

EDUCATIONALIST.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

"Knowledge is Power."

[AFTER THREE MONTHS, ONE DOLLAR

VOLUME II.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, OCTOBER 16, 1861.

NUMBER 3

Poetry.

ECHO RIVER IN THE MAM- MOPII CAVE.

—BY MARY BYNON REESE.

Shrired in the cavern's silent halls—
Dark earth-embower'd river,
It broods along on its restless course,
Drinking the star-light never.

Shadow, and crag, and fearful depth,
O'erhanging, for bough and blossom,
Guard well its flow through gulf and gloom,
And home to earth's lonely bosom.

Never a wild bird tined of song,
Or startled hare from the mountain,
Or weary traveler rests at noon,
To drink of the sunless fountain.

No perfumed kiss of the summer air,
E'er makes the dark wavelets quiver,
To tell of the throeb of joy that stirs
The heart of the pulseless river,

Far down, beneath the heaven-lit streams,
Where softly the star-light dances—
Where quivering waters leap away,
From the moon's enigm'ic glances—

Fairer than all in its sheltered flow,
Like nuns, in their cloistered whiteness,
Hidden away, from the cares of earth,
Away from its transient brightness.

For fairy spirits along its shores,
The voice of song returning,
Will laugh and shout, or whisper low,
As the voyager's lamps are burning.

The echoes thrill to each raptur'd soul,
From rock and cliff resounding,
Melody, such as the angels give,
To hearts o'er dream land bounding!

HOW SHALL I GOVERN MY SCHOOL.

Who has not, upon first entering upon the duties of the teacher, asked himself this question? And yet how few are prepared to answer it! "I" says one, will have my pupils understand at first, that my word is the law; a non compliance with which, will be followed by instant punishment. Thus, by keeping them in fear of me, it will be an easy matter to preserve order." Now teacher, if you wish—try this plan. But we fear instead of finding it "an easy matter to keep order," you will find it a very hard one! Doubtless you will very soon learn that your pupils, although they may fear you, will likewise dislike you; and consequently, adopt any measure in their power to thwart you in your plans. They will

profit by every opportunity of annoying you, and you will learn, but too late, that the scepter you so unhesitatingly grasped is, by its own weight, passing out of your hands.

But would it not be better, instead of paralyzing those young and tender minds by fear, to win the hearts by love? Remember, teachers, your work is not one which will pass away like a morning mist, but one which will endure a life time.—The impression you are now making, is not upon the body which exists a day, and then is not,—but upon the immortal mind. Oh! then how careful you should be, that those impressions are correct, and you influences for the right. But do this, teacher! Instead of impressing your pupils with an idea of your vast importance and superiority, make them feel that you are their friend, that their improvement is your whole aim; that nothing which will benefit them is a trouble to you.—Do this and I insure you their confidence and esteem; and this once gained how pleasant your mission. I could envy you your situation. For what is there so interesting as the human mind? To watch its development should be the delight of every teacher; for to him in a great measure, is the training of this precious plant committed. See it unfolding its tiny leaves, weak at first, but gaining strength daily. Leaf after leaf, and bud after bud is unfolded, displaying new beauties every day. Would that every teacher and patient might take greater delight in watching this development, and thereby detect and repair the many imperfections of the youthful mind. If such were the case, doubtless, a higher state of morality would exist in our community, and our State Prisons and Lunatic Asylums would have fewer inmates.

HOME AND MOTHER.

When we speak of home we do not mean merely the place, where we stay; the word has a holier signification. It is a term applicable to the dearest spot on earth; a place, rededicated sacred by the presence of mother, father, sisters, and brothers. The true home is a haven of rest which is ever open to receive us; a

fort in which we may seek shelter from every storm, that may meet us while sailing over the great ocean of life. It is here that we are taught to steer our bark aright, by that dear teacher—our mother.

How earnestly she strives to direct the minds of her little ones to the great "I Am," and how unwearied her exertions to guide their little feet in the path of rectitude and honor! To her we owe more than all the world besides, but few realize this. How few appreciate either home or mother while present, and, like other blessings, "brighten as they take their flight." The poets represent home as a fairy land. Then is not the mother the queen of that land?—Many, like the poets, have longed for this land, and yet are deprived of it. "No home!" "No mother!" What a chilling is produced in the heart by these words. Think of it, and pity. Oh! pity those who utter them. **MATTIE GRANT.**

ROMANCE OF THE NEEDLE.—What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! It began in Paradise, and was the earliest fruit of the fall. Amidst the odor of flowers, and by the side of meandering streams, and under the shade of the dark-green foliage, the cowering forms of the guilty progenitors of our race bowed in anguish and shame, as they took their first lessons in that art which has ever since been the mark of servitude and sorrow. And yet the curse has not been without its blessing.

The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needlework of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art.—Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work." The magnificence of kingly pomp, the imposing spectacles of religion or wealth, the tribute of honor to the great, the charm of dignified society, the refined attractions of beauty, are dependent upon the needle.—*Christian Intelligencer.*