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Poet's Corner.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY MRS H. F. GOULD.

The north! the north! from out the north
What founts of light are breaking forth
And streaming up these evening skies,
A glorious wonder to our eyes!
The north! the north! who can tell
What flees in thy cold bosom dwell.
It fades! it shifts! and now appears,
An army, bright with shields and spears,
That, winding on in proud array,
Up the blue heights pursue their way,
With waving plumes and banners, where
No eagle's wing e'er cleaved the air.
Battalions, now again they march
Beneath the high, triumphal arch,
And while the vast pavilion spreads,
Gold fringed and tasselled o'er their heads,
A zenith loop superbly holds
Its o'erhanging, green, and purple folds
'Tis changed! a city seems to glight,
With towers and spires staining white!
Behind its snowy mountains rise—
Before, a flaming ocean lies,
And eager throngs march in a sweep
Fast downward to that yawning deep!
Their van now meets in war the fire,
While that the mount and sea retire
The north! O, who can view aright
But he who said "Let there be light!"—
Himself a glorious mystery,
Turned in his calm eternity!

OUR ACADEMY.

Most likely this is the natal day of many a soul-stirring poem, for its serene loyalties cannot but stir the very depth of that nature-worshipping wonder—a poet's heart. The sparkling emeralds with which mother Earth is decorating her russet robe, the bright blue sky, the trilling of robins, and even the little birds on the hazle boughs, are poems of themselves.

Let us stroll away and read them, not with our optics only, but, forgetful of self, send our hearts to revel in them, for, if we read aright, we shall learn that they have, like the fabulous fountain sought by the Spaniards of old, the property of restoring a vigorous youth.

Let us take the path that leads towards the old academy, for it is pronounced by "sentimental young ladies" of Oakwood, "decidedly romantic." True, a little way it is sort of common-place, but here it improves, lying overgrown by majestic old oaks whose branches seem to be interwoven, forming a beautiful arch overhead. But yonder appear the walls of Oakwood's time-honored hall of learning. The situation is picturesque, is it not? A pleasant eminence overlooking the village.—But the most attractive feature is the grove on the south, with its inviting seats, whose hospitality we will not scorn, since we may gain wisdom from the "silent teachings" of the time and spot. For our academy, "if walls might speak," would tell us touching stories of the past. But Memory has diligently garnered them

in her store-house—let us ransack her homely treasures.

Our remembrance of the "first teacher" is imperfect, yet his very name inspires us with a sacred awe, for older brothers and sisters have taught us to thus revere it. Very often, as in the twilight hour, old-time scenes are revived in their minds, they repeat to us kind words of admonition which were wont to fall from the lips of that never-to-be-forgotten teacher, as guiding his pupils in the path of knowledge he bade them look upward for light which never fails. For he was a young man of eminent piety, who guarded the attainments of those entrusted to his superintendence, as one who must render a "report of progress" at celestial courts. We can trace the origin of many a career of usefulness to germs of right implanted by his careful hand, and nurtured by his prayers.

But his holy mission was soon accomplished. One morning in the spring-time we placed our childish hands upon his cold brow, beautiful in its sad repose, and, though we could not comprehend why he slept so long, there was a deep void in our hearts when we were told that we should never hear his voice again. Even now the sages of Oakwood speak in saddened tones of that first teacher—of the good he would have done, while the young dwell with earnest gratitude on that which he did not leave undone.

Like that of others, the government of our academy is necessarily an absolute monarchy, and the next who seized the sceptre was one fully competent to quell all subjects, and preserve a general good humor throughout his dominion—an energetic, resolute young man, and very faithful withal. Pursuing an independent, manly course of action, he not only gained the esteem of his pupils, but what subsequent teachers can testify to by exceedingly difficult attainment, the co-operation of good people of Oakwood in the advancement of his students. But he, too, bade us farewell, for Oakwood had become to him the burial-ground of crushed hopes, the dreary resting-place of his beautiful bride.

So it seemed we were fated to a constant change of preceptors, and we were now treated to an entirely original character in the person of a middle-aged minister, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a most ludicrous physiognomy. A "perfect whirler" we youngsters termed the bustling Divine. Under his jurisdiction we made rapid advancement, for scores of school books were "completed," by those who had heretofore been entire strangers to the latter half of books to which they were introduced years before. And you have not forgotten his custom of rumping nervously at every recitation the pages yet to be glanced at ere we should have the intense pleasure of saying adieu to the musty text-book.

A very exalted opinion of himself had our clerical teacher. But we would not detract from the intrinsic excellence of his character, nor depreciate the great assistance he rendered to the growth of Oakwood, for perhaps it is to his influence that we are indebted for the new church and stores erected after his arrival among us, and the neat, orderly appearance of our village. But, after advancing those under his guidance a long way up the "fearful hill," in which arduous task he passed several years of sincerely earnest labor, he delivered his farewell address to a tearful audience, for he was not unloved, and we spoke another goodbye.

A few weeks before there was a solemn gathering at the old parsonage, and we followed to the tomb the gentle form of her who still lives in the hearts of Oakwood's people. Methinks "all hearts did pray God love her"—our minister's wife—and now we regard, with a holy affection, the pure spirit above. A bitter adieu to each who held sway in our academy-world, we seem to have been destined to speak. Tears will come as we think of him we next received to our school-room, for, one short month after speaking the word of welcome, we gathered an afflicted band at the grave of the teacher, around whom the tendrils of our young hearts had begun to cling.

The students who have assembled here season after season, are scattered now.—You remember the sweet voices of those two sisters which our music teacher prized so highly. They write that they carol as freely now in their homes of the far west, though their song is oftener "lullaby" than those we used to sing. Some the angel of death long since claimed, and "Lore over the river." Others are bright stars in the crown of honor, which we award to our Academy, for, though she be the humblest of the sisterhood, we think she has whereof to boast. Memory, in her faithful record, has inscribed the names of young men who gathered gems of knowledge within her walls, and unsatisfied, stepped higher, ever into the temple wherein are garnered the deeper treasures of science. They came forth enriched, and the jewels they bore thence, now shed a glorious radiance along their pathway.

Others have gone from the old Academy into Nature's great school-room, and now their broad acres and beautiful homes testify that they are apt pupils.—The teacher's ranks have been reinforced by others who bore their regalia from our Academy. Indeed, this venerable institution has supplied competent occupants of nearly every honorable station, and though it has not even a name among the seminaries of our land, how pleasant a field it presents for the study of character—what touching, yet profitable lessons, we might learn from the pages of its history. But it is most solemn to meditate