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Poet's Corner.

STRIVE AND HOPE.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

Oh! though the shadows of evening hover,
Morning will dawn in its brightness at last;
Clouds may not always the bright sunshine
cover,
Storms will be over—the darkness be past.
Strive! though the conflict may seem un-
availing;
Hope! though no light in the dread future
beams;
Hoping and striving is better than wailing,
Actions are better than rosy-hued dreams.

Then onward! press on in the glorious weal,
On! till the conflict, the struggle are done—
Only by toil may be gained the ideal,
Only by action the victory won!
Then on! and remember, though all unavailing
Each noble aspiring, each soul yearning
seems,
That hoping and striving is better than
wailing,
Actions are better than beautiful dreams.

GRIEF.

There's good in tears, or they had not been
sent
By him who is all good! It is not wise
To keep our sorrows in our hearts up-
pent,
When we can give them freedom from
our eyes.

The storm-cloud only darkens our fair earth,
Until it falleth down in gentle rain;
And then what wondrous beauties have
their birth,
So, when the heart is overcharged with pain,

We see a shadow upon every good,
But let our heavy sorrows have their way,
And as they well into a tearful flood,
What comfort may not come! Ah, who
can say.

Grief hath a mission holier than *or*—
It moves the selfish, and it warms the cold,
A common sorrow will even pain destroy,
And change the king and beggar to one
mold.

Our griefs should make us gentler to our kind,
And as we comfort need more comfort pay;
So using sorrow, we our tears shall find
Have washed some grossness of our souls
away.

For the Educationalist.

LITERARY ACQUISITIONS:

THEIR PLEASURES AND PRACTICAL
ADVANTAGES.

BY J. T.

The life-track of the learner leads
through flowery meads and over moun-
tains, affording the sublimest prospects.
Standing as he does, much of the time,
on the high table-lands of science, he has
but to cast his eye abroad, and visions
the most glorious awaken the grandest
emotions of the soul. The world of

knowledge spreads out before him like
the concave heavens, presenting an inter-
minable museum, with objects ever new
and never tiring.

With more interest than that with
which a traveller surveys the scenes
of a foreign clime he gazes on the
wonders of the land of intellectual
observation. The latter has all the
attractions of both a new and an old
country. Aside from the imposing struc-
tures which modern scientific research
has reared, it contains, like the an-
cient world, vast ruins, which, like all
ruins of whatever character, are fraught
with the noblest teachings.

Whole cities of false theories lie half
buried in lava belched from the Vesuvius
of philosophical investigation; and the
young Marius of learning poring, over
those ruins, is forcibly reminded of the
end of the *false*—taken in its broadest
sense—and contemplating the fallen cas-
tles of visionaries and mere dreamers, he
rejoices that later theorists have been
more successful in laying the ground-
work of their edifices, and is willing, aye,
ambitious to aid in their completion.

We have compared the world of know-
ledge to the concave heavens. The com-
parison cannot be wholly devoid of aptness.
It is easy to imagine a child so situated
that during the first half-dozen years of
its life it has never for once beheld the
starry company of night. And now for
the first time it watches the sun go down,
and the shades of twilight deepen, till
Hesperus begins to twinkle in the west.
The vesal light of that solitary star,
growing more and more intense, at length
completely rivets its attention; the stream-
ing effulgence flows like a warm current
of divine love into its elastic spirit, and
dilates it; and the child is aroused from
a delightful trance only by the sudden
appearance of another radiant gem. It
now begins to turn here and there, as one
after another, those golden lamps in the
vestibule of night are lit up, till their
number baffles its powers of enumeration,
and their splendor dazzles its eye and
dissolves its tender heart in ecstasy.—
The student is the child hunting the
diamonds that are concealed in the fields
of uninvestigated truth. The canopy of
night is ever above him—not a night
however, sometimes shrouded in dun
clouds and terrifying gloom—but the ever-
luminous, star lit night of scientific glory.
The shepherds on the plains of Chaldea
no doubt found pleasure in surveying the
starry heavens, but what was their delight
compared with that of the youth who
watches the great orbs of truth as they
roll out from behind the night curtains of
ignorance and become forever fixed in the
expanding canopy of his mental sky.

The cry of Archimedes when he had
discovered a method by which to deter-
mine the specific gravity of bodies, is the
cry of every human soul whenever en-

gaged in scientific pursuits. "I have
found it! I have found it!" is the sponta-
neous and oft repeated, though it may be
silent ejaculation of the scholar, from the
time he solves the first equation contain-
ing an unknown term, till he ascertains
the distance of the moon from the earth,
runs his measuring line over the perimeter
of the sun, or ranges in tabular order the
dynamics of every orb that claims its home
in the solar system.

But in speaking of the pleasures of
literary acquisitions we purpose to be
somewhat explicit, and shall confine our-
selves mainly, perhaps exclusively, to
those of the understanding and those of
the imagination.

It is pleasant to behold the myriads of
wild flowers that bloom in the vale and on
the hill side, even though their names are
all unknown to us, but when we learn their
genus and species, and the mind compre-
hends the method by which they are
analyzed and arranged in families, they
have a new interest and are viewed with
increased delight. The attention of a
little child is arrested by the hum of an
insect scarcely visible in the night air, or
the chirp of the cricket that sings beneath
the hearth on a cold autumnal eve; but
when, in after years, the child hears the
music of the same insects in the great
cathedral of science there is a double
fixedness to its attention; for the under-
standing is busied in arranging each in
its separate and distinct class, according
to some peculiarity in its nature, its
habits, or its construction. The young
artisan, while ignorant of mechanical
philosophy, may observe the movements
of bodies and the operations of machinery
with almost stupid indifference; but
when science unfolds the principles of
those movements and operations to his
understanding, joy, mingled with the
beams of intelligence, irradiates his coun-
tenance.

To the dim-eyed sons of ignorance,
what a dull, cold object is the earth at
this season of the year, with her forests
rest of their royal garniture, her fields all
verdureless, and her whole dead form, as
it were, wrapped in a winding sheet of
gloom! They see nothing in the whole
broad prospect to admire, and the view
is not, perhaps, even suggestive of one
pleasurable emotion! But with how
different a feeling the individual of a culti-
vated mind and a strengthened under-
standing, surveys the scene. The sight
of the snow or ice suggests its chemical
ingredients, and leads him along through
a delightful train of thought, and his
contemplations gradually merge into the
grand and the transporting. He views
the earth as a great globe of situated and
austrified rocks, with fossils scattered
here and there, serving as an alphabet to
the geologist, enabling him to read the
most mysterious portions of his history—
the remoteness of her birth and the step-