most difficult lesson to teach young scribblers is, that rhyme is not necessarily poetry. Fitz-Green Halleck, himself a poet of the first class, says that "Draw your swords" is prose, but that "Draw your willing swords" is poetry. We think he is right. Any given sentiment may be rendered either in prose or poetry. When Daniel Webster said, "I still live," he spoke poetry. If he had said, "I ain't dead yet," it would have been very indifferent prose, although it expressed the same thought.

Never, since the world began, has the poetical element in human nature been so prevalent as it is now. It is weak and very incipient, it is true, but still it covers a large ground. Children "lip in numbers," and older persons talk in rhyme. We are glad it is so. It betokens an improvement in the race. But we must not

mistake seed-time for harvest—the latter is not yet. There is to be considerable hoeing, and raking, and weeding, and winnowing, and pruning, before we can begin to count our grains. An acorn may contain the latent forces of a giant oak, but we must wait until those forces are developed before we make our tables or kindle our fires. These truths are better known to the conductors of public journals than to any other class, for they hold the keys of the granaries into which pours an incessant stream of poetical seeds, bulbs, blossoms, buds, and fruit—ripe, unripe, and rottenripe.

We have received our share of these offerings, and if we do not give them all an airing through the columns of the *Household Journal*, it is because they are not all in presentable shape. Let our young writers remember that the laws which govern and control true poets are as imperative and unchangeable as those which governed the Medes and Persians. It is true that a genius occasionally appears, like Shakespeare, Pope, Burns, Byron, or Longfellow, who are a law unto themselves, and who disdain following in the footsteps of their predecessors. But such are exceptions, and are more rare than comets or earthquakes.

We receive numerous pieces of verse accompanied with a request to correct, amend, and give our opinion of their merits, &c. We cannot do either of these, our time being fully occupied with our ordinary duties. We have, on two or three occasions, requested our poetical contributors to be careful and studious, and to learn the rules of composition before sending their effusions. But all to no avail. In they come, in one continued, "weak, washy, everlasting flood." We do not wish to injure the feelings of our young friends, but we must insist, in a friendly and fraternal way, that they take pains to learn what true poetry is, before they undertake its production.

The best way is to study the works of our standard writers; and above all, remember that a poem is essentially worthless unless woven around some great central thought that is calculated "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

We have been goaded to the production of this article by poring over a so-called poetical contribution containing twenty-one stanzas of eight lines each, and written in a most execrable hand, unpenetrated and unspitalized. On completing our task, we found the sum-total of information given was, that—

"Brightly shone the silvery moon
At midnight's dark and dreary noon.
And silence pervaded this round earth,
Just like it did when 'T had its birth."

Not having been here at the time last mentioned, we can't say how silent it was in those days, but, if the author of the "ode to nature" will only keep silent until we call upon him to speak out, his tongue and his pen will have a good resting spell.

THE TEACHER'S PROFESSION.

Contrary to the opinion which has somewhat generally prevailed, there is not, among all the diversified callings of men, one more important, elevating, and commanding, than that of a teacher. The highest achievement of the most able and accomplished legislator is simply the enactment of plain and just laws. His best and noblest work is, after all, but a silent letter; necessarily without vitality, action, or effect to all that class of persons who cannot understand its provisions nor appreciate the intelligence, wisdom, justice, and patriotism which spoke it into being. But suppose the best fortune possible to attend the labor of the legislator, still his works are ephemeral and destined soon to perish. Not such the fate of the teacher. His labors produce no learned tomes of lifeless statutes, but living, intelligent, active, self-interpreting men; men who are not only self-regulating, but whose example attracts, excites, vivifies and directs all within the sphere of their influence. Characters such as these produce and reproduce their representatives through indefinite ages; may not every principle of truth, every seed of virtue which the faithful teacher has implanted in the soul of his pupil continue to germinate and bear precious fruit so long as that soul itself shall exist? Perhaps the most truly renowned name in the whole history of man, the name which appears most likely to attain an earthly immortality is Socrates! The highest glory—in his own estimation—while he lived; and in the world's estimation since his death is that he was a teacher of youth. There are some, who do not appreciate the teachers' labors; but he must not be discouraged for these will meet with a reward sooner or later.

MARY.

New Boston, Kent Co., Mich., 1857.

555—The sorrows, calamities and disappointment, that a man suffers outwardly, have a most intimate, although secret, connection with hidden evils; until these are removed, it is in vain to hope that the outward life can be orderly, pleasant, and happy.