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Doct's Corner.

LINES.

"How shall I make a mark in the world?"

BY H. E. TURNER.

Who would gain the lofty summit,
Of the mighty-mount of fame?
Would behind him, when departed,
Leave a never dying name?

Who would have the richest honors,
That society can give?
Who a life of shining glory,
Yea us, unceasingly to live!

Who would win a crown of laurels,
Wear it proudly on his head?
Rise a star of beaming brightness,
O'er the earth a lustre shed?

Who that holds a lowly station,
And whose life is just begun,
Would with splendor have it beaming,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?

Let him bravely struggle onward,
Bravely battle on in life,
And success shall be vouchsafed him,
He shall conquer in the strife.

Truth and Wisdom first of all things,
He should grasp with eager hand;
Onward, upward, be his watchword,
Error's temptings brave withstand.

See that not a moment's wasted,
Time is precious to us all;
Swiftly onward it is flying,
And it stops not at our call.

Be our efforts strong and earnest,
Then our mark in life we'll make
Then our names will never perish,
Though on earth we no more wake.

EMPLOYMENTS AND AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.

Little restraint should be placed upon the boisterous merriment and activity of early childhood. Those exuberant spirits which constrain the little one to run, jump, climb trees, shout, laugh, and sing, are the wise provisions of Providence, not only for its happiness, but for its physical development. Following out its native impulses, its limbs become strong for the labor of after years, the lungs are strengthened for their important work, and the whole body acquires a perfection which, under the "quiet" system of management, is not possible for it to attain.

One of the most effectual means of promoting the happiness of children is to "keep them employed." But the employment must not be distasteful; their playful inclinations must be greatly consulted, and all labor or study made at-

tractive. For very young children, perhaps all employment should be really amusement, but when a few years have passed over them, it will be necessary that they be taught patiently to endure toil, although they become weary, and the task be unpleasant.

In how many ways may be effected the combination of labor and play, in a manner to promote the child's enjoyment,—not alone from the stimulus of agreeable exercise, but from the idea of being useful! A child, rightly trained, will delight to feel that he has done some good—that he has added to the happiness of others. With what keen pleasure will he sit down by the glowing fire on a stormy winter's day, when sliding, skating, snow-balling, and the like, are impracticable, to roast chestnuts, parch corn, and crack nuts, not only for his own eating, but his dear mamma, who is too busy to spend time for this purpose herself! How will he delight to sit by her side and pick out stitches, or read stories to her while she sews! One kiss from her sweet lips is an ample reward. Then, the gathering of snow to wash—the filling of the wood-box, for her approbation, become pleasant labors—amusements, even.

But one of the most useful entertainments for children, and one in which they may be led to take great delight is gardening. A spot of ground, all their own, a hoe, a rake, a spade, their own property, and how assiduously will they work, digging the soil, laying out beds, sowing seeds and removing weeds. If required to keep it all in order, they may tire of the requisite labor, but if encouraged by the desire to do something nice in the way of furnishing the table with vegetables—of cultivating fine flowers for mamma's vase—or, if allowed the proceeds of their toil for pocket-money, how faithfully will they labor for the reward! The hope of reward is always a stimulus to effort. It may be a parent's smile, or a pocketful of pennies, but some inducement must be offered, or the energies will flag, and a habit of indolence obtain.

Even in maturity we do not work without a motive. The back-woodsman who, axe in hand, enters upon the stern labor

of subduing the wilderness, sees spread out before him, in some bright future, a beautiful home for his wife and children. The farmer who plows his ground in the storm, expects to reap golden harvests.—The citizen who bends over his folios in the counting-room, till his brain is weary and his eyes are dim, is, perchance looking forward for future wealth, days of independence, and retirement from business to the bosom of his family. The Christian, in the faithful occupation of his post, has his eye on "the mark of the prize." The philanthropist who, with his pitying heart, denies himself the comforts of life that he may relieve the "weary and heavy-laden," hears softly in the distance the approaching voice of his Master, the largest-souled philanthropist the world has ever known, saying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!" The reformer, who, alone, braves the derisions of the world, and "presses the battle to the gate," hopes for the time when the truths he loves will be appreciated, and govern human action—when *might* shall be on the side of *right*. The student who grows pale with his midnight watchings, grows pale for the need of glory, or of usefulness. The warrior who dares the sword and the cannon's mouth, is urged onward by the hope of victory. Even so must it be with the child, some bright star of promise must shine in the skies, or he will prefer to fold his pinions in the vale of Indolence rather than spread them for the "upward flight."

And in all our intercourse with children, it would be well for us to remember that their feelings are but our own, with a tropical growth of luxuriance. The sun shines warmer on the plains of childhood than away up on the mountain-tops of maturity! The flowers of hope which spring there, although, perchance, more tender and transient, have deeper tints, and yield a richer, sweeter fragrance; the birds of joy that warble there are more melodious and wear a brighter plumage; and so also, perchance, are the serpents of